



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

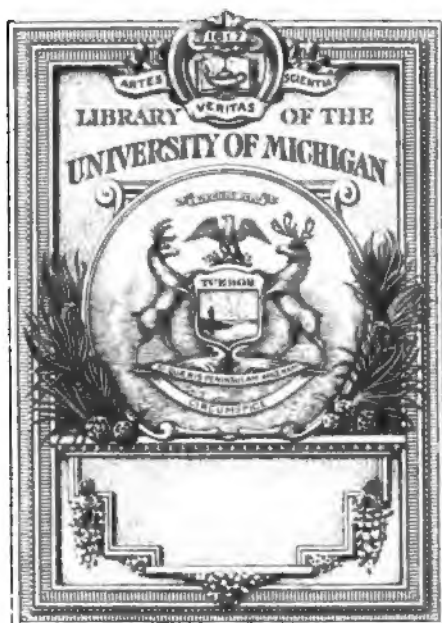
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



AP
2
.E92

EVERY SATURDAY:

JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING

SELECTED FROM

FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1866.



BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
1866.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,
CAMBRIDGE.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE		PAGE
On Precious Stones	Once a Week 1	Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges . . . 195
The Spectral Book, by Frances F. Cobbe	Shilling Magazine . . . 5	Ave Maria	Wife's Lament, etc. 197
Tappertides	The Spectator 12	France, the United States, and Mexico .	London Review . . . 197
Who was Frederick Robertson?	Christian World 14	A Blue-Coat Boy's Story	Chambers's Journal 199
More of "Our Dogs"	Dr. John Brown 17	The Book of Perfumes	London Society . . . 200
Our Brown Passenger, by Henry Kingsley	Once a Week 18	Authors' Rights and Gains in France .	The Athenæum . . . 205
An Apology for the Nerves	The Argosy 25	Club-Life in London	The Examiner . . . 206
Sand-Martins, by Jean Ingelow	" 28	Belgian Bone Caves	The Reader 206
The Fenians of Ballybogmooney, by F. P. Cobbe	" 29	Mr. Tupper's Work as a Poet	The Spectator . . . 209
An Essay on an Old Subject, by A. Smith	" 34	Underground Perils	Fortnightly Review 212
A Night in the Coliseum	Shilling Magazine . . . 37	Traits of Republican Life	All the Year Round 216
Hero-Worship in Extremis	Saturday Review . . . 39	The Fair Fanariote	Sixpenny Magazine 221
Fast and Firm: a Romance at Marseilles	London Society 41	Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges . . . 222
Engraving with a Sunbeam	London Review 46	The Gypsies' Song	Once a Week 224
George Crabbe, by Mrs. R. O. Hall . .	Art Journal 48	An Elizabethan Valentine	London Society . . . 224
The Maroons of Jamaica	Once a Week 50	The Swindler as Artist	The Spectator . . . 225
Uncle Jacob's Wife	Chambers's Journal . . 52	The Watch-Tower	Once a Week 226
Brigandage in Greece	The Times 57	John Gibson	London Review . . . 229
Stapleford Grange	All the Year Round . . 58	Real Brigands	All the Year Round 232
Gustave Doré	London Review 60	A Deed of Darkness, by J. Buffin . .	The Argosy 237
From Year's End to Year's End	Once a Week 62	My Countrymen, by Matthew Arnold .	The Cornhill Mag. . 240
Quinard	The Athenæum 68	Dreams of the Two Emperors	Punch 242
Days of Derry	Fraser's Magazine . . . 69	Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges . . . 249
Birds in Winter	Illustrated News . . . 76	My Vis-à-Vis, by F. A. White	English Paper . . . 252
Charles Dickens	The Reader 79	Who shall deliver Me? by Christina G.	
Christmas in a Summer-House	Once a Week 80	Rossetti	The Argosy 252
Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges 83	Fra Giacomo, by Robert Buchanan . .	Temple Bar 258
Liavali	Temple Bar 85	On a Song in "The Princess"	Shilling Magazine 264
Boston Portraits in French Setting	Revue des Deux Mondes 85	Spirit-Rapping a Hundred and Fifty	
A Hidden Treasure, by Mrs. Oliphant . .	The Argosy 88	Years ago	Fortnightly Review 255
"Peace on Earth," by Thomas Hughes . .	Macmillan's Mag. . . . 91	On Forming Opinions of Books, by Mat-	
A Question of Minutes	Good Words 95	thew Browne	The Argosy 261
Parisian Female Extravagance	London Society 100	Under the Snow	Science Gossip . . . 264
Her Majesty's Mint	St. James's Mag. . . . 104	The Old Yeomanry Weeks, by the Au-	
William Cowper	Fortnightly Review 106	thor of "Citoyenne Jacqueline" . . .	Good Words 265
Science and Arts	Chambers's Journal 109	Parliamentary Oratory	London Review . . . 273
Eugénie de Guérin	London Review 110	Supposed to be Haunted	St. James's Mag. . . 274
The Earl o' Quarterdeck	The Argosy 112	Thyrsis, a New Poem, by Matthew Ar-	
Curious Kings	London Review 113	nold	From Advance Sheets 278
Daddy Dodd	All the Year Round 114	My Experience in a Greek Quarantine .	The Cornhill Mag. . 281
Colloquial Fallacies	Saturday Review . . . 119	Stuck Fast	All the Year Round 286
The Operations of Lawrence Reeve . . .	London Society 121	An Alpine Storm	Fraser's Magazine 288
Lightning Photographed	The Reader 126	A Visit to a Locifer-Match Manufactory	The Working Man 291
The Confessions of Puff	The Athenæum 126	What was it?	All the Year Round 298
Cigars from Eislebre	St. James's Mag. . . . 128	A Chinese Lying-in-State	Sixpenny Magazine 297
A Cup of Coffee, by Baron Liebig . . .	Popular Science Rev. . . 135	What I saw of the Pearl-Fishery . . .	The Leisure Hour . . 299
A Royal Poet	All the Year Round 137	Spiders, by Adam White (late of the Brit-	
Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges 138	ish Museum)	Good Words 302
Naughty Nelly, by Arthur Munby . . .	Shilling Magazine . . . 140	A Century of Potting	Pall Mall Gazette . . 306
Civitas Dei, by William Allingham . . .	The Argosy 140	Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges . . . 306
Shadows of the Old Booksellers	The Spectator 141	Gone to the Trunkmaker's	New Monthly Mag. . 309
A Night in a Workhouse	Pall Mall Gazette . . . 142	La Sonnambula	St. James's Mag. . . 311
Popular Toys	London Review 149	Periodic Phenomena	Science Gossip . . . 315
Aboard the Promised Land	All the Year Round 151	The Senior Wrangler	London Society . . . 316
An Old Graveyard	The Times 158	Ballads from the Spanlah, by Ed. Head	Fraser's Magazine 320
Recent Italian Literature	Temple Bar 159	Cherbourg, after Théophile Gautier . .	Bentley's Miscellany 321
Victor Hugo's New Volume of Poems . .	Le Temps 165	The Good Ship Shooting Star	All the Year Round 325
Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges 166	Modern Eccentrics	Temple Bar 331
Symbols of Victory	Poems of the Inner Life 168	A German Athletic Festival	London Society . . . 334
A Shakespeare Annual in Germany	Blätter für Literarische	Mary Auerley, by Arthur J. Munby . .	Macmillan's Mag. . . 336
	Unterhaltung 169	Sonnet, by Sydney Dobell	The Argosy 338
My Nile Boat	Once a Week 170	Mr. Bancroft as the "Young Columbian"	The Spectator . . . 337
The Paternity of Anecdotes	London Review 173	The Law of Borough English. A Law-	
Boulton and Watt	The Times 175	yer's Story	St. James's Mag. . . 339
A Comfortable Doctrine	Pall Mall Gazette . . . 178	A Lost Art	Chambers's Journal 344
Fern-Sickness	All the Year Round 179	The Brooch of Bruce	Gentlemen's Mag. . . 346
Mr Henry Mullock's Story, by H. Kingsley	The Argosy 182	The Minister's Sandy and Jess	Fraser's Magazine 348
A Visit to the Scene of Comus	Once a Week 188	Manuscript Hunting in England	Book-Worm 353
In Jeopardy	All the Year Round 192	An Old Scandal in a New Light	English Paper . . . 360

Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges	Foreign Notes	Our Exchanges
Plo's No.—No	Punch	Labor	<i>The Working Man</i>
Buried Alive	<i>London Review</i>	Mrs. Beauchamp's Little Plans	<i>London Society</i>
Kalavarda	<i>Victoria Magazine</i>	A French Lion, by Edmond About	<i>L'Opinion Nationale</i>
In the Dark	<i>The Working Man</i>	How Kate discovered America	<i>London Society</i>
Modern Portrait Painting	<i>Contemporary Rev.</i>	A Freak on the Violin	<i>All the Year Round</i>
Stage Impromptus	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	Our First Venture in Real Estate	<i>Once a Week</i>
Concerning Stories	<i>The Reader</i>	Golig Ashore	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>
A Lesson in German	<i>Messenger Littéraire</i>	Concerning an Egg	<i>The Spectator</i>
Petroleum and Oil-Fields	<i>Geological Mag.</i>	Good Advice	<i>Saturday Review</i>
A Brief Biography	<i>Anti-Traipot Review</i>	Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>
Atoms	<i>All the Year Round</i>	May Sonnets	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>
Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>	Waiting for the Wagon, by the "Lambeth	
Old Letters	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	Casual"	<i>London Society</i>
Might and Magnitude	<i>All the Year Round</i>	Our Friends' Friends	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>
A Private Inquiry	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	Father Giles of Ballymoy, by A. Trollope	<i>The Argosy</i>
The Exhibition of Fish	<i>The Spectator</i>	English Captives in Africa	<i>The Times</i>
A Day in Bad Company	<i>Once a Week</i>	"Old Murder"	<i>All the Year Round</i>
Ballooning	<i>Journal pour Tous</i>	Women's Friendships	<i>Saturday Review</i>
Horse-Racing in India	<i>All the Year Round</i>	Whittier in Brazil	<i>Diario do Rio de Janeiro</i>
England's National Drink	<i>The London Review</i>	Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>
In the Mont Cenis Tunnel	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	The Vision of Sheikh Hamill	<i>The Argosy</i>
The Wreck of the "Mysore"	<i>The Leisure Hour</i>	Lazarus, Lotus-Eating	<i>All the Year Round</i>
The Auckland Isles	<i>The London Review</i>	M. Ernest Renan	<i>L'Eclairement</i>
Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>	Scarlet Recollections	<i>St. James's Mag.</i>
A Common Obid	<i>Fan</i>	The Great Singers of the Last Century	<i>Shilling Magazine</i>
Misery-Mongers	<i>Author of "John Halifax"</i>	The One-Legged Lieutenant	<i>Bentley's Miscellany</i>
The Doctor's Daughter	<i>All the Year Round</i>	Odd People	<i>Temple Bar</i>
Friedrich Rückert	<i>Revue Moderne</i>	Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>
Blanche	<i>Once a Week</i>	Sea Dreams	<i>Dublin Univ. Mag.</i>
Poets Laureate	<i>London Review</i>	Princess Daschkaw	<i>Once a Week</i>
Uncle Ingot	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	A Story of No Man's Land	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>
A Taste for Glass Houses	<i>The Athenæum</i>	The Ex-Queen of the French	<i>Macmillan's Mag.</i>
Concerning Lions	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	The Pleasures of Middle Age	<i>Saturday Review</i>
Poor Soldiering	<i>All the Year Round</i>	M. Crapaud on his Travels	<i>Le Moniteur Universel</i>
Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>	Croquet	<i>London Fun</i>
Prévost Paradol	<i>Le Soleil</i>	A Legend of Provence	<i>The Day of Rest</i>
A Ride on Skins down the Bavi	<i>The Leisure Hour</i>	A Ride by Mar Saba to the Dead Sea	<i>Bentley's Miscellany</i>
An Awkward Dilemma	<i>Shilling Magazine</i>	George Peabody	<i>The Working Man</i>
Vines and Wines	<i>Dublin Univ. Mag.</i>	Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>
The Barrister's Wig	<i>The Argosy</i>	A Landscape	<i>Shilling Magazine</i>
Much Ado about Nothing	<i>London Society</i>	Little Peg O'Shaughnessy	<i>All the Year Round</i>
The Oldest Kello in the World	<i>Gentleman's Mag.</i>	A Chapter on Stockings	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>
Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>	Major Hervey's Wedding	<i>Once a Week</i>
In London, March, 1896, by Robert Bu-		Therau	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>
chanan	<i>The Argosy</i>	The Steward's Story	<i>Sixpenny Magazine</i>
Too Late, by Jean Ingelow	"	A Little Music	<i>Victoria Magazine</i>
Trichiniasis	<i>Once a Week</i>	Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>
Turning the Tables	<i>Revue Française</i>	The June Dream	<i>London Society</i>
Donkey-Riding on Parnassus	<i>Saturday Review</i>	The Olgar Ship	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>
Superior Information	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	Hair-Dyeing	<i>The Spectator</i>
Past Celebrities	<i>Colburn's New Monthly</i>	Cinderella	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>
Peggy Melville's Triumph	<i>Good Words</i>	Life in Venice	<i>London Review</i>
The Tollers of the Sea	<i>Saturday Review</i>	The Moléson	<i>London Society</i>
Walters	<i>London Review</i>	French Novels	<i>Saturday Review</i>
Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>	Oliver Oakland	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>
Destiny	<i>Shilling Magazine</i>	Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>
The First Blow against Cholera	<i>The Examiner</i>	The Tragedy in the Palazzo Bardello, by	
An Adventure in the Great Pyramid, by		Amelia B. Edwards	<i>The Argosy</i>
F. P. Cobbe	<i>Once a Week</i>	Balsac in Undress	<i>Dublin Univ. Mag.</i>
M. Guisot	<i>L'Eclairement</i>	The Princess Caraboo	<i>Temple Bar</i>
Mr. Thompson's Umbrella	<i>All the Year Round</i>	Superstition, by Charles Kingsley	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>
Personal Reminiscences of Bevan Brummel	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	M. Victorien Sardou, by M. Féval	<i>Figaro</i>
Demi-Monde Literature	<i>Saturday Review</i>	No. 9999	<i>All the Year Round</i>
Sir Ralph's Harlot	<i>Cassell's Family Paper</i>	Foreign Notes	<i>Our Exchanges</i>
Touching Tigers	<i>All the Year Round</i>	The Motto	<i>London Society</i>
How Fish-hooks are Made	<i>The Working Man</i>	The Coming in of the "Mermaid," by	
The Education of Women	<i>London Review</i>	Jean Ingelow	<i>The Argosy</i>

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

[No. 1.

ON PRECIOUS STONES.

POSSIBLY the commercial value of color was never exemplified in a stronger manner than in the matter of precious stones. Indeed, jewels often depend upon their tint only for their names and value; the same identically composed precious stone being either an amethyst or a piece of rock crystal, an oriental topaz or a ruby, by the addition or absence of a small portion of mineral pigment of different hue. Thus, a piece of rock crystal is comparatively valueless, whilst an emerald is one of the most costly of jewels; a ruby again is even more valuable than the diamond, whilst the topaz is of very inferior value. Even the faintest flush of color often gives a value to the diamond which is far beyond its worth when pure,—an instance this of the value of adulteration. Mr. Harry Emanuel, whose work on precious stones has afforded us the material for this article, illustrates this fact by stating that a diamond, the worth of which uncolored would have been (from its weight, four and three quarter grains) only £22, was lately sold for £300, in consequence of possessing a vivid green tint.

Although the diamond is not really the most valuable of jewels, yet as it is supposed to have precedence of all other gems, we shall speak of it first. Possibly, however, its commercial value is most constant of all jewels, as it is the subject of investment to a greater extent than any other. In times of commotion kings or princes and the wealthy—generally subject to suffer from sweeping changes—look upon diamonds as their best friends; their passports, in fact, to the attention of the foreigner. What pemmican is to meat precious stones are to value. They are the concentrated essence of wealth,—a king's ransom in the compass of a marble. Nations, civilized and only semi-civilized, believe in this currency; it is a circular note that the bearer never need fear will be dishonored in whatever quarter of the globe he may happen to be. Diamonds and other precious stones, however, like gold, are liable to fluctuate in value according to the laws of supply and demand, like the meanest article of commerce. A revolution brings forth these "flowers of the mineral kingdom," as they have been poetically termed; at first a number of them are thrown upon the market, and they decline in value in consequence. An example of this occurred in the revolution of 1848. In all cases where civil commotions are of long continuance, however, and causes of fear are prolonged, they gradually rise again in value until they reach exorbitant prices. In the great revolution of 1789, for instance, diamonds rose to

a famine price, and up to the termination of the civil war in America they were gradually becoming more valuable in that country.

The diamond, like most other jewels, is found generally in granitic gneiss, and in torrents of rivers distributed over the whole world; but they are mainly to be found in tropical countries. It would seem that where the sun shines with the greatest splendor, where the vegetable and the animal creation put on their most gorgeous colors, there also in the depths of the earth the vivid lustre of this gem shines the brightest, and assumes the largest proportions. The mines underground bloom as gorgeously as the flowers above. The diamond, as we all know, is composed of pure carbon crystalized, and is the hardest known substance. Indeed, this quality, upon which much of its value depends, has in many instances been the cause of its destruction, the old rude test of its genuineness being to place it upon an anvil, and to strike it forcibly with a hammer, the idea being that, if pure, it would rather break the hammer or bury itself in the anvil, than split. Of course many valuable diamonds have been destroyed by this ignorant trial in times past. The diamond is by no means always colorless. It is sometimes yellow, red, pink, brown, green, black, and opalescent; the admixture of color depending in some cases upon a metallic oxide. The Indian diamond appears to be the most prized in the market. Newton, from its great power of refracting and dispersing light, when compared with glass, came to the conclusion that it was combustible; a scientific forecast, which Lavoisier verified by burning it in oxygen, and obtaining as a result carbonic acid. Although our analysis of this gem is perfect, all efforts have failed to construct it; indeed, chemistry is wholly at fault to produce artificially any of the precious gems, with the exception of the ruby, small specimens of which have actually been produced in the laboratory. The diamond is split easily with the grain; but it is upon the tact and judgment with which it is cut and polished that much of its value depends. The English were at one time famous as gem-cutters; but the art is now wholly lost among us, and most of the fine gems are now intrusted to Dutch Jews. The gem is cut upon a wheel smeared with diamond dust,—the only material that effectually touches it,—and it is polished in the same manner, a steel disk being employed for the purpose, smeared with fine powder, and revolving at a great speed by means of steam power. At the present time the most fashionable form is the double cut, which presents a great number of facets, rendering the flash of the gem very brilliant. The

table cut, such as we find in old diamonds, is much less sparkling, as it has a very much less number of facets, and a great expansion of table or flat upper surface. The Indian diamond-cutters leave as much of the gem as possible when cutting; an instance of this was seen in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where the Koh-i-Noor was exhibited, in which the cutting followed apparently the original outline of the stone. Our readers will remember how much this gem disappointed their expectations, as it looked like a mere lump of glass. Its weight was then 186 carats. In the intervals between this and the last Exhibition it was, after much consultation, given into the hands of M. Coster, of Amsterdam, who recut it with such skill that, although it lost in the process 80 carats, it yet appeared quite as large, and was transferred at once into a blaze of light. When diamonds are found difficult to split, without fear of great loss, they are sometimes sawn with fine wires fitted into a saw-bow, and anointed with diamond powder and olive oil. Rose-cut diamonds are now coming much into fashion, as they are very brilliant in appearance at a very small expense of stone. It is really wonderful the delicacy with which these gems are cut, considering the smallness of their size; as many as fifteen hundred having been known to weigh only one carat.

The larger diamonds, from their great value, have all some extraordinary history. As a rule, like the stormy petrel, their appearance in the market in numbers is an indication of a storm. Their portability makes them the companion of royal fugitives, and more than one brilliant of value has witnessed bloody and tragical scenes. The Koh-i-Noor, for instance, has changed hands in many of the convulsions that occurred in India before our advent. It was seized at the conquest of Delhi by Ala ed Din, and subsequently came into the possession of the Sultan Baber, the Great Mogul, in 1526; it continued in the possession of this line of princes until Aurungzebe intrusted it to a European to reset it. This he did, but so unskillfully that it was reduced from 793 carats to 186 carats,—the size, in fact, it appeared in our Great Exhibition of 1851. The Emperor refused to pay the workman for the destruction of his jewel, and we think it speaks well for Aurungzebe, as Indian emperors went, that he did not take off his head at once. It afterwards fell into the hands of the great conqueror Nadir Shah, was passed on in his line, and finally it came into our possession at the capture of Lahore, and was presented to her Majesty by our troops, with whose family it will remain, we suppose, until some future conqueror seizes it to set in the crown of some empire yet to arise in the new world. The Cumberland diamond, of the value of £10,000, was presented to the Duke of Cumberland by the City of London after he had rescued the burghers from the Stuart dynasty at Culloden. We fancy the City would have kept their money had they foreseen that it would ultimately pass to the treasury of the King of Hanover. The Orloff diamond, set in the sceptre of the Czar of Russia, weighs 194½ carats, and possesses a most romantic history. It is said to have formed one of the eyes of an idol in a Brahmin temple, and to have been set in the peacock throne of Nadir Shah. It was stolen by a Frenchman, and ultimately fell into the possession of the Empress Catherine II. The Regent, or Pitt diamond, was so called from having been purchased by the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, of Pitt, the Governor of Fort St. George. Scandal said that the governor

stole it. It is certain, however, that it was purloined from the Garde Meuble in 1792, but was restored in a very mysterious manner. It was afterwards set in the pommel of the sword of the Emperor Napoleon I. The Florentine diamond, now in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, is said to have been one of three lost at the battle of Granson by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. It was found by a Swiss soldier, and sold by him for one florin. It afterwards came into the possession of Pope Julius II., who presented it to the Emperor of Austria. The Sancy diamond's history is still more curious. It was actually taken from the body of the Duke of Burgundy, and found its way in 1489 to Baron de Sancy, who sent it as a present to the King of Portugal. The servant by whom it was being conveyed was attacked by robbers, when he swallowed the stone, and after his death it was found in his body. James the Second afterwards possessed it, and he sold it to Louis XIV. It disappeared in the French Revolution, but turned up again, which the renowned blue diamond, by the by, never did, and was purchased by Napoleon I., who again sold it to Prince Demidoff. The Nassak diamond, of 78½ carats, was taken by the Marquis of Hastings at the Conquest of the Deccan. The Hope diamond is of a sapphire blue, and since the great French diamond was lost it is considered the most unique gem of its kind in existence. In the Russian treasury there is a brilliant red diamond of 10 carats, and at Dresden there is a green diamond of 48½ carats, that once belonged to Augustus the Strong. The value of diamonds has considerably increased of late years, and as the wealth of the country goes on augmenting it is likely to increase still further. Brilliants go on increasing in value as they increase in size in an extraordinary degree. Thus, a brilliant of one carat is worth £18; of two carats, £65; of three carats, £125; of four carats, £220; of ten carats, £320. Beyond this weight they become fancy articles, and, of course, fancy prices are demanded for them.

The most valuable of all jewels, however, is the ruby. This precious stone depends upon its color, as we have said before, for its value. The ruby, sapphire, and oriental topaz are composed of identically the same materials; the red sapphire is a ruby, the blue ruby a sapphire, the yellow ruby a topaz. They are all termed Corundums, an Indian name. The ruby is the next hardest thing in nature after the diamond. The finest rubies are found in the kingdom of Ava, and in Siam; they are also found in Ceylon and in many parts of Europe.

The King of Burmah takes one of his titles from it, that of "Lord of the Rubies." In Burmah they are a royal monopoly, and none of any value are allowed by law to leave the kingdom. The finding of a fine ruby is made a state event, and a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, are sent out to meet it. The color varies from pale rose to deep red, but the tint that is most highly valued is that of the "pigeon's blood."

Of old, many magical properties were assigned to the ruby. It was considered an amulet against poison, plague, evil thoughts, and wicked spirits, and its possession, as a consequence, kept the wearer in health. When he was in danger it was supposed to darken, and to become bright again only on the passing away of peril. One of the largest rubies in Europe is a French crown jewel, once adorning the order of the Golden Fleece. Her Majesty exhibited two stones said to be rubies in the Exhibition of

1862, but Mr. Emanuel asserts that they are nothing more than spinels, a spurious kind of ruby, of little value. The King of Burmah is said to have one in his possession of the size of a pigeon's egg. A true "pigeon's-blood" tinted ruby of one carat is worth from £14 to £20; of two carats, from £70 to £80; and of four carats, from £400 to £450, which latter value is more than double that of a diamond of the same weight. As we have before said, small rubies have been made by chemists artificially, but never gems of any size. Now as small rubies are plentiful in nature, it is very doubtful whether it will pay to make them even upon a manufacturing scale.

The sapphire, although composed of identically the same elements, with the exception of the coloring matter, is of far less value than the ruby. The color often varies much in the same stone, some portions of the gem being very nearly black, whilst the other is of a light blue. The clever lapidary can correct this by cutting away all the black part, excepting a small spot reserved for the cutlet, or small fine flattened point underneath. When looked at through the table, or broad upper surface of the gem, this point of dark blue gives by refraction a beautiful azure lustre to the jewel. The ancients used to call all blue stones sapphires, just as they called all red ones either rubies or carbuncles. The sapphire is invested by earlier writers with rare virtues, of course. It was said to be such an enemy to poison, that, if put into a glass with a spider or other venomous reptile, it would kill it; and a great many other virtues were attributed to it we need scarcely mention. The value of this gem does not, like that of the diamond or the ruby, increase with its size, although in smaller sizes it is even dearer than those brilliants, one of one carat of pure color being worth £20. These gems are liable to be imitated so closely as to deceive the best jewellers. Mr. Emanuel tells us, for instance, that "a noble lady in this country formerly possessed one which is, perhaps, the finest known. The lady, however, sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by an imitation so skilfully made as to deceive even the jeweller who valued it for probate duty, and it was estimated at the sum of £10,000, and the legacy duty was paid on it by the legatee, who was doubtless chagrined when he discovered the deception." We have no doubt whatever that many other noble ladies have from "impecuniosity" substituted sham for real jewels with the like impunity; such is the faith we put in station, that even glass—seen through the sublime medium which surrounds a Duchess—shines like an emerald of the purest water. Both the oriental amethyst and the oriental emerald, which are varieties of corundum, are very rare; the green variety, or oriental emerald, indeed, is so curious that Mr. Emanuel, with all his vast experience, says that he has only seen it once in his lifetime.

The cat's eye jewel we are told is becoming fashionable, being considered in India—and, what is more strange, even in Europe—lucky. We wonder at nothing in the shape of superstition; and can quite understand that a gem of this kind only lately was purchased by a nobleman for £1,000. The topaz is now little sought after. The colorless ones are termed Nova Mina, or slave diamonds; those of light blue are termed Brazilian sapphires; those of a greenish hue are termed aquamarine; and the Brazilian ruby is the artificially-obtained pink or rose-colored topaz. It is often obtained in large masses. In one of the cases in the British Museum

there is a mass of white topaz that for many years was used as a door-weight by a marine store-dealer. In London a very fine stone can at the present time be bought for a few shillings.

The emerald and the beryl have the same chemical composition, and differ only in color. The finest colored emeralds are found in New Granada, in limestone rock. It is also found in Salzburg, and in Siberia. The Spaniards, it is asserted, came into possession of many hundred weight of emeralds when they conquered Peru; hence their value fell in the Middle Ages. Orientals, especially the Mohammedans, we should say, set great store upon the emerald, believing that it imparts courage to the owner, that it is an infallible preservative of chastity, and that the safety of women in childbirth is insured by it. Like many other gems, the ancients ascribed many medicinal properties to it when ground down. The emerald is but rarely found perfect, and when perfect, it ranks next in value to the ruby. Perfect gems are worth from £20 to £40 the carat; but they do not, like the diamond or ruby, advance in price with the size. There are many large emeralds in Europe. There is one in the Austrian treasury weighing 2,000 carats, and the Duke of Devonshire possesses one weighing nine ounces. The value of the beryl or aquamarine is trifling. An enormous beryl was found in America, weighing five tons! They must have everything in that country bigger than everybody else. It is used in Birmingham for imitation jewelry. The garnet, again, has many varieties, and is scattered over the whole globe; when cut tablewise and "tallow-topped," as it is termed, or convex and smooth at the top, and flat at the bottom, it is termed a carbuncle.

There are a large number of what may be termed valuable, rather than precious, stones, which belong to the quartz system. Among these are amethyst, cairngorm, onyx, sardonyx, cornelian, chalcedony, agate, jasper, blood-stone, rock crystal. Rock crystal has been used in the arts from the most remote times. It is found in large crystals sometimes, and is scattered all over the world. There is a specimen in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris measuring three feet in diameter, and weighing 800 pounds. It is used by opticians for the lenses of spectacles, and in India it is hollowed into cups and goblets of amazing thinness and beauty. The Chinese, the Japanese, and the Egyptians also use it for ornamental purposes. Like most precious stones, it is very cold, and the Japanese make balls of it to cool the hands! In old goldsmith's work crystal is often introduced, and as it was considered that it would turn color if poison came near it, cups and goblets of it were often used by the great who went in fear of death in this shape. Of course it was supposed to possess magical virtues, and we have all read of Dr. Dees's famous crystal globe. Even in the present day a well-known London physician, a believer in spiritualism, pretended to discover secrets by the use of a ball of crystal. The onyx and sardonyx have long been used for cameos, and the value of the material is vastly enhanced by the art that is sometimes employed upon them. Some of the ancient cameos are very valuable. The art of engraving upon these stones has latterly vastly improved: a taste has sprung up for fine cameos, and some very creditable engravings have been made. We should not be surprised, now that fashion runs in this direction, if a long-neglected art were to be successfully revived.

The iridescent wondrous-tinted opal, we are told, is nothing but quartz and water. There are several kinds of opals, the chief of which are the precious or "noble" opal used by jewellers, the fire or reddish opal, the common opal, and the Mexican opal. When the different tints in an opal are distributed evenly over its surface, it is known in the trade as *Harlequin*. This is a rude way of designating the exquisite blending of hues which make this jewel so beautiful. The iridescence is owing to minute lines on the surface of the gem, which decomposes the light, just in the same manner as they do in mother-o'-pearl. Steel buttons used to be engraved with very minute lines to produce the same effect. The flashes of color in this precious stone are always most marked in a warm day, the knowledge that heat enhances the brilliancy of the stone always leads the dealer to hold it in his hand for some time before showing it to his customer. Mr. Emanuel, referring to the fact that the Mexican opal loses its beauty when exposed to water, — from the fact, we suppose, that the water fills up the fine lines in it, and prevents the decomposition of the reflected light into its primitive elements, — says that Sir Walter Scott having in "*Anne of Geierstein*" ascribed this fact to supernatural agency, the stone came to be considered unlucky, and they consequently went out of fashion! We are willing enough to believe in the folly of fashion, and in the amount of superstition afloat, especially in the upper circles, but we think the fall in the value of opals can scarcely be ascribed to such a cause as this. They are now again in fashion, however, and are likely to continue so; for in addition to the singular beauty of the gem, they are, we are told, the only precious stones which defy imitation. Fine opals are very valuable; as much as £1,000 has been given for a large stone for a ring or brooch. The ancients prized them very highly; and Pliny relates that Nonnius, a Roman Senator, was sent into exile by Marcus Antonius, because he would not part with an opal of the size of a filbert, and valued at £170,000, which the latter coveted. The finest known opal is in the Museum at Vienna, said to be worth £30,000. There is also a very fine one among the French Crown Jewels.

The opal reminds us somewhat of the pearl, a gem — if we may term a simple excrescence by that name — which has always been held in high estimation by mankind. The finest pearls come from the pearl-fisheries at Ceylon. They are found in the shell of a large species of oyster; and it is believed, with much show of reason, that they are nothing more than some foreign body which finds its way into the shell, and which the fish covers with a secretion similar to that with which it lines its shell. A pearl, when sawn through, shows that this secretion has been deposited in layers, one upon another, round some central body, just in the same manner in which layers of phosphates are deposited in the human kidney round some foreign body, and resulting in the calculus or stone.

The Chinese, with their singular ingenuity, have taken advantage of this method of action on the part of the oyster, and have for ages been in the habit of inserting small objects inside its shell, in order to insure their being covered with this pearly secretion. Small idols are thus coated, but the secretion is not the true pearl secretion, but a similar substance to the mother-o'-pearl. Besides the Ceylon fisheries, there are some in the Persian Gulf and in Borneo. The pearl-fisheries at one

time occupied a large number of men, but now the diving-bell is employed, and their occupation is gone. Independently of the labor of diving to the bottom of the sea, and remaining there sufficiently long to gather a hundred oysters from the bottom, where the pressure of the water is so great that the divers often came up with blood issuing from their noses and ears, there was great danger from sharks. Indeed, in such fear were the divers from these enemies, that they would not dive unless the shark charmers were present and mumbling their incantations whilst they were at work. The pearl was anciently considered a preservative of virtue, although Cleopatra certainly did not dissolve hers with that intent. Although the pearl will dissolve in a strong acid, it is needless to say that vinegar is far too weak to produce such an effect. It is a pity to be obliged to demolish such a pretty story, but the truth must be told. The oriental pearl is just as much prized now as in ancient times. The charming harmony it has with a delicate skin has always made the necklace of this material so much valued. It used to be one of the boasts of the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, that water could run beneath her instep without wetting the sole of her foot, and that her pearl necklace could not at a little distance be detected upon her neck. Among the famous pearls existing at the present day is one belonging to the Shah of Persia, valued at £60,000. Her Majesty was presented with a fine necklace by the East India Company, and the one possessed by the Empress of the French is famous. In Europe the pearl is not considered to be perfect unless it is of pure white, slightly transparent, and either perfectly round or drop-shaped. In China and India, however, they are preferred of a bright yellow color. In North America and the West Indies the pearls have a pink color; and the Panama pearls have a metallic lustre something like the hue of quicksilver. Black-lead colored pearls are much prized by some persons. We are told that pearls cannot be imitated with success; but those who remember the case of pearls in the Great Exhibition of 1862, will remember that real pearl necklaces were exhibited side by side with imitation pearls, and the best judges were deceived. Those who possess fine pearls should remember that they are liable to be discolored by contact with acids and gas, and noxious vapors of all kinds. This is the reason that the chandeliers in Her Majesty's theatre were supplied with wax candles, and that in all the balls of the aristocracy gas is never to be seen, ladies' beauty, as well as their pearls, not being improved by its powerful light.

There are numbers of valuable stones and substances which are not so rare as to come under the denomination of precious. Thus, *lapis lazuli* is found in such masses as to be used in the adornment of furniture. This stone used to be far more valuable than at present, as the finer tints were ground to make the costly color ultramarine. But chemists have found out the means of producing this color artificially at a very small cost. Malachite, again, is used for vases, &c., by the Russians. The doors of this material in the Exhibition of 1851 will be remembered for their brilliant green color. Jade, again, seems to be in especial favor in Japan; some fine samples of this stone are to be seen in the Exhibition at South Kensington. Amber used to be fashionable, but it is now wholly gone out, except for mouth-pieces to pipes. It is still used in oriental countries

for the adorning of various articles of furniture. Amber is a resinous gum, and is found principally on the shores of the Baltic, swept there chiefly from the exudations of the pine forests on its borders. Coral is another material, the dark rich variety of which has latterly been in little demand. In our youth we remember that the only color ever seen was that of the lip, a deep red; now the run is all upon the delicate pink tint, the color of the rose-leaf. A large drop of this color is worth from £30 to £40, and even the smaller pieces are worth from £120 to £150 the ounce. There are white, yellow, and black varieties of coral, but they are of little value.

Mr. Emanuel gives some very valuable hints touching the means of ascertaining the identity of gems. As a rule, he says, stones, either cut or rough, which can be touched by the file are not precious stones. Again, he says, it is a very common practice to deceive persons by cementing a genuine stone on the top of a piece of glass, or a valuable gem, as the sapphire for instance, with a piece of garnet. These are so artistically formed that it is difficult to detect them. We are told again that passengers by the P. and O. Company's steamers are often taken in by the natives at Colombo, with blue and other colored stone cut in facets, and imported from Birmingham as doublets. False pearls, as a rule, are always larger than real ones; the holes which in real pearls are drilled very small and sharp, in mock pearls are larger, and have a black edge. Sham pearls are also much lighter than real ones, and much more brittle. There is a trick, too, in the setting of gems which is worth knowing. When jewels are set "open," the interior of the setting is enamelled or painted, to throw a tinge of color into the gem; and where the diamond is in question, and it has a yellow color, the inside of the setting is often of polished silver to correct this objectionable color. In the matter of pearls again, it often happens that these are somewhat different in color, which is easily perceptible when viewed separately. But when strung together they so reflect the light one upon the other, that these differences of tint are lost. The moral is, that when buying a pearl necklace, the purchaser should cut the string and examine each bead separately. As we cannot imagine any of our readers making such purchases upon their own judgment, this advice seems quite superfluous, as a professed valuer of gems would be pretty certain to take this precaution.

THE SPECTRAL ROUT.

AMONG the many families ruined by the various troubles consequent on the Irish famine, there were few whose fall called forth more general sympathy than that of the Rockinghams of Moreland. Accustomed as people grew in that sad time to those great disasters,—those social deaths, as we may count them, of a whole race together,—there were few who did not feel more than an ordinary pang on seeing in the fatal lists of the Encumbered Estates Court the name of that beautiful castle, known throughout the land for the magnitude of the efforts of its owner to improve the condition of his tenantry. To me especially the shock was painful, for in my position of governess to Mr. Rockingham's youngest daughter I had learned to feel a most sincere attachment to the whole family. When dismissed about a year previously (with lavish recom-

pense for my services), it had never occurred to me as possible that that splendid property of park and wood, cornfields and pastures, could be seriously embarrassed. Thus it proved, however, too sadly. Mr. Rockingham was observed by his daughters to fall gradually into a low and anxious state of mind, and to undertake several journeys of whose purport they were left in the dark. Still no warning was given them, and no retrenchments attempted in their household, till their father caught the prevalent fever in one of his tenant's cottages, where he was visiting the sick. Aggravating the disease by anxiety of mind and depression of spirits, Mr. Rockingham soon lay at the point of death, and then the terrible truth was revealed. Adela and Florence were beggars. There was little chance that, when the encumbrances were cleared off, the sale of the estate would leave any residue for them, and this sale was now inevitable. A few months' delay took place; but at last all was accomplished, and the ruin of the Rockingham property was found to be hopeless and complete.

Those who have never grappled with poverty, who have never known the meaning of the curse, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground," never guess what may be labor cheerless and unremitting, whose only rest must be the grave. Still less have they dreamed what it is to be willing to work, and yet find not the means to earn that bitter bread. Such people may talk easily of beggary and ruin, but I knew better; and when I thought of the weariness, anguish, wearing anxiety I had endured even in the profession to which I had been educated from childhood, I asked myself how such troubles could be borne by those proud girls, nurtured in all the habits of lavish liberality common to the Anglo-Irish landed gentry. A letter which I wrote to Miss Rockingham, expressing my heartfelt sympathy in her misfortune, and proffering such poor services as might be within my limited powers, brought from her an answer, of which the following is a copy:—

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your letter has done me good. That assurance is my best way to thank you for it. When we meet I shall tell you why your words awoke other feelings than those called forth by the numerous condolences of our connections and acquaintances. I write to you to-day to beg you will do us an important service, and it is some relief to me in my desolation to know how eagerly you will seize the opportunity of lightening our difficulties. Pray procure for us the two very cheapest rooms to be let in Dublin in any locality not altogether unfit for us to inhabit. We must have two rooms, because Florence and I have resolved to endeavor to sell articles of millinery, in whose manufacture we think we shall succeed better than in plain work or dressmaking, of which, as you know, we are sadly ignorant. I can hardly write calmly of such things. Only think of my darling, splendid Florence—I must not think of this. O, dear friend, how little did we dream in the happy years when I learned to be grateful to you for moulding Florence as no other governess could have done,—that instructions so much humbler than those you gave her would ever have been needed! She would reprove me if she saw this letter. She is so brave, so calm,—almost gay at some moments. I have no temptation to repine for my own sake, for any other loss, while she is left to me, but for her sake it is all very bitter. Write to me when you have secured

our rooms in Dublin, as we must leave R— immediately.

“Ever yours gratefully,
“ADELA ROCKINGHAM.”

To this letter I returned in a few days the following reply:—

“MY BELOVED MISS ROCKINGHAM,—You judged me rightly when you said that I should eagerly seize the opportunity of doing you the smallest service. Immediately on knowing your wishes I set forth in search of such lodgings as might suit you, but was for many days unsuccessful. There are no really *cheap* apartments on this side of the town except in streets you could not inhabit. I have, however, been fortunate enough to find an abode for you which, I think, will be for many reasons more desirable than such a lodging as that of which you spoke. You do not know Dublin very well, as I remember, so you are probably unacquainted with the old quarter of the town near Dominick Street. It consists of large houses, many of them still handsome and tenanted by respectable people, others much dilapidated and inhabited only by paupers. One of these streets is extremely quiet, having no thoroughfare, and the few large houses of which it is composed having few occupants. It would therefore be no improper abode for you; and when I found that the whole of your great-grandfather’s—old Lord Galtimore’s—house was to be let for less than such rent as would procure you two respectable rooms on the south side of the city, I did not hesitate to engage it for you for the next year. I do not conceal from you that it is entirely destitute of furniture, and that the walls and ceilings are in sad condition from damp and dirt; but such as it is, your position in the house will be far preferable to any you could obtain elsewhere at the same expense, and I feel confident you will approve my choice. The old woman who has charge of the house lives on the opposite side of the street, and would act as your charwoman if you desired it. I asked her how it chanced that the price of so large a building could be so trifling, and she muttered something about the ‘quality’ having left this part of the town, and the poor being ‘afraid of the cowl in them big rooms.’ I have some suspicion, however, that she is herself ‘afraid’ of something besides the cold, for she made great demur about entering the large back drawing-room, and crossed herself vigorously when I made an observation on the odd appearance of an old looking-glass still on the walls, from which nearly all the quicksilver has departed. I dare say you will see old Lord Galtimore in it some of these days! Dear Miss Rockingham, I am trying to give you a smile, but my heart is aching; I have so much, so very much to say to you about yourself and my dear, dear pupil, but I will not write it to-day. Tell me on what day I may wait for you at the railway terminus and bring you to S— Street.”

A fortnight later Adela and Florence Rockingham were established in their new abode. At first they hardly perceived or understood the nature of the life they were preparing to lead. Florence made immense efforts to seem amused with the new circumstances in which they were placed. She led Adela through the desolate rooms, debating with mock earnestness which of them should be devoted to the reception of their guests and which to their boudoir, library, and billiard-room. The front parlor of the house was of comparatively small dimen-

sions and tolerably clean and cheerful; this therefore they agreed should be the show-room for their millinery. Behind it was a vast dining-room, gloomy and dreary beyond description, with its leather hangings torn to strips on the walls, and its great black marble mantle-piece all disjointed and falling to pieces. On the first floor were four rooms, three of moderate size, the fourth of the same dimensions as the dining-room. This had formerly been the state drawing-room, and in it yet remained two articles of furniture recalling its ancient splendor. In the central panel of the four windows which occupied its length there stood what had once been a magnificent buhl pier-table, and over it a mirror reaching to the ceiling, of which I had taken notice on first seeing the room. Nearly all the brass had been stripped off the table, and the gilt locks taken from its numerous drawers and openings, but it was so firmly fixed both to the wall and floor, and was of such massive proportions, that no one had been at the trouble of removing it. The looking-glass—as was the fashion in Ireland in the last century—was intersected in all directions by wreaths of flowers in carved wood, but from these the gilding had nearly all departed. On the summit were the shield and coronet of the House of Galtimore, which had become extinct on the death of the last lord, whose only daughter was the grandmother of Adela and Florence.

“See,” said Florence, gayly, as they were wandering through the rooms, and examining this solitary piece of furniture,—“see, Ady! There is our own dear old saltier between the four lions which we bear on our second and third quarters—I have it here on the ring you gave me. Why, we are quite at home, are we not, with our own shield over our looking-glass?”

“Yes,” said Adela, with that pride of birth which always increases with the loss of worldly wealth,—“yes, we are the only family entitled to quarter the Galtimore arms, and they are as old, it is said, as Sir Hugh de Morbihan, from whom their name of Malvern was corrupted. By the way, do you recollect that curious story of the curse on the first Protestant Earl of Galtimore?”

I am afraid that in her heart Florence knew the whole matter as well as Adela; but seeing her sister brighten up a little in speaking, she answered,—

“What was the curse exactly? Was it not in consequence of great-great-grandpapa Galty getting possession of some lands belonging to a nunnery?”

“They say so; and then the Abbess gave him the most horrible curse, with bell, book, and candle. She said: ‘You have left us no peace in the cloister, and you shall have no peace in your bed, and no peace in your grave; you nor yours till the judgment-day. Wicked shall the Malverns live, and wicked shall they die, till their lands be given to others, and their wealth lost, and their name forgotten.’”

“That was a Christian-like sort of a curse, certainly,” said Florence; “and as strange as any of those of the Barnwells or Kavanaghs.”

“The *strange* thing,” said Adela, unconsciously suiting her voice, “was, that it was said the Malverns never did sleep like other people. They used to spend the whole night in the routs and card-parties then in fashion, and never went to bed till daylight.”

“Of course, then,” said I, “they did not live very long, and so had an opportunity of soon trying the second part of the curse.”

"No. The last Lord Galtimore died at thirty, leaving all his property to his wife, — a famous old lady in the traditions of Dublin. She was herself one of the Malverns, first cousin of her husband. Of course Lord Galtimore expected her to leave the estates to their only child, Lady Florence; but she did nothing of the kind. As soon as ever Lady Florence was grown up, Lady Galtimore married her off hand to our grandfather, who it seems was too much in love to make any stir at the moment about settlements."

"Well, what happened?" said Adela, half-listening, half, like her sister, feigning to talk.

"Why, Lady Galtimore lived on and on beyond all their lives, and in the most extravagant way, even for those extravagant times, driving always in her coach and six, with outriders, and going to the Castle in the most magnificent diamonds that were ever seen in Dublin. It was said she sold two estates in the north to buy them, not content with the old Malvern jewels. When she died at last our grandfather and grandmother were both dead, and our poor father a minor; there was nobody to look after his claims on the Galtimore property. All the lands were sold long before by the old lady, and this house went to pay her debts. I have heard our father say he often wondered what had become of the diamonds. They could hardly have been sold with the furniture; but the executors were not very trustworthy people, and he could never obtain any information on the subject."

"I dare say he did not try very hard. It was not in his line, poor dear father!"

"No, not at all. Let us come out of this cold room, darling, and settle ourselves in our bedroom up stairs as well as we can for the evening."

The apartment the sisters had chosen for themselves was a small one over one end of the great drawing-room. They had procured a pretty bed and a few chairs and tables. On the latter lay so many little elegant articles of their toilet and writing materials with which they had not thought of parting, that, with the addition of several pictures on the walls, the room looked almost suitable to its occupants. They had taken their evening meal in their show-room on the lower floor, so they sat together at some work for which I had been fortunate enough to procure an order. At last Adela said, —

"Now, Florence dearest, do go to bed. You have done quite enough to-night, and it must be past eleven o'clock."

"Are you coming to bed, my Ady?"

"Yes, of course, by and by. Fold up that cloak at once, now darling, and brush your hair."

"Now, Adela, I tell you once for all, that I will never finish my work at night till you finish yours; so take your choice, — come to bed with me, or I sit up with you."

"Dear Florence, pray don't be obstinate. You know we must get on pretty fast with our work if it is to pay us at all. I could not sleep if I went to bed, so I may as well sit up a little while longer; but your eyes look quite heavy. Do go to bed."

"Not I, Adela. You would sit up till three if I left you; so we will both sit up till one, and that will come to the same."

The hours passed on. The fire, which on that late autumn night, and in that long deserted house, had been indispensable, had burnt down in the rusty grate, and the last sounds of footsteps had long died away in the street, when the sisters, hearing a distant

put aside their work, and prepared for sleep. There are few things in the world, to my thinking, more beautiful than that "going to bed" of two loving sisters. Coleridge brings before us a pretty vision of Christabel, —

"Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness";

but it is far prettier to watch two delicate young creatures giving to one another the little services which are pleasures to each to give and to receive, — the services which are caresses. This was almost the first night in which Adela and Florence had dispensed with the attendance of a maid; and Florence, as usual, tried to turn all her difficulties into jest, declaring that pins and strings had entered into a league, offensive and defensive, against her.

"Now, Flo," said her sister, "I am not going to allow you to tear out all your hair in that manner. Give me the brush, and I will do it for you."

"O, thank you, Adela; that will be so nice! Dear me, how much pleasanter it is to feel your cool soft hand on my head than poor Thornton's hard one." And Florence contrived to bring the said hand into juxtaposition with her lips instead of her head, and Adela found her attitude very convenient for kissing Florence's forehead, and so the hair-dressing was forgotten as the two orphans flung themselves into each other's arms, and clung together, mingling tears and kisses. Then they calmed each one the other very gently and tenderly, and knelt down close together by their little bed. Silently they rose at length, and having extinguished the light, lay down, nestled into each other's arms, and were soon asleep.

About an hour had elapsed, when Adela was awakened by sounds for which, in her state of fatigue and half-unconsciousness, she was quite unable to account. She had been dreaming that she was still at Moreland, and that the rooms were filled with guests as on the occasions of their old receptions. When she awoke it seemed to her that the same sounds of conversation and laughter were in her ears. She sat up in bed, painfully recalling, amid the darkness, in how different a home she was now placed from that to which the blessed power of dreams had recalled her. There could be no doubt of it; there were sounds in the house, and they proceeded from the room below them. It is true they were not of an alarming nature, as they were, as I have said, just such as might be heard at a considerable distance from a party of well-bred ladies and gentlemen. As she listened, Adela was sure she could distinguish in particular one manly voice with a peculiarly deep and unpleasant tone, and also at intervals one sharp and treble, like that of an old woman. It was a terrible discovery for the poor solitary girls, that there should be unknown persons in their house at night. They had wished to engage the old woman who had had charge of it to sleep down stairs as some protection, but she demanded so large a remuneration for the service, that they had been obliged to dispense with it, and trust the protection of their house to the excellent police of Dublin. Now, however, it seemed evident that a number of people had in some manner effected an entrance to it. Strange to say, however, notwithstanding the evidence of her own ears, Adela did not feel quite convinced. There were sounds, it is true, and they were those of voices; but there was something in them which inspired her with a sense of vague terror, very different from that she would have felt at the distinct voices of house-breakers.

there never so much positive danger to be apprehended from them. In this state of uncertainty and fear, she turned instinctively to waken her sister, but she could hear in the darkness Florence's gentle respiration, and the arm which had been round her own neck lay so still, that she hesitated for a moment to disturb the rest the poor child required so much. During this pause, a change occurred in the sounds she had heard in the room below. The door seemed to be flung open, a single voice pronounced some word or two, and then there seemed a movement, and she heard many steps on the stairs. Could they be ascending? Adela's heart stood still with terror, while every nerve was strained to catch the sounds. No; they were not approaching, they were going down stairs. Then there was a distant door shut, and the sounds became so feeble, she could hardly hear them at all. "They are in the dining-room," said she to herself. "Merciful heaven! who are in it? What can all this mean?" The temptation to waken her sister was so great, that only a mind as strong as that of Adela's could have resisted it; but she reflected, that of whatever nature the sounds might be, Florence's knowledge of them could do no good, and would inevitably terribly excite her, at a time when she greatly required that her nerves should be calmed. If there were robbers in the house, it was probably the safest thing the sisters could do to remain as if asleep. Exercising then an immense effort over herself, Adela remained quiet for several hours, during which the sounds occasionally rose a little. At last, just before the dawn, there was one, thrice repeated, which seemed to the terrified listener something between a cheer and a yell of sudden agony. Then all was silent.

When the sun was up, Adela rose from her bed, leaving Florence still sleeping, and stole fearfully down the stairs. Often in her descent did she pause and listen, but not the slightest noise met her ear; and gaining courage from the growing daylight, she at last turned to look into the great drawing-room itself, whence the mysterious sounds had first proceeded. Everything was precisely as she had left it. The one window which Florence had partially opened was in the same state, and the other three closed and barred. "Perhaps," thought Adela, "the robbers may have entered through that window by a ladder." It was not so; the sash had been long ago pasted down, and had evidently remained unopened for years. An examination of the rooms below was equally fruitless, and the hall door and back door seemed both perfectly secure. Utterly unable to solve the mystery, and having many other cares claiming her attention, Miss Rockingham dismissed the subject from her mind for the moment, resolving to consult me upon it as soon as she could do so without exciting Florence's attention.

The days and weeks which followed this event left little leisure to recur to the consideration of it. Though the two sisters worked with an industry and perseverance which soon left its traces on their fading cheeks and heavy eyes, yet they were so unaccustomed to all the arts of the poor, that their incomings always fell far short of their expenditure. One after another each little luxury was dispensed with. Day by day, when I was able to visit them, I watched with an aching heart the disappearance of the few little relics of former wealth and elegance which they had preserved in the general wreck. Their bedroom had never a fire in it now, though the weather was miserably cold; the toilet-table had

no more ornaments; the last brooch and ring had disappeared from their own dress. One week I missed their father's writing-desk, the next their mother's Indian work-box was no longer to be seen, and after that I found that they seemed not to wish me to go into their bedroom; and I understood the reason when I saw at a picture-dealer's the beautiful portraits of their parents, with which they had parted last of all. It was a heart-breaking business. I took on myself to write to two or three of their friends, telling them the condition to which they were reduced; but one was absent on the Continent, another never answered my letter, a third was himself ruined. One only, and she a lady of small fortune, responded to my appeal by sending to Adela anonymously a ten-pound note. It happened to arrive while I was sitting with them; and when the sisters saw the money they both burst into hysterical tears, from which I had great difficulty to calm them. From this time things went rather better. They had sufficient work, though but poorly paid, and with the help of the ten pounds, they contrived to pass through the spring and summer. But O, how altered they were! so thin, so pale, so stooping! There were gray hairs among Adela's chestnut bands, and Florence's eyes looked dim and sunken, and her ringing laugh, once as frequent as the song of her bird, grew so rare, it startled me when I heard it. It was a most unhappy thing that the poor girls had no relations or connections who could or would help them, even so far as to ask them to their houses for a few days. The whole hot summer passed away, and they seemed to droop more and more for want of air and rest; and when the autumn came, and there were few people in town, their work grew slack, and absolute want stared them in the face when they were less than ever able to cope with it.

One day I knocked at their house, bringing with me a few of the little luxuries which my own poverty permitted me to offer. Florence opened the door, and, bringing me into the work-room, said: "Don't go up stairs yet. Adela is not very well, I made her stay in bed; it is nothing but a cold. You shall see her by and by, but I want to tell you something."

"Dear child," said I, "don't be so agitated. How pale you are! Sit down; I will stay as long as you like."

"O Mrs. L—, you don't know, you cannot think what has happened! This horrible house! I dare not stay in it! And yet we must starve or go to the poor-house if we leave it. O, it is so very, very dreadful! It is no matter for me, I am strong, you know; but Adela—nobody knows what Adela is, what an angel of God she has been through all this year of misery. O that He would let me die and save her from all this agony!"

Poor Florence laid her head upon the table, and her whole frame shook with the violence of her burst of grief. I was greatly alarmed, but at last succeeded in pacifying her a little, and induced her to give me, though somewhat incoherently, the following account.

"We went to bed rather early last night; Adela was not well, and I persuaded her to do so. She fell into a heavy sleep; and then, as there was a great piece to be finished of that work which Miss G— insisted should be ready to-day, I got up again and stole down here to do it. Of course I lighted only one candle, and that was the reason, I suppose, why I grew so nervous, besides being very cold; but I

kept my eyes from looking about the room, and went on, though I got worse and fancied all sorts of things coming about me. At last, it was no fancy at all, I most distinctly heard a noise in the rooms overhead. It was not in the one over this, but in the great drawing-room over the dining-room. I heard first one sharp, querulous sort of voice, and then a whole set of other voices, among them one deep one, like the deepest organ."

"Nonsense, dear Miss Florence, it was all your nervous imagination."

Adela had confided to me in private what she had heard, but had never told Florence, and I was horror-stricken at the similarity of their stories.

"No, no, Mrs. L——," went on Florence, with increased vehemence, "it was no imagination, I heard the voices as I hear yours. I could not stir, my heart stood still; I sat there I don't know how long listening to them. I would have given the whole world to have been with Adela, but I dared not pass up the stairs. At last, you won't believe me, but it is true, I heard steps on the stairs—a great many steps—as if forty or fifty people were coming down and talking all the time. I think I fainted; I expected them to come into this room; and I don't know what happened till I heard them in the dining-room. Yes, there! through those folding doors! I tell you I heard them. There were voices of men and women talking and laughing. O, such awful, hollow, bitter sort of laughs; it made my blood run cold; and then there were noises of glasses, as if they were feasting. And this went on, went on, so long, I thought I had gone mad as I sat listening. At last there were three hideous sounds I cannot describe, and then it was all silence. What *could* it all be? What do you think it was?"

"It was all your poor overworked brain, dear Miss Florence. I hope you did not tell Miss Rockingham."

"Why, when I was at last able to run up stairs, I found her still asleep, so I thought I would wait till I could tell you."

"You did very wisely. It must be all imagination; but you are not able to endure these lonely vigils, dear young lady. Allow me to come, and sit up for a few nights with you, till your nerves are calmed. I am sure Lady F—— will allow me to walk over when my pupils are gone to bed, and to return to F—— House in the morning."

Poor Florence tried to decline my offer, but it was too evidently needed; and we parted with the understanding that I would, if possible, return at eleven o'clock and share the apartment of the sisters for the night, taking our turns to rest and work.

By a chance, which at the time seemed most unfortunate, one of my pupils gave herself a severe sprain that evening, and as she lay moaning and fevered in bed it was utterly impossible for me to leave her. Her mother had gone out to a dinner and ball at the Castle, and was not likely to return till three or four o'clock, so that I was compelled to send for the family physician myself, and remain beside the poor little sufferer till she fell asleep at dawn. Full of anxiety for the consequences of another solitary night to the Rockinghams, I hurried, as soon as possible, across the town to their house. Florence met me at the door, her large eyes glittering, her hand trembling with excitement as she led me up stairs.

"O Mrs. L——! It is true! There are beings—God knows what they are—in this house. Adela and I both saw them."

"You *saw* them?"

"Yes, yes. Come in here. Come down, Ada." She called to her sister as she pulled me into the great dining-room. The shutters of this vast apartment were mostly closed, only where one or two of the hinges had broken and the boards fallen away; the dull, yellow light of the winter morning entered and displayed the dreary torn hangings on the walls, and the bare floor pierced in every direction by the rats. Just as we entered, the slight concussion of our steps caused the final giving way of one of the large black marble slabs in the ruined mantle-piece, and it fell to the ground with a shock and a reverberation which caused poor Florence to scream with terror, and even shook my nerves almost beyond control. Adela rushed in at the moment.

"Merciful God! what has happened? Florence, my life, are you hurt?"

It was touching to see the poor desolate children cling to one another, and at last find calmness in each other's arms. By degrees I led them to describe to me the events of the night, for their terrors, if unreal, could only be dispelled by examination; and, if real, some steps must be instantly taken to relieve them from such a position. But what did I mean by "real"?

"We both sat up," said Adela, "in our bedroom, expecting you to come every moment, and getting on meantime with our work. Towards the middle of the night we began to hear sounds in the drawing-room below. Then Florence told me that she had heard them the night before, just the same as I told you I had done when we first came here. It was very awful; but as we were together, and the noises had never come anywhere but in those two rooms and on the stairs, we bore it as well as we could. Only there was one shrill woman's voice which, whenever we heard it, made me turn sick with horror. I cannot describe it." And Adela hid her face in her handkerchief.

"They went down," said Florence, "as before, to supper, and then the sounds grew faint. All this time the night was passing, and we could not think why you did not come. At last I fancied I heard your ring at the hall door, but the distance is so great I could not be sure, and there were those fearful noises, like jingling glasses, from time to time, in this dining-room, which I might have mistaken for your bell."

"Florence wanted to come down to open the door to you," said Adela; "but it was more than I could bear while those noises went on. At last there were three hideous sounds, such as there always are at the end, and then all was silent. After some time we took our candle and went down to open the door in case you were there. Of course we were frightened, going down stairs, and stopped at the landings to let our candle light below us as far as it could, but we heard or saw nothing till we came to the door of the great drawing-room, which was standing open quite wide. I knew I had closed it when we went to bed, and we both stood before it, trembling, afraid either to go in or to go down past it, when there might be some one there who might come out after us. At last I thought, 'Well, we are in God's hands, though we seem so desolate'; and I resolved I would go into the room at any cost, and see if we could find out any clew to this horrible mystery which will drive us out to starvation. Florence would not let me go alone, so we went in arm in arm, both holding the candle. At first we did not see anything different from usual; but when we were half-way

down the room we saw, there, in the looking-glass in the centre pier—

"You know that great hideous tarnished mirror!" cried Florence, her lips white with fear at the recollection.

I nodded, and Adela went on:—

"There was *something* reflected in that mirror—not us, we were not yet opposite to it. But dull as it was, and half spoiled for want of the quicksilver, there was no mistake—*something* was moving and nodding, as it were, before it. Whether there was anything between us and the glass to throw such a reflection we never looked, for once we had seen the thing in the glass, we could not take our eyes off it. There was scarlet and gold and feathers, and something dazzlingly brilliant among them, till at last we made out clearly enough the terrible thing it was. It was a dead old woman's face surrounded by some gaudy head-dress, and loaded with jewels. The face! O that horrible face! It was quite that of a corpse, wan and drawn, and the eyes dead; but the cheeks were rouged, and it had black curls and black eyebrows, as if they were false, and great white teeth in the fallen jaws. I thought I should have gone mad with terror."

"So did I," said Florence; "I tore poor Ada's arm, clutching it. But at last the horrible creature seemed to finish looking and nodding at herself in the glass, and she began to take off all the diamonds which were in her head-dress and round her frightful neck, till they lay in a heap on the table. And then—then—"

"She turned round as if to look if any one saw her; and in our agony we dropped the candle, and both of us rushed out the room, and Florence hit her head against the door, in the dark, and I hardly know what happened till we were up stairs in our own room; but I thought I heard a sharp, angry cry, just in that same shrill voice which terrified me before. The cold gray dawn was coming on, and I had to bathe poor Florence's head, and we stayed there till we heard you just now at the hall door."

What I felt at the recital of this strange story it is needless to say. Summoning all my courage, I said at last,—

"My dear young ladies, I do not pretend to know that there are not in this world mysteries of the awful kind at which this vision of yours seems to point; but at least you have always agreed with me, dear Miss Rockingham, that it is far less *likely* the dead can appear in such forms, than that our brains should be deceived into fancying we see them. You know you are both quite ill from excitement at this moment, and the state you are in would be precisely that in which visions are formed. Be assured that that hideous old glass reflected your own fears, and nothing else. Let us go into the room and examine everything, and let in the sunlight and good air, and I dare say you will be satisfied that I am right."

The sisters listened to me with the kindly deference they always showed to my opinion, but evidently remained quite unshaken in the belief of the reality of the apparition they had witnessed. At last, however, I persuaded them to accompany me into the dreaded apartment. It was dark, the shutters being less broken than in the dining-room, and it took us both time and courage to wait to open them, and then to throw up one or two of the rusty sashes. Till this was done, I had felt oppressed by the odor of the room. It might be merely damp, but I could not resist the association of ideas that connected it rather with

"The smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank."

We turned finally to the unfortunate mirror, and to the great buhl-table fixed beneath it. The sisters showed me where they had stood, and in what part of the centre panel the spectre appeared, and I tried vainly to construct out of the blurred and spotted surface anything which should have offered a ground for their imagination.

"She laid her diamonds down there," said Florence, laying her hand on the table.

"A great heap they were," said Adela. "A splendid necklace and earrings, and then a tiara like an earl's coronet."

"Why, they must be the great Galtimore diamonds!" cried Florence.

We stood all three overwhelmed at this idea. It was quite true, as Miss Rockingham had said on the night of their arrival in that house, their great-grandmother, the last Countess of Galtimore, possessed diamonds whose almost fabulous splendor was among the common traditions of the Irish society of the last century; and the disappearance of these magnificent jewels, without any adequate search by the guardians of Mr Rockingham when he inherited the empty heraldic honors of his mother's family, had been more than once mentioned in the sad debates so often held at every table on the ruin of the Rockinghams.

"There was a countess's coronet among the Galtimore diamonds. I have heard my father say so," said Adela.

"And old, wicked Lady Galtimore—Why, good heavens! Ada,"—and Florence turned as pale as death,—"*do you recollect the picture in the bedroom at the end of the north corridor at Rockingham?*"

"It was *she*!"

None of us could speak. The corroboration of the frightful story of the sisters' vision was too wonderful to permit of any further observation on my part. By degrees I persuaded them to return to their room up stairs, and take some little refreshment. Both were frightfully ill, and it was with great regret I left them for a few hours. My employer, though somewhat unwillingly, consented to my spending each night with them for some time to come; and this soon ended in my nursing both of them through severe attacks of fever. They had but the one little bed; I was their only attendant, except the charwoman, who came in occasionally in my absence during the day; and they were wanting in nearly every comfort their miserable condition of health required. It was a trial, indeed, for me to pass from the *parvenu* Lady F——'s splendid house and luxurious table to the fireless garret where lay two high-born girls shivering in ague, and needing even such food as Lady F——'s servants would have disdained. How I longed to carry away, instead of eating, my own share of those continual feasts! How I *did* beg of Lady F——, and of any of her guests, one help after another, till she peremptorily forbade a repetition of my offence against good manners.

"I have given you a great deal, Mrs. L——, for your friends. It is enough that I should be worried by beggars in the streets. I will not be teased, or have my visitors teased in my house. If you think me hard-hearted you need not remain with me; for my part I must consider my own children, and not waste my fortune, as Mr. Rockingham wasted all his vast property so shamefully."

Alas! I knew too well that to offend further was to forfeit the salary by which alone I was able to assist in some degree my poor young friends.

Days and weeks passed. The Rockinghams were struggling back to life; but their few customers had ceased to send work which they had been unable to perform, and every article of their little property, and most even of their wardrobe, had been sold for food and fire. It was a pitiful sight, those two pale girls, still beautiful and delicate as hothouse flowers, but O so worn!—so sad! It truly seemed as if the dreaded poor-house—the lowest cesspool into which the misery and vice of our great cities drain, the receptacle of disease and beggary and profligacy—was to be the last stage of the earthly road whereon Adela and Florence were travelling to a better world. The idea of *their* submission to the degrading circumstances of a workhouse,—the pauper's dress, the vulgar officials' brutal ordering, the contact (perhaps even in their *beds*) with the bleary-eyed outcast and fallen creatures inhabiting those abodes of misery,—it was too much for me to bear. We never named it, but we thought of little else. I saw each thought only of the other, not of herself; but *that* was almost unendurable. Many a time, when I had been sitting up with them, and forcing them to go to bed, I had seen one or the other rise from her evening prayers with a face of agony which betrayed to my heart the thought which she had sought for strength to bear, and then had flung herself, weeping passionately, on her sister's neck. Their patience, their gentleness, their efforts each to sacrifice herself for the other, were beyond all praise of mine.

One night things had come to the uttermost. Like them, I had sold all that I dared to part with while preserving an exterior permissible in Lady F——'s household. There was no food,—no chance of getting any for the morrow. The relieving-officer, to whom we had applied, had told us that no assistance could be given except on "accepting the test of destitution," and taking shelter in the poor-house. The worst of our fears was on the point of being realized.

That night I resolved at all events to spend with my unhappy friends, and accordingly I went to their house at eleven o'clock, and, after some attempts to comfort them, persuaded them to lie down on what yet remained of their bedding, while I sat on the floor beside them. Wearied with grief and tears, I believe we all slept at last, till when the spring morning had broken, and the sun was shining into the room, I was awakened violently by Ada starting up in bed. "Mrs. L——! Florence, darling! waken up! O, I have had such a dream!" And her eyes sparkled as I had not seen them shine, alas! for many a day.

"Such a dream!" she went on, eagerly; "all that same horrible vision we saw in the drawing-room below; only I saw—I'm sure I saw—where the diamonds were placed. Lady Galtimore hid them in the buhl-table. I know exactly where they are."

"O be calm, dear Miss Rockingham!" I cried; "this is only a dream."

"Darling Ada!" said Florence, kissing her, sobbing, while the sad reality of the day contrasted in her mind with these visions of the night.

Ada collected herself for a moment, and then said, as she rose up and threw on hastily some of her clothes, "You are right,—it was but a dream; but who knows but in my dream my thoughts have led me to a discovery which may save Florence

from—? O if it could be so!" she added, as her knees trembled and her lips quivered.

There was something almost solemn in the spirit in which we all three went together down the wide old staircase and into the haunted room, on our errand of life and death. The sun shone brightly into the room. We looked at nothing round us, but walked to the massive table, from which, as I have already described, nearly all the gilt, brass, and tortoise-shell, and locks of the drawers, had been torn away, but which yet remained, by sheer solid strength and weight, fixed into the floor and against the lower part of the mysterious looking-glass. On reaching the table, Adela, without a moment's hesitation, opened a little door such as buhl cabinets usually possess in the front, and which, as we knew, displayed a small recess, once no doubt filled with some elegant trifles, but now empty. Placing her hand against the roof of this recess, Adela touched a spring, and a small shallow drawer under the ledge of the table started out. We all three grasped it and dragged it out, but it was perfectly empty.

"I knew it was," said Ada, quite resolutely. "Now!" and she placed her hand behind the drawer, in the space left when it was taken out.

"Here is the very lock I dreamed of!" she muttered, in the intensest excitement; and, catching hold of a small handle beside the lock, she gave it a hasty jerk, and it came off in her hand. "O heavens!" she cried; "it is locked! We cannot get at the drawer; but it is there! The diamonds are there. It is all exactly as I dreamed!"

It will not be wondered at that our impatience reached an almost uncontrollable pitch at this moment. By inserting our arms in the recess left by the drawer in the table, we could feel quite well that there was a strong brass lock closing an inner drawer, reaching no doubt to the back of the table. On our side of the lock was the companion loop-shaped handle to the one which Ada had wrenched away; but even had the two remained, there seemed no chance of our being able to burst open the lock, which was evidently of strongest materials. Such keys as we had with us were tried, but quite in vain. Should we send for a locksmith? We dared not attempt to do so. At last, by pulling out every drawer in the table, and groping in every possible direction, we reached (also at the back of the table) another spring, from which started a tiny little drawer wherein lay two objects,—one was an old gold ring, with a portrait of Lord Galtimore; the other was a gilt brass key.

There was something which, even in that moment of wild excitement, inspired me with respect for Adela Rockingham, as I watched the way in which she almost solemnly took the key from my trembling hand and applied it to the unseen lock in the depth of the table. We could hear it *click* as the rusty wards gave way, and then Adela drew forth the heavy drawer within. It was about four inches deep, and eight or nine long; and over its contents lay a piece of yellowish old paper, containing some memoranda of figures. We lifted the paper,—and there, each in its black velvet bed, lay the enormous Galtimore diamonds,—the necklace, the earrings, the gorgeous coronet. Adela and Florence threw themselves into each other's arms. God knows if their sobs of joy did not find an echo in my old heart then and ever since.

There could be no question as to the right of Adela and Florence Rockingham to the jewels so strangely discovered. From the possession of the

house did not attempt to dispute their possession with the well-known heiresses of the family of Galtimore. Before long the diamonds were disposed of and a large treasure realized; but from the first day we were able to quit the gloomy abode where these young girls had endured such terrible sufferings, and where also they had recovered the opulence to which they were born. No explanation of the mysterious sights and sounds of the dreary old mansion has ever been made. At the moment when Adela drew forth the diamonds, we were all too overwhelmed with joy to afford attention to anything else; but on discussing the matter afterwards, it appeared that all three of us vaguely recollected having heard a sound like the shrill treble laugh of an aged woman, quivering, as it were, in the darkness of the further end of the great desolate room. Be this as it may, we are assured that the Spectral Rout has been known no more in the old gloomy house. Perchance the dread visitors have been banished by the voices of the happy little children of a great national charity, whose abode it has been made, and for whose use it has been refurnished and purified. Perchance the "Wicked Malverns" have at last borne the full measure of their terrible curse, and may now "rest in their graves," while their innocent descendants redeem their evil name by the generous use of those long-lost treasures to which they guided them in such awful and mysterious fashion.

My brief story is told. I write from Italy, whither Adela and Florence have come to regain health and spirits. They forced me to accompany them here, and say I shall never leave them again. It shall be as they will, for they are dear to me as my own children. I must go and join them now, as they sit on the terrace of this beautiful villa, where, among the orange-trees and the vines the fireflies are flashing light, and the nightingales singing in the warm air laden with perfume. Far below us the Arno is rushing, and the Marble Duomo gleams amid the lights of Florence, and the purple Apennines rise up among the stars, and overhead stretches the blue Italian night.

TUPPERIDES.

It is strange, or, as Mr. Tupper would teach us to say, "passing strange," that the news that Mr. Tupper is likely to transmit the torch of his genius, divided into three brilliant tapers, to the hands of his own fair descendants, the three Tupperides, "Mary-Frances," "Ellin-Isabelle," and "Margaret-Elenora," had not sooner run like lightning through the literary world. Yet here is "a new edition" of this Heaven-descended (or more precisely Tupper-descended) triad's poems brought before us by Mr. Moxon, and we find that during the whole life of the old edition, whatever life it may have had, we have been ignorant of news so stimulating to the heart and imagination. Perhaps this circumstance explains an ingenious heraldic device which has been prefixed now for some little time to Mr. Moxon's catalogue of poetic publications, the humor of which we have often admired. On a conical hill or gigantic haycock, emblematic no doubt of Parnassus, a number of wild and troubled figures in all attitudes, comprehending stout old gentlemen resting, students in caps and gowns with the gowns flying wildly in the air, one acute and weather-beaten old day-laborer on the top of a ladder (alas! too

short to reach to the summit), and *we fancy* one lady in dishabille peeping round the side of the haycock, pant, or recover their breath, on their way towards a Temple of Fame on the top, inhabited by four figures, one man and three women. We have always hitherto had a difficulty about these four only triumphant figures, but we now think that there cannot be a doubt but that they represent the great family from whom English poetry will take a fresh inspiration, — Tupper and the Tupperides, Martin-Farquhar, Mary-Frances, Ellin-Isabelle, and Margaret-Elenora. The three ladies stand in modest retirement inside the very diminutive Temple of Fame, which seems licensed to carry four passengers inside and one out, and no more (the one outside being, we need not say, Fame herself, with her trumpet), — but Tupper, the generous and the just, leans out from between the Corinthian pillars, at infinite risk to his own valuable life, to beckon upwards with a wave of his helpful hand the various heated and bewildered figures still on the ascent, — the only discouraging circumstance being, as we have explained, that those who do reach the summit can only obtain entrance by storming the small building and precipitating the garrison over the precipice, — a result which even the lion-hearted author of the *Proverbial Philosophy* can scarcely intend to invite. We must return, however, from this ingenious legend of Mr. Moxon's, of which it is quite possible that we may have discovered only one very earthly interpretation, to the great fact which we are quite sure that British literature has not yet adequately realized, that Tupper's genius will not die without offspring, — nay, that there is every prospect of its being radiated forth to future generations in as undiminished a magnitude as are the rays of the sun to the vast sphere of space, — being at every remove from the source spread over a wider sphere, but still remaining in collective power the same. At the first step indeed the Tupperian genius has divided into three distinct streams of light, and at the next generation, it may be, it will take nine poetic descendants of the great poet to represent the sum total of his present poetic influence on the world. Still, to think that the daughters inherit, as coparceners at least, the great poetic heritage, and may transmit it to their children, so that the influence of Tupper's spirit, even when subdivided, will be spread as widely over the earth as the waters of the sea, is an animating and delightful thought. That the daughters of Tupper recognize gratefully the fountain of their inspiration their title-page, with its prominent inscription, "Dedicated to their father, Martin F. Tupper," sufficiently shows. And their poems show it also, though it is clear that even these three graceful poets have not as yet divided among them all the wealth of Tupper's manly wisdom. No doubt as his sun sets they will gather its light more and more on to their own crystal surface, — the moon cannot be bright when the sun is still above the horizon.

It is hard to select any one among a triad so graceful as meriting the distinction of resembling our own Tupper more than the rest. We should say, however, that none of them can as yet at all compare with their father, either for homely breadth of philosophic insight or for richness of metaphor, but that Mary-Frances bids fair to have most of his vigorous sense of truth, Ellin-Isabelle most of his childlike innocence and serenity, and perhaps Margaret-Elenora most of his bold imaginative flights. Not one of them has anything so large and nutri-

tive as such thoughts as these (for instance) of their father's:—

"Content is the true riches, for without it there is no satisfying,
But a ravenous, all-devouring hunger gnaweth the vitals of the soul."

But that is the kind of thought one does not look for from young people. We wait for it till "old experience doth attain to somewhat of prophetic strain,"—and the Tupperides scarcely venture as yet with their father's courage into the world of abstract truth. Yet there are ideas of Mary-Frances here and there that bid us hope for a level in her not much short of her father's. Thus, for example, there is a courage in the following announcement of truth in a poem on "Hofer" that makes us look almost as high for her in the future, on this side of her poetic attainments, as her father:—

"ANDREA HOFER.

"An eagle on his rocky throne,
The patriot stood—he *could not fly*—
Waiting unguarded and alone
That death he did not fear to die.
To die? Ah yes, he knew full well
They came to kill the Tyrol's Tell."

This is very promising. To recall home-truths without fearing the empty charge of want of originality has always been our Tupper's great distinction. The woman applies the same courage to the concrete rather than to the abstract world. Still, how much it adds to the simplicity of the portrait of Hofer to be reminded that he stood where he did because he could not fly, though, in mind and spiritual endowments, aquiline! So, again, of Pompeii:—

"How these sounds of mirth and gladness
All were silenced in a day!
*Nothing moved; for gloom and sadness
Reigned where all was once so gay;*

"Till again, in later ages,
In those chambers steps were heard;
*But Pompeii's youths and sages
Never more from slumber stirred."*

Mary-Frances clearly understands how, with something of her father's *aplomb*, to take her stand right on a fact, and feed upon it, and let others feed upon it, regardless of any reproach that it is obvious. What firmness and certainty of stroke in the last two lines of the latter verse! There is, however, a beginner's hand in the last two lines of the first;—it can scarcely be assigned as a *reason* why nothing moved in Pompeii after every one was dead that "gloom and sadness reigned where all was once so gay." Mary-Frances has put her cart before her horse. Surely she meant to say—surely her father would have said—that nothing moved because there was nothing alive to move;—*that* would have been real and satisfying. Mary-Frances, too, is perhaps in advance of her sisters in that noble and simple kind of poem, almost proper to their father, which consists of a plain statement of facts accompanied by a few remarks, such as this, of his. —

"A child was playing in a garden, a merry little child,
Bounding with triumphant health, and full of happy fancies;

For I said, Surely, O life! thy name is happiness and hope;

Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet, and pleasure the condition of thy gift.

A youth was walking in the moonlight, walking not alone,

For a fair and gentle maid leant on his trembling arm,"

Mary-Frances has equal genius for beautiful statement of this sort, but then instead of summing up each paragraph with her own reflections, she, as a woman, modestly refers to a fictitious guardian angel, of which hypothesis she is very fond:—

"ALONE.

"There was a little curtained room,
And scarcely visible for gloom;
An infant form was seen at rest,
His soft cheek on the pillow prest,
And on his dull, unconscious ear
Fell the sad sounds he could not hear:
His widowed mother's life had flown;
And he, they said, was left alone:
But, all unseen to mortal eye,
A guardian spirit lingered nigh,
Who, bending o'er the tiny bed,
Breathed blessings on the little head.

"Years passed away; and for the child
Many green springs in beauty smiled;
And many autumns, fading by,
Pointed to changeless things on high:
Yet not alone did blissful days
Around him cast their sunny rays,
For nothing here on earth is fair,
But has its touch of blight or care;
But, all unseen to mortal eye,
That guardian spirit still was nigh;
On either side a radiant arm
Stretched out to keep him safe from harm.

"Years still rolled on; no more a boy,
His glad heart felt a lover's joy," &c.

And we need not say that the guardian angel recurs at each periodic stage of his life. The *magnum opus* of Mary-Frances is a tale of an Indian girl called Morning-Dew, who is floated down some rapids as an offering to a river-god by her tribe, and of the grief of Lion-Heart, her lover, on that unfortunate occasion. But here, as Dr. Newman says of the worship of the Virgin, we cannot quite follow her. It strikes us that Mr. Tupper would scarcely see the strong impress of his genius on this tale. His fancy is, indeed, light and graceful, but it prefers hopping about moral subjects, — subjects like

"Prodigality hath a sister, Meanness, his fixed antagonist
heart-fellow,"

to treating of Indian girls with curious seeds round their ankles.

Ellin-Isabelle is perhaps the quietest in sentiment, and has most of her father's composure. She has "hill-top thoughts," and they are very proper thoughts for a hill-top; they dwell a good deal on the fact that there is a view in sight, and then diverging to the fact that, besides herself on the hill-top, there is also a chapel there, they settle by a very natural and justifiable association of ideas on the chapel, and proceed smoothly thus:—

"For there is a chapel standing
On the summit of the hill,
All the country round commanding,—
Wood and valley, pond and rill:
Here on each returning Sunday
Come the villagers to prayer;
Here, too, many of them one day
Shall lie resting free from care.

"No one knoweth now the story
Why this ancient church was built;
Whether saints went here to glory,
Or to expiate some guilt:
But so long as men are living,
And its tower points on high,
May God's Word, the true life-giving,
Lead our hopes above the sky."

The last verse has a good deal of her father, though whether his mature theology would admit

that going to chapel *could*, in any case, have been conceived as "going to glory" we are not quite sure. If it would, the allusion is probably to some tenets with which we are not acquainted. But the hope that the chapel may lead men's hopes above the sky "so long as men are living" is a limitation conceived quite in his spirit. *Ellin-Isabelle* is as yet the meagrest of the three poets, and is kindly sheltered between the two of more prolific feeling. She may eventually show more of the repose of Mr. Tupper's genius than either of the others, — but as yet she has scarcely blossomed.

Undoubtedly the most turbid as yet, the one whose soul has most of her father's boldness of conception, least of his quietude of spirit, is *Margaret-Elenora*. She begins with "Lighthouse Musings," and asks the waves to clasp her in their "tawny arms." She sympathizes with Wallace; her chief idea on Leith Hill is, not the view, but the larch woods which hide the view; she wishes to swim in Sherborne pond with the trout; she is in favor of the ocean because it drowns people, and sings dirges over them; and altogether she is as yet a somewhat unchastened Tupper. Still she has the bold Tupper imagination, and sometimes turns it into the true Tupper channel, as in the following reflection on Garibaldi's reception in London: —

"And so this mighty welcoming sublime,
This loyal, deep heart-reverence greeting thee,
What is it, in its vastness, full and free,
But Virtue's Triumph in the End of Time?"

That is grand and trumpet-like, — and putting Garibaldi's reception here a year or two ago, in "the End of Time," is a fine vigorous flight of moral feeling. Had we space we could produce other passages in the true Tupperian strain.

Altogether, literature has never had a more pleasing surprise than in this discovery of the true transmissibility of the genius of a Tupper. We cannot say that this beautiful triad, even taken together, gives us any measure of his full-orbed power. Still we may say of them, that

"These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen breast began to beat
With something of its ancient heat."

Tupper cannot perish, — even in that limited sense in which other poets perish. When that great spirit leaves us, though dead he will yet speak, not only in his own immortal *Proverbial Philosophy*, but with living voices adapted to the changes of our future civilization in those who share his spirit, — in the strong realism of *Mary-Frances*, in the tender innocence of *Ellin-Isabelle*, in the vigorous metaphor of *Margaret-Elenora*, — and we may trust, after this triple proof of transmissibility, with the voice also of generations yet unborn of their descendants.

WHO WAS FREDERICK ROBERTSON?

THE publication of "The Life and Letters" of the Rev. F. W. Robertson helps us to some information which is very precious, and explains much mystery that hangs around the name of the great Brighton preacher.*

We learn that this good man was born in London, at the house of his grandfather, Colonel Robertson, on the 3d of February, 1816. He was the eldest of seven children, four sons and three daughters.

His brothers survived him, but his sisters had all died before he reached his twenty-fifth year. His father was a captain in the artillery, and is still living. Until Frederick William was five years old, his home was Leith Fort; but in 1821 Captain Robertson retired on half-pay to Beverly in Yorkshire, that he might attend to the education of his children. In 1829 the family went to France, and for about a year the future preacher was drilled in the French language. The Revolution of 1830 sent them home again, and Frederick, now a boy of fifteen, was sent to the New Academy, Edinburgh, then under the care of the late Archdeacon (Williams) of Cardigan. He was in those days, he says himself, "as iron in strength, broad and stout." Fond of active exercises, an adept at sport and adventure, he was yet thoughtful beyond his years, reflective and imaginative, fond of nature and quickening literature. He worked hard at school, and won high merit. He had already acquired some deep love for the military profession, and his young soul glowed with warlike ardor. Tales of battle and of siege roused his nature to an extraordinary degree. But his father fancied that he saw in him then a peculiar destiny for sacred work, and sought to damp his zeal for military adventure. He was articled to a Mr. Boston, a solicitor at Bury St. Edmund's, and passed a year in his office. But health failed, and the heart lost its ring and mellowness. The army seemed his sphere, and to a soldier's life he was devoted. He was placed upon the list for a cavalry regiment serving in India, and gave himself to a preparation for his future employment. While he was living at Cheltenham, however, through a singular circumstance he came under the influence of a Mr. Davies, now vicar of Tewkesbury, and Mr. Daly, now the Bishop of Cashel. Both these gentlemen saw so much in him which was fitted to make him a useful and devout clergyman, that they strongly urged the advice which his father was still pressing upon him, to reconsider his determination. With the same true spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice which marked his whole life, he left the decision in his father's hands, after many struggles in his own heart, and was led to enter the University of Oxford on May 4, 1837. A fortnight after this the cavalry commission was offered, but the die was fixed, and the earnest father felt assured that the hand of God had done it.

It was a stirring time when Robertson was at Oxford. Dr. Newman was gathering around him the youth and ardor of the University, and seemed destined to be the leader of such a movement in the Church as would shake it at its centre, and change the aspect of the nation itself. The "Old Lion of Oriel" was very nearly worshipped by the undergraduates, and the devout and learned Pusey was only second in influence. The stagnation of sloth, or disease, or death had wellnigh settled on Oxford and her halls and colleges; but Newman, Pusey, Keble, and others were at the helm, and the stately but cumbrous vessel seemed to be almost manned by those who would obey their will. Mr. Robertson was pressed to join the movement; but need it be said, he had too well balanced an intellect, and too firm a reliance upon God, to identify himself with those who were evidently desirous of elevating the tone of the nation's piety, but saw no way to do it save by exalting the place and consolidating the strength of the Church in its relation to the State. Mr. Brooke remarks, that "no change took place in his doctrinal views, which were those of the Evan-

* Life and Letters of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, M. A. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin.

gelical school, with a decided leaning to moderate Calvinism." He had come under the influence of Dr. Arnold, and it was a day of mark when the great, broad-souled man ascended the rostrum of the Oxford Theatre to deliver his first lecture on Modern History. There, undoubtedly, in true sense, stood his leader; for him and his wide principles he could lose Newman and Pusey. He was an admirer of Plato and Aristotle, of Coleridge, Shelley, and Wordsworth; Tennyson, whom he half-adored, was not yet in the ascendant. He joined the "Union" debating-club, and there opened a discussion upon the moral tendency of the theatre, and was answered by the present high-priest of art, John Ruskin.

On Sunday, July 12, 1840, he was ordained by the Bishop of Winchester, and worked as a curate in that old city under the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, rector of the united parishes of St. Maurice, St. Mary Kalendur, and St. Peter Colebrook.

In the spring of 1841 he came under the influence of a morbid distrust and dissatisfaction, and in the summer his health failed so much that he was induced to make a tour on the Continent. Writing home from Geneva on August 3, 1841, and speaking of a discussion in which he had taken part at the house of a gentleman there, he says, "My chief point was to prove the death of Christ not merely a demonstration of God's willingness to pardon on repentance and obedience, but an actual substitution of suffering; and that salvation is a thing *finished* for those who believe,—not a commencement of a state in which salvation may be gained; insisting especially on Heb. x. 14." He enjoyed at Geneva the society of old Mr. Malan. At this city he met his future wife, to whom he was shortly married, Helen, third daughter of Sir George William Denys, Bart., of Easton Neston, Northamptonshire. Almost immediately after his marriage he returned to Cheltenham, and when his health was re-established in the summer of 1842, he entered upon the curacy of a district church, having for its incumbent the Rev. Archibald Boyd, now rector of St. James, Paddington, and continued there for nearly five years. He always preached in the afternoon, and seems to have exhibited in those days much of the fascination which charmed many of his hearers in later years. Mr. Dobson, a former Principal of Cheltenham College, speaks of his first sermon, and says: "Even at this moment I can see him, then in almost youthful beauty, raising his hand above his head as he closed his sermon with the words, 'The banner of the Cross of Christ, without taking up which,' he said, 'no man could be a Christian.' This generation will not look upon his like again." He was still a prey to the fine, yet terrible, sensitiveness which had come on from the dawn of life, and would finally master the noble spirit which it was to test and purify. The unintelligibility of his sermons troubled him. He was aspiring to a high ideal with a restless fevered mind, and found some quiet enjoyment in efforts to raise and comfort the suffering poor. Later still it was to be his confession that he was not a preacher to the rich, but to the poor. While he was at Cheltenham his mind underwent a severe trial, which resulted at the close of his stay there in completely changing his position as to the party with which he had previously been identified. He had read and thought much, and seems to have suffered from the misconstructions and variations of friends until his spirit fell into so dread a gloom, that of all his early faiths but one remained. "It must be right to do right." The

night of sorrow passed, and the light of life came back again.

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out;

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength;
He would not make his judgment blind;
He faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them: thus he came at length

"To find a happier faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone."

It had been well for many if they had remembered that growth is often attended by pain, but that the life of fuller growth is not essentially another, but a higher. Under the pressure of much mental and physical affliction, he was induced to abandon his curacy, and seek rest and strength on the Continent once more. At Heidelberg he performed the duties of English chaplain for a few weeks, and won the hearts of all classes to such a degree that they entreated him with tears to become their minister; but after an absence of nearly three months he returned to Cheltenham. He wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, whose acquaintance he had made prior to his elevation to the episcopate, asking for some employment as the Bishop might direct. This led to his appointment to St. Ebbe's, Oxford. But after he had been two months at work, the incumbency of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, was offered to him by the trustees, Rev. James Anderson, Lord Teignmouth, and Mr. Thornton. He at first distinctly refused it; but they wrote to the Bishop and obtained permission of him to release Mr. Robertson from his Oxford engagement if he were willing to leave. Ultimately he accepted the post at which he was to fight the good fight so manfully till the great Captain should say to his brave but wearied spirit, "It is enough; come up higher." That ministry was to have a world-wide influence and fame. It began on the 15th August, 1847. On that day, six years afterwards, it would terminate. The text was,—"The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom," &c. As his peculiar life made its impression, old faces were missed, but new ones speedily appeared. Into that wonderful ministry of six years,—years in the midst of which all Europe was heaving with revolutionary influences,—an amount of work was crowded which could only have been done by a man who felt that life *would* be short, and that it *might* be useful and sublime. His heart had often yearned for the poor; to do them good, if possible; to raise them from their low and sad condition, and pour into their too weary lot the gentle and warm charities of Christian hearts and hands. But good men trembled at the thought of *elevating* the working classes in those days, and rather looked round for power to keep them down. At heart, Robertson was more of a Tory, it sometimes seemed, than a Radical. He was really a true Liberal; and would in these times have been found on the side of those who are opposed to the domination of any class, however large its numbers and urgent its claims, but desire the development and employment of the capabilities and means of all for the common weal. Like all thinkers and workers who held such a creed, he was found to be of no service to any faction, and sometimes felt to be a hindrance to them all. But by a character which was as transparent as a sunbeam, and abler which

would have made any party strong, he succeeded finally, by pulpit and platform efforts, and more private influence, in convincing the workmen of Brighton that he was their true friend, and in showing to their superiors in station that he was no mere demagogue. It was his habit to review all national events, and to seek to pour light upon all great public questions in his preaching, as well as by other means that offered themselves. He preached to his own age, but always uttered truths and principles which lay at the deep hearts of all ages. As he said himself, the great deeps of humanity remain the same from age to age. He pandered neither to the flippant folly of the upper classes, over whom he might have swayed a mighty spell, nor played with the foibles of his humbler brethren, by whom he would have been wellnigh adored. It was a terrible work which he had before him at Brighton, but he did it with a zeal and fidelity which mark him out as a noble champion for the truth.

Although he was the most popular preacher of his day in Brighton, it is interesting and suggestive to observe that he feared and hated more than anything being the idol or the victim of popularity. He seems to have had a kind of horror of it haunting his sensitive imagination. He said he had sternly kept his tongue from saying a syllable or a sentence, in pulpit or on platform, *because* it would be popular. His sufferings, however, in the doing of his work, were very acute, owing to the misconceptions and jealousies of those who might have rejoiced with him. No heart could well have bled more freely than his, and none was destined to be smitten with keener blows. He hid his sufferings from most of his friends, but at times the piercing cry or the sharp, bitter pang of his heart could not be concealed, and to one he likened himself to the Spartan boy who held his cloak around him while the fox was gnawing at his entrails. The revelation of his sufferings, so far as they are given, are enough to rouse the most apathetic nature, and lead the earnest heart to ask the meaning of the mystery. His biographer remarks, and the words do but express the agony of poor Robertson's breaking heart, while they console all who have felt the inspiration of his sanctified genius,—"Pain made him creative; it was when his heart's blood was being drawn that the heart of his genius was revealed." There is a meaning and suggestiveness in some words which occur in a letter which he wrote in 1849: "Our best blessedness can only be shaken by ourselves. Life is what we make it. And there are delicately organized minds in which a mental error—a fault in the tone of thinking—can produce more misery than crime can in coarser minds." This wise and delicate reflection gives the cue to much that we perceive in his spirit as it is displayed in his writings. In the year 1850 Mr. Robertson was brought into a difficult and painful position with relation to some of the workmen of Brighton, owing to a proposition to admit infidel publications into the institute. This circumstance called for the exercise of all the forbearance, manliness, and tact which he could bring to bear upon the difficulty. He was widely known as the leader of the workmen, and as one who favored their education and advancement. He was, however, no socialist, neither could he be called a Radical. A speech which he gave at the Town Hall to a crowded audience, composed of all classes, and comprising all the workmen of the institute, seems to have been marked by unusual skill and power. He disarmed

opposition by his candor and firmness, and prevented misunderstanding by his clear and simple utterances. The following words which he used on this occasion are very significant: "I refuse to permit discussion this evening respecting the love a Christian man bears to his Redeemer,—a love more delicate far than the love which was ever borne to sister or the adoration with which he regards his God,—a reverence more sacred than man ever bore to mother." The effect of this address was to produce conviction in the minds of some, while the rest retired, and left the majority of the members free to carry out their new plans and purposes. He took a warm interest in the discussions which arose upon the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday, the events which gave rise to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and the subject of capital punishment, upon all of which our readers may be assured that so earnest and original a thinker expressed many important and memorable reflections. The opinions which he expressed excited warm criticism, and, as it is manifest, no inconsiderable misrepresentation. He said in 1851, "Of course people speak bitterly against my teaching, and, of course, I feel it keenly." It was this effect upon himself which was now rapidly eating away his vitals, and would ere long crush his pure and noble heart beyond relief and remedy. His mind was occasionally relieved in those times by the passionate study of ornithology and other scientific pursuits in the intervals of the busiest lives, and encouraged also by a hearty and loving address presented to him in the Town Hall on April 21, 1852, on the part of the young men of his congregation. But the now quickly destroying sorrow was doing its fell work upon him, for he wrote afterwards in a letter to a friend, "In the midst of the homage of a crowd, I felt alone, and as if friendless."

In the early part of 1853, he seems to have frequently visited Lady Byron at Esher, whose warm friendship he had enjoyed since he had lived in Brighton, and of whom he said that she was one of the noblest and purest women he had ever met. Disease of the brain was making way, although he now lectured so finely upon Wordsworth, and preached some of his best sermons. Many of his friends had combined to furnish him with the assistance he could no longer do without. He secured the services of the Rev. Ernest Tower as a curate, but the opposition of the Rev. H. M. Wagner prevented the appointment being made, and the circumstances of this opposition had evidently much to do in breaking the last link that bound the rare and beautiful spirit to this sad and weary world for him. On the 5th of June, 1853, he preached for the last time in Trinity Chapel, in the morning from the barren fig-tree, and in the afternoon the closing lecture of a course on the Corinthians, the text of which contained the words, "Finally, brethren, farewell!" During the last two or three months which intervened between this and his death he bore intolerable agony and mental distress, traceable to the disease of the brain, and the fact that he had been misunderstood and rejected by men. Medical men strove to relieve him, and hoped on, but all in vain. In August he was evidently living his last term of weary days and nights beneath the sky whose glories he had loved so much. "A night or two before he died, he dreamt that his two sisters, long since dead, came to crown him." On the 12th he wrote his last words: "I have grown worse and worse every day for the last fortnight. From in-

tensity of suffering in the brain, and utter powerlessness and prostration too dreadful to describe, and the acknowledged anxiety of the medical men, I think now that I shall not get over this. His will be done! I write in torture." On Sunday, the 15th, he died, at thirty-seven years of age. We give Mr. Brooke's words: "He had passed through the day with intenser suffering than usual. He was moved from his bed to the sofa, near the open window, where he lay until the evening. But towards ten o'clock a change took place. The pain returned with bitter violence. Feebly crying at intervals, 'My God, my Father, — my God, my Father!' he lived for two hours in a mortal agony, during which he never lost clear consciousness. His mother, wife, and one friend, with his physician, watched over him with devoted care. At last they sought to relieve him by changing his position; but he could not endure a touch. 'I cannot bear it,' he said. 'Let me rest. I must die. Let God do his work.' These were his last words. Immediately afterwards, at a few minutes past midnight, all was over." He was buried amid the deepest expressions of sympathy and sorrow, and a monument marks his resting-place, while a memorial window in Brasenose College Chapel and busts in the Bodleian and the Pavilion at Brighton testify to the respect and love of his friends.

A more thoughtful, suggestive, and beautiful preacher never entered a pulpit; a simpler and braver man never lived; a truer Christian never adorned any religious community. His life and death were *vicarious*, as he himself might have put it. He lived and died for others, for us all. The sorrows and agonies of his heart pressed rare music out of it, and the experience of a terribly bitter life leaves a wealth of thought and reflection never more than equalled in the history of men.

MORE OF "OUR DOGS."*

PETER.

PETER died young, — very quick and soon that bright thing came to confusion. He died of excess of life; his vivacity slew him. Plucky and silent under punishment, or any pain from without, pain from within, in his own precious, brisk, enjoying body, was an insufferable offence, affront, and mystery, — an astonishment not to be borne, — he disdained to live under such conditions.

One day he came in howling with pain. There was no injury, no visible cause, but he was wildly ill, and in his eyes the end of all things had come. He put so many questions to us at each pang — what is this? — what the — can it be? — did you ever? — as each paroxysm doubled him up, he gave a sharp cry, more of rage and utter exasperation than of suffering; he got up to run away from it — why should he die? Why should he be shut up in darkness and obstruction at that hour of his opening morn, — his sweet hour of prime? And so raging, and utterly put out, the honest dear little fellow went off in an ecstasy of fury at death, at its absurdity in his case.

We never could explain his death; it was not poison or injury; he actually expired when careering round the green at full speed, as if to outrun his enemy, or shake him off. We have not yet got

over his loss, and all the possibilities that lie buried in his grave, in the Park, beneath a young chestnut-tree where the ruddy-cheeked, fat, and cordial coachman, who of old, in the grand old Reform days, used to drive his master, Mr. Speaker Abercromby, down to "the House" with much statelyness and bouquet, and I dug it for him, — that park in which Peter had often disported himself, fluttering the cocks and hens, and putting to flight the squadron of Gleneagles wedders.

DICK.

He too is dead, — he who, never having been born, we had hoped never would die; not that he did — like Rab — "exactly" die; he was slain. He was fourteen, and getting deaf and blind, and a big bully of a retriever fell on him one Sunday morning when the bells were ringing. Dick, who always fought at any odds, gave battle; a Sabbatarian cab turned the corner, the big dog fled, and Dick was run over, — there in his own street, as all his many friends were going to church. His back was broken, and he died on Monday night with us all about him; dear for his own sake, dearer for another's, whose name — Sine Qua Non — is now more than ever true, now that she is gone.

I was greatly pleased when Dr. Cotting of Roxbury came in yesterday and introduced himself to me by asking, "Where is Dick?" To think of our Dick being known in Massachusetts!

BOB.

If Peter was the incarnation of vivacity, Bob was that of energy. He should have been called Thalaba the Destroyer. He rejoiced in demolition, — not from ill-temper, but from the sheer delight of energizing.

When I first knew him he was at Blinkbonny toll. The tollman and his wife were old and the house lonely, and Bob was too terrific for any burglar. He was as tall and heavy as a foxhound, but in every other respect a pure old-fashioned, wiry, short-haired Scotch terrier, — red as Rob Roy's beard, — having indeed other qualities of Rob's than his hair, — choleric, unscrupulous, affectionate, stanch, — not in the least magnanimous, — as ready to worry a little dog as a big one. Fighting was his "chief end," and he omitted no opportunity of accomplishing his end. Rab liked fighting for its own sake, too, but scorned to fight anything under his own weight; indeed, was long-suffering to public meanness with quarrelsome lesser dogs. Bob had no such weakness.

After much difficulty and change of masters, I bought him, I am ashamed to say, for five pounds, and brought him home. He had been chained for months, was in high health and spirits, and the surplus power and activity of this great creature, as he dragged me and my son along the road, giving battle to every dog he met, was something appalling.

I very soon found I could not keep him. He worried the pet dogs all around, and got me into much trouble. So I gave him as night-watchman to a goldsmith in Princess Street. This work he did famously. I once in passing at midnight stopped at the shop and peered in at the little slip of glass, and by the gas-light I saw where he lay. I made a noise, and out came he with a roar and a bang as of a sledge-hammer. I then called his name, and in an instant all was still except a quick tapping within that intimated the wagging of the tail. He is still there, — has settled down into a reputa-

* This paper was written by Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh for a second series of "Spare Hours," to be published during the spring.

to the disappearance in battle of sundry of his best teeth. As he lies in the sun before the shop door he looks somehow like the old Fighting Teméraire.

I never saw a dog of the same breed; he is a sort of rough *cob* of a dog, — a huge quantity of terrier in one skin; for he has all the fun and briskness and failings and ways of a small dog, begging and hopping as only it does. Once his master took him to North Berwick. His first day he spent in careering about the sands and rocks and in the sea, for he is a noble swimmer. His next he devoted to worrying all the dogs of the town, beginning, for convenience, with the biggest.

This aroused the citizens, and their fury was brought to a focus on the third day by its being reported alternatively that he had torn a child's ear off, or torn and actually eaten it. Up rose the town as one man, and the women each as two, and, headed by Matthew Cathie, the one-eyed and excellent shoemaker, with a tall, raw divinity student, knock-kneed and six feet two, who was his lodger, and was of course called young Dominie Sampson. They bore down upon Bob and his master, who were walking calmly on the shore.

Bob was for making a stand, after the manner of Coriolanus, and banishing by instant assault the "common cry of curs"; but his master saw sundry guns and pistols, not to speak of an old harpoon, and took to his heels as the only way of getting Bob to take to his. *Aurifer*, with much *nous*, made for the police station, and, with the assistance of the constables and half a crown, got Thalaba locked up for the night, safe and sulky.

Next morning, Sunday, when Cathie and his huge student lay uneasily asleep, dreaming of vengeance, and the early dawn was beautiful upon the Bass, with its snowy cloud of sea-birds "brooding on the charmed wave," Bob was hurried up to the station, locked into a horse-box, — him never shall that ancient Burgh forget or see.

I have a notion that dogs have humor, and are perceptive of a joke. In the North, a shepherd, having sold his sheep at a market, was asked by the buyer to lend him his dog to take them home. "By a' manner o' means tak Birkie, and when ye'r dune wi' him just play so" (making a movement with his arm), "and he'll be hame in a jiffy." Birkie was so clever and useful and gay that the borrower coveted him; and on getting to his farm shut him up, intending to keep him. Birkie escaped during the night, and took the entire hirsel (flock) back to his own master! Fancy him trotting across the moor with them, they as willing as he.

OUR BROWN PASSENGER

DURING the many wanderings and voyages which my brother Edmund and myself have made up and down the earth in search of wealth, we have become tolerably average judges of many things. Furs, slop clothing, tallow, drosky horses, inns, wine, bad money, are but a tithe of the things on which we should be competent to give some sort of opinion; but there are two things of which it is absolutely necessary that one should have a good judgment, — ships and ships' captains, and we consider that there are very few landmen in a position to give us advice on either of these two subjects.

Therefore when it became necessary to choose a ship to make what we determined to be our last voyage, the different ships which were honored with

our notice underwent a very severe scrutiny indeed. One or two of the ships would have done, but then the skippers were not up to my brother Edmund's standard; and in cases where he passed the captain I got fanciful about the ship. We rejected them all save one we had yet to see, and I was constrained to say, after an afternoon spent among the shipping, —

"My dear Ned, at this rate we shall not get to England at all. We really must try to be less particular with the Typhoon. When I come to think of the awfully queer craft we have sailed in, I think we are carrying criticism a little too far."

"Not a bit, Thomas, — not a bit"; and he wagged his great yellow beard. "I mean to be more particular with her than any other. I have no idea of gaining experience and not using it. To the Typhoon," he said, as he tumbled into a boat; "where is she?"

"Off the battery"; and away we scudded down the harbor, past the lighthouse, and past the berths of the men-of-war, just in time to see a stream of fire shoot suddenly from the side of H.M.S. Styx, and hear the dull heavy boom of the sunset gun go rattling away among the quarries.

I sat looking at the infinitely peaceful sunlight dying out upon the lonely, happy hills, whose summits I could see above the dark quarries; and at the black quarries close on the shore in the foreground, which were beginning to send forth in strings, lines, groups, or solitary figures, swarm after swarm of gray convicts, dim, unearthly-looking under the growing gloom, crowding down to their boats like souls to Charon's bark. It struck me that it was like looking across hell to heaven, and the sight held me so long that I was only aroused by Edmund's saying, "Here she is," and my turning round and after a minute's contemplation saying, "By Jove!"

We were under the bows of a large ship, which lay the last of all seaward, beyond the battery, quite alone. The sun had set upon the water, but her vast tall masts penetrated into the lighter air above, till her truck almost seemed to pierce the fading sunlight, and showed us that her spars were very nearly as large and as heavy as those of that tremendous engine of war, the Styx frigate, which was her nearest neighbor. Her bows were like those of a yacht, and ran up, not into a figure-head, but into a delicate golden scroll. Such bows I had seldom seen on any ship, and I noticed them closely. The rest of the long black hull was equally satisfactory, and we were both aware that we were looking on one of the noblest clipper ships we had ever set eyes on.

"Now for the captain," I thought. "I wonder if he will do?"

Though the vast mass of the ship lay perfectly dead and motionless on the water, our little boat was leaping in so lively a manner that it required a jump to get on the ladder; but we were soon on deck and looked around us. It was one of the finest decks we had ever been on, flush, save one house aft, which took the place of a poop, but which had a broad gangway round, and a large elliptical monkey-poop astern. So that, do you see, reader, you could walk from the fore-castle, past it, to the wheel, and so round it back again; might walk, in short, when at sea, twenty miles without turning. This struck us as being very charming, and we had every opportunity of seeing it at its best, for not a soul was in sight but one lanky, good-natured-looking midshipman, to whom we addressed ourselves.

"Can you tell us where the first officer is, sir, if you please?" I asked.

"He is ashore, drunk. At least he was half an hour ago."

"Can you tell us where the steward is, sir, if you please?"

"Well, I am afraid it won't be much good to tell you, for I am afraid Yorky is drunk too."

This was very nice indeed. "Are the crew on board?" I asked.

"No. They are in the hulk, doing their six weeks for running. The police barge will bring them on board the night before we sail."

I looked at Edmund, and saw that, like an inconsistent fellow as he was, he had fallen so deeply in love with the ship's bows, that nothing would turn him, if the captain looked anything like business. I thought he was going to look for the captain, but he did not. He said,—

"Can you kindly inform me, sir, if the stewardess is drunk?"

"No," said the midshipman, indignantly, "she is not. Polly drunk, indeed! She'd sue the man who dared say it. Perhaps you would like to ask if the skipper is drunk? Here he comes to answer for himself." So our midshipman hitched himself off the capstan and went away growling at Edmund's offensive inquiry about the stewardess.

We turned and saw before us one of the finest, most sailor-like, most gentleman-like young fellows we had ever met in our wanderings. Scarcely thirty, we guessed, with a clear brown face, a bright eye, and as pleasant a smile, showing as fine a range of teeth as one would wish to see. A powerful up-standing fellow too,—a man every inch of him, whose crisp curly hair seemed expressly made to keep on his head, without derangement in any cyclone or typhoon which ever blew. He would do, we said at once, in spite of a drunken first officer and steward, and a crew from the hulk. When he came to us and said pleasantly, "Are you going to sail with me, gentlemen," we answered, like a pair of Siamese twins, "Certainly."

"You are a sailor, sir?" he said to my brother, which was so far not complimentary to me.

"Why, no," said Edmund; "but I know a sailor when I see one. I am not long married, and am going to intrust a delicate wife and a baby to your keeping for fourteen thousand miles. Can you conscientiously undertake the job?"

"Yes," said the skipper, "I think I can. I am not fortunate in my ship's company. I have come round from San Francisco, and have picked the main of them up there; a queer lot, with all the turbulence of American sailors, and not one of their good qualities. They ran, and are in the hulk; they are as good as any I shall pick up just now. I have four good officers, a carpenter, steward, stewardess, and one midshipman; and I have a noble lot of passengers, thank God. I'll pull you through."

"The steward is drunk, is he not?" said I.

"Well, yes," said the skipper, laughing, "but only on principle. It ain't habitual. We have been three weeks in the bay in ballast, trying to get cargo, and have got a little wool and gold; but he has not been ashore more than three hours. Last night he told his wife and me that it was unsailorlike and unlucky to go to sea without a burst, and so he has gone on shore to get drunk. He is an excellent fellow, I assure you, and so is the carpenter."

We went into the saloon, and the stewardess, a

hard-headed, hard-handed Scotch woman, showed us the vacant berths. There were now, she told us, near 100 passengers, but most of them in the second cabin, between decks. The voyage would pay, she said, entirely through the passengers. It would pay well, and she was glad of that, for the skipper had brought the ship round from San Francisco on speculation, on his own responsibility, and she wished him to stand well with the owners, as he, the skipper, was going home to be married. She seemed a dear old body, and made us more than ever in love with the ship. When she understood that she was to be plagued to death all the voyage by a delicate young wife and a baby, her satisfaction knew no bounds. She immediately asked my brother's Christian name, and has never called him by any other since. Me she tolerated, and I thank her.

But as we looked round at the cabins (opening out of the saloon, and on deck, please to understand) a hitch occurred. We came to a cabin door on which there was a card, and on it was written in a large hand, "Mrs. Dishmore." And Edmund said, in the most peremptory manner,—

"I am not going to sail in the same ship with that woman. She is intolerable enough on shore, but to sea with that woman I don't go."

"Nonsense, Ned," I said; "you need not speak to her."

"She was the woman, as you know, that tried her hardest to prevent Maria from marrying me, and I hate the sight of her."

"She probably only repeated what she had heard," I said. "You don't know anything against the woman except what we all know, that she is the most tiresome, backbiting, meddlesome Matty in the three republics. Don't be a fool."

"I'll not sail with that woman," he repeated, as we went over the side. But he did nevertheless.

That evening, after having tea with his wife, we went away on a little expedition. Certain custom-house officers had become endeared to us in the way of business, and we went to wish them good by. The custom-house men used, in those pre-railway times, an inn on the shores of the bay, before you come to the lighthouse. We knew that we should catch some of them there that night, more particularly one; so we took the last steamboat from the pier, and went across, telling his wife that we should sleep there, and that she must get ready to go on board in three days.

I suppose that that quaint little inn is levelled to the ground now, or turned into a limited hotel. In those times it was a queer little characteristic place. It was close, closer than any other inn, to the place where the shipping lies, and at that time thirteen millions was annually passing outwards and eleven millions inwards, it was a busy little inn, indeed. One room was almost entirely used by the skippers of ships and custom-house officers, and to this room we repaired. It was as full as usual, but there was some cause for silence; something had occurred to stop the conversation, and when we had called for what we wanted, and had sat down, we looked round for the cause.

It was evidently a tall man who was standing with his back to the fire. We had noticed that he had scowled insolently at us as we came in, but we were too eager to look round and see who of our acquaintances were there, to take much notice of him; but when we were settled, my brother Edmund looked at him again, and to my great surprise his look be-

came fixed; he seemed to be partly interested and partly surprised at the man's appearance. I, who am short-sighted, could not see the man's face, and thought my brother had recognized him, so I very naturally asked him in a whisper if he knew the man.

"No," he said, "and don't want to. But did you ever in your experience see such an evil, truculent face before? Coward and bully in every line of it. He has been bullying these good folks. I must have a word with him. Halloa, you sir!"

The man was aware in a moment that my brother was addressing him. My brother had what may be called a forcible delivery. When he addressed people, they were instantly aware of the fact. This man was. He turned to my brother with a scowl, and said nothing. Edmund continued, —

"And how do you get along, sir?"

And in merely saying those words, and in merely wagging his great beard, Edmund said, plain for all the folks to hear, "You are a bully, my good gentleman, and I know it. Would you be so exceedingly kind as to try to bully me?" The spell was broken, and the conversation of the different groups was resumed all round the room. The bully growled something inaudible, and in a very few minutes sat down.

A greater contrast to this fellow could scarcely be conceived, than such as appeared in the person of our friend who now appeared. A handsome young Highlander, in a pretty neat blue uniform, young enough to be nearly beardless, and with the titles of "gentleman" and "good fellow" written in every dimple of his handsome face, and every twinkle of his laughing hazel eyes. His eyes grew brighter when he saw us, and he came towards us somewhat eagerly.

"I have heard that you two renegades were come here to look me up, and were going to secede from the sucking republic, and were going back to the hag-ridden old stepmother Britain. Kiss the sacred ground when you land for me; and tell the dear old mother that I will come back some day, if it is only to lay my bones in her dear old bosom. Ah, happy men! and O most unhappy me! If I had not unluckily been born a gentleman, I might at this moment have been a gillie of Lord Breadalbane, to be a keeper in time; and might have even now been bathing my bare legs in the silver mists of divine Schehallion. But luck is against me. I am no Lowland man that I can trade; so I must even sit here with my four hundred a year, biding my time. 'This way lies madness,' as our great Cockney poet says. My dear old boys, what ship are you going by?"

"The Typhoon."

"Ah! you don't happen to remember the name of the ship in which Jonah took passage from Joppa to Tarshish, do you?"

"Do you?" I said. "Why do you ask?"

"It was not the Typhoon, for instance, was it?" our friend answered. "No, by the by, it was n't. In fact, now I come to remember, neither the name, the register, nor even the name of the master of that ship, are recorded in Holy Writ. Ah, well! So you are going by the Typhoon?"

My brother answered decidedly, "Yes. We have sailed in queerer craft than she is. Is there anything against her?"

"The finest ship which ever came into the bay," our friend answered. "But she has a queer crew."

"We know all about that," said Edmund. "We

have sailed with Lascars before now. How about the captain?"

"A gentleman and a sailor, every inch of him. God send him always as good a ship, and always a better crew."

"Well," said Edmund, "we will chance the crew; how about the officers?"

"Let me introduce you to the first mate," said our friend, and forthwith took us across the room, and presented us to the man we had noticed on entering. Now I got near to him, I was obliged to confess to myself that he was one of the most ill-looking dogs I had ever seen. We shall see more of him directly.

As for the rest, we could only gather that the ship was a splendid ship, and that the captain was a jewel. That contented us on the whole. On the third day from that we were on board, waiting for the mail-bag. I was standing on the house on deck by the captain, watching for the last time the swarms of gray convicts in the black quarries, and the pleasant, sunny, peaceful hills which lay beyond, thinking that, after all, it was a very dear old country, and getting pathetic about leaving it, when I heard a quiet voice behind us say, —

"Are you going to take steam, sir?"

The captain turned immediately. "I think this suck from the north will do, sir, if it holds."

I turned when the skipper turned, and saw for the first time our Brown Passenger.

He was very brown indeed. A scrupulously dressed, middle-sized man, with a very brown face, and iron-gray close-cropped hair. No appearance of beard or whiskers. Say an old man, if you like; yet so singularly handsome, with such intelligence, vitality, and determination in his face, that one felt glad that he was not a suitor for the hand of any young lady whom one proposed to make one's own. I liked the looks of him exceedingly. But unfortunately, he, at first, could not admire the looks, even the presence, of either my brother or myself. I found out afterwards the reason of this. It was our beards. He told Mrs. Dishmore, during an interval of squabbling, that he despised any man who was too lazy to shave himself, and of course Mrs. Dishmore, who sparred with us (or to speak more properly me) worse than she did with him, told us. I was never anything but very civil to the man, even before this, and always tried to make peace between him and my brother, who never submitted to him for one instant. But through it all, I think he liked Edmund better than he did me.

On this occasion, when the captain had walked forward, I was gushingly polite to him. I said, to open the conversation, "This wind will take us through the Heads in ten hours, sir. Our crew are a rough lot, but they seem smart."

"I don't profess to know much of this sort of business, sir," he growled; "but if I may be allowed an opinion, I should say that a more turbulent, drunken set of vagabonds never had charge of a ship before." And then he walked aft, as if I was utterly below contempt.

I said to myself, "You are a cool hand, and somewhat impertinent. You have been living in Queer Street, and have got a history. I should like to know it. But you must not be impertinent to me, young gentleman. I have lived in Queer Street, too, though I don't know your number. Folks who have once lived in Queer Street are never impertinent to me. You must be won over. You are worth it."

But meanwhile our rascally crew, Lascars, white-washed Americans, and "sundry," had got the anchor up and some sails spread, and we began to travel down the harbor before the north wind. Our skipper knew the harbor well enough to drop his pilot and take her out through the Heads on his own responsibility. All down the long harbor the ship was as steady as a rock, but when we had passed those Heads, and came on the great swell of the Indian Ocean, the yards were braced up, the great ship seemed to give a sigh, and bent over to her sixteen thousand miles' battle with the elements. My last recollection of the beautiful melancholy country which we shall never see again is this: as our ship made her first sickening plunge in the ocean, and showed us that she was not a mere inert mass of iron, but a glorious, almost living, creation of the human brain; I standing on the quarter-deck, and feeling as if the bottom of my stomach was coming out at each mad dive (I am never seasick, that is quite another thing), noticed that we were passing H.M.S. Styx, which was thundering on in the teeth of the wind, at one moment showing us, in beautiful contrast, her gleaming bright deck, at another her long black hull, in which the volcano slept. Sixty-four-pounders are but popguns in these days, of course, but nevertheless she looked about as ill-tempered and dangerous a bit of goods as ever floated on the high seas.

Meanwhile we had got the westerly wind, and with it the great westerly swell. The ship began to roll heavily as she flew before it, burying her lee bulwarks continually. For a few days I stayed much on deck enjoying the wild scene, but it soon got too cold. The ship's head was southward, and the days grew shorter, and the whirling snow-storms more frequent as she went howling down towards the weltering seas of the Antarctic Ocean.

So now I had leisure to examine our fellow-passengers more closely. The first one I naturally studied was the one who gives a title to this paper, — the man known to us on the first half of the voyage as "the Brown Passenger."

I liked him, but he was very queer and reserved; and he for the first few days did not seem to like me. His great objection, as he told me after, was my beard; but even after he passed that over, and we became more familiar, I could not find out who he was, what was his rank in life, where he had been, or what his opinions were. He was the closest man I ever met. He agreed with me in a qualified manner, till, like the late Mrs. Shandy, he nearly drove one mad. He was so exasperatingly negative and reticent, and what made the matter more exasperating was, that there was force and decision on every line of his brown face. He was a man of action, and a man of strong convictions, yet I never could strike a spark out of him. I used to try. I felt sure that the man had corns somewhere on his feet, and I used to stamp about vaguely to try and punch one of them. I never got any acknowledgment of feeling out of him, however, but a slow, amused smile. I saw that he liked me the better for my efforts to irritate him into some expression of opinion, but the only visible result was that same quiet bright smile, — and that only appeared when I had contradicted myself in trying to irritate him, and he had in a few clear words showed that I was contradicting myself. I gave him up after a week, for I made the not very flattering discovery that he was amusing himself with me. He was Rembrandt. I said to myself a man who had

been knocked about the world a good deal, had heard many opinions expressed, and would not commit himself. The captain, on inquiry, told me that he had been knocked about the world considerably, and that his name was Hatterton; that was all I ever got out of the skipper.

I said that his qualities were entirely negative. Why, no; for one thing, he smoked more Bengal cheroots than I ever remember another man doing; and for another, his extreme dislike and opposition to Mrs. Dishmore was by no means negative, but positive. This naturally leads us to Mrs. Dishmore.

Mrs. Dishmore was originally a Miss Polk. She first burst on the gaze of a somewhat startled world as a most advanced lecturer upon the rights of women. That she ever was a Bloomer is entirely untrue; but she went further in her notions even in dress than her friends chose to follow her. Age, however, brought experience. She receded from her extremer views, and contented herself with contradicting and setting right every one with whom she came in contact, without any regard to age, sex, or degree of experience. Hearing that an excellent Roman Catholic lady was doing some excellent work among homeless girls in the city we had just left, she thought — knowing nothing about the matter, and having nothing to do — that she could go out and show Mrs. — the proper way of doing her work. Now began our acquaintance with her, and my brother's intense dislike to her. She came in the same ship with my sister-in-law, who was coming out to be married to my brother; and poor Maria poured her pretty little secret into the unsympathizing and finfy bosom of Miss Polk, who devoted the whole voyage to trying to persuade my sister-in-law to break off the match, and to join her in the joys and independence of a single life, bonded together against the tyranny of man. What with Edmund's wife insisting on marrying Edmund, and what with Mrs. — affirming that she knew her own business best, and refusing to be assisted on any terms, Miss Polk grew disgusted with things in general, some of her own opinions included, and in a mood of lofty and self-defying scorn, proposed to Dishmore, a meek but wealthy little iron-monger, who was flattered by her notice of him, and accepted her proposal with great pleasure.

Poor Mrs. Dishmore was, I must allow, a terribly contradictory and bumptious woman, always setting her hands to do man's work instead of woman's; but there was something more than that merely, which made our Brown Passenger, Hatterton, take such an intense dislike to her. The fact was, that she offended him, and jarred upon his senses by every word and gesture; he hated her way of going on, and she, of a far coarser texture of nerve, was utterly unable to see that she repelled him. She took a great fancy to him, and followed him everywhere, until he was driven to the fore-castle, and sometimes even to the masthead.

I never shall forget his face the first day at noon, when Mrs. Dishmore took out her sextant and took her observation at noon. She had a chart of her own, and always marked the ship's place on it, never making her reckoning the same as the skipper's, and always maintaining she was right. However, as I once marked the place from her reckoning, and made the discovery that the ship was in the centre of the Brazils, forty miles north of the city of Goyaz, I was less anxious about the captain's incompetency than I should have been.

The first and almost the only piece of confidence I ever got from Mr. Hatterton was late one wild night, when I met him coming into the saloon, with an expression of face which was partly astonishment and partly exasperation. He had never spoken familiarly to me before, but he must speak to some one, and he spoke to me. "Sir," he said, "I am blessed if that woman ain't on deck in the steward's mackintosh, taking a lunar."

The captain turned out to be a most charming and gallant sailor, and the first officer did not belie his character either. He was a headlong, ill-conditioned ruffian. He never forgave my brother's boity-toity treatment of him in the coffee-room of the ship, but he was afraid of my brother, and tried whether or no he could avenge himself on me by a variety of petty insults. I had to stop it.

The crew were a great study. I wish there was room in this paper for a description of them. Such few of them as had not been picked up at San Francisco, had been got, drunk, out of the crimp-houses in the port from which we had sailed. I should say there were twenty-five of them; one or two Lascars, one or two Portuguese, one American (U. S.), and one Baltic German. All the rest called themselves citizens of the United States, and were of the class commonly called whitewashed Yankees, and who seem to be as cordially detested by the real American sailors as they are by British captains. I have carefully separated the one real American sailor, as fine a fellow as ever stepped ("run") from a Pacific whaler, from them, as you see. We disliked the slangy, turbulent, quarrelsome rowdies enough, but his unutterable contempt for them was too deep for words. He was a great, blonde, handsome giant, with a beard, hailing from Nantucket, as he said. He used to put all the rest of the crew out of his way like dirt, and I expected to see a knife in his ribs every day; but he ruled them like a lord, nevertheless, and they looked up to him as a demigod. He was one of the great new race, and their dog-instinct told them so. They were always brutally fighting among one another, but no one, though some of them were as big as he, ever dared to offer to fight him. He was familiar with no one except my brother, and our Brown Passenger, Hatterton, who seemed to appreciate him. He, although with a deep belief in the glory of the United States, wanted to see England. And it is strange, but perfectly true, that the place of all others he wanted to see in England was—what?—Stratford-on-Avon! He did n't know his Shakespeare worth mentioning, but he was very angry at me because I laughed at him about this whim of his. But a whim it was, and he gratified it.

Hatterton, my brother, the good-natured and solitary midshipman, the American sailor, and myself, were one night smoking together in the waist, in the interval of a snow-storm, when he said this: "I suppose, squire," addressing himself to Mr. Hatterton, "ever since Noah's ark sailed from the port of Babylon, crew, eight souls, all told, and an amount of live stock which could only be excused under the circumstances, that a queerer lot never put to sea than this present ship's company."

"We are a devilish queer lot," answered Hatterton. "I have seen some queer things myself, and some queer crews, but never anything like this. What the deuce prevents the crew, headed by the mate, from walking aft some fine night, cutting our throats, and taking the ship northward and running her on shore on the coast of Peru, to spend the eight

thousand ounces of gold on board, is past my comprehension."

"The passengers, squire!—the passengers!"

"The passengers!" said our Brown Passenger, with the deepest contempt; "the passengers!"

"Ay, squire; there's passengers, and there's passengers. As for *emigrants*, you might slaughter a shipful of 'em like sheep; but such fellows as this one, and this one (he pointed to my brother and to me) have had their lives in their hands before now. They would fight; and there are fifty more men aboard like them, or better. THEY know it. They'll never come aft. If they do, God help 'em."

They never did, and they never will. The passengers distrusted the crew, and the crew knew it, and insulted the passengers. There was no communication, and no collision between us, until the very last. There were six people berthed aft who dared go forward, and these were,—the first mate (the worst ruffian of the lot), the carpenter, the steward and his wife, and, strange to say, Hatterton, the Brown Passenger, who went forward, and sent them right and left like unruly dogs; and, stranger still, Eliza Dishmore. She, as they would say in their barbarous slang, "slewed" them. They could not make her out at all. Whether she was a woman, or a man in disguise; whether she was sailing the ship, or whether the captain was (*she* had a deal more to say about it than ever *he* had), they could not make out; but she cleared them out of her way in a royal matter-of-fact style, which had the proper effect. She was on the fore-castle once, in half a gale, when the ship was going about three quarters free (I must mind being too nautical), when the man at the wheel drove the ship's nose into it; that is to say, shortly, laid the ship under water. Eliza Dishmore, having rescued herself from the lee scuppers, walked aft, and gave it to that man. What she said to him, how she contrived to hurt his feelings to the extent she did, we shall never know. But he and the rest of our very piratical crew fought very shy of her afterwards. I am glad *I* was not the man at the wheel, however.

You have gone with me so far. It seems to me that I have nothing more to tell you about the ship, and the different relations of those who were sailing in her. Now comes an incident which altered the most of those relations, and which makes this little story worth telling.

When you get lower down than 53° south, a great westerly wind, always strong, and sometimes, nay, more than sometimes, breezing up into a gale, blows round the world: the wind against which Lord Anson fought, and in his noble ignorance did almost the noblest deed of British seamanship. We were going before that wind now, but southing on it, to make, as near as possible, the great circle of the Rebel Maury. Sometimes this wind has a few degrees north in it, sometimes a few degrees south. One evening it was so nearly northwest that the ship, still heading southward, was laid over, with the water tearing in cascades over her lee bulwarks.

That day we had had champagne. Three days before it had blown up into a gale, and the skipper had put the ship before it, and we had run a thousand miles in ninety-six hours,—a most splendid run for any ship in such a heavy sea; that was the reason of the champagne.

That same evening the skipper, the Brown Passenger, and myself were smoking on the quarter-deck. The gale had moderated, but the sea was getting heavier and heavier. The wind, as I said,

was northwest, and very warm (please to remember that we were in the southern hemisphere, and that the wind was from the equator), but as the evening dropped, it grew colder and colder, until it got deadly chill. Then, as darkness settled down on the face of the wild heaving waters, a snow-storm came drifting on the wind, and made the ship look, to us on the quarter-deck, like the ghost of a ship driving through a sea of pitch.

Our good skipper had been talking to our Brown Passenger, Hatterton, and they both seemed dissatisfied with something. I heard the skipper say, "I must turn in. I cannot stand five-and-twenty hours of it. Keep on deck as long as you can. Here he is." And then the first officer came up to relieve him.

"Mr. Hicks," were his last words, "if it comes on any thicker, lay the ship to immediately. Be sure of this. I must turn in."

Hatterton and I stayed on deck a little while, and the weather seemed mending; the intervals between the snow-storms were longer, and we thought the night would lift, so we went and turned in too, and I tried to sleep.

But I could not. Three thousand miles from land, in those awful desolate latitudes, a ghastly danger all around, unseen, and yet near enough to lay its hand upon one's heart, and freeze one's blood, and the ship dashing along under the charge of a reckless drunken villain. Sleep—not I! I once more got out of my warm bed (it was freezing cold now, and I shook with fear as well), and went on deck. My worst fears were realized; we were in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, and the ship was flying through it at her best pace. To remonstrate with the drunken madman, Hicks, was to be told to mind my own business. I turned to arouse the captain.

O that ghastly yell!—that hideous cry of despair and terror which went to my heart like a dagger, and told me the end had come. It was the horrified shriek of the watch forward. It was inarticulate, but if the words for which that cry was intended had been spoken never so slowly or so loudly, they could not have told the disaster more plainly. We were lost.

Almost at the bowsprit end the snow seemed to thicken and to solidify, forming a white wall across her course. I doubt if there was time to put the helm down. I had time to see one hideous white ice crystal, just to the right of the fore-royal yard, and then I crouched against the bulwarks, expecting the shock.

It came in an instant. The ship stopped so suddenly that I was thrown along the deck, bruised and hurt; and then one heard the crash. There was a ripping, tearing, and cracking of wood all around, and last of all the sound of heavy bodies falling through the air, as the masts came headlong down, one on deck and two partly overboard. Then ruin and confusion unutterable, indescribable.

I suppose my courage is about the same as that of commonplace people, but it would be worse than absurd to conceal the fact that I was amazed and stunned by the hideous disaster, and did not, for a certain, very short time, know what to do. This may partly have arisen from the fact that I instinctively knew, or thought I knew, that nothing could be done,—that death was a matter of minutes. But this was not the case with the crew. Their

I became aware of, the first thing with any kind of arrangement in it which happened after the ruin was this: the crew were crowding into the two larboard boats, which still hung in the davits (the starboard boats had been crushed to atoms by the fall of the foremast), and were leaving the ship.

The first boat, lowered with Clifford's apparatus, was in the water in a moment, and in another was stove, and sunk among the floating wreck. Not a soul in her came on board again. The other hung in the davits longer; their complement was made up all but two,—the carpenter, and the American sailor, who stood before me. The carpenter was not to be found, and the American stood looking at them.

A young man had forced his way up from the second cabin, and came to them. I heard what he said.

"There's room for a dozen more souls in that boat, mates. Take my wife with you; for the love of God, take her."

No answer to him but curses.

"Where is the carpenter? We must have Chips," they cried. "Jump in, Yankee. Come on, or you'll be too late."

I cannot give the American's answer. It was too rough. The words in which he expressed his unutterable contempt for them would not do to reproduce here. Yet, coarse as they were, they were so wondrous witty that even while I am dwelling on the horrors of that night, I cannot forbear to laugh while I recall them.

The first mate, who commanded this boat, gave the word to lower away, and they went down the ship's side into night and darkness, never to be heard of again. It is impossible to guess at their fate. They may have been swamped soon, or they may have been tossed on that bitter, weltering sea till they ate one another. Who can tell? May God forgive them!

It was a full moon, and the night was light. I saw that the ship was settling down by the head, and moreover had swung clear of the berg, and was going to settle herself down decently, without any more breakage. There was a great deal of noise and confusion. The second cabin passengers had broken up from below, preferring, for some reason, the having a wild, desperate struggle for life to being drowned *en masse*. So there were some five-and-twenty tragedies taking place around me, which I hardly noticed, for between you and I, reader, life happened to be very precious to me just at that time, and I was selfish and loath to die. But some one laid a hand on my shoulder, and I looked round and saw who it was.

Eliza Dishmore. She said, "The ship is sinking, is it not?"

I said yes. "Had she seen my brother; I should like to see him again."

"He is with his wife and child. Better leave them alone. Even a brother would be *de trop*. Stay, and die with me."

"I will heartily consent to die with so brave a woman."

"I always liked you," she said. "You never believed in me, but you were always good-natured when you laughed at me. You will tell me, I know, when the time comes to say good by."

"It will not be long," I said. "Look at the angle of the deck now."

"It has been like that this ten minutes," she said. "There must be some hitch in the performance."

I might have thought she was taking things rather coolly, and I do now. But at this moment I was nearly knocked down by the carpenter, who appeared at full speed from forward, and who seemed to be mad. The American sailor turned round and joined us at this moment; and we either did say something, or were going to say something, to one another, when we were interrupted by a voice, — a voice from the quarter-deck, which seemed to divide the dark night of death like a flame of fire, and send despair like a howling ghost to wander over the desolate ice-ridden sea, which was ready to engulf us. A voice loud, shrill, and clear, audible in every syllable, even in expression, though so loud that every one heard it plainly above the wash of the waves, and the beating of the floating wreck upon the iron sides of the ship. It was heard by every man and woman upon that deck; for at the hearing of it, the parting, wailing groups broke up, and the men came staggering aft toward the quarter-deck, pushing one another aside in their contest to get nearer to it.

The voice shrilled out this upon the night and ruin, "The ship is not sinking; the fore compartment has been stove, but the next is perfectly dry. Men! if you ever want to see England again, get to work and cut away the wreck of the masts."

Whose voice was it? I had never heard it before. I looked up at a light which was burning at the binnacle, on the fore part of the quarter-deck, and saw the face of our Brown Passenger, Hatterton, peering down into the darkness. The voice was his. The American sailor, Eliza Dishmore, and myself immediately adjourned to that same binnacle for orders; and I well remember that the American sailor bowed precedence to both of us, as we went up the ladder.

"Carpenter," he said, as we approached him, "go forward and give the young men their orders. Have the wreck of the foremast and mizzenmast cut away; that will do till daylight. The mainmast must lie on deck at present; that will do for to-night. Be sharp, now, or we shall have another hole knocked in the ship's side. We are to the leeward of ice now, but we shall drift into the swell again directly, and then I would n't give twopence-halfpenny for us, with that wreck hanging overboard."

I went towards him, and I said, "What shall I do, sir?"

"You! Let me see. Who the devil is it? Ah! I see. You are a very popular fellow, with a gift of the gab. A very good gift, mind you; I wish I had it. You; let me see: you go and animate them. Tell them I am going to take the ship to Valparaiso, and that there is not the least fear of my not doing so. Have you seen the skipper?"

"No, sir."

"Did he go off in one of the boats?"

"Of course he did not," I said, indignantly.

"Of course not," answered the Brown Passenger.

"Now, sir?"

This was to the American sailor; who replied that he wished to be "told off" to something special.

"Go to the helm, sir, for the present. I shall want you when we rig a jury-mast. You are a noble fellow, and the only seaman I have left; go forward, sir."

He went forward. There remained Eliza Dishmore, who said, —

"And what am I to do, sir?"

"Go to your berth, madam, and thank God for your safety."

"I can do more than that. Come, use me fairly, sir, or you and I shall quarrel. Tell me off for something."

"Can you keep those women quiet? Can you organize a hospital? For when day dawns we shall find a long list of killed and wounded, I fear. There were many on deck."

"There were very few," she answered. "But I can do what you want. If I could not, who could?"

"Were you on deck, madam, when this happened?"

"I was."

"Did you see the skipper, — the master, madam?"

"I did not. But I saw the boats put off, and he was in neither of them. He is lying dead somewhere; under the wreck of the mainmast. How utterly mean you must be to suspect that man!"

"Mean, madam?"

"Yes, mean. And why do you suspect and dislike me so, that your gentle breeding hardly keeps you civil? You are a gentleman, but you have gone near the edge of your gentility in your treatment of me. What have I done that you should treat me as you have done?"

"Madam, I humbly beg your pardon. May I beg that you would be kind enough to proceed about what you undertook?"

I believe that this was the only explanation ever entered into by this queer pair. But the next time I saw them together they seemed perfectly devoted to one another, and remained so for the whole voyage. He not only had got really to respect her, from seeing all her noble qualities shine out, in spite of her fantastic appearance and odd manners, but his delicate conscience told him he had been more brusque with her on some occasions than he should have been. He made the most perfect amends.

Meanwhile day crept up over the busy scene, and the snow-storm ceased, giving way to a glorious, clear, sparkling morn. Engaged as I was, I could not help looking round with the most eager curiosity to catch sight of the iceberg, — that hideous gray mass on which we had struck in the dead of the wild night. It was close to us still, scarce five miles off at sunrise, and of all the beautiful objects I have ever seen I think that was the most beautiful. It lay floating upon a bright blue sea, flecked with flying purple shadows, and every crystal and pinnacle was blazing like the brightest silver against an intensely blue sky, while the shadows on the berg itself were of the palest, most delicate green. It was the only one near us, but to the south we could see a long line of them, stretching across the horizon, much like another Bernese Oberland.

We found the poor captain, struck down on deck, with both his legs broken, entirely helpless. But we had no need of his services, poor fellow, for our brown friend turned out to be the finest sailor we had ever sailed with; a master of his profession in every branch, apparently knowing as much of details as the carpenter. A surgeon too, and no bad one, for he set the captain's legs, and the Scotch stewardess and Edmund's wife nursed him into convalescence. A man of resource, for he and the carpenter got a sail over the bows, and so far stopped the leak as to get the fore compartment pumped out, which made her sail better. A man perfectly accustomed to command, and before we had been

four days on our new voyage we saw that we should have been lost after all without him.

To say that Mrs. Dishmore turned out a perfect trump may be familiar, but it is certainly true. She discovered next day that the cook was drowned, so she instantly established herself at the coppers, and worked there and among the wounded like a slave. The instant it was possible to do so, she suggested the propriety of offering up a thanksgiving. And this led me to the conclusion, judging from his splendid intonation, that our wonderful brown friend had been accustomed to read prayers in public. Another person who turned out a real hero was the solitary young midshipman whom we had first seen. His fortune is made. He has a ship of his own now.

We were two long months getting to Valparaiso, and the perfect accord there was among us all, the perfect good temper and mutual kindness which was shown by every one in the ship, made it the happiest voyage I ever made. Out of the hundred people assembled in that ship, there are no two, I am certain, who would not meet now as friends.

It was only when I was passing in a boat, with my brother and sister, under the bows of the ship at Valparaiso, that I fully understood what had happened. Those beautiful, delicate bows were ripped and bulged into a hideous, shapeless mass, half veiled by a puckered sail, which hid from our view the still more awful gaps it shrouded. The injuries had been mainly above water, and thus had helped to save us.

The brown gentleman had left the ship in care of the captain, who was now well enough to attend to duty, that very morning. We learnt from the shore boats that her Majesty's frigate Diana was in the harbor, and would sail for England that day. As we passed up the harbor we saw her get under way: the six hundred men were still swarming on her rigging as she passed us: on the quarter-deck we saw Hatterton.

Yes, he indeed, for he saw us, and cried out to us, "God bless you! God bless you! Good by!" and we answered in a similar manner, and then all sat silent, having found out, now we had lost him, how well we had got to love him.

We found at the hotel on shore a packet directed to my brother in his handwriting. It was an address to the passengers, and ran as follows:—

"Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Hatterton presents his compliments to the passengers of the ship Typhoon, and congratulates them on the successful termination of a very perilous voyage.

"During his long experience in arctic discovery, he has never seen more courage, more patience, and more good-humor displayed than he has lately witnessed among the passengers of the Typhoon, the whole of whom, with four exceptions, were landsmen.

"With the heartiest good wishes to every one of them, he bids them heartily farewell."

AN APOLOGY FOR THE NERVES.

CONSIDERED as white threads, efferent or afferent, belonging either to the cerebro-spinal or sympathetic system, the Nerves require, so far as I am aware, no apology. An apology for the Glands, or the Tendons, or the Medulla Oblongata would be just as much to the purpose. We know that between Dogmatism and Final Causes men fall to the ground; and that Paley has, in his *Natural Theology*, felt it useless to offer something like an apology

for cork-trees, for which he could find no ginger-beer bottles. But if the reader expects any of the crudities of physiology in this paper he will be disappointed: pretty certainly he does not expect any; but he must be a very small reader if his experience has not taught him that he must constantly submit to be informed of unnecessary things. It is part of the established economy of the essay to exclude, with flourishes of phrase, what no human being would ever suppose was going to be taken in.

The Nerves, then, for our present purpose, are, "as one should say," the Nerves! If, as scientific men assure us, there is, without Nerve, no Thought (this deviation from the rule just laid down is more apparent than real, and if it were real, is only the felicitous exception which illuminates the rule), we can hardly have too much of the Nerves, unless we of Thought can have too much. Perhaps it may maliciously be said that we can, and that something depends upon the quality. No doubt; but we can also have too little. Taken absolutely, Thought is a good thing, and I appeal to common experience to declare if an excess of a good thing is Nature's rule? On the contrary, it is so decidedly her exception that a proverb, of that defiant tone which is usual in proverbs which apply to exceptions, has been made on purpose to include the accident when it does happen to happen. Yet there is such a prejudice against the Nerves that even the Muscles have been preferred to them, and that, too, in a connection the most unlikely.

No human being has yet pretended to think with his Muscles, or feel with his muscles. Who ever heard of the aspiration of a biceps? And yet we have been told of Muscular Christians, never of Nervous Christians. It is true the phrase Muscular Christianity has been repudiated by Mr. Kingsley, and very properly; but not, as I conceive, on sufficiently broad grounds. A Christian must, like other people, have muscles, macerate him as you will; nor is it easy to conceive him without bones. But I appeal to physiologists whether the Sympathetic Nervous System is not reckoned a great channel of emotion? (this is another felicitous and illuminating exception, admitted because a *solitary* exception is always held in suspicion.) The philosophic physiologist is welcome to suggest that the real final synthesis of nature defeats all such distinctions,—we can some of us see where *that* drives him to,—but, in the mean time, a nervous Christian is a far more natural combination than a muscular one.

The truth, however, is, that the Nerves are the objects of systematic enmity and depreciation among mankind at large. Fat, however it may excite complaint in the fat person, is not, I believe, an object of enmity, except in an omnibus or in some position where it occupies an unusual portion of the planetary space. Prophetic denunciations against such as be fat in Zion are on record; none against such as be nervous. Yet the fat man is tolerated, loved, at worst laughed at: while the nervous man is not only laughed at, he is disliked. But is it Fat that has been the chief benefactor of the human race? Was it a fat man that invented printing? Was it a fat man that discovered the circulation of the blood? Was George Stephenson fat? Were the martyrs fat men? Heliogabalus was, but was Antoninus? Julius Caesar, though for his own selfish ends he preferred fat men about his person, was he fat himself? Was Hampden a fat man? Was Milton? Was Cromwell? Was William III.? No; it was George IV. who was the fat man; and he

built the fat pavilion at Brighton. Charles James Fox was fat; but he gambled. Falstaff was fat; but he was not a respectable character. Hamlet, again, was fat; but he believed in ghosts and was a very undecided young man. The fattest man of modern times is a distinguished undertaker, — he *may* make good coffins, but I am not a judge of coffins. On the other hand, is Mr. Tennyson fat? Is Mr. John Stuart Mill fat? Is Mr. Browning fat? Is Mr. Gladstone fat? No; the nation would not trust its income with a fat man; it knows better. The only fat financier I ever heard of was Mr. Hudson the railway king. Thus, it is with nervous men that we trust our money, and it is from nervous men that we expect all that makes money worth having. Or if this statement should be too wide, let it be met by contradiction, — there are plenty of contradictory people in the world, — and the other side have too long had it all their own way, — have too long been permitted to treat the Nervous as not only miserable in themselves, but the causes of misery in others.

Part of this results from sheer error in classification. It was with extreme indignation that I once read "Dr. Trotter (of Bath) on the Nervous Temperament," — a book lent to me by a friend, who supposed me to be, as a nervous man, both wretched and a cause of wretchedness. In Dr. Trotter I found an elaborate discussion of — Indigestion! His idea of a nervous person was, I found, a person who had "the wind"; who had a poor appetite; who had ignominious symptoms not to be particularized; who suffered from "*borborrismi*." And his prescriptions were such beggarly elements as calomel, magnesia, gentian, exercise, occupation, and "the warm gums." I returned the book with disgust, assuring my friend that, however nervous I might be, I never had "the wind," knew nothing of "*borborrismi*," ate like a trooper, walked ten miles a day, and had ample "occupation." To this hour I find people who "understand" — ah, how people do "understand" things! — that I am "nervous"; suppose that what they call "nervousness" is a sort of disease. They recommend rhubarb, or peppermint drops, or more exercise, or pale ale. The fact is, they do not understand vivacity of sensation. They think it is a complaint; they localize it in the regions under or below the waistband, and prescribe to the "nervous" just as a penguin or a porpoise might prescribe to a darting swallow or a leaping salmon.

Thus the nervous suffer in popular estimation because they are confounded with the dyspeptic, and, it may be added, with the hysterical. There is a complaint, or manifestation, or something, which in the days of Pamela and Joseph Andrews was known as the megrims, or the doldrums, or the vapors; it was a fine madam's common excuse for not being seen, or for neglecting a duty, and it was supposed to be cured by "Hungary water," for which the modern succedaneum is red lavender. I found all the symptoms of the "megrims" described in Dr. Trotter's book as symptoms of the nervous temperament. In the name of all the nervous I indignantly repel the slander; that is just the way of the world, — it never will discriminate. Let hysterics speak for themselves, *we*, the real honest "nervous" ladies and gentlemen, do *not* have "a difficulty in swallowing," and, most distinctly, do *not* have "St. Vitus's dance," which is described by the infamous Trotter as part of the ordinary diagnosis of our temperament! I speak both in sorrow and in anger,

but without surprise; for have not many of us, comrades in nervousness, been asked, "What makes you so nervous? You should take tonics!" when we were no more "nervous" in that sense than the jubilant shrimp at sunset, or the lark in the happy agitation of his matin song.

The truth is, the vulgar phlegmatic do not love to see others lively and brisk. A creature with only a few sides — say two, an inside and an outside — is naturally jealous of another with a hundred facets, or is at least puzzled by it. So, a crocodile, which takes fifteen minutes to turn round, might fancy a kitten chasing its own tail mad or diseased. True, as we all know, or as the attendants at many places of public entertainment will tell us if we ask, the phlegmatic vulgar are particularly fond of watching machinery in motion, anything that "goes of itself" is a passion with them. But then there is here no room for comparison or jealousy. The phlegmatic man knows that he might stop a steam-bobbin; that, in any case, he can do things the bobbin cannot do, and that *somebody* could make another bobbin. But he cannot repress the disturbing mobility of the nervous man; he may impute *borborrismi*, and recommend potass or cardamoms, or even "the warm gums"; but he could not have given Elizabeth Barrett Browning in charge for reminding him of a fire-fly, or stopped Douglas Jerrold like a steam-bobbin. Thank heavens, we have yet our Magna Charta, our Bill of Rights, our liberty of the subject! *Sunt certi denique fines*, — there are limits, and it galls him.

One thing remains, — he can confound nervousness with indigestion, and make it odious by maladive associations innumerable. It is high time to write this Apology, and disclaim the whole, from Indescribable Agony, and Incapacity for Business, to the end of the alphabet. We nervous folk have *no* agony, and are *not* incapable. Our Nerves are not disease, they are capacity; we have as much right to wonder at your lethargy as you at our vivacity.

Nervous people, again, are constantly confounded with ill-tempered people. Now, the one essential condition of genuine ill-temper is stupidity. It is the fool, and the fool only, he who cannot quickly distinguish between accident and design, and readily trace effects to causes, that is angry without cause, or for more than a minute *beyond* cause. Now, your nervous man is not often a fool — how should he be? — and is rarely *absurd* in his anger. It is true he may often be tempted to express his disgust at the ineptitudes of others, but what then? a sensitive creature,

More sensible than are the horns of cockled snails,

(is that correct?) must have some means of protecting itself. There are limits to human endurance, and who will have the boldness to fix them? Job was patient, but "did Job e'er lose a barrel of such ale?" When the fire has been let out, and the door left unshut, and the letter put into the wrong box, and the sheet put damp on the bed for the seven times seventieth time; when "gentle dulness," glorying in its shame, has had my right cheek and my left, is the common privilege of speech to be denied me? No, and if my speech is pungent, it is a mercy to gentle dulness, as well as a relief to me. In Homer even the wounded god may complain; is the right of complaint refused to me, because I happen to understand the use of words? How is gentle dulness to know its differentia unless the nervous people howl when hit, and use appro-

prate and convincing language? The displeased surprise which the sensitive involuntarily manifest at the insensibility of the insensible is a beneficent provision for the Education of the Human Race. This is a great topic, and worthy of extensive treatment. The average human being, he who is always speaking opprobriously of the Nerves, is distinguished by three characteristics:—

1. He never knows when a thing is going to happen.
2. He never knows when a thing is happening.
3. He never remembers a thing when it has happened.

These melancholy features, which are, in truth, the brand of inferiority, he turns to a boast. It is the function of the nervous, a function not free from pain, to worry him into proper sensibility. If he knew his place, and his obligations, he would sing hymns in praise of his benefactors:—

Who taught me when there was a draught,
And showed me perils, fore and aft,
And frowned when I, untimely, laughed?
The Nervous!

Who told me when the glass would rise
Or fall, and with their prophecies
Or recollections, made me wise?
The Nervous!

Who heard a crash before it fell,
And knew things were not going well,
And would some warning story tell?
The Nervous!

Who, when I was a pachyderm,
By many a proper, piercing term,
Thinned my coarse skin, so hard and firm?
The Nervous!

The difference between the nervous and those who depreciate them is not, however, to be expressed by such a figure as that of a difference in the thickness of the skin. Compared with the phlegmatic vulgar the nervous have *antennæ*,—they have a sixth sense,—a second sight! They “see as from a tower the end of all,” when others see only fog. They are the Jessie Browns of every Lucknow.* They are the Hugin and Mugin of Odin’s ears. They possess all the fairies’ gifts that the unselfish need care for. They carry the turquoise that turns yellow at the approach of a lie; and, to make an end of raptures, they have their inconveniences, and very often get their light narrow wheels knocked about by the abounding heavy broad wheels of life. But their revenges compensate them. When Count D’Orsay, in his filimly-built chaise, struck off the wheel of a stupid, stolid brewer’s dray that obstinately blocked the path, he called it the triumph of mind over matter. Such is the triumph of the nervous element over the phlegmatic element in human affairs. And, if it sometimes gets the worst of it, what then? “You young rascal,” said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, “if that cab had run over you where would you have been then?” and the boy answered, “Up behind, a-takin’ of his number!” Just so; when vulgar brute force runs over Nerve, where is Nerve immediately? Why, “Up behind, a-takin’ of his number!” It is a glorious mission.

All men despise, or think they despise, or pretend

to despise, cowards. And—this is another misrepresentation—with cowards the nervous are perpetually confounded. Now let us waive all distinctions—which, indeed, can never be made final—between moral and physical courage, and it will certainly not be found that the bravest men are the least nervous. The greatest of the Napiers was an exquisitely nervous man. The late Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton may be said to have died of a fine nervous system,—but he had all the instincts and characteristics of a soldier, and sacrificed himself to his father’s wish in entering the church instead of the army. The list of illustrative instances might be much extended; but it is unnecessary. Without pushing beyond the truth, and looking candidly round the whole subject, we must all of us see that it is absurd to suppose the highest forms of any fine quality exhibited by the lower organizations. The very essence of being “nervous” is apprehensiveness, or being quick to apprehend things. This may minister to fearfulness, but it is not fear. The hawk is not afraid of his prey because he sees it afar off, nor the savage of his enemy because he hears the tramp of his advance miles away in the desert.—But a nervous writer, using similes like these on a simple subject, in a playful vein, is afraid of making the subject absurd, and stops short!

It may be taken for granted by phlegmatic people that the apprehensiveness of the high nervous temperament is far greater than it appears, or than it can be intelligibly represented to be. We all know the famous Turner anecdote. “Mr. Turner, I never saw blues and reds like yours in the sky!” “No, ma’am; but don’t you wish you could?” Now, in reality, no human being need wish to change places with another,—it may be my mistake, but I do not believe any human being ever does, or did, or will wish to relinquish his identity: no, not on the rack. But that the “nerves” see “blues and reds” which others do not see; that the difference between moderate nerve and much nerve is the difference between the apprehensiveness of a babe and the apprehensiveness of a grown person is as certain as that twice three are six. In reality the old school-boy story of “Eyes and No-Eyes” ought to be called Nerves and No-Nerves; although an image borrowed from the sense of sight may help us to apprehend the difference between an organization like that of the stout tradesman next door, and De Quincey or Hartley Coleridge. I have often wondered how short-sighted men are affected by female beauty. How do they feel in a ball-room, for instance? Necessarily short sight must miss seeing loveliness at the farther end of the room; while ordinary sight might have the whole current of his life changed by it. How ridiculous, one might here say, is our moral criticism of each other, unless we regard it as give-and-take, tit-for-tat,—not that my wrongness is lessened by your wrongness, you know, or that moral distinctions are obliterated, but that in what may be called the courtesies of ethics, the mote must remember the beam.

I do not at all know whether human conditions are equally balanced, nor even whether they are “pretty equally” balanced or not. It is often asserted, but nobody knows anything about it. But in mere quantity of sensation, the nervous people would probably claim to have the best of it. What, in the pleasures of sense? Yes, certainly, says our nervous friend, a fig for your pleasures of sense! What is “sense”? Do you mean to tell me that the man who could “die of a rose in aromatic pain”

* I am told for the thousandth time that this story is not true. But what business is that of mine? I roll the responsibility back upon the originator,—why should we doubt a gentleman’s word? “Gentlemen, indeed!” says a voice,—“it was a penny-a-liner!” But surely a man may tell the truth at a penny a line,—he is far more likely to grow sordid if you offer him a guinea a line!

does not get more delight out of "sense" than a horn-handed clown? more even at given hours, to say nothing of memory and hope; the echo, the refraction, the resonance, the reduplications of joy?

Let spirit star the dome
Of flesh, that flesh may miss no peak!

Do you mean to tell me that if Nerves sees the sun before he rises and after he sets, as well as all the time he is above the horizon, he does not get more pleasure out of the sun? Yes, says No-Nerves, I do mean to say that; he has discounted his pleasure, and his memory is regret. And, ah, how I can plague him! I can bang doors, and stomp about over his head till he maddens! I can spoil all his pleasures by slipping in little sly drops—one drop to a cup is enough!—of poison that others would not taste. And I know that the shifting winds, and the creeping clouds, the hang of a curl, the delay of a minute, the suspicion that some one is in pain, a knock at the door, a cat on the tiles, a mere film or phantasm of a smile or a frown, can make him uncomfortable?—Ah, says Nerves, you know all that, do you? But you do not know enough. This hyperapprehensiveness of mine is far greater than you fancy. You would shrink into nothing, collapse, *zusammenfahren* if you knew it all. You think I am irritable sometimes? In the scientific sense *always*, but in the base sense not so often,

What's done you partly may compute,
But never what's resisted;—

and if I were to let you see how much I discern of cause for irritation, you would discern how much I forbear. But life would be impossible to us both if I were to make disclosures. My friend, I not only know that I am surrounded by Things and Persons as you do; I have in addition an incessant sixth sense of Things and Persons, of what is past, present, and to come. You live in the world, No-Nerves. I live in the world, and in a refracting atmosphere of the world as well. Which is the better man of the two? I don't know. Which is the happier? I don't care.

For this style of answer may be quoted at least the authority of Confucius. Some one asked him how many stars there were in the sky? "I don't know," said he, "I mind things near me." The questioner resumed, "Then how many hairs are there in the cat's back?" "I don't care," said the philosopher. This is the quip-heroic,—omitted by Touchstone in his well-known enumeration. But, to deal more civilly with the matter. An elderly lady once asked me how I thought a person would feel who was sure of going to heaven. In a long and very eloquent speech, I told her my views. To my surprise, she was not comforted; on the contrary, she began to cry, saying, "Ah, then, I shall never go to heaven, for I never felt a bit like that!" But in five minutes I had convinced her that she *did* feel like that. I simply altered the phraseology of my description, and she recognized the picture at once,—she *had* felt just what I described. The moral is obvious. Let no person who happens to read anything here written of the joys of nervousness go a-crying and say, "I never felt like that!"—a little explanation might set all to rights. Very likely you have been talking prose all your life without knowing it. All I say is, do not let us have any abuse of the Nerves. Do not confound nervousness with the megrims, or the doldrums, or any other

complaint. Do not confound it with cowardice or ill-temper. And, when you come into practical relations with it in daily life, put it upon its defence as seldom as you can. *It never forgets*,—and if it is a decent sort of nervousness it will reward you some day for not driving it into anything more than general and remote apologies like the present.

SAND-MARTINS.

I PASSED an inland cliff precipitate:

From tiny caves peeped many a sooty poll;
In each a mother martin sat elate,
And of the news delivered her small soul.

Fantastic chatter! hasty, glad, and gay,

Whereof the meaning was not ill to tell:—

"Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day?"

"Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags well."

And listening, I was sure their little ones

Were in the bird-talk, and discourse was made

Concerning hot sea-flights, and tropic suns,

For a clear sultriness the tune conveyed;—

And visions of the sky as of a cup

Hailing down light on pagan Pharaoh's sand,

And quivering air-waves trembling up and up,

And blank stone-faces marvellously bland;—

When should the young be fledged, and with them
hje

Where costly day drops down in crimson light;

(Fortunate countries of the fire-fly,

Swarm with blue diamonds all the sultry night,

And the immortal moon takes turn with them);—

When should they pass again by that red land

Where lovely mirage works a brodered hem

To fringe with phantom palms a robe of sand:—

When should they dip their breasts again and play

In slumberous azure pools clear as the air,

Where rosy-winged flamingoes fish all day,

Stalking amid the lotus-blossoms fair;—

Then over podded tamarinds bear their flight,

While cassias feed the wind with spiceries;

And so betake them to a south sea-bight,

To gossip in the crowns of cocoa-trees

Whose roots are in the spray. O haply there,

Some dawn,—white-winged, they might chance
to find

A frigate standing in to make more fair

The loneliness unaltered of mankind:

A frigate come to water. Nuts would fall,

And nimble feet would climb the flower-flushed
strand,

And northern talk would ring, and therewithal

The martins would desire the cool north land,

And all would be as it had been before.

Again at eve there would be news to tell;

Who passed should hear them chant it o'er and o'er,

"Gossip, how wags the world?" "Well, Gossip,
well!"

JEAN INGELow.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866.

[No. 2.

THE FENIANS OF BALLYBOGMUCKY.

THE Fenian movement forms undoubtedly a curious episode in the history of the year which is now drawing to a close. Early last summer the *Times* entertained us all by a clever piece of satire, quoting the immense preparations for insurrection detailed in the American Fenian papers, and then pretending to explain the mystery of the non-appearance of such armies by assuming that the Fenians had inherited the magical arts of the old mythical *Tuatha*, and were enabled to render themselves invisible to the eyes of English travellers traversing the bogs, where they were marshalled by thousands. But it appears that a certain small nucleus of truth lay concealed within the very large nebula of Fenian boasting. There have been actually found men who either believed, or pretended to believe, that it was possible to wrench Ireland from the grasp of England's strong right arm, and establish there a system which would, probably, best be described as

"the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

That the leaders of this insane attempt calculated upon the unbounded ignorance of the mass of the Irish peasantry, — their readiness to be roused to insurrection and violence, — their deeply-planted jealousy of the landed class, whose pillage was a main feature of the programme, — all this is evident enough. It will surely not be amiss for us in England to pause a little and study the state of some millions of our fellow-subjects to whom such a character as this can be justly attributed; whom those who ought to know them best treat as a sort of social powder-magazine, ready to be exploded by the first weak hand that applies to them the torch of some wild-fire project. Between Arcadian pictures of O'Connell's "finest peasantry in the world," compounded between accounts of ecstatic tourists, with scenery and costumes furnished by reminiscences of the *Colleen Bawn* at the Adelphi, and certain very different portraits drawn from the less agreeable sources of police reports of Agrarian and other murders, — the English idea of the Irish peasant is, to say the least, somewhat obscure. We propose in the following pages to offer a little contribution of veritable sketches, to enable such of our readers as may desire it to form for themselves a rather more accurate notion of the subject. For this purpose we shall simply describe, under altered names, a fair specimen of the poorer class of an Irish village and its inhabitants a few years ago. Every character and incident we pledge ourselves

to draw from life, albeit no map of Ireland will be found to mark the precise locality of Ballybogmucky, nor Burke's "Landed Gentry" the heraldic honors of the Nortons of Knockillsassenach. The actual conduct of the dwellers in the original hamlet at the time of Smith O'Brien's rebellion may perhaps afford some clew to the hopes of Mr. Stephens and his friends in 1865, that the Irish peasantry may be still ready to rise at any call to insurrection, however monstrous and impracticable may be the schemes of its leaders, and renew once more, amid burning houses and shrieking women, the horrors of the massacres of old. Let it be borne in mind, however, that, in dealing with a race so different in blood, in training, and in religion from our own, not one picture, nor fifty pictures — were they drawn with tenfold the power which the present writer can claim — could suffice to give a real knowledge of the character of a people, or enable us truly to do justice either to their merits or their failings. Those who know Ireland best will, we believe, without exception, be found to be also those who feel most tenderly for her people; while they admit that in Celtic veins there runs, along with the largest share of the milk of human kindness, a drop of intensest gall, having no appreciable parallel in the Saxon constitution, — a drop which at evil hours seems to turn the whole nature into bitterness. Doubtless, a larger philosophy of human character, a better acquaintance with the different families of earth, will in some way explain how it is that the most loving are thus oftentimes transformed into the most ferocious. We shall learn to accept it as a law, that true tenderness is the correlative only of strength, and that where there is much softness, mildness, easily-excited emotions, and general malleability of character, there also will surely be latent the complementary colors of possible treachery and ferocity, and of that worst cruelty which comes of fear. The "mild Hindoo" proved himself the inheritor of all the feline qualities amid the horrors of the Mutiny; the Negro at this hour in Jamaica has shown that, when goaded to desperation, his cruelty can reach almost that of the Southern planters, who so often, in cold blood, burned and scourged to death his brethren of Georgia and the Carolinas. He can be treacherous and ferocious for his brief hour of frenzy beyond, perhaps, what a Saxon well may be. What lesson, then, are we to learn from this fact of human nature? Surely not that Celt or Hindoo or Negro are irreclaimable beings, never to be given the rights of civilized men, but simply that, like children of mingled virtues and faults, they must be treated

with a view to *their* characters, and not to the characters of far other races; and that, in all our dealings with them, we must bear in mind the law that, in proportion as they are habitually mild, warm-hearted, docile, religious, in that proportion also we must expect to find in them a predisposition towards occasional outbursts of insane violence, fanaticism, and treachery.

Turn we from these larger speculations to our little sketch of an Irish village, — a village such as might be found anywhere in Ireland before the Famine and the Exodus, — and whose likeness is by no means extinct, albeit five hundred thousand such mud hovels as those of which it was formed have since been swept from the face of the earth.

Ballybogmucky is certainly *not* the "loveliest village of the plain." Situated partly on the edge of an old common, partly on the skirts of the domain of a nobleman who has not visited his estate for thirty years, it enjoys all the advantages of the freedom from restraint upon the architectural genius of its builders. The result is a very crooked straggling street, with mud cabins turned to it, and from it, in every possible angle of incidence: some face to face, some back to back, some sideways, some a little retired, so as to admit of a larger than ordinary heap of manure between the door and the road; such is the ground-plan of Ballybogmucky. The cabins are all of mud, with mud floors and thatched roofs; some contain one room only, others two, and perhaps half a dozen, three rooms; all, very literally, on the ground, — that is, on the bare earth. Furniture, of course, is of the usual Irish description: a bed (sometimes having a bedstead, — oftener consisting of a heap of straw on the floor), a table, a griddle, a kettle, a stool or two, and a *boss* of straw, with occasionally the grand adjunct of a settle; a window whose normal condition is being stuffed with an old hat; a door, over and under and round which all the winds and rains of heaven find their way; a population consisting of six small children, a bedridden grandmother, a husband and wife, a cock and three hens, a pig, a dog, and a cat; lastly, a decoration of colored prints, including the Virgin with seven swords in her heart, St. Joseph, the story of Dives and Lazarus, and a caricature of a man tossed by a bull, or a fat woman getting over a stile.

Of course, as Ballybogmucky lies in the lowest ground in the neighborhood, and the drains were originally planned to run at "their own sweet (or unsweet) will," the *town* (as its inhabitants call it) is subject to the inconvenience of being about two feet under water whenever there are any considerable floods of rain. We have known a case of such a flood literally entering the door and rising into the bed of a poor woman, as in Mr. Macdonald's charming story of *Alec Forbes*, only the poor woman we knew did not die, but gave to the world that night a very fine little child, whom we saw not long ago scampering along the roads with true Irish hilarity. At other times when there were no floods, only the usual rains, Ballybogmucky presented the view of a filthy green stream slowly oozing down the central street, now and then draining off under the door of any particularly lowly placed cabin to form a pool in the floor, and finally terminating in a lake of abomination under the viaduct of a railway. Yes, reader! a railway ran through Ballybogmucky even while the description I have given of it held true in every respect. The only result it seemed to have effected in the village was the

formation of the Stygian pool above mentioned, where, heretofore, the stream had somehow escaped into a ditch.

Let us now consider the people who dwelt amid all this squalor and wretchedness. They were mostly field laborers, working for the usual wages of seven or eight shillings a week. Many of them held their cabins as freeholds, having built or inherited them from those who had "squatted" unmolested on the common. A few paid rent to the noble landlord before mentioned. Work was seldom wanting, coals were cheap, excellent schools were open for the children at a penny a week a head. Families which had not more than three or four mouths to fill beside the bread-winner's were not in absolute want: save when disease, or a heavy snow, or a flood, or some similar calamity arrived. Then — down on the ground, poor souls, literally and metaphorically — they could fall no lower, and a week was enough to bring them to the verge of starvation.

Let us try and recall some of the characters of the inhabitants of Ballybogmucky some ten or fifteen years ago.

Here in the first cabin is a comfortable family where there are three sons at work, and mother and three daughters at home. Enter at any hour there is a hearty welcome and bright jest ready. Here is the schoolmaster's house, a little behind the others, and back to back with them. It has an attempt at a curtain for the window, a knocker for the door. The man is a curious deformed creature, of whom more will be said hereafter. The wife is what is called in Ireland a *Voteen*, a person given to religion, who spends most of her time in the chapel, and repeating prayers, and who wears as much semblance of black as her poor means may allow. Ballybogmucky, be it said, is altogether Catholic and devout. It is honored by the possession of what it calls "the Holy Griddle." Perhaps our readers have heard of the Holy Grail, the original Sacramental Chalice so long sought by the chivalry of the Middle Ages, and may ask if the Holy Griddle be akin thereto. We cannot trace any likeness. A "griddle," as all the Irish and Scotch world knows, is a circular iron plate, on which the common unleavened cakes of wheatmeal and oatmeal are baked. The Holy Griddle of Ballybogmucky is one of these utensils, which was bequeathed to the village under the following circumstances. Years ago, probably in the last century, a poor "lone widow" lay on her death-bed. She had none to pray for her after she was gone, for she was childless and altogether desolate; neither had she any money to give to the priest to pray for her soul. Yet the terrors of Purgatory were near. How should she escape them? She possessed but one object of any value, — a griddle, whereon she was wont to bake the meal of the wheat she gleaned every harvest to help her through the winter. So the widow left her griddle as a legacy to the village forever, on one condition, — it was to pass from hand to hand as each might want it, but every one who used her griddle was to say a prayer for her soul. Years have passed away; but not long since we heard of the griddle still in constant use, — the best griddle in the "town"; the cakes baked on the Holy Griddle being twice as good as any others. May the poor widow who so simply bequeathed it have found long ago "rest for her soul" better than any prayers have asked for her, — even the favorite Irish prayer, "May you sit in heaven on a golden chair!"

Here is another house, where an old man lives with his sister. The old woman is the Mrs. Gamp of Ballybogmucky. The old man has a curious story attached to him. Having labored long and well on the estate of a neighboring gentleman, the latter finding him grow rheumatic and helpless, pensioned him with his wages for life, and Paddy retired to the enjoyment of such privacy as Ballybogmucky might afford. Growing more and more helpless, he at last for some years hobbled about feebly on crutches, a confirmed cripple. One day the writer, with amazement, saw him walking without his crutches, and tolerably firmly, a long way from home. The gentleman who had pensioned him went to speak to him, and soon returned, saying, "Here is a strange thing. Paddy Russel says he has been to Father Matthew, and Father Matthew has blessed him, and he is cured! He came to tell me he wished to give up his pension since he returns to work at S.'s farm next week." Very naturally, and as might be expected, poor Paddy, three weeks later, was again helpless, and a suppliant for the restoration of his pension, which was of course immediately renewed. But one who had witnessed only the scene of the long-familiar cripple walking up stoutly to decline his pension (the best possible proof of his sincere belief in his own recovery) might well be excused for narrating the story as no small wonder wrought by the great moral reformer, the Irish "Apostle of Temperance."

Next door to Paddy Russel's cabin stood "the shop," a cabin a trifle better than the rest, where butter, flour, and dip-candles, *Ingy-male* (Indian meal), and possibly a small quantity of soap, were the chief objects of commerce. Further on came a miserable hovel with the roof broken in, and a pool of filth, *en permanence*, in the middle of the floor. Here dwelt a miserable good-for-nothing old man and equally good-for-nothing daughter, hopeless recipients of anybody's bounty. Opposite them, in a tiny little cabin—always as clean as whitewash and sweeping could make its poor mud walls and earthen floor—lived an old woman and her daughter. The daughter was deformed, the mother a beautiful old woman, bedridden, but always perfectly clean, and provided, by her daughter's hard labor in the fields, and gathering cockles by the sea-shore, with all she could need. After years of devotion, when Mary was no longer young, the mother died, and the daughter, left quite alone in the world, seemed absolutely broken-hearted. Night after night she strayed about the chapel-yard where her mother lay buried, hoping, as she told us, to see her ghost.

"And do you think," she asked, fixing her eyes on us,—"do you think I shall ever see her again? I asked Father M—— would I see her in heaven? and all he said was, 'I should see her in the glory of God.' What does that mean? I don't understand what it means. Will I see her, herself,—my poor old mother?"

After long years, we lately found this faithful heart still yearning to be reunited to the "poor old mother," and patiently laboring on in solitude, waiting till God should call her home out of that little white cabin to one of the many mansions where her mother is waiting for her.

Here is a house where there are many sons and daughters, and some sort of prosperity; we shall speak more of them by and by. Here again is a house with three rooms, and several inmates, and in one room lives a strange tall old man, with something of dignity in his aspect. He asked us once to

come into his room, and showed us the book over which all his spare hours seemed spent, "*Thomas à Kempis*."

"Ah, yes; that is a great book, a book full of beautiful things. Do you know it? do Protestants read it?"

"Yes; to be sure; we read all sorts of books."

"I'm glad of it. It's a comfort to me to think you read this book."

Here again is an old woman with hair as white as snow, who deliberately informs us she is ninety-eight years of age, and, next time we see her, corrects herself, and "believes it is eighty-nine; but it is all the same, she disremembers numbers." This poor old soul in some way hurt her foot, and after much suffering was obliged to have half of it amputated. Strange to say, she recovered; but, when we congratulated her on the happy event, we shall never forget the outbreak of true feminine sentiment which followed. Stretching out the poor, mutilated, and blackened limb, and looking at it with woful compassion, she exclaimed, "Ah, ma'am, but it will never be a *perty foot* again!" Age, squalor, poverty, and even mutilation, had not sufficed to quench that little spark of vanity which "springs eternal in the female breast."

Here, again, are half a dozen cabins, each occupied by widows with one or more daughters; houses which, though poorest of all, are by no means the most dirty or uncared for. Of course there are a dozen others literally overflowing with children,—children in the cradle, children on the floor, children on the threshold, children on the "midden" outside,—rosy, bright, merry children, who thrive with the smallest possible share of buttermilk and stirabout, are utterly innocent of shoes and stockings, and learn at school all that is taught to them at least half as fast again as a tribe of little Saxons. Several of them in Ballybogmucky are the adopted children of the people who provide for them. First sent down by their parents (generally domestic servants) to be nursed in that salubrious spot, after a year or two it generally happened that the pay ceased, the parent was not heard of, and the foster-mother and father would no more have thought of sending the child to the poor-house than of sending it to the moon. The poor-house, indeed, occupied a very small space in the imagination of the people of Ballybogmucky. It was beyond Purgatory, and hardly more real. Not that the actual institution was conducted on other than the very mildest principles, but there was a fearful Ordeal by Water—in the shape of a warm bath—to be undergone on entrance; there were large rooms with glaring windows, admitting a most uncomfortable degree of light, and never shaded by any broken hats or petticoats; there were also stated hours, and rules thoroughly disgusting to the Celtic mind, and lastly—for the women—there were caps without borders!

Yes! cruelty had gone so far (masculine guardians, however compassionate, little recking the woe they caused), till at length a wail arose,—a clamor,—almost a Rebellion! "*Would they make them wear caps without borders?*" The stern heart of manhood relented, and answered, "No!"

But we must return to Ballybogmucky. Do our readers ask was nothing done to ameliorate the condition of that wretched place? Certainly; at all events there was much attempted. There was a wealthy old lady who lived in the neighborhood, who built and endowed capital schools for both boys and girls, and pensioned some of the poorest of the

old people. The Squire of the parish, Mr. Norton of Knockillsassenach, having a wholesome horror of pauperizing, tried hard at more complete reforms, by giving regular employment to as many as possible, and aiding all efforts to improve the houses. Not being the landlord of Ballyboggmucky, however, he could do nothing effectually, nor enforce any kind of sanitary measures; so that while his own villages were neat, trim, and healthy, poor Ballyboggmucky went on year after year deserving the epithet it bore among the Nortons, of the *Slough of Despond*. The failures of endeavors to mend it would form a chapter of themselves. On one occasion, Squire Norton's oldest son undertook the true task for a Hercules,—to drain, *not* the stables of Augeas, but the town of Ballyboggmucky. The result was that his main drain was found soon afterwards effectually stopped up by the *dam* of an old beaver bonnet. Again, he attempted to whitewash the entire village,—but many inhabitants objected to whitewash. The old Squire, like another King of Dahomey, formed a band of some eight girls, each of them the support of a widowed mother, clothed them comfortably, and set them under steady guardianship, not exactly to practise Amazon warfare, but to weed his walks, and trim his pleasure-grounds. Of course when any flood, or snow, or storm came (and what wintry month did they not come in Ireland?), some of the Nortons went to see the state of affairs at Ballyboggmucky, and provide what could be provided. And of course when anybody was born, or married, or ill, or dead, or going to America, in or from Ballyboggmucky, embassies were sent to Knockillsassenach seeking assistance; money for burial or passage, wine, meat, coals, in sickness, and (strange to say) in cases of death, always *jam*! The connection between dying and wanting raspberry jam remained to the last a mystery, but whatever was its nature, it was invariable. "Mary Keogh," or "Peter Reilly," as the case might be, "is n't expected, and would be very thankful for some jam," was the regular message. Be it remarked that Irish delicacy has suggested the euphuism of "is n't expected," to signify that a person is likely to die. What it is that he or she "is n't expected" to do is never mentioned. When the supplicant was not supposed to be personally known at Knockillsassenach, or a little extra persuasion was thought needful to cover too frequent demands, it was commonly urged that the petitioner was a "poor orphan,"—commonly aged thirty or forty,—or else a "desolate widow." The word desolate, however, being always pronounced "*dissolute*," the epithet proved less affecting than it was intended to be! But absurd as their words might sometimes be (and sometimes, on the contrary, they were full of touching pathos and simplicity), the *wants* of the poor souls were only too real, as the Nortons very well knew, and it was not often that a petitioner from Ballyboggmucky to Knockillsassenach went empty away.

But such help was only of temporary avail. The Famine came and things grew worse. In poor families, that is, families where there was only one man to earn and five or six mouths to be fed, the best wages given in the country proved insufficient to buy the barest provision of food,—wheatmeal for "griddle" bread, oatmeal for stirabout, turnips to make up for the lost potatoes. Strong men fainted at their work in the fields, having left untasted for their little children the food they needed so sorely. Beggars from the more distressed districts (for Bal-

lyboggmucky was in one of those which suffered least in Ireland) swarmed through the country, and rarely, at the poorest cabin, asked in vain for bread. Often and often have we seen the master or mistress of some wretched hovel bring out the "griddle cake," and give half of it to some wanderer, who answered simply with a blessing and passed on. Once we remember passing by the house of a poor widow, who had seven children of her own, and as if that were not enough, had adopted an orphan left by her sister. At her cabin door, one day, we saw, propped up against her knees, a miserable "traveller," a wanderer from what a native of Ballyboggmucky would call "other nations,—a *bowzy villian* from other nations,"—that is to say, a village eight or ten miles away. The traveller lay senseless,—starved to the bone and utterly famine-stricken. The widow tried tenderly to make him swallow a spoonful of bread and water, but he seemed unable to make the exertion. A few drops of spirit by and by restored him to consciousness. The poor "bowzy" leaned his head on his hands and muttered feebly, "Glory be to God." The widow looked up, rejoicing, "Glory be to God,—he's saved anyhow." Of course all the neighboring gentry joined in the usual schemes of soup-kitchens and the like, and by one means or other the hard years of famine were passed over.

Then came the Fever, in many ways a worse scourge than the famine. Of course it fell heavily on such an ill-drained place as Ballyboggmucky. After a little time, as each patient remained ill for many weeks, it often happened that three or four were in the fever in the same cabin, or even all the family at once, huddled in the two or three beds, and with only such attendance as the kindly neighbors, themselves overburdened, could supply. Soon it became universally known that recovery was to be effected only by improved food and wine,—not by drugs. Those whose condition was already good, and who caught the fever, invariably died; those who were in a depressed state, if they could be raised, were saved. It became precisely a question of life and death how to supply nourishment to all the sick. As the fever lasted on and on, and reappeared time after time, the work was difficult, seeing that no stores of any sort could ever be safely intrusted to Irish prudence and frugality.

Then came Smith O'Brien's rebellion. The country was excited. In every village (Ballyboggmucky nowise behindhand) certain clubs were formed, popularly called "Cut-throat Clubs," for the express purpose of purchasing pikes and organizing the expected insurrection in combination with leaders in Dublin. *Head-Centre* of the club of Ballyboggmucky was the ex-schoolmaster, of whom we have already spoken. How he obtained that honor we know not; possibly because he could write, which most probably was beyond the achievements of any other member of the institution,—possibly also because he claimed to be the lawful owner of the adjoining estate of Knockillsassenach. How the schoolmaster's claim was proved to the satisfaction of himself and his friends is a secret which, if revealed, would probably afford a clew to much of Fenian ambition. Nearly every parish in Ireland has thus its lord *de facto*, who dwells in a handsome house in the midst of a park,—and another lord who dwells in a mud-cabin in the village, and is fully persuaded he is the lord *de jure*. In the endless changes of ownership and confiscation to which Irish land has been subjected, there is always some

heir of one or other of the dispossessed families, who, if nothing had happened that did happen, and nobody had been born of a score or two of persons who somehow, unfortunately, were actually born,—then he or she might, could, would, or should have inherited the estate. In the present case Mr. Norton's ancestor (an Englishman holding high office) had purchased the estate some hundred and fifty years ago, from another English family who had held it for some generations. When and where the poor Celtic schoolmaster's forefathers had come upon the field none pretended to know. Anxious, however, to calm the minds of his neighbors, the Squire thought fit to address them in a paternal manifesto, posted about the different villages, entreating them to forbear from entering the "Cut-throat Clubs," and pointing the moral of the recent death of the Archbishop of Paris at the barricades. The result of this step was simply that the newspaper, then published in Dublin under the audacious name of the *Felon*, devoted half a column to exposing that gentleman by name to the hatred of good Clubbists, and pointing him out as "one of the very first for whose benefit the pikes were procured." Boxes of pikes were accordingly actually sent by the railway before mentioned, and duly delivered to the Club; and still the threat of rebellion rose higher, till even calm people like the Nortons began to wonder whether it was a volcano on which they were treading, or the familiar mud of Ballybogmucky.

Knockillsassenach having had its chief wing added at the period of '98, or thereabouts, bore testimony to the fact in two or three little features. There was a long corridor which had once been all hung with weapons, and there was a certain board in the floor of an inner closet which could be taken up when desirable, and beneath which appeared a large receptacle wherein the aforesaid weapons were stored in times of danger. Stories of '98 were familiar to the Nortons from infancy. There was the story of the Le Hunts of Wexford, when the daughter of the family dreamed three times that the guns in her father's hall were all broken, and on inducing Colonel Le Hunt to examine them, the dream was found to be true, and his own butler the traitor. There was the delightful story of Commissioner Beresford, who had a bank in Dublin, and whose notes the (truly) Irish rebels collected to the amount of many thousands of pounds, and then publicly burned, with every expression of contempt, thus presenting him with a large fortune. Horrible stories were there, also, of burnings and cardings (i. e. tearing the back with the iron comb used in carding wool); and nursery threats of rebels coming up back stairs on recalcitrant "puck-larks" (naughty children,—children of Puck), inasmuch that to "play at rebellion" was the natural resource of all the little Nortons. A favorite resort in wet weather carried out the idea to perfection, by displaying ammunition of bows and arrows, and old court-swords, and a valuable provision against famine in case of siege, consisting of such comestibles as acidulated drops and similar restoratives. Born and bred in this atmosphere, it seemed like a bad dream come true that there were actual pikes imported into well-known cabins, and that there were in the world beings stupid and wicked enough to wish to apply them to those who labored constantly for their benefit. Yet the papers teemed with stories of murders of good and just landlords; yet threats, each day more loud, came

with every post, of what Smith O'Brien and his friends would do if they but succeeded in raising the peasantry,—alas! all too ready to be raised. Looking over the miserable *fiasco* of that "cabbage-garden" rebellion now, it seems all too ridiculous to have ever excited the least alarm. But at that time, while none could doubt the final triumph of England, it was very possible to doubt whether aid could be given by the English Government before every species of violence might be committed by the besotted peasantry at the gates.

A little incident which occurred at the moment rather confirmed the idea that Ballybogmucky was transformed for the nonce into a little Hecla, not under snow, but mud. One of the Nortons visiting the fever patients, was detained late of a summer's evening in the village. So many were ill, there seemed no end of sick to be supplied with food, wine, and other things needed. In particular, three together were ill in a house already mentioned, where there were several grown-up sons, and the people were somewhat better off than usual, though by no means sufficiently so to be able to procure meat or such luxuries. Hence the visitor lingered, questioning and prescribing, till at about nine o'clock the visit ended; the visitor leaving money to procure some of the things needed. Next morning the Squire (of course a magistrate) addressed the visitor:—

"So you were at Ballybogmucky last night?"

"Yes, I was kept there."

"You stayed in T——'s house till nine o'clock?"

"Yes; how do you know?"

"You gave six and sixpence to the mother to get provisions?"

"Yes; how do you know?"

"Well, very simply. The police were watching the door and saw you through it. As soon as you were gone, the Club assembled there; they were waiting for your departure; and the money you gave was subscribed to buy pikes!"

A week later, the bubble burst in the memorable cabbage-garden. The rebel chiefs were leniently dealt with by the Government, and their would-be rebel followers fell back into all the old ways as if nothing had happened. What became of the pikes no one knew. Possibly they exist in Ballybogmucky still, waiting for some Fenian Movement to be brought forth. At the end of a few months, the poor schoolmaster, claimant of Knockillsassenach, died; and as the same visitor from the family threatened by his pikes stood by his bedside and gave him what little succor was possible, the poor fellow lifted his eyes full of meaning, and said, "To think *you* should come to help me now!" It was the last reference made to the once-dreaded rebellion.

Years have passed, and all things in Ireland wear a better aspect,—Ballybogmucky among the number. After endless efforts the young Squire has carried his point and drained the whole village,—beaver bonnets notwithstanding. Whitewash has become popular. *Middens* (as the Scotch call them,—the Irish have a simpler phrase) are placed more frequently behind houses than in front of them. Costume has undergone some vicissitudes, among which the introduction of shoes and stockings, among even the juvenile population, is the most remarkable feature,—a great change truly, since we can remember an old woman, to whom a pair had been given by a too-benevolent gentleman, complaining that she had *caught cold* in consequence of wearing for the first time in her life those superfluous garments.

Of course there have been graver changes than these. Many have been drawn into the stream of the Exodus, and have left the country. How helpless they are in their migrations, poor souls, was proved by one sad story. A steady, good young woman, whose sister had settled comfortably in New York, resolved to go out to join her, and for the purpose took her passage at an emigration agency office in Dublin. Going as usual to make her farewell respects at Knockillsassenach, the following conversation ensued between her and Miss Norton.

"So, Bessie, you are going to America?"

"Yes, ma'am, to join Biddy at New York. She wrote for me to come, and sent me the passage-money."

"That is very good of her. Of course you have taken your passage direct to New York?"

"Well, no, ma'am. The agent said there was no ship going to New York, but one to some place close by, New something-else."

"New something-else, near New York; I can't think where that could be."

"Yes, ma'am, New — New — I disremember what it was, but he told me I could get from it to New York immadiantly."

"O Bessie, it was n't New Orleans?"

"Yes, ma'am, that was it! New Orleans, — New Orleans, close to New York, he said."

"And you have paid your passage-money?"

"Yes, ma'am, I must go there anyhow, now."

"O Bessie, Bessie, why would you never come to school and learn geography? You are going to a terrible place, far away from your sister. That wicked agent has cheated you horribly."

The poor girl was in despair, but nothing could be done to help her. She went to New Orleans, and there died of fever. The birds of passage and fish, which pass from sea to sea, seem more capable of knowing what they are about than the greater number of the emigrants driven by scarcely less blind an instinct. Out of the *three million* who, before this year closes, will have gone since the famine from Ireland to America, how many must there have been who had no more knowledge than poor Bessie of the land to which they went!

And there are many who have gone on a longer journey, a greater Exodus, — "gone over to the majority," as the old Romans used to say. In the little chapel-yard, where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

there are many more headstones to be seen; a few surmounted by the old Irish cross, others bearing a favorite bas-relief of a Lamb in glory. But these can hardly belong to the graves of those of whom we have written. For the old man who took such delight in "Thomas à Kempis," for the cripple whom Father Matthew restored, for the beloved old mother whose ghost her daughter still yearns to see, for all these "the turf of the valley" suffices to cover the resting-place. It is hard to think what life may have been to them, and what it is to millions such as they. No "fitful fever" like our own can it resemble, — of hope and passion, pleasure and grief; that life of vivid consciousness which comes of cultured intellect and awakened taste, and fancy left free to roam the universe, and affection strung to morbid delicacy in the atmosphere of leisure and refinement. Rather must it be a troubled twilight dream; the dream of one who slumbers wearily, yet knows he must awake to toil; the dream of a little joy in youth, and after that much want, — much la-

bor, — much patience, — and then — peace. Is it not for souls whose earthly course has been thus dim and sorrowful, who have beheld so little of this beautiful world, tasted so few of the varied pleasures it contains, cultivated so poor a share of all the wondrous powers which lie hid in every human heart and brain, — is it not for souls like these we are most sure there waits the LIFE IMMORTAL? Is not the rest in "Abraham's bosom" for *Lazarus* before us all?

AN ESSAY ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

THE discovery of a gray hair when you are brushing out your whiskers of a morning — first-fallen flake of the coming snows of age — is a disagreeable thing. So is the intimation from your old friend and comrade that his eldest daughter is about to be married. So are flying twinges of gout, shortness of breath on the hillside, the fact that even the moderate use of your friend's wines at dinner upsets you. These things are disagreeable because they tell you that you are no longer young, — that you have passed through youth, are now in middle age, and faring onward to the shadows in which, somewhere, a grave is hid.

Thirty is the age of the gods, — and the first gray hair informs you that you are at least ten or twelve years older than that. Apollo is never middle-aged, but you are. Olympus lies several years behind you. You have lived for more than half your natural term; and you know the road which lies before you is very different from that which lies behind. You have yourself changed. In the present man of forty-two you can barely recognize the boy of nineteen that once was. Hope sang on the sunny slope of life's hill as you ascended; she is busily singing the old song in the ears of a new generation, — but you have passed out of the reach of her voice. You have tried your strength: you have learned precisely what you can do: you have thrown the hammer so often that you know to an inch how far you can throw it, — at least you are a great fool if you do not. The world, too, has been looking on and has made up her mind about you. She has appraised and valued you as an auctioneer appraises and values an estate or the furniture of a house. "Once you served Prince Florizel and wore three pile," but the brave days of campaigning are over. What to you are canzonets and love-songs? The mighty passion is vapid and second-hand. Cupid will never more flutter rosilily over your head; at most he will only flutter in an uninspired fashion above the head of your daughter-in-law. You have sailed round the world, seen all its wonders, and come home again, and must adorn your dwelling as best you can with the rare things you have picked up on the way. At life's table you have tasted of every dish except the Covered One, and of that you will have your share by and by. The road over which you are fated to march is more than half accomplished, and at every onward stage the scenery is certain to become more sombre, and in due time the twilight will fall. To you, on your onward journey, there will be little to astonish, little to delight. The Interpreter's House is behind where you first read the poets; so is also the House Beautiful with the Three Damsels where you first learned to love. As you pass onward you are attended by your henchman Memory, who may be either the cheerfulest or gloomiest of companions. You have come up out of the sweet-smelling valley-

flowers; you are now on the broken granite, seamed and wrinkled, with dried-up water-courses; and before you, striking you full in the face, is the broad disk of the solitary setting sun.

One does not like to be an old fogie, and still less perhaps does one like to own to being one. You may remember when you were the youngest person in every company into which you entered; and how it pleased you to think how precociously clever you were, and how opulent in Time. You were introduced to the great Mr. Blank, — at least twenty years older than yourself, — and could not help thinking how much greater you would be than Mr. Blank by the time you reached his age. But pleasant as it is to be the youngest member of every company, that pleasure does not last forever. As years pass on you do not quite develop into the genius you expected; and the new generation makes its appearance and pushes you from your stool. You make the disagreeable discovery that there is a younger man of promise in the world than even you; then the one younger man becomes a dozen younger men; then younger men come flowing in like waves, and before you know where you are, by this impertinent younger generation — fellows who were barely breeched when you won your first fame — you are shouldered into Old Fogiedom, and your staid ways are laughed at, perhaps, by the irreverent scoundrels into the bargain. There is nothing more wonderful in youth than this wealth in Time. It is only a Rothschild who can indulge in the amusement of tossing a sovereign to a beggar. It is only a young man who can dream and build castles in the air. What are twenty years to a young fellow of twenty? An ample air-built stage for his pomps and triumphal processions. What are twenty years to a middle-aged man of forty-five? The falling of the curtain, the covering up of the empty boxes, the screwing out of the gas, and the counting of the money taken at the doors, with the notion, perhaps, that the performance was rather a poor thing. It is with a feeling curiously compounded of pity and envy that one listens to young men talking of what they are going to do. They will light their torches at the sun! They will regenerate the world! They will abolish war and hand in the Millennium! What pictures they will paint! What poems they will write! One knows while one listens how it will all end. But it is Nature's way: she is always sending on her young generations full of hope. The Atlantic roller bursts in harmless foam among the shingle and drift-wood at your feet, but the next, nothing daunted by the fate of its predecessor, comes on with threatening crest, as if to carry everything before it. And so it will be for ever and ever. The world could not get on else. My experience is of use only to myself. I cannot bequeath it to my son as I can my cash. Every human being must start untrammelled and work out the problem for himself. For a couple of thousand years now the preacher has been crying out *Vanitas vanitatum*, but no young man takes him at his word. The blooming apple must grate in the young man's teeth before he owns that it is dust and ashes. Young people will take nothing on hearsay. I remember when a lad of Todd's *Student's Manual* falling into my hands. I perused therein a solemn warning against novel-reading. Nor did the reverend compiler speak without authority. He stated that he had read the works of Fielding, Smollett, Sir Walter Scott, American Cooper, James, and the rest, and he laid his hand on his heart and

assured his young friends that in each of these works, even the best of them, were subtle snares and gilded baits for the soul. These books they were adjured to avoid as they would a pestilence, or a raging fire. It was this alarming passage in the Transatlantic Divine's treatise that first made a novel-reader of me. I was not content to accept his experience. I must see for myself. Every one must begin at the beginning, and it is just as well. If a new generation were starting with the wisdom of its elders, what would be the consequence? Would there be any love-making twenty years after? Would there be any fine extravagance? Would there be any lending of money? Would there be any noble friendships such as that of Damon and Pythias, or of David and Jonathan, or even of our own Beaumont and Fletcher, who had purse, wardrobe, and genius in common? It is extremely doubtful. *Vanitas vanitatum* is a bad doctrine to begin life with. For the plant Experience to be of any worth a man must grow it for himself.

The man of forty-five or thereby is compelled to own, if he sits down to think about it, that existence is very different from what it was twenty years previously. His life is more than half spent to begin with. He is like one who has spent seven hundred and fifty pounds of his original patrimony of a thousand. Then, from his life there has departed that "wild freshness of morning" which Tom Moore sang about. In his onward journey he is not likely to encounter anything absolutely new. He has already conjugated every tense of the verb To Be. He has been in love twice or thrice. He has been married, — only once let us trust. In all probability he is the father of a fine family of children. He has been ill and he has recovered; he has experienced triumph and failure; he has known what it is to have money in his purse, and what it is to want money in his purse. Sometimes he has been a debtor, sometimes he has been a creditor. He has stood by the brink of half a dozen graves, and heard the clod falling on the coffin-lid. All this he has experienced; the only new thing before him is death, and even to that he has at various times approximated. Life has lost most of the unexpectedness, its zest, its novelty, and has become like a worn shoe or a threadbare doublet. To him there is no new thing under the sun. But then this growing old is a gradual process; and zest, sparkle, and novelty are not essential to happiness. The man who has reached five-and-forty has learned what a pleasure there is in customariness and use and wont, — in having everything around him familiar, tried, confidential. Life may have become humdrum, but his tastes have become humdrum too. Novelty annoys him, the intrusion of an unfamiliar object puts him out. A pair of newly embroidered slippers would be much more ornamental than the well-worn articles which lie warming for him before the library fire; but then he cannot get his feet into them so easily. He is contented with his old friends, — a new friend would break the charm of the old familiar faces. He loves the hedgerows and the fields and the brook and the bridge which he sees every day, and he would not exchange them for Alps and glaciers. By the time a man has reached forty-five he lies as comfortably in his habits as the silk-worm in its cocoon. On the whole, I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves

bestrew the road, and you can feel the breath of winter morning and evening,—no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air. The lyrical up-burst of the lark at such a time would be incongruous. The only sounds suitable to the season are the rusty caw of the homeward-sliding rook,—the creaking of the wain returning empty from the farm-yard. There is an “unrest which men miscall delight,” and of that “unrest” youth is for the most part composed. From that middle age is free. The setting suns of youth are crimson and gold; the setting suns of middle age

“Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality.”

Youth is the slave of beautiful faces, and fine eyes, and silver-sweet voices,—they distract, madden, alarm. To middle age they are but the gracefullest statues, the loveliest poems. They delight but hurt not. They awake no passion, they heighten no pulse. And the imaginative man of middle age possesses after a fashion all the passionate turbulence, all the keen delights, of his earlier days. They are not dead,—they are dwelling in the antechamber of memory awaiting his call; and when they are called they wear an ethereal something which is not their own. The Muses are the daughters of Memory; youth is the time to love, but middle age the period at which the best love-poetry is written. And middle age too—the early period of it, when a man is master of his instruments and knows what he can do—is the best season of intellectual activity. The playful capering flames of a newly-kindled fire is a pretty sight; but not nearly so effective—any housewife will tell you—as when the flames are gone and the whole mass of fuel has become caked into a sober redness that emits a steady glow. There is nothing good in this world which time does not improve. A silver wedding is better than the voice of the Epithalamium. And the most beautiful face that ever was is made yet more beautiful when there is laid upon it the reverence of silver hairs.

There is a certain even-handed justice in Time; and for what he takes away he gives us something in return. He robs us of elasticity of limb and spirit, and in its place he brings tranquillity and repose,—the mild autumnal weather of the soul. He takes away Hope, but he gives us Memory. And the settled, unfluctuating atmosphere of middle age is no bad exchange for the stormful emotions, the passionate crises and suspenses, of the earlier day. The constitutional melancholy of the middle-aged man is a dim background on which the pale flowers of life are brought out in the tenderest relief. Youth is the time for action, middle age for thought. In youth we hurriedly crop the herbage; in middle age, in a sheltered place, we chew the ruminative cud. In youth, red-handed, red-ankled, with songs and shoutings, we gather in the grapes; in middle age, under our own fig-tree, or in quiet gossip with a friend, we drink the wine free of all turbid lees. Youth is a lyrical poet, middle age a quiet essayist, fond of recounting experiences and of appending a moral to every incident. In youth the world is strange and unfamiliar, novel and exciting, everything wears the face and garb of a stranger; in middle age the world is covered over with reminiscence as with a garment,—it is made homely with usage, it is made sacred with graves. The middle-aged man can go nowhere without treading the

mark of his own footsteps. And in middle age, too,—provided the man has been a good and an ordinarily happy one,—along with this mental tranquillity there comes a corresponding sweetness of the moral atmosphere. He has seen the good and the evil that are in the world, the ups and the downs, the almost general desire of the men and the women therein to do the right thing if they could but see how,—and he has learned to be uncensorious, humane; to attribute the best motives to every action, and to be chary of imputing a sweeping and cruel blame. He has a quiet smile for the vainglorious boast; a feeling of respect for shabby-genteel virtues; a pity for the threadbare garments proudly worn, and for the napless hat glazed into more than pristine brilliancy from frequent brushing after rain. He would not be satirical for the world. He has no finger of scorn to point at anything under the sun. He has a hearty “Amen” for every good wish, and in the worst cases he leans to a verdict of Not Proven. And along with this pleasant blandness and charity, a certain grave, serious humor, “a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye,” is noticeable frequently in middle-aged persons,—a phase of humor peculiar to that period of life, as the chrysanthemum to December. Pity lies at the bottom of it, just as pity lies, unsuspected, at the bottom of love. Perhaps this special quality of humor,—with its sadness of tenderness, its mirth with the heart-ache, its gayety growing out of deepest seriousness, like a crocus on a child’s grave,—never approaches more closely to perfection than in some passages of Mr. Hawthorne’s writings,—who was a middle-aged man from earliest boyhood. And although middle-aged persons have lost the actual possession of youth, yet in virtue of this humor they can comprehend it, see all round it, enter imaginatively into every sweet and bitter of it. They wear the key Memory at their girdles, and they can open every door in the chamber of youth. And it is also in virtue of this peculiar humor that—Mr. Dickens’s “Little Nell” to the contrary—it is only middle-aged persons who can, either as poets or artists, create for us a child. There is no more beautiful thing on earth than an old man’s love for his granddaughter; more beautiful even—from the absence of all suspicion of direct personal bias or interest—than his love for his own daughter; and it is only the meditative, sad-hearted, middle-aged man who can creep into the heart of a child and interpret it, and show forth the new nature to us in the subtle cross-lights of contrast and suggestion. Imaginatively thus, the wrinkles of age become the dimples of infancy. Wordsworth was not a very young man when he held the colloquy with the little maid who insisted, in her childish logic, that she was one of seven. Mr. Hawthorne was not a young man when he painted “Pearl” by the side of the brook in the forest; and he was middle-aged and more when he drew “Pansie,” the most exquisite child that lives in English words. And when speaking of middle age, of its peculiar tranquillity and humor, why not tell of its peculiar beauty as well? Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man “who was uglier than he had any business to be”; and, if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white

and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness,—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the ball-room or the promenade. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice,—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's *alter ego*. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood. Beautiful are they in life, these pale winter roses, and in death they will not be divided. When death comes, he will pluck not one, but both.

And in any case, to the old man, when the world becomes trite, the triteness arises not so much from a cessation as from a transference of interest. What is taken from this world is given to the next. The glory is in the east in the morning, it is in the west in the afternoon, and when it is dark the splendor is irradiating the realm of the under-world. He would only follow.

A NIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

I HAVE been a wanderer all my life, a truly migratory bird, and, as such, have had an instinctive conviction that a constant residence in the same spot is not only unpleasant, but unnatural. Added to this, I believe I have a spice of what it is now the fashion to call upper-bohemianism in my nature; that is to say, although I am no musician, I am devoted to music and its followers; no author, no poet, yet do I number amongst my friends and acquaintances many of the most notable names in the world of literature; no actor, but again the green-rooms and *coulisses* of many of the first theatres and operahouses in Europe and America are as familiar ground to me as the shady side of Pall Mall in the month of May. I never drew a line with pencil or brush in my life, yet at home and abroad I have watched in the painters' studios with the greatest interest the progress of many of the finest pictures that have delighted multitudes during the last twenty-five years. If I may say it of myself, I have been tolerated in this sort of society, possibly from a natural appreciativeness and love of the arts, in addition, perhaps, to a certain *bonhomie* and geniality of disposition, which is surely a passport to some extent amongst those who gain their living by the exercise of their fancy and imagination.

Had it not been my misfortune to be the possessor of a considerable independence, it is possible I might have made some figure in the world in one of the walks of art it has been the delight of my life to watch and be associated with.

After this slight hint at my tastes and proclivities it will not be considered a very extraordinary thing that in the early spring of 18— I should have found myself in Rome. I had been during the winter revelling for about the twentieth time in all the glorious and picturesque antiquities of the Eternal City, and my migratory disposition had given sundry

warnings that I might soon spread my wings, and travel, more or less slowly, northwards. Indeed, warm weather was beginning to set in, and the nights were frequently becoming truly Italian, and the last I had intended to spend in my present locality proved to be one of the most lovely we had had that year.

I had been making some small preparatory arrangements for my departure on the morrow; I had also made a slight change in my attire for the sake of coolness, for although nearly nine o'clock, and early in the month of April, it was yet quite sultry. I was enjoying to the utmost a cigar at my open window, overlooking the Piazza del Popolo, and listening to the hum and stir of life around, with the cool, silvery trickling of the fountains rising above all, when my mind went back to past ages, to a time when the only shows which could divert a Roman populace were the deadly struggles for life between Roman heroes; and I thought of the mighty ruins of the Coliseum, and how grandly the moon, then rising, would light up its soaring arches.

Acting as usual, upon impulse, I determined on the instant to stroll off and pay a parting visit to them under so favorable an aspect. So, putting on my hat, I descended the staircase of the palatial abode in which my apartments were; and after threading the narrow streets of the modern city, I found myself in the Via Alessandria; on leaving which my way lay through a green lane, where relics of the past, half buried under the turf on either side, met me at every step, and which made me think how often, perhaps, along the path I was even now treading, had rushed the Roman multitude, eagerly pressing forward to enjoy their "butcher's" holiday! But the image of imperial Rome in all her pomp vanished away when, having reached the termination of the lane, the ruins in their full beauty rose before me, and I found myself in a few moments standing alone in the vast arena of the Coliseum.

It is not my purpose, nor does the adventure I am about to relate require that I should attempt to describe a scene so familiar to all visitors to Rome. Viewed under the circumstances in which it was then presented to me, it is one of the grandest sights the city affords, and one which has been most ably described in many works of history and fiction.

It seemed to me that I was the sole occupant of the place, which, but for the fact that the Roman season was near its close, would probably not have been the case, as the full moon would have been sure to attract groups of tourists to the spot. I wandered about in a dreamy kind of mood for some time, and I then seated myself in a niche of shadow, as I might have done in a painter's studio, the more fully to enjoy the burst of light which fell upon the picture before me.

I can hardly say how long I had remained there, nor whither my thoughts had led me, as I sat contemplating the extreme beauty of the scene, and noticing with what tenderness the moon shed her kind rays alike over the divers symbols of Christian and Pagan faith which lay mingled together around me, when I became conscious of approaching footsteps breaking upon the peaceful stillness, which had hitherto remained undisturbed, save by the occasional humming of the night insects. Looking in the direction from whence the sound came, I saw emerging from the shade of one of the opposite arches a tall, dark figure. At first I could hardly discern whether it was that of a man or of a woman;

but on its drawing nearer, and coming into one of the broadest patches of moonlight, I discovered it was a sacristan or lay brother belonging to one of the monastic orders. His head was enveloped in his cowl, and for a minute or two I could but observe, with a painter's eye, of what great advantage, pictorially speaking, this dark figure was to the scene. As I have before hinted, although thoroughly accustomed to foreign travel, I had never quite got rid of the natural suspicion invariably entertained by all Englishmen towards strangers of every degree. I was perhaps scarcely conscious of the direct working of this feeling; but probably to it is to be attributed the impulse which instantly induced me to show myself; and, coming out from the obscurity of the shadow, I passed slowly within speaking distance of him, and we mutually acknowledged each other's presence by a "Buona notte, Signor." Soon after we again met, and he made some commonplace observation upon the beauty of the night, to which I responded, and in a few minutes we were civilly chatting together.

I speedily found from his conversation, and his remarks upon the ruins of the place, that he was a man whose education was very superior to that generally possessed by those occupying the position in life indicated by his dress and appearance. We conversed long, and, finally with enthusiasm, — a discussion having arisen as to the time in which the gladiatorial combats were given up. My companion maintained that a close was put to them by the Emperor Honorius, towards the end of the fourth century. On the other hand, I contended that they had ceased under Constantine, more than fifty years earlier, and quoted, as I deemed correctly, several contemporary authorities in support of my opinion. Again he declared that Muratori, the most eminent of all Italian annalists, had fixed the date in the last year of the reign of Honorius, A. D. 423.

"If that be the case," I replied, "then you are right, most undoubtedly, and I am wrong; but I cannot help thinking that you are mistaken in saying that Muratori has made this statement."

"O yes, I can soon convince you of that fact, for it is only this evening that I met with the passage. Moreover, singularly enough, I have the volume with me, and," he continued, drawing forth a small book from the pocket of his robe, "I believe the light is strong enough for you to read for yourself that which I assert to be the case: see here." He went on, turning over a page, "If we sit on this column we shall have the light of the moon at right angles with our leaf."

Saying this, he sat down in the place he indicated. In my excitement — for I was most enthusiastic in all such matters — I leaned or crouched down close over him, the better to see the words. Sure enough it was as he had stated, for the moonlight was so powerful that I could plainly read the passage to which he had alluded.

I remembered afterwards that he held the book in his left hand, whilst I bent over him from the other side, and thus his right hand was left free, and close to my side. A few more words passed, and at last I was fain to admit that he had had the best of the argument. He rose rather abruptly, and good-humoredly added, that, having convinced me of my mistake, he must wish me good-night; and with a courteous yet somewhat hurried salutation passed on, saying he supposed I was not yet inclined to return home. I had given no cause for him to imagine this, and it struck me as strange that,

after our friendly conversation, he should apparently so suddenly wish to get rid of my company.

His departing footsteps were still echoing through the ruins when I thought possibly it was time to be turning homewards. Instinctively I put my hand to my waistcoat-pocket, with the intention of looking at the hour, when lo! my watch was gone! "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "that scoundrel must have been a pickpocket, and this is a new disguise and dodge for easing the tourist of his superfluous property!" Straight upon the impulse after him I flew. I could yet hear his quickening footsteps in the distance. Very soon I had him in sight, and in two minutes more by the throat, half-choking him, as I said, "You thief, you have stolen my watch!" He protested, as well as he was able, that he had done nothing of the kind, and remonstrated with me against my violence. I took no heed of this, but instantly commenced turning his pockets inside out; and sure enough in another instant I had abstracted from the breast of his cassock the missing treasure. Yes, there it was, palpably enough, my own, large, old-fashioned silver repeater, without chain, ribbon, or any appendages, carried loose in the pocket as was my custom. Half-shaking the life out of him, I poured forth a whole volley of abuse, telling him he might think it exceedingly fortunate that I did not at once march him off to the authorities; for remembering I was to leave Rome the next morning, I thought it better to inflict a little personal chastisement than delay my departure to an unknown extent, by seeking the dilatory assistance of a papal court of justice. The fellow vainly attempted to cry for aid, but my grip was so strong upon him that he, being a rather elderly and wheezy man, could only give vent to a few groaning and squeaking ejaculations. With one final outburst of wrath I flung him headlong upon the ground. Boiling with rage and indignation, I strode away at a rapid pace in the direction of the city.

All is quiet as I regain the streets, and the French sentries at the different points of guard are the only people astir. I reach my hotel, congratulating myself upon the presence of mind I have displayed, and the courage and off-hand manner by which I have recovered my property, and inflicted speedy justice on the criminal. I ascend the staircase to my apartments, now in complete darkness. I enter in rather a perturbed state; I am some little time before I can manage to find the matches; at last I lay my hand upon the box containing them, I strike a light, and as it blazes into a flame, and lights up the room, the first thing it shows me, to my utter consternation, is my watch lying upon the table!

The conflicting feelings that then rushed into my mind can be easily imagined. Here was I, nothing short of a highwayman, having robbed and most unmercifully beaten a civil and unoffending man. There was his property sure enough in my possession; the two watches stared me in the face, — not much alike on comparison, except in size, and that they were both silver, and with the strange coincidence that they had no appendages of any kind. I had been guilty of the very crime against the very person whom I had just accused of committing the same outrage upon myself! What was to be done? Of course I could easily explain the mistake, and make the poor fellow ample compensation for the wrong I had done him; but in the mean time I might be apprehended, as it were, red-handed. Worse than this, I had made my arrangements to

depart by six the next morning, and my place was already booked in the diligence for Civita Vecchia.

I dare not go, for if I were discovered apparently taking flight, it would be no easy matter to prove that my escape was not intentional. Further, what was I to do with the stolen property? All these contingencies went with a whirl through my brain. The plain truth of course was, that when I had changed my dress just before going out, I had simply omitted to replace my watch in the fresh waist-coat I had put on, and the sudden departure of the sacristan after our argument, which I had remarked with suspicion, was merely accidental. There was but one thing for it, my departure must be deferred; and as soon as daylight would permit, I must go to our consul and place the stolen property, together with an explanation of the circumstances, in his hands. This of course I did, and the matter was eventually made straight by an ample bonus and apology to my poor victim. The consequences to myself entailed nothing more serious than the postponement of my journey for a few days. This was counterbalanced possibly by the lesson learned of the folly of giving way to undue impetuosity, and the injustice of the suspicion which my countrymen are too ready to attach to all people whom they do not know, especially foreigners, which gives rise to a great many of the mistakes made by other nations in their estimate of English character.

HERO-WORSHIP IN EXTREMIS.

THE death of Tom Sayers has been followed by certain exhibitions of which it is hard to say whether they are too grotesque to be disgusting, or too disgusting to produce amusement. They are at any rate appropriate to the miserable end of a poor fellow killed by a popularity which he could only appreciate as a pretext for gross debauchery. There was doubtless something really melancholy about the ruin of such a mighty athlete. It might have been sufficiently touching to point effectively certain very obvious morals. Unfortunately, the conduct of his admirers spoils the effect, by introducing the element of simple absurdity. Their proceedings were such as might be expected from the frequenters of the lowest London pot-houses. But they still present a queer parallel to some of the performances of their betters under similar circumstances. They are a bold caricature of more respectable ceremonies, and we look at them with the sort of interest excited by the still humbler imitations of humanity executed by the Chimpanzee. We see in them, as it were, the instinct of hero-worship expressed in the simplest terms, and exhibiting the most rudimentary manifestations. The funeral itself appears to have been a procession of all that part of our population which corresponds to the New York rowdies. It brought out in all their force the peculiar refuse of society which hangs on to the lowest skirts of the sporting world. The mob which filled Highgate Cemetery was a hideous spectacle enough, and showed no more delicacy than might have been expected from its outside aspect. But even this mob only gave a coarse exaggeration of sentiments which sometimes display themselves elsewhere with almost equal vulgarity, if with less refinement. The pure-bred rough treads on your toes, clambers on to gravestones, and generally demeans himself after his semi-brutal nature. It is sometimes possible for a crowd in black coats and orthodox hats to exhibit

a similar amount of obdurate insensibility. They don't elbow each other so roughly, but they can on occasion spoil very solemn ceremonies by palpably regarding them in the light of a show. The resemblance, however, to civilized mankind was more palpable in the subsequent proceedings. A sale was held of Tom Sayers's various effects, and a monument is to be erected to his memory. The sale appears to have been tolerably successful. The various belts and cups he had won were bought up by enthusiastic admirers or judicious speculators. The most important lot was the mastiff who had officiated as the chief mourner of the deceased, and who realized the respectable sum of £40. This ingenious method of making the most out of a man's memory, whilst it is still fresh, does not seem to be original. We were told, the other day, that the effects of a deceased American statesman had been put up to auction as relics. And although, in that particular instance, the report was partially contradicted, the custom seems to be a recognized one amongst our energetic cousins. Indeed, it is only natural. It is quite regular to treasure up the scraps belonging to a great man. Napoleon's celebrated coat is to be seen at Paris, Frederick's is preserved at Berlin, and Nelson's at Greenwich Hospital. As to the dog, he corresponds to the warrior's horse who is everywhere a customary memorial. Wallenstein's charger is still preserved entire, only altered by the addition of a new body, legs, and head. The novelty consists in the practice of putting such relics up to immediate auction. But if people have a morbid desire for any fragments of a great man's property, why should a punctilious delicacy prevent his representatives from turning it into money? If it is right for people to scramble for his coat or his dog or his belt, why should not they be made to pay for it? Indeed, an extension of the practice would save trouble. Many enlightened travellers are in the habit of filling their pockets with bits of the statues they have seen or the mummies they have disinterred. As absolute prohibition can only be expected to lead to smuggling, perhaps it would be better to fix the highest practicable tariff, and to make a man who has an irresistible weakness for the noses of statues pay a good round sum for the indulgence of his innocent propensities. The monument which is to be erected to the memory of the deceased seems to be in a rather unsatisfactory position. An ingenious gentleman has advertised in a country newspaper that he would be willing to receive subscriptions towards "a colossal marble statue." But his benevolent offer appears to have been very imperfectly appreciated, and the flow of subscriptions in that direction has received a check. Meanwhile, the genuine subscription also flags. Poor Tom Sayers's admirers seem to remember him just sufficiently to be attracted towards the public-house in which his dog will be domiciled; his memory is so far alive that it will act as an advertisement to a tavern; but it does not stimulate the well-protected organ of gratuitous charity amongst his admirers. Even this phenomenon is not quite without analogy in higher circles. When a man dies whose name does not excite the degree of enthusiasm that takes the form of a statue, we don't freshen our memory by looking at his dog, but we build something of which we happen to be in want, — a school or a pump, as the case may be, — and call it after his name. This is, however, a refined expedient for expressing our admiration cheaply, for which the Sayers-worshippers are not sufficiently educated.

As to the merits of the object of this particular ebullition of hero-worship we need not speak, for it is a topic which has already lost its interest. Probably the British rough might find a worse object of respect than one who certainly typified some manly qualities. But, as even his admiring biographers in the sporting papers confess that it was a mistake to place him on the same line with the late Duke of Wellington, or to compare the national loss to that sustained in Lord Palmerston or Mr. Cobden, it cannot be expected that he should be remembered for a fortnight. We need only draw a moral from the honors paid to the deceased hero by his bereaved followers. In the public funeral there is nothing remarkable, except an additional proof of the close neighborhood of the sublime to the ridiculous; it requires a very strong popular emotion to make any such exhibition anything but hazardous. The cynical observer who should pull the pageant to pieces, and insist upon analyzing the proportions of the sight-seeing spirit and the genuine desire to pay respect, would doubtless be always difficult to satisfy. The frank exhibition of sentiment which appears to characterize Tom Sayers's admirers renders their performance more conspicuously offensive. The same peculiarity enables them to show in its naked deformity the propensity to coin a man's memory at once into hard cash. Even the monument, though apparently to be erected in obedience to what Mr. Ruskin called the Lamp of Sacrifice, has its suspicious aspect. So far as we can infer from the pages of *Bell's Life*, the process of collecting subscriptions always involves a meeting at a public-house to work up the excitement, and another meeting has to be held to "audit the accounts." It is therefore just possible that the agitation for a monument confers some benefit upon the disinterested canvassers. The art of obtaining a certain amount of reflected honor and profit by associating one's self with the memory of a great man is evidently understood, even by the lower orders. But they have only very rudimentary notions as to making the most of it. The collection of relics, for example, is an antiquated, and should be an obsolete, mode of testifying admiration. There was some sense in collecting the relics of a saint when they were supposed to work miracles. A thumb, or a toe-nail, or a lock of hair was all very well when a sight or a touch of it could cure diseases and raise the dead. But the value of such things should not have survived the belief in their occult virtues. When Tom Sayers's dog is exhibited he will look exactly like any one else's dog. There are, it is true, certain things which we naturally associate with their previous proprietors. Newton's telescope, which is preserved at Cambridge, ought to affect every mathematician who sees it by its close association with his studies, although we doubt whether many outbursts of mathematical devotion have actually been called forth by it. The coat of Frederick the Great may possibly be interesting as showing with what a shockingly bad coat that great man contented himself. But a coat of Newton's, or an astronomical telescope of Frederick's, would not be interesting, because they in no way tend to recall their proprietors. An indiscriminate mania for anything with which a great man has ever come in contact is simply meaningless. There is some interest in seeing the field of Waterloo, because it enables one to understand the battle more accurately; but no one is ever affected by standing on the exact spot where Charles I. lost his head, because it is

exactly like hundreds of other spots in London. Relics, however, are losing their value at present, except to the distressing class of exhibitors who prey upon visitors to show-houses or public museums. We have other and more refined methods of making associations useful. There is, for example, the method above-mentioned of providing some building or institution for our own comfort, and calling it a memorial. If Newton had died in these days, some one would have found out that the best way of honoring his memory was, not by throwing away money upon marble, but by founding a couple of exhibitions for the school where he was educated; Cromwell's name would doubtless be inscribed upon an asylum for decayed brewers; and Milton would be immortalized by an annual English prize-poem upon a sacred subject. It is a mercy, indeed, that our ancestors had not hit upon this last ingenious form of expressing their gratitude, or the world itself would hardly contain the floods of bad poetry that would have been poured out. It may be said—and we do not deny it—that there is some advantage about this mode of combining gratitude and self-interest; but it is evidently a very poor compliment to the object of the demonstration. The monument is no measure of our feeling towards him, unless the erection of a monument is our only motive. If our public spirit and our gratitude are both of them rather scanty, it may be as well to combine them; but at any rate most people would feel that they were rather being made a convenience of than enjoying a commemoration. One would like, at any rate, to have a tomb and a monument of one's own, and not to divide its credit with the Licensed Victuallers' Company, or with the school or university which reaped some of the honor and all the profit.

Tom Sayers has had his share of that posthumous glory which takes the shape of biographies. He has been food for penny-a-liners; his battles have been duly fought over again; and ungrammatical eloquence has been freely lavished over his grave. But in this respect he is perhaps more lucky than more exalted contemporaries. There is little danger of his being made the subject of a set biography. He is probably safe against the danger of having his correspondence published, by the fact of his literary exertions having been strictly limited. And perhaps, amongst the various annoyances with which kind friends surround a great man's death-bed, this must be the most annoying. A man may still be horribly caricatured in a statue; though he cannot now very well be set up in the costume of a Roman Emperor, sternly regarding the opposite side of a market-place. Modern sculptors can succeed in making their man ridiculous enough without these accessories. An institution may be named after you which will be the eyesore of the country for years to come, and a vexation for unborn generations of committeemen. But such inflictions do not make their object so ridiculous as his admirers. The cruel thing is to make a man expose himself. There must be something very irritating in the thought that all your letters are to be published, including answers to a dun or an invitation to dinner, because the smallest trifle from such a hand will be interesting; that, if you have had the precaution to destroy all papers within your own power, your friends will hasten to supply the void; that the biographer, who perhaps derives both profit and reflected glory from his task, will represent himself as discharging a pious duty, and that he will be only

called to account if he refuses to publish your washing bills. Shakespeare had more advantages than one over his successors.

FAST AND FIRM.

A ROMANCE AT MARSEILLES.

It was at the Marseilles railway-station; why I was there, or where I was going, I don't exactly remember, so much having happened since, and I, just at that time, having no special reason to go to one place more than to another.

The express train from Paris had just come in.

She was standing a little aside, just out of the crowd and bustle, looking on, scanning every face as it passed and repassed: mine among others, and, as I fancied, with more interest than others. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were anxious; but she looked calm and self-possessed; her manner had no bashfulness, no hardihood.

Was she waiting for her fellow-passenger to rejoin her?

People hurried to and fro, each one intent on his or her business. No one approached this little lady.

By and by I saw her speak to an elderly woman, who for a few moments stood near her, a matured specimen, apparently, of the genus "unprotected." Of her I think she asked some question. From her she received, I fancied, a hurried, a not over-courteous answer. I saw a flush rise to her face as she turned away.

By this time the platform was almost clear. Such passengers as were by and by going on had departed to refresh themselves; others had gone to their resting-places; the railway officials began to regard this solitary figure curiously. Raising my hat, speaking to her in French, with as formal a courtesy as I could command, I ventured to ask if she were waiting for anybody; wanting any information; if I could be in any way of any service to her. A shade as of perplexity or disappointment crossed her face when I thus addressed her.

She answered in better French than mine, while her eyes seemed to read mine with something more than curiosity,—with interest.

"I was to have been met here. I see nobody who is looking for anybody. I am disappointed. I must wait here; some one will, perhaps, come yet. Thank you very much for your kindness, but I must wait."

Again lifting my hat, I left her; but only to pace the platform and think about her. Wait! what had she to wait for? Any one meaning to meet her would have been there when the train came in. Alone there, and most likely strange to the place, what could she do? Meanwhile, there she stood, waiting, composedly, patiently.

As the minutes passed by I thought she looked paler and paler; at last, as I approached her nearer than in my other turns, she came a few steps towards me.

"Will you be so kind," she began in English, then, correcting herself, she spoke French.

I smiled. "I am English, as you are."

"O, I am so glad!" she said, quite childishly. Then she added, "I can offer no excuse for troubling you; but will you tell me what to do? I am come direct from London. I am going to my brother, who is ill in Rome. Some one was to have met me at Marseilles, and I know nothing about the route beyond this. My brother is very ill. I must travel quickly, or—" here she paused, or rather her voice failed her.

"Were you to go by land?"

"Yes; my brother forbade me to travel by water. Sea-travelling half killed him, and he won't let me try it."

"But," I said, quite angrily, "it is an impossible journey for you to undertake alone by this route, or indeed by any route. What were your friends thinking of?"

"I was to have been met here, you know. I quite depended upon that."

"But you have no business here at all. If you want to go by land, and quickly, you ought to have gone by Chambéry, across Mount Cenis, by Susa, Turin, Milan—"

She turned so pale that I paused. She looked about for some resting-place; I gave her my arm, led her to the waiting-room, got her a glass of water and a cup of coffee, begging her to drink the latter.

She obeyed me, and as soon as she could speak, it was, "You will tell me what to do now?" My brother is very ill, perhaps dying. Will it be best to go back to—the place you spoke of, or, as I am here, to push on by this route? Which way is the quicker?"

"Where is your luggage? The train starts for Nice in five minutes. I am not sure what better you can do than push on by this route now you are here."

She rose directly. "I have no luggage but what is in that bag," pointing to one I had taken from her when I gave her my arm.

"What a charming travelling-companion she would make!" I thought to myself.

She added as we hastened towards the platform, "I left London at an hour's notice, in consequence of a telegram." As I hurried her along she asked, "Are you going any further by this route?"

"Yes."

"Would you kindly, while you are travelling the next stage, write me down directions?"

"Certainly."

The ladies' carriage into which I looked was full; so I handed her into another, and got in myself; and as that small hand rested in mine a curiously strong conviction entered my mind, and rested there.

I seated myself opposite to her, and having said, "We shall have plenty of time to talk it over before we get to Nice," I feigned to be fully occupied with route-books and maps in order to leave her quiet time to recover herself.

All the while that I seemed thus occupied I was thinking intently. I was not very young or "green." I had heard of bewitched and bewitching widows and of childish-looking little adventuresses lying in wait, at such places as the Marseilles railway-station, for men's hearts to ensnare them and men's purses to make use of them, and I considered myself a man not likely to be imposed upon. Many a calm, investigating glance of mine rested on my opposite neighbor's face, her dress, her *ensemble*.

She did not speak to me: she turned her face to the window. I thought her earnestly interested in the fascinatingly romantic scenes past which we were flying,—the rocky heights, castle-looking rocks and rocky-looking castles, the blue bays and gray olive-hoary plains, which she was seeing now probably for the first time. By and by a gentle, stealthy movement of hers, a little hand slipped into her pocket, and then her handkerchief lifted to her face assured me she was crying.

I am always afraid of a woman who is crying. A

man is a brute who can speak a harsh word to a weeping woman, and a kind one often changes a mild trickling of the salt waters to a deluge; so I left her alone.

She kept her hand, and her handkerchief in it, over her face, and her face turned towards the window as much as possible. I began to hope she would fall asleep. I believe I myself did fall asleep for a few moments. By and by I was roused by the falling of a book from my hand; when I opened my eyes I found my opposite neighbor's fixed upon me, with a look of waiting for the opportunity of addressing me. She had left off crying then; that she had cried a good deal her face told; her lids were reddened in tiny spots; she was looking very wan and ill.

She had her purse open in her hand.

"Shall I have enough money?" she asked me, holding it towards me, when I gave signs of being fully awake.

I took the poor little poorly-furnished purse in my hand. "O yes, if you don't get cheated; and as I am going to Rome by this route, I will see to that, if you will allow me."

"You are going to Rome?" Such a light in the eyes, and such a pretty transient flush over the delicate face. "You are going all the way that I have to go?"

"Yes." It was the state of her purse that had finally decided me.

She put the purse I returned to her back in her bag. After that, and when I pretended to be looking in another direction, I saw her small hands folded together, and was confident that her lips formed the words, "Thank God!" Somehow I was more touched than I could have told reason for by this.

"Have you slept at all on the road?" I asked, presently.

"No; I have been too anxious."

"Try and sleep now, or you will be utterly worn out. I am going to do my best to take care of you. Try and fancy I am the friend your brother sent for you. I will try and take as good care of you as if I was." It was not a case for half-measures, you see; I leant forward, not to be overheard, and spoke earnestly.

"You are very good," she said, and her eyes filled.

I put my hat-box for her feet, and threw my wrapper over her; then I immersed myself in my books again.

Two old ladies and one old gentleman were nodding in the other compartment of the carriage. For a long time I did not stir hand or foot or look at my neighbor, hoping that, her mind more at ease, she might catch the infection of their drowsiness. She did: when I did venture to look at her she was asleep. Her hat lay on her knee; her head was leant back in the angle of the cushions. The light of the carriage-lamp,—it had grown dusk now,—slanted down from the bright hair, threw a shadow of long lashes on the pale cheek, fell on the pretty round white throat: but it did not look caseful sleep; the mouth retained lines of anxiety and depression. I did not look at her long; I was afraid of disturbing her, and besides it seemed to me that it would be a piece of unchivalrous audacity and profanity to take that advantage of the unconsciousness of one so strangely thrown upon my protection. Her hat slipped off her knee and fell to the floor of the carriage; I

picked it up reverently and laid it on my own, which was on the seat beside me. I fell to considering it: it was a modest little hat, pretty, but not in a coquettish way; simple, tasteful, and free from any of the grotesque and unsuitable excrescences (I can't call them ornaments) I have wondered at on other women's head-gear. Her whole dress had struck me, as I first noticed her at the station, as having a special appropriateness, a neat completeness, an absence of all superfluity, and yet no absence of feminine gracefulness.

"Who is she? What is she?" I pondered, and as I pondered my eyes, for the first time, fell upon a card fastened to the handle of her bag, which I had put on the seat beside me, to give her more room, when I begged her to try and sleep.

The name—not a common one—was not unfamiliar to me, and yet the familiarity of it carried me far back into the past.

"Harkness?" I kept repeating. I questioned and perplexed myself to no purpose, but, by and by, when I had given up, or imagined that I had, thinking about the matter, it all came to me.

Harkness was the name of an old drawing-master of mine. Harkness was the name of a young schoolfellow of mine. Harkness was a name that for two or three years I had seen in the Royal Academy's Catalogue as the painter of pictures which had struck my fancy,—mostly scenes in the country round Rome, cattle and peasants of the Campagna. For the sake of the name as much as for the pictures themselves, I had purchased some two or three, I forget which, of these works (I bought up many more of them afterwards, for her sake) at the time, wondering if that young artist Harkness was my young schoolfellow Harkness.

I now determined that the two should certainly be one, and that one the brother of my little companion, who must as certainly be the "sister Ruth" of whom he had often talked,—a baby girl then, and the object of his almost idolatrous affection.

While she slept I furbished up my memory as to all matters regarding the two Harknesses, father and son; it was some time before I could remember the son's Christian name, much to my vexation; but at last that came too, Harold,—Harold Harkness. I was triumphant, almost anxious the tired little sleeper should wake, quite resolved that Harold Harkness should have been my very dear friend. I could remember, happily, that I had sometimes been of service to him; that I had been fond of the boy; that he had been a bright, beautiful-faced, fair-haired little fellow, who had nourished a romantic and grateful regard for me.

My charge, so I now regarded Ruth Harkness, moaned in her sleep in a faint, distressful sort of way.

I bent towards her: we were stopping at a station, Cannes, I think. She roused herself.

"Could you get me a glass of water?" she asked; "I am so sorry to give you trouble."

"You feel ill, faint? I'll be back directly." I sprang out: I brought her a glass of water into which I had put a little cognac. "You need n't be afraid, it's not too strong, it will do you good. I'm a sort of a doctor."

She took it with a grateful, confiding look, and drank it. Having paid a porter to return the glass, I was lingering on the platform, near the carriage door, regardless of warnings to get in, amusing myself by watching the eager hurry of others,

wishing in that manner to show myself an old, experienced traveller, perhaps, when she looked out.

"If you should be left behind, or get hurt in getting in in a hurry," she said. "I was in the carriage before she had finished speaking; her anxious face was enough. It was new to me to feel myself of paramount importance to anybody: a very novel and pleasant sensation.

I brought her a small nosegay of Provence rosebuds, jasmine, and violets; but I took it away from her almost directly, saying, "The perfume is too strong."

She let me do as I pleased, but she looked at the flowers lovingly.

"You are better now?"

"O yes, thank you! I had been dreaming painfully about Harold, my brother."

"I wonder when you ate anything last."

"I have eaten some biscuits I had with me; they told me I should have plenty of time to get refreshment by the way, but I was afraid to lose my place, and the bustle confused me."

"Then you have lived on biscuits since you left London?"

"I have not been hungry."

"I have made a very pleasant discovery while you were asleep, Miss Harkness," I said, pointing to the card on her bag. "This is your name?"

"Yes."

"It is a well-known name to me. A favorite schoolfellow of mine was called Harold Harkness, a favorite artist of mine, whose works I have greatly admired, is called Harold Harkness. Now don't tell me you are not the 'little sister Ruth' he used to talk about."

"I am only too glad and proud to tell you that I am."

"You don't ask who I am, or seem surprised at my discovery."

"No," she answered, slightly smiling. "I knew before."

"Knew me?"

"Yes; Harold used to talk to me about you enough to make me remember the name very well; and while you were walking up and down the platform at Marseilles I read your name upon your luggage."

"But how did you come to associate the luggage with its right owner? I did not go near it."

"By instinct, I suppose partly, and partly because Harold once tried to paint a likeness of you from memory, and you are still enough like his picture to have made me notice your face before I noticed the name on the luggage."

When we reached Nice, — how wonderfully lovely under the moonlight some parts of that route looked! — the sharply-lined sea alps against a clear, large-starred sky, the smooth-flashing little bays, the crystallized slopes of olives, the romantic and significant looking black files of cypresses, like a mournful, mourning, funereally-draped procession, — when we reached Nice, I wondered what it would be best to do with Miss Harkness. I studied the faces of the old ladies, our travelling companions, but they had a sour, grim way of looking at me and my charge; they spoke together about us, and shook their heads. I did not venture to ask them to be charged with the care of her till morning, as I did not wish to own to them that I was not her legitimate protector, — her brother or her husband.

As I handed Miss Harkness from the carriage, I felt that she was trembling.

"You cannot go on till the eight o'clock diligence in the morning. I shall secure a room for you at an hotel where I can rely upon your being safe and comfortable; I shall engage your place in the diligence to-night, and call for you in the morning." This as I led her to a cab.

"How can I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"It is nothing. I am a very idle, unoccupied fellow, at anybody's service, — especially at the service of your brother's sister."

"If only he is alive to thank you! You think I cannot go on to-night?"

"I know you cannot." I did not know it, but I knew she ought not.

The mistress of one of the Nice hotels was well and favorably known to me. I committed Miss Harkness to her care, explaining in few words the object of her journey.

Then I ordered — and I remember I took great pains with its selection — a little dinner for one, of soup, game, cutlets, sweets, choice fruit and coffee, to be served as soon as possible to No. 99; and after I had done that, I went about my own business. I secured the coupé of the diligence and one place in the banquette as far as Genoa. I sent a telegram to Marseilles to request that my luggage, which I had left unowned there, should be taken charge of till further notice. I dined at an hotel close to the diligence office, drank coffee, smoked, lounging on the esplanade and looking towards the windows of the house where I had left Miss Harkness, and wondered dreamily what would come of this very strange adventure of mine.

Suppose a wife should come of it?

Pshaw! most unlikely! What probability was there that a sweet girl like this should be disengaged?

To what sort of a fellow, however, if he lets her run such risks as these? Suppose she had fallen into bad hands as completely as she had fallen into mine — which shall be harmless for her, God knows!

She would not have fallen into bad hands.

There is judgment, discernment, wisdom beyond her years in that sweet little face, with its serene brow and clear eyes, its firm, rather sad mouth.

I was sorry she had seen my name, otherwise I could have laid the flattering unction to my soul, that it was my face which had inspired her with confidence.

But what on earth could she have done had I not been there? What in the name of heaven would have become of her? Well! Heaven guards its own. Heaven knows what would have become of her.

When I tired of my moonlight rambling by the shores of that wonderful Bay of Nice, and went to my hotel, I found it was too late to be worth while going to bed that night, so I watched till morning.

I was at her hotel pretty early, anxious to settle her account before she should be troubled about it. I ordered breakfast to be taken to her in her room, and sent a pencilled message to her, telling her I had arranged everything.

I sha'n't easily forget the earnestly grateful look she gave me when we met. As I tucked her up snugly in the coupé, —

"Had she been comfortable?" I asked.

"O yes; I had thought of everything. I had

been most kind," she answered, her eyes full of tears. And then, "Where was I going?" with a half alarm in her tone and her face, as she found I did not take my place beside her.

"To the *banquette*, up above; I am your courier, *mademoiselle*; one sees better there, but this is fitter for a lady."

It was an early February morning: the sun and sky as bright as only a Riviera sun and sky could be; the Mediterranean blue, as only the Mediterranean could be.

That wonderful Cornice Road! I had often travelled it before; but that only made me better able to admire it then. Now high on the hills, where you seemed to have glimpses of a whole Switzerland of snow-mountains; where you had below you bay after bay glittering azure or violet, town, village, and tower, and distant expanse of sea; where you looked upon little castellated cities sitting on their natural fortifications, secure, impregnable;—then down to the shores, through the queerest and quaintest of small ports, past new-built and building fleets, between boughs loaded with lemons, through orchards of lemons, past the palm-groves of Bordighera, — what an enchanted world it seemed! Medieval and romantic, northern strength, southern grace; but it is not of these things I care to talk now.

We did not stop more than a few hours at Genoa. How long we were upon our route altogether I cannot distinctly remember. We had bad weather at one time, cold and rain, snow, wind, and hail; that was, I think, in crossing the Apennines between Sestris and Spezia. She never complained, though she got so benumbed with cold that she would have fallen, but that I caught her in my arms, one evening as I was helping her to alight,—that was at Spezia,—she never complained.

Caught her in my arms! yes; and before I knew it had given her a sort of compassionate hug, exclaiming, "You poor, tired, patient child!" I could n't help it.

Rail from Spezia to Leghorn; past the marble quarries of Carrara, past Pisa; rail and diligence to Civita Vecchia, rail to Rome. Our journey was not long since, you see.

When we reached Rome, in the full brightness of a sunny morning, she *did* look travel-worn, fagged, and jaded. The night before, in a crowded diligence,—I had not been able to secure a *coupé* for her,—she had slept great part of the night, her head upon my shoulder,—a sleep of such profound exhaustion as had half alarmed me. I had ventured to put my arm round her, to draw her to me, in order to support her better,—what a slight, fragile-feeling form it was! As I held her thus, and she slept this dead sleep, my eyes never closed, and my mind was very busy.

What would be the end of this journey?

Should her brother be already dead?

Friendless, moneyless, homeless, alone!

When we stopped once she half roused; she looked up in my face as I bent down to her.

"I am afraid I weary you," she said. "I can't help it; I'm so tired!" she was half stupefied with fatigue; almost before she had finished speaking her head drooped on my shoulder again.

I pressed her closer for answer, that was all.

"Your wife, poor young thing, seems quite worn out," said a kindly, half quakerish-looking lady sitting opposite. I had noticed how pleasantly and compassionately she glanced at Ruth. A few days

ago I should on this have told Ruth's story, and claimed a woman's protection for a woman; but now—well, I was jealous and selfish. I wanted her all to myself, wanted her to be cared for with my cares,—all mine, only mine.

I answered simply, "She is worn out; she has travelled from London almost without stopping; she has a brother dying in Rome."

"Poor, poor young thing! But she is happier than many; she will meet sorrow with one by her who loves her with more than the love of a brother."

My conscience was roused; none of our other fellow-travellers could hear us; I briefly told her Ruth's story, and finished by asking, "Are you going to stay in Rome?"

"Yes, friend, and shall be glad to be of service to the young lady."

"You may perhaps be of the greatest service." I gave her my card and she gave me hers, pencilling on it her address in Rome.

"This your brother's address?" I asked Ruth, as we approached Rome, reading a card she gave me.

"Yes; you are surprised. Why?"

"This is such a miserable quarter."

"O, he is very poor, and always saving, saving, to be able soon to give me a home," she said. "He says I never shall be happy as a governess, nor he to know me one."

"Ruth," I said, taking her hand as we drove through the streets. "Let me call you so. I am not a stranger now; I am a brother to you, wishing to be to you more than any brother; but I am not going to speak of that now. Are you prepared for a great shock? Can your physical system bear it? I know that brave mind will. I mean if your brother should be very, very ill, dying,—dead."

She shuddered. "You have said the word; I could not. I have been thinking day after day that he is dead; that is why—"

"Why no one met you?"

"Yes."

"I fear, poor child, you may be right. You will try to bear up bravely; and—you will let me be a brother to you till—"

Now our cab stopped.

"This street is enough to have killed him," she said. "Surely it is not here?"

We had stopped in one of the narrow, filthy, as a matter of course foul-smelling streets of which there are plenty in Rome.

"It is here," I said, as the cabman opened the door.

I gave her the word, "Wait," and lifted her out.

Up the dank, chill, dirty stair, up and up. At last we reached a door on which the poor fellow's card was nailed.

She seemed to gather courage now. She led the way, through a small, dark anteroom, in which I paused.

I listened.

I heard a smothered exclamation from her; from him a cry so shrill as to be almost a scream,—
"Ruth!"

I walked to the head of the staircase and waited there, perhaps half an hour; then she came to me; came close up to me and laid her hand upon my arm,—the expression of the piteous eyes lifted to mine told me there was no hope.

With a caressing word I drew her to me: she leant her forehead against my arm a moment, then—

"Harold wants to see you; Harold wants to thank you," she said, in a scarcely audible voice.

I followed her into the room.

The full light of a small square window, from which one could see the Tiber, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the line of Mons Janiculus, was streaming on a low couch where my poor young schoolfellow lay.

I saw directly that life with him was a question of no more than days, perhaps of only hours.

Yet what a beautiful bright face it was still! what a light streamed from those radiant eyes as he, without rising,—he was past that,—stretched both hands towards me.

Ruth was crouching by him; one hand soon clutched her again, the other grasped mine as I sat down by him.

In this strange world how often are simple deeds, that cost nothing to the doer, most richly rewarded! What had I done? What sacrifice had I made? And how they thanked and blessed me! He with his difficultly-spoken, faint words; she with her blessed eyes confirming his praises.

A few words explained the case.

He had rallied after sending the first telegram, and had thought it needless that Ruth should come; he had not calculated on the possibility of her starting as immediately as she had done; and the second message which bid her not come had not reached her.

A few days after—two days since now—he had broken a blood-vessel, and had been pronounced beyond hope.

"If only I had known of all this sooner!" I thought, as I looked at the miserable room, and thought of my idle hundreds and thousands.

When, by and by, Ruth for a brief while absent,—a woman living in the rooms below, who had been very kind to Harold, had taken her away to give her some refreshment,—I stammeringly expressed something of my regret, he answered, "It is better as it is; for myself I am well content. I believe in another working-world, where there will be a better light, a truer sight, more beauty to perceive, and purer senses to receive it."

"Is your sweet sister free?" I asked; "free from any engagement,—free-hearted?" I spoke low and hastily, and felt in all my being how much hung upon his answer.

"My little Ruth?—O yes; as far as I know; and she has never had any secrets from me."

"I love her," I responded. "If she can love me, I will do what a man can to make a woman happy as a wife."

He did not immediately answer; he lay with closed eyes; but I felt the tightening pressure of his hand.

"I may tell her by and by that I had your good wishes?"

"You may tell her," the radiant eyes unclosing on me, "that in my last hours I drank a full cup of happiness, believing that my darling, my little Ruth, my ewe-lamb, my pet sister, would be happy among happy women as your wife."

"You have not lost your generous-hearted enthusiasm for a very unworthy fellow," I answered.

"Nothing I have heard of my old friend, my protector, my benefactor, has tended to lessen those feelings," he said.

"One word of yours in your sister's ear will make me—"

She came in at that moment. I was going to leave them together, but he begged me not to go; and while he spoke a mortal faintness surprised him.

It passed, however. He asked to be lifted up; the recumbent position was painful to him; he lay with his head on Ruth's shoulder, bright hair mingling with bright hair.

The doctor came and went, and the woman who had nursed him: they both foreboded that the last hour was near.

It was an afternoon not to be forgotten. He said he did not suffer much: now and again he talked; and when he talked wisdom not of this world was in his words.

Ruth did not shed a tear; she seemed absorbed in him beyond consciousness of self or sorrow; she moistened his lips or wiped his brow continually, and her eyes seemed to cling to his.

The sunset entering the room touched those two. She was watching him intently; his eyes closed, half opened, seemed to look at her dreamily, like the eyes of one who dozes off to sleep. The light faded; the dusk gathered; we did not stir, believing that he slept.

By and by through the gloom, the near hush and the distant noise of the great city, Ruth's voice, low and awe-struck, reached me, asking for light. I had fallen into profound thought,—life, love, death and immortality, failure, success, the world's vanity,—I do not know what I did not think of as I sat motionless in that dusky room.

I procured a lamp; I set it down on the table, where the light fell on those faces. I found that Ruth had sunk lower and lower as the head on her shoulder grew heavier. A glance told me the truth; he was dead.

She saw it; she knew it. She sank down lower yet, till his bright head was on the pillow, hers beside it. She moaned softly, lying thus cheek to cheek. I heard a few words: "Brother, take me, take me with you; I have none but you."

Then she lay quite still, half on the couch, half on the floor, face to face with the dead.

What did I do?

I stood and looked at them.

As I stood and looked at them, I went through one of those experiences that it is no use to try and record; that are written in the life of life, upon the heart of heart, forever.

By and by I found that she was lying in a dead faint.

I disentangled them then, and laid her on the floor on as good a couch as I could make of my wrapper and of the cushions of an old chair.

I had told her the truth when I told her I was a sort of doctor. That had been the profession I had not loved well enough to follow, after a large fortune left me had made the pursuit of a profession needless. I could treat her as well as another. I did what I could for her, and saw her revive. My entreaties prevailed on her, after a time, to leave the room for a few hours, going with the woman of the rooms below; but before the night had half passed, she was back again.

"Do not be angry with me. I want to sit and look at him. I won't cry. Soon I shall lose him forever."

She took her station by him: she begged me to go away somewhere to get some rest. I pretended to yield, but found myself too anxious to go beyond the anteroom: she was not in a state to be left alone.

The dawn brought the horrible and harrowing business—of putting away, out of sight, out of reach, the mortality that has been so dear, that we

have clutched so close, and never could keep too near — to my mind.

I talked to her as little as I could and as gently. Gently! if words could have floated on the air like eider-down, or touched her with goosamer-light touches, they would still have seemed to me too rough to be cast at her then. Still I was forced to try and ascertain her wishes.

"You know what is best, you will do what is most right," she answered me gently; "but don't ask me to leave the house while he is in it. Think of the long years that I have not seen him, think of the long years that —" There she paused, burst into violent weeping — she had not cried before — "O! I feel as if my heart was breaking!" she said, pressing her hands over it.

I clasped her to me; I comforted her as well as I could, reminding her, as well as I knew how, of how well things must be with her beloved brother. I spoke, too, of the place where we would lay him to rest, of the country quiet among the roses, the violets, the cypresses.

She lay quiet in my arms, and by and by lifted up her face to listen. To see that sweet, sad face resting against my breast, to look down upon it, and meet its trustful eyes, filled me with overmastering emotions.

"If you can love me," I said then, "you need never feel alone or unsheltered, never more while I live. This is no unfit place or time to tell you this, for he knew I loved you, and was glad in knowing it; but I do not ask or expect or desire any answer, not now."

I hardly know that she then took in the sense of my words; sorrow and exhaustion had drained her life. No tinge of color came to her cheek; she just listened.

"How good you are! how good you are!" she said. "What could I have done but for you?"

I arranged everything for the best as far as I knew; I tempted her from the room to go with me to the Protestant graveyard beyond the walls, to choose where he should lie. She seldom spoke; she said afterwards it was all like a dream, from which she expected at any moment to awake.

The next day we buried him.

When all was done we lingered near the place. A spring-breathed soft wind was blowing; spring-voiced sweet birds were singing; the cypresses were swaying to and fro; the mild spring sun was shining; the place was very soothing and peaceful, — towered over by the great monumental pyramidal tomb of some forgotten great one, with the wonderful city of the dead, of memories, and of surviving art lying in sight.

That was a day to be remembered.

I promised her that the grave should be cared for better than any other in the place; that flowers should always blossom on it, and its headstone never be moss-encrusted.

When we went away I took her to the care of that motherly, kind, quakerish lady of the diligence, whom I had prepared to receive her.

I did not see her again for some days; she was too exhausted, when the reaction from long over-tension set in, to leave her bed.

I called every day, and always found some gentle-worded, grateful message ready for me; but day after day I did not see her.

At last a bright day came when I did.

She was more altered, more broken-down-looking than I had anticipated; the meeting me agi-

tated her very greatly; her black dress, too, increased the delicacy of her look. Mrs. Norrison stood by her, smoothing her hair and petting her with loving deeds and words till she was calmer, then, good woman, she left us together.

I had no idea what lay before me. Our interview was a long one. More than once I left her side, and paced the room in despair, stood at one or other of the windows that looked down over the city, and pondered how I could convince her of my love, that is to say, of the selfish and interested nature of it.

She met my definite offer of my hand and heart (as the novelists phrase it) with the most meekly, humbly firm refusal.

Her gratitude was so full and so lowly, her agitation so great that I could not be angry with her, but I was greatly irritated, and turned my irritation against myself; cursed myself that I could find no words strong enough to convince her. She had set me on a pinnacle, and she would keep me there, and I wanted to be no higher than the level of her love.

It was just like me, she told me. Just like what she had always heard of me. She would always love me with the most grateful, reverent love, always remember me in her prayers, but be my wife — no.

It was long before I could get a reason why; but at last I tortured it from her. She believed that I was sacrificing myself, that I loved her because she was friendless and alone; but she was not fit for me, she told me; she had not the accomplishments, the education, the talent, the beauty, the anything that my wife should have. As for her future I need not be anxious, she assured me. Mrs. Norrison had told her that here, in Rome, she could procure her a suitable situation.

At last, when I had exhausted every argument, or thought I had, and despaired, at all events, of present success, I grew hurt and angry; I turned from her to a window, and stood looking out. A veil of blackness gathered between me and all I looked on. I was ill with anger, disappointment, and thwarted will.

I don't know how long I had stood so (but I believe it was a long time) when the softest of small hands entered mine, which hung down beside me. I started and looked round. She was looking up into my face so wistfully, her own face strained with pain and earnestness.

"You look so pained, so displeased," she said. "I must seem to you so thoroughly heartless and ungrateful. I cannot bear it."

Before I knew what she was going to do she was kneeling beside me; before I could prevent her, her soft fingers were raising my hand to her softer lips.

I lifted her up; holding her by the shoulders, I asked her, I am afraid almost fiercely, "Can you tell me that you do not love me?"

"No, I cannot; I do love you: I love you very dearly." Her tears began to fall, and she, tottering towards me, shed them on my breast.

I held her there, fast and firm, and never since has she disclaimed the right to be there.

ENGRAVING WITH A SUNBEAM.

THIS is assuredly the age of scientific wonders. If in point of philosophic abstraction our generation is somewhat inferior to preceding ones, in all that concerns the practical application of theories it is far in

advance of its predecessors. Our modern *savants* are of the utilitarian school, and they seek rather to discover the mode in which scientific speculations may be made subservient to the comforts of man, than to frame generalizations which have only an abstract importance. How far this condition is to be admired we do not pretend to say. The contemplation of Nature's works, and the search for the laws by which she controls the universe, are pursuits of the sublimest type; but in these days the man who is completely absorbed by them is often looked on as a dreamer,—as one who does not take his rank in the race of life. Whether it be that Transatlantic tendencies have taken possession of us or not it is difficult to determine, but one thing is certain,—we of the nineteenth century pride ourselves above all things upon being “practical men.” Need we adduce proofs that the *utile* is the fetish of the age? Can we not flash our thoughts with the rapidity of lightning to the remotest portions of the globe?—nay, can we not even cause them to be written down in enduring letters by Casselli's recording telegraph? Have we not turned the spectroscope towards the sun and stars, and investigated their chemical constitution? Do not our microscopes, in fulfilling the highest anticipations of optical theorists, enable us almost to penetrate into the molecular condition of matter? Can we not with the most rigid accuracy forecast the hurricane, explore the bowels of the earth, and examine the very recesses of the human frame? These surely are sufficient examples of the practical science of to-day.

There is, however, another instance which, from its familiarity and the infinity of its possible applications, is better testimony to what we have said than any of the foregoing,—we allude to the art of sun-painting. Photography, which is the application of a very simple chemical principle, has done, and promises to do, more for man than any other invention save that of the steam-engine. Already it has lent its aid to the painter, the sculptor, the philosopher; but it now extends its sphere of usefulness, and gives a helping hand to “the arts,” properly so called. By M. Williams's curious apparatus, photography has been made to do the greater portion of the work formerly achieved by the sculptor's chisel. Through the exertions of Mr. Brooke, it has been made the handmaid of meteorology,—the records of the various indications of scientific instruments being now intrusted to this “genius of the lamp.” It is wonderful to think that, through the long hours of the night, when the whole world is at rest, photography takes the place of human labor, and moment by moment writes down a history of the natural phenomena which are taking place around us; yet this is no freak of the imagination. In the Royal Observatory at Greenwich the night assistants have been, in a great measure, done away with, and the unerring pen of photography records, in legible and truthful symbols, the operations of the physical universe. The combination of lithography and sun-painting is another important illustration of what photography has done. Photo-lithography is undoubtedly a most useful application of the art, but its field of action is a limited one. When a picture in black and white alone is required, the process of photo-lithography is admirably adapted to the cheap reproduction of the original representation. But when it is necessary to preserve a variety of gradations of shading—when a number of half-tints have to be delineated—the photolithograph cannot be employed.

One of the most valuable qualities which photography possesses is its precision. By it we get an undeniably faithful picture of the object portrayed, and one whose accuracy can never be called in question. Therefore in all pictorial illustrations which are not merely works of the imagination, photography surpasses the pencil in truthfulness, and would necessarily be universally employed were it not for the time and expense attending the production of copies on a large scale. To illustrate cheap works by photography alone, would necessitate an expenditure which no experienced publisher would dream of. This difficulty of reproduction, then, has hitherto trammelled the application of photography to literary purposes. We say hitherto, for a new invention removes all obstacles, and henceforth we hope to see the reliable labors of the photographer substituted for the less assuring results of the pencil and the graving-tool.

The title of our article is by no means figurative. We can now dispense with the engraver, and employ the sunbeam in his stead. The new process by which this revolution is to be effected is that of Mr. Walter Woodbury, and has been recently described in the scientific journals. As it is not a complex one, we shall try and convey an idea of its general features. In taking an ordinary photograph, a solution of silver is placed upon glass, and has projected on it, through the medium of a camera obscura, an image of some object which it is desired to represent. This image consists of several combinations of light and shade, and, as the effect of light is to darken the silver solution by decomposing it, the lightest shades (those most illuminated) are represented on the glass plate by dark portions, and the dark shades, being less decomposed, are fainter. In this case, the object photographed has been represented by lights and shades. There are, however, certain combinations other than those of silver, which are differently affected by light. Now, a compound of gelatine and bichromate of ammonia is one of these. When this is exposed to the action of light, it becomes perfectly insoluble; so that when a photograph taken with it is placed in hot water, the parts which were least exposed are dissolved away, and those submitted to the light remain, thus leaving a representation in relief. Upon this quality of bichromatized gelatine depends the principal feature in the new process. In the first instance, a negative (that is, a photograph of a special kind on glass) is taken of the picture or object of which it is wished to obtain an engraving, and this is placed over a plate of talc, bearing a stratum of the prepared gelatine, and in this position exposed to the light. The sun's rays, in passing through the negative, fall upon the gelatine, with various intensity, hardening the parts least covered, and leaving those parts unaltered which are completely protected by the shadows of the negative. After sufficient exposure, the gelatine plate is removed, and placed in hot water, which dissolves away all those parts unacted on by the sun, leaves those completely exposed intact, and partially removes the portions of the plate which were slightly protected. When, therefore, the gelatine plate, with its support of talc, is removed from the water, it presents a series of elevations and depressions which exactly correspond in extent and height to the lights and shades of the picture. It is in fact an *intaglio* plate in gelatine, but one which, as its depressions correspond to the light portions of the picture, cannot be used for engraving. A cast must be taken; and this is effected either by metallic deposition, as

in electrotyping, or by pressing the hardest gelatine plate into one of soft lead. The latter method is the one which Mr. Woodbury employs, and although it seems hard to believe, it is unquestionably the fact that by pressure alone a perfect impression of the gelatine is produced on type-metal.

The next stage in the process is that of printing. An intaglio block, i. e. one in which the depressions are to be filled with ink and the surface to be left clean, has been produced, but it remains to be shown how it is used. If it were simply coated with ordinary printing ink the "proof" would be as devoid of half-tones as the worst photo-lithograph, and therefore a peculiar ink, suggested many years ago by M. Gaudin, is employed. This ink consists of gelatine holding coloring matter, of whatever hue is desired, in solution; it is a translucent preparation and is not densely colored. This compound is poured into the intaglio mould, — for a mould it really is, — and the latter is pressed down upon the paper which is to receive the print. The ink, which has become semi-solid, falls from the depressions in the block somewhat in the manner of jelly from a jelly-mould, and soaks into the paper. In this way the deepest depressions, corresponding to the darkest shades, throw down the greatest number of layers of ink, and the shallowest ones the least; so that a picture is produced in which even the most delicate half-tints are exquisitely brought out. Indeed, the result is somewhat similar to that of "washing" in water-color painting, the greatest quantity of color producing the greatest shade, and conversely, — every tint in the gradation being preserved.

The inventor of the exceedingly ingenious method we have described considers that one man at work with four "presses" could produce as many as one hundred and twenty prints per hour, and at a cost which would be very trifling. If in practice Mr. Woodbury's process turns out as successful results as those we have already seen, we have no doubt of its coming into general use. At present we can only testify to the beauty and perfection of the specimens we have inspected.

GEORGE CRABBE.

CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in a small and rude cottage, now removed; the "portraiture" of which has been preserved by the painter Stanfield. His father was a man of humble means and position. He gave, however, to his eldest son the best teaching he could; but George was "in a great measure self-educated": yet the ground must have been well laid, for in later days he was no mean scholar. He was born on the Christmas Eve of the year 1754; and when little more than a child, had made essays in verse. He was apprenticed to a village surgeon; but learned little and knew little. When "out of his time," he "set up for himself" at Aldborough. Of this uncongenial and ill-rewarded employment he soon wearied; and in 1780, — "with the best verses he could write," and a borrowed three pounds in money, — he set forth to seek his fortune in London.

Thus writes the Laureate Southey, in reference to a case somewhat analogous: —

"Woe be to the youthful poet who sets out upon his pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame with nothing but Hope for his viaticum! There is the Slough of Despond, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death upon the way!"

Partly from the statements of his son, and partly

from a journal kept by himself, we learn much of the terrible struggle that followed the advent of Crabbe in the Metropolis. His "wealth" gradually diminished; went down to shillings, and then to pence: nay, once on taking stock, he found "sixpence farthing" in his purse, and reduced it to fourpence-halfpenny, by expending seven farthings in the purchase of a pint of porter. The pawnbroker gave temporary relief. At length he had accumulated a debt of seven pounds; and the gates of a jail were about to open to the heir of Parnassus. Here, there, and everywhere, he had sought a publisher in vain: as futile were his efforts to find a patron. Lord North was deaf; Lord Shelburne silent; Lord Chancellor Thurlow had "no leisure to read verses"; a poetical appeal to Prince William Henry — then a young sailor, afterwards King William IV. — produced no response.

Here he was, in the "peopled solitude," without a friend, without a shilling, without a hope, — nay, not so, for trust in God never left him. And there was a dearly-loved girl (afterwards his loving and devoted wife) praying for him in the humble home he had left. But his sufferings of mind and body were intense: once when he had wandered away to Hornsey Wood (the locality he most frequented), and found it too late to return to his lodging, he passed the night under a hayrick, — having no money to pay for a casual bed. What was he to do? The natural holiness of his nature kept him from following the example of that "marvellous boy," who, but a few months gone, had "perished in his pride," in the wretched attic of Shoe Lane. What was he to do, as he wandered about, hungry and hopeless, with high aspirations and much self-dependence, — a full consciousness of the fount within, that was striving to send its streams of living water to mankind, — yet without a hand to beckon him across the slough of despond, or a glimpse of light to guide him through the valley of the shadow of death?

His lot has been the lot of many to whom "letters" is a sole "profession"; but of few may the story be told so succinctly and emphatically as of Crabbe; for but few so thoroughly or so suddenly triumphed over the enemy, or could look back without a blush upon the progress of the fight when its end had been Victory.

Who will say that his prayers, and those of his "Sarah," were not heard and answered, when an inspired thought suggested an application to Edmund Burke? I copy a touching passage from "The Life of the Rev. George Crabbe," by his son, — a volume of rare interest, that renders full justice to an illustrious memory, but claims for it nothing that the present and the future will not readily give: —

"He went into Mr. Burke's room a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out, virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that by successive steps afterwards fell to his lot; his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned; his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power."

Ay, the dark and turbulent river was crossed; and the celestial city was in sight. The sad and solitary wanderer no longer walked London streets in hopeless misery; no more was the spirit to be subdued by the sickness of hope deferred; and who

will grudge him the natural triumph with which he once again entered his native town,—his genius acknowledged; his position secured; his lofty imaginings converted into palpable realities; the companion and the friend of many great men, whose renown had reached even the poor village of Aldborough?

It was by the advice of Burke, responding to his own thought, that he became a clergyman; and by that good man's influence he was ordained on the 21st December, 1781; his first curacy being in his native village; and, no doubt, among those who heard his first sermon was the "Sarah" who had believed in him, when neighbors considered him a "lubber" and a "fool," or at best, a hair-brained youth, who "would never come to good." In 1783 they were married, and went to reside at Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland having made Crabbe his domestic chaplain.

He who had borne poverty with heroism was able to bear "straitened circumstances," which he had to endure for several after years. There was a sweet seraph ever by his side; and "trust in God" had been strengthened by imparting "trust" to others.

In 1815 he was inducted into the living of Trowbridge; and on the 5th of June, he preached his first sermon there. Here he lived and worked till he died,—discharging his duty until within a week of his removal: having been so richly gifted with health and strength that he had not omitted the duty on a Sabbath once for forty years,—

"The children's favorite and the grandsire's friend,
Tried, trusted, and beloved!"

In the autumn of 1830, the world was closing over him. "Age had sadly bent his once tall stature, and his hand trembled"; and on February 3, 1832, he "died"; almost his last words to his children being, "God bless you! Be good, and come to me!"

Crabbe seldom visited London during the later years of his long life, and I saw him only in a crowd, where, of a surety, he was not "at home." He was then aged over threescore and ten; it was impossible, however, not to be impressed by the exterior of the poet whom a high contemporary authority characterized as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

Half a century had passed between the period when the raw country youth sought and obtained the friendship of Edmund Burke, and the time when I saw him, the "observed of all observers," receiving the homage of intellectual listeners.

My visit was paid to him at Hampstead, where he was the guest of his friends, "the Hoares." It was in the year 1825 or 1826, I do not recollect which. There were many persons present; of the party I can recall but one; that one, however, is a memory,—Joanna Baillie. I remember her as singularly impressive in look and manner, with the "queenly" air we associate with ideas of high birth and lofty rank. Her face was long, narrow, dark, and solemn, and her speech deliberate and considerate, the very antipodes of "chatter." Tall in person, and habited according to the "mode" of an olden time, her picture, as it is now present to me, is that of a very venerable dame, dressed in coif and kirtle, stepping out, as it were, from a frame in which she had been placed by the painter Vanduyke. Her popularity is derived from her "Plays of the Passions," only one of which was ever acted—*De Moniford*—in which John Kemble, and afterwards Edmund Kean, per-

formed the leading part. Her father, Dr. Baillie, must have been a stern, ungenial man, for it is said by Lucy Aikin (on the authority of her sister) that he had never given his daughter a kiss, and Joanna herself had spoken of her "yearning to be caressed when a child." We have but little to sustain—yet nothing to ignore—the portrait Miss Aikin draws of the author of "Plays of the Passions":—"If there were ever a human creature 'pure in the last recesses of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year, carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."

In the appearance of Crabbe there was little of the poet, but even less of the stern critic of mankind, who looked at nature askance, and ever contemplated beauty, animate or inanimate,—

"The simple loves and simple joys,"—

"through a glass darkly." On the contrary, he seemed to my eyes the representative of the class of rarely-troubled, and seldom-thinking English farmers. A clear gray eye, a ruddy complexion, as if he loved exercise and wooed mountain breezes, were the leading characteristics of his countenance. It is a picture of age, "frosty but kindly,"—that of a tall and stalwart man gradually grown old, to whom age was rather an ornament than a blemish. He was one of those instances of men plain, perhaps, in youth, and homely of countenance in manhood, who become absolutely handsome when white hairs have become a crown of glory, and indulgence in excesses or perilous passions have left no lines that speak of remorse, or even of errors unatoned.

This is the portrait that Lockhart draws of Crabbe:—"His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it,—though he was then above seventy,—his sweet and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm, mellow tones of his voice, all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry."

Certain it is that the Crabbe that wrote "The Village," and "Tales of the Hall," who seemed to have neither eye nor ear for the pure and graceful, whose spring wore the garb of autumn, to whom even the breeze was unmusical, and the zephyr harsh, whose hill, and stream, and valley were barren, muddy, and unprofitable,—was only misanthropic in verse.* In his life and practice he was amiable, benevolent, and conciliatory. We have other authority besides that of his son and biographer for believing that "to him it was recommendation enough to be poor and miserable"; that as a country clergyman,—

"To relieve the wretched was his care!"

This is a tribute to his memory from his friend, the poet Moore:—"The *musæ severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart; but while with the eye of a sage and a poet he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in the most genial sunshine himself."

This is the inscription on the monument to his memory in the church at Trowbridge, of which he was so long the rector:—

* "His poems have a gloom which is not in nature; not the shade of a heavy day, of mist, or of clouds, but the dark and over-charged shadows of one who paints by lamp-light, whose very lights have a gloominess."—BOSWORTH. Some one has written that "Crabbe was Pope in worsted stockings."

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. G. CRABBE, LL. B.

Who died on the 3rd of February, 1832, in the 78th year of his Age, and the 18th of his services as Rector of this Parish.

Born in humble life, he made himself what he was ;
Breaking through the obscurity of his birth by the force of his genius.

Yet he never ceased to feel for the less fortunate ;
Entering, as his works can testify, into the sorrows and wants of the poorest of his parishioners,
And so discharging the duties of a pastor and a magistrate as to endear himself to all around him.

As a writer he cannot be better described than in the words of a great poet, his contemporary, —

"Tho' Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

This monument was erected by some of his affectionate friends and parishioners.

THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA.

In a recent number of the Times, Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, is reported to have spoken as follows : "To the fidelity and loyalty of the Maroons it is due that the negroes did not commit greater devastations, and that the rebellion has not been a more protracted one. It is owing to them also, under the able leadership of their indefatigable former captain, now Colonel Fyfe, that the chief rebel leader, Paul Bogle, was captured, and that the recesses of the mountain fastnesses were searched, and the insurgents captured, destroyed, or driven from them." A short account of these people may not be uninteresting.

In 1655, when Jamaica was taken by the English from the Spaniards, several of the Spanish inhabitants went over to their own island of Cuba ; and, as if wishing not to be too far separated from the home whence they had been driven, they settled themselves on that line of the Cuban coast which was only twenty-four hours' sail from their beloved Jamaica. Some families, however, with numerous slaves, remained at the north and northeastern part of the island.

We had not many troops at that time in Jamaica ; only a sufficient number to occupy the southern coast, so that there was no one to interfere with the clustering together of these Spanish families in a town called Sevilla Nueva, which was situated near St. Ann's Bay, and which had risen to some consequence under the Spaniards.

For some time they had lived there unmolested, keeping up an intercourse with their countrymen who had been compelled to abandon Jamaica, and who no doubt often cast longing looks over the wide waters towards the home whence they had been driven. At length Don Arnoldo de Sasi, the vanquished Spanish governor of Jamaica, with five hundred of the exiled Spaniards and a thousand troops from Spain, landed at Rio Nuevo, and immediately proceeded to build a fort there.

Captain Dooley, the English governor of the island, no sooner heard of this invasion than he marched up from Kingston with a body of six hundred men, attacked the Spaniards, and forced them, after a severe battle, to abandon their settlement and seek refuge in Cuba.

After this contest numbers of the Spanish slaves were missing ; they had fled to the woods for shelter in different parts of the island, — the great primeval woods, whose soil in many parts had never been trodden by the foot of man ; and these fugitive slaves were called *Maroons*, or hog-hunters.

For many years they carried on a troublesome

and desultory warfare against the English inhabitants of Jamaica, encouraging rebellion and harboring runaway slaves. Collecting in large numbers in the mountains of Clarendon, under a chief called Juan de Bolas, they distressed the small island settlers by their nightly predatory excursions, plundering houses, destroying cattle, and carrying off slaves by force. For many years they retarded the settlement of that part of the island of Jamaica, keeping the estate-holders in continual alarm, obliging them to build their houses very much in the style of forts, with flankers and loop-holes for the purpose of firing on the assailants when they advanced too near. After the death of Juan de Bolas they wandered about in small parties under petty leaders ; but hearing that it had been decreed by the legislature of the island to penetrate, if possible, with an armed force the recesses of the forest, and seize the marauders, they consulted together and found it necessary to elect a chief of wisdom and prudence, bold, skilful, and enterprising, and such a commander they considered they had found in a negro called Cudjoe.

He appointed his brothers Accompong and Johnny leaders under him, and in a very short time the Clarendon Maroon party became a well-disciplined body of men, strong in their wood fastnesses, which could not be invaded.

All efforts to subdue them proved ineffectual : though they suffered greatly from surprises and well-projected attacks, their numbers continued to increase, for they were joined from time to time by discontented slaves, principally those imported from the Coromantee country, on the coast of Africa, a people inured to savage warfare.

Yet negroes from other tribes joined Cudjoe, the Cattawood party and the Kencuffees, in which line the succession of their chiefs continued. At this time, too, a curious set of negroes joined the Clarendon Maroons, a people concerning whose origin no actual information could be obtained. They had been imported from Africa, but their skin was of a deeper jet than that of the ordinary negro ; they intermarried with the Maroons, and became a part of that body of people. Their features resembled those of the European ; their hair had not the tight curl which is the peculiar characteristic of the negro, but was wavy, soft, and glossy ; their form was delicate, and their stature low ; and, though evidently not possessing the hardness and strength of nerve belonging to the negroes around them, they were less indolent in motion, and more industrious and energetic than their sable brethren. The Maroons did not confine themselves to the Clarendon district of Jamaica, but took possession of the forest-land in different parts of the island, — at Trelawny, Montigo Bay, Spring Vale, and at the eastern end of the country they had their strongholds.

Before 1730 their warfare was carried on under Cudjoe in a regular and disciplined manner. Guerilla warfare, short skirmishes with sudden attacks, was their favorite mode of fighting. They were more provident of their ammunition than the white troops. Though Cudjoe's settlements and provisions were frequently destroyed, though from time to time he was driven back into the woods, still he was not conquered. He would issue out again with his men, placing a strong guard at the mouth of the defile, and then cautiously ascending the mountain, would fire down on the enemy.

At length Cudjoe removed his seat of government from Clarendon to Trelawny, and was quite a Leonidas in his choice of position, which was at the en-

trance of a deep glen plentifully supplied with water, and accessible only by a very narrow defile. His brother Accompong he established on the northern borders of St. Elizabeth, where the country afforded plenty of cattle.

For several years the Maroons thus lived in a state of savage freedom: in indolence while their provisions lasted, and ravaging the surrounding country when these were exhausted. It is said that while committing these depredations they were tolerably quiet, unless by any accident blood became visible, and then no chief had power to stay the hand of his meanest follower. So anxious did they become to destroy life while thus excited, that they were too impatient to torture their prisoner, but despatched him as speedily as possible.

This continuous and harassing warfare with the Maroons was most distressing to the inhabitants of Jamaica, and in accordance with the earnest wishes of the whole white community the Governor proposed a treaty of peace.

It was stipulated in this treaty that Cudjoe, his captains and adherents, were to enjoy a state of entire freedom, that they were to keep in their possession a large tract of land lying near Trelawny town, and be allowed peaceably to cultivate the soil and sell the produce thereof at the Jamaica markets, but that they were to be true and loyal subjects to the king, and to be ever ready to assist in putting down rebellion among the slaves.

Dr. Russell was chosen to conduct the treaty with this singular and wild people. They were tired of war, and Cudjoe had sense to know that the proposal of the British government was by no means a disadvantageous one. Yet the Maroons could not quite trust the white men; so Cudjoe collected his force, and cautiously awaited the approach of the peacemakers,—for Dr. Russell was accompanied by two friends. The negro chief had chosen a spot favorable for immediate action should anything like treachery be intended on the part of the English. His men were placed on a broad mountain ledge, the extremity narrowing into a passage, upon which the fire of the whole body might bear. In one of those deep dells, quite in the background, the women and children were concealed, and their valuable things deposited under the earth. Dr. Russell went forward alone, and begged to see Cudjoe. The chief soon appeared,—a short, very stout man, with strongly-marked African features, and a peculiar wildness in his manners. He had a large hump on his back, partly covered by the tattered remnant of an old blue coat, for he wore no shirt; a pair of loose trousers not reaching to his knees, and a small round hat without any rim, completed his eccentric costume. On his right side hung a horn with some powder in it, and a bag of large cut slugs. Under his left arm, supported by a narrow strap that went round his shoulder, was a mushat or short broadsword, and his person, clothes, and accoutrements were all soiled and stained with the red-brown earth of that part of the country. Dr. Russell was soon joined by his friend Colonel Guthrie, who offered to change hats with Cudjoe as a token of friendship. To this he agreed, and at length timidly entered into conversation with the deputy, persuading some of his men to come down from the rocks and stand by him, keeping possession of their arms.

Cudjoe then threw himself on the ground, embracing the white men's legs, kissing their feet, and asking their pardon. All his habitual ferocity seemed

to have forsaken him, and he was at once humble, penitent, and abject. His men made many attestations of joy when they found they were to be friends with the white people.

Under a large cotton-tree, growing in the middle of the town, the treaty was signed, after which, with a few occasional outbreaks, the Maroons went on very well, assisting the white men to discover runaway slaves; and their help in this matter was invaluable, from the ease with which they traversed the woods. In 1795 the Maroon war broke out, but they were not at all disloyal, for the Accompong Maroons—those who had for their leader Cudjoe's brother Accompong—stood by the white men with unswerving courage, as did also other companies of this extraordinary set of people.

I cannot enter into all the details of this war. Although Lord Balcarras, the governor, had 1,500 regular troops under his command, and some thousands of militia, yet the nature of the country distressed them in their marches; while to the Maroon, rock or precipice, tangled wood or slippery steep, presented no obstacle whatever, and their forest fastnesses were impregnable. The guerilla warfare cut off our men in numbers, and the public mind, considerably agitated by the great revolution in France, and the state of affairs in St. Domingo, was very much in fear of a revolt of the slaves throughout the island.

At this crisis, a commander of the Spanish chasseurs offered, with a few of his men, accompanied by their Cuba dogs, to bring in the rebellious Maroons from their strongholds in the heart of the great forest.

These dogs were well broken in: that is to say, they never killed the object they pursued, unless they were resisted. On reaching a fugitive negro they barked at him till he stood still; then, crouching near him, terrified him by growls whenever he attempted to move, at the same time barking occasionally to give notice to the chasseurs of their success, who, when they arrived, easily secured their prisoners.

When the Maroons found that they had lost the security of the woods, they surrendered in vast numbers. Many of them were sent to Nova Scotia, the people there engaging them in a kind of apprenticeship.

The very first winter that these negroes spent in Nova Scotia was one of unusual severity. While it lasted the Maroons were housed, fed, and kept warm, amusing themselves sometimes throughout the whole day by playing at cards. However, when the warmer weather came, softening the streams and smiling on the pastures, the Maroon was unwilling to work, in many instances sulkily refusing to do so.

This state of things could not be continued, and the negroes were sent off to Sierra Leone, the Maroons in Africa having consented to receive them.

For some little time Jamaica was tranquil, but in 1798 a band of runaway slaves formed themselves into a body under a negro leader called Cuffee. Their stronghold was in the heights of the Trelawny mountains. The banditti gradually increased, and excited the greatest alarm in the country.

Lord Balcarras convoked the Assembly, sending against the rebels that kind of force which effectually dispersed them. He ordered that the Accompong Maroons should accompany the militia, "for," said he, "they are a body of men who have ever remained faithful to their king and country."

The Maroons still keep up a distinct character

ing the negroes in Jamaica, and the descendants he Accompong Maroons are at the present time ing the bravest in warfare engaged in putting n this dreadful rebellion. Strange that Gov- or Eyre bears testimony to their good conduct in ds of the same import as those spoken by Lord carres full seventy years ago.

UNCLE JACOB'S WIFE.

WE were sitting round the breakfast-table, my er, mother, brother Tom, two sisters, and my- one winter's morning, when the letters came in, rly an hour late, for, contrary to the custom of y country places, we had an eight-o'clock de- ry.

Postman says, sir, that the roads are frozen so pery that he had to leave his horse at a farm- se, and walk over with the bag," said James logetically, as he laid the letters by my father's e.

"There's always something wrong," said my er with a shrug, "when I am expecting im- tant letters."

"Give the man a glass of beer," said my mother, James left the room.

The girls smiled to each other at the lofty sound, portant letters," though, to be sure, the prices of , wheat-straw, and potatoes were very important ters in our father's eyes. We, however, cared e whether sheep ruled at heavy rates, pigs were ly, or turnips dull, for it did not seem to make h matter to us whether the markets were up or n, my father never making money in either case. s not wonderful, therefore, that we should have ur interest in farming details.

My mother used to take these little misfortunes y quietly. "Your father will never make his une, my dears," she would say with as pleasant ice as possible. "He isn't the man to do it, even accident; but as long as he gets enough out of ur farm to let us live comfortably and want for hing, I think we ought to be content; and then, know, there is Uncle Jacob to fall back on." "If my father would just pitch that scientific ense of his on one side he would soon make ur farm pay: I wish chemistry had never been in- ted," was Tom's irreverent opinion; and as far egards my father's application of science to the rking of our farm, Tom was practically right. mother supported my father's views with all might, but as Tom said: "My mother would be dy to see snow in August, if my father saw it." d this was as it should be, and she and my father l the full comfort of their unanimity.

"Tom, my dear," said my mother one day, when was trying to persuade her to give her voice inst one of his father's newest notions, "I would oppose your father's opinion for almost any con- eration. We should save twenty pounds, you nk, on the five-acre field, if we were to —" "Yes, certainly; quite twenty pounds," inter- ted Tom.

"But your father would not be pleased, and I uld pay twenty pounds any day (if I had it), her than have him vexed."

"The day will come, mother, when you won't be e to afford it: it's quick work going down-hill. ie comfort is, however, if the worst comes to the rst, we have Uncle Jacob to fall back on some y."

But we have wandered from the breakfast-table.

My father glanced through a couple of letters, which did not seem to please him much.

"Read that from Jacob," said my mother, point- ing to one.

"How do you know it's from Jacob?" asked my father, always a little jealous if he thought his let- ters were in any way scrutinized, even to the read- ing of a post-mark.

"I see his writing across the table," said my mother meekly. Here she touched another weak spot of my father's: he was the slightest bit envious of her better sight.

"It will wait," he said, and chipped at his egg. But the touch of spleen was but momentary, and he presently broke Uncle Jacob's red seal.

"He is coming here," he said, without looking up.

"He will be welcome," said my mother, and my father read on. He always read straight through a letter before enlightening us. Suddenly his face changed. He turned pale, absolutely white, he whose complexion was like that of one of his own ruddy apples; his hand shook, too, and he threw down the letter.

"What is it? Is he dead?" asked my mother in her fright, forgetting that she was looking at his writing.

"Worse than dead!" said my father.

"What has he done?" we three girls exclaimed in a breath. "Is it very bad?" for my father's face was a picture.

"Pshaw!" said my father, and his color came back as he spoke; "he's going to be married."

"Married!"

"Married!"

"Married!" We all pronounced the dreadful word, and then there was silence, and we thought much and said little. The matter, in fact, was be- yond speech.

"There go your fortunes, girls!" said Tom, breaking silence, with a look that reminded me of his old mischievous school-boy days.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" thundered my father.

"I must say I think it inconsiderate of Jacob, highly inconsiderate," said my mother, but some- thing in her voice pleaded for Uncle Jacob as she spoke; she was such an unreasoning sort of woman, my mother, in her habit of leaning to mercy's side.

"Inconsiderate! Disgraceful!" said my father.

"Yes, my dear Charles, very disgraceful," said my mother; but I caught the same tone of appeal in her voice.

"Shameful! Ridiculous! Unheard of!" My father was given to the piling of epithets. "Piti- able in a man of his age!"

"He is old to marry," said my mother.

"Old! Only think of it. I am sixty-seven, and he is not two years younger."

"I suppose he was very lonely."

"Why could he not have come here, then?"

"His business, my dear," said my mother. "I suppose he cannot leave his office in town for long."

"Why not have asked one of the girls to go and live with him if he was lonely? Lonely! nonsense! The man has no more feeling of loneliness or any- thing else than a dried stick. Lonely!"

"It seems a pity," said the gentle voice of the gentlest of all gentlewomen.

"You don't appreciate the case at all, Mary! The old goose! So, nothing but marrying will serve his turn — and all out of spite too! Well, he is bringing a fine lot of cares on his shoulders, and so he'll find. There's an end to his quiet life now.

The trouble of a wife—" Here my father checked himself, seeing something perhaps in my mother's face.

"No, Mary; I did n't mean that! You know I did not. You and I have pulled together without a rub for five-and-thirty years. Why, Polly, what are you thinking of?" She did not speak, but I always thought my mother's smile was better than words. I am sure my father thought so too. Her smile was known to us all to be the sunlight under which the sour parts of his nature ripened to sweet.

"I wonder what she is like?" queried Tom, unluckily giving utterance to the thought that was seething in our girlish minds.

"Stuff, sir! What does it matter?" said my father, effervescing again. "A designing woman, no doubt: designing women are all alike."

"She must be uncommonly sharp," said Tom.

The moment my father left the table, our pent-up feelings had free play, and we relieved ourselves by much conversation, my mother playing the part of moderator.

"I think your uncle has a right to please himself," she said as she left the room to attend to her household duties. Perhaps he had. People are not to be deprived of this right because they are old and rich, and have a circle of nephews and nieces expectant of solid remembrances in their wills. No, certainly not; but still it cannot be denied but that this news fell hardly on us; we had made so sure, you see. But I have not described Uncle Jacob. This is easily done, though, there being very little of him to describe. He was a little man, not over five feet six, certainly with a little neat, small figure, surmounted by rather a long head. Uncle Jacob was a long-headed man in every sense of the word. His features were hard and small. I mean that they looked physically hard,—wooden, for the expression of the face was good. His hands were hard and small too; in fact, the second finger of the right hand, where the pen leans, seemed turned to very bone. He was my father's only brother, and had been sent out early in life with fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket to make his own way in the world, when my father, as the eldest son, had inherited the freehold farm we live on.

With my father, time had stood still, so to speak; he was no richer and no poorer now at sixty-seven than he had been forty years before; but things had been different with my uncle. He might sit down at the ink-stained desk in the little mouldy office in Mincing Lane, and take his hard pen into those small hard fingers of his, and write his hard name in the crabbedest of hands, and the cheque he wrote it on would be worth three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. So Mr. Sneek, his clerk, would say with a triumphant look to his familiars. As for Uncle Jacob, he never spoke about the state of his affairs: his mind was tight and trim, and self-contained like himself.

Now, Uncle Jacob had never spoken a word of leaving us sixpence, but we built our hopes on the circumstances of the case, and very reasonably so, I think. He had not a single relation in the world outside our house. He had always been kind to us in his way, paying Tom's school-bills, and sending my mother presents of the quaintest ornaments that could well be seen. He was really fond of her, in his undemonstrative way, and had told my father confidentially several times that she was an "excellent woman." On one occasion, too, my father had

been lamenting in his presence that we girls could have no fortunes.

"Tom must have the farm, of course; and then if he marries?" my father had said; and Uncle Jacob had said, "Don't fret yourself about their fortunes."

There was no promise in the words certainly,—that is, no promise expressed,—but did not an implied one lurk there so slightly hidden as to be seen? We thought so, and rejoiced and made merry over it, and made sure of our fortunes from that day forward.

"I wonder if he will ask us to the wedding?" said Nettie, the youngest and liveliest of us all, as we sat together over the fire in the work-room.

"He may spare himself the trouble," said Jane.

"In any case, it would not be wise to offend him," I observed.

"It doesn't signify whether he is offended or not," said Jane with a toss. "His wife will take care of him now."

"I should dearly like to be asked," said Nettie.

"Why?"

"Why, Kate, it would be such rare fun!"

"Fun?" said I. "I do believe you think of nothing but fun, Nettie; and, after all, it will be very poor fun for us, this marriage."

"He will look so odd! Think of the little wee man in his green coat, with his shining bald head, with his bridegroom's white gloves on, and a rose in his button-hole, putting the ring on her finger (he must have his spectacles on to do it properly), and saying all those things he will have to say. O, how romantic he will look! How ever can she find it in her heart to marry him!" And Nettie broke into one of her merry peals of laughter. "Such an old fright! How can she!"

"She sees him through a golden mist," Jane said.

"I should so dearly like to see it!—the wedding!"

"If you go, you may go by yourself," said Jane.

"I do think you are like a child in some things still, Nettie, and yet you are twenty-two."

"I shall never forget that fact, dear, you remind me so often; but when I think of your age, I feel quite like a child; thirty-five sounds quite important after my two-and-twenty. No, Jane, never mind, I'm sorry I said it; it was spiteful of me. Don't be vexed this time, and I'll never say a word about your age again." And Nettie put her mouth into such a pleading shape, that Jane could not have been angry if she had tried. A late learned prelate tells us, in an erratic offspring of his genius, that a little *nez retroussé* has had power before this to reverse the destinies of an empire. I wonder what his verdict on Nettie's mouth would have been. I know she ruled us like a little queen,—my father included; and I think her power was in her mouth. There was silence for a while, and our needles sped fast.

"I wonder if she is young or old?" Nettie broke out.

"Young, of course," said Jane. "Silly old men are always taken in by girls young enough to be their granddaughters. Do you suppose he is going to marry an old woman?"

"Of course she's young," I said.

"I should n't have thought he would have noticed one way or the other," said Nettie, laughing.

"Hush!" said Jane; "here's my father coming."

"Nettie," said my father, entering, "come into my writing-room; I want you to copy me some letters,—I am going out."

"Very well," said Nettie; "only mind, papa, dear,

you are not to be cross if I make mistakes. That's to be your part of the bargain. Now, come and show me."

Before a week passed, my father had another letter from Uncle Jacob, naming the wedding day, but not asking any of us to be present.

"Although he invites himself here, in the coolest manner possible, the fortnight after," said my father.

"I would fill the house, sir; ask the Jenkinsons and young Clive here, and tell him there was n't room," was Tom's sapient rejoinder.

"And make his wife an enemy for life," said Jane.

My father shortly enjoined Tom to keep his ideas to himself,—so he had evidently decided to receive the visit.

The next question mooted was, whether Uncle Jacob would expect wedding-presents to be sent by his only relations. After much argument, it was decided that he would, so we girls set to work at once. I worked a most elaborate handkerchief for the future Mrs. Jacob, and enclosed it in the most perfect of sachets. Tom rode into Worcester, and bought a case of prettily cut and topped scent-bottles,—a gem of its kind,—for her toilet; into which piece of complaisance, however, it took us a whole morning's work to persuade him. Jane shone conspicuous in the manufacture of a work-bag; but Nettie, naughty Nettie, set to work on the braiding of a most striking waistcoat for Uncle Jacob himself. In vain we pleaded that he could never be induced to commit himself to the wearing of so very ornamental an article.

"He shall wear it," she said: "he ought to be gay on his wedding-day. This will smarten him up from a dingy old moth to a butterfly. He won't know himself." My father saw her at her work, and asked who it was for.

"Uncle Jacob," said Nettie boldly; and when my father looked amazed, she fairly laughed in his face. "He will look very nice in it." My father was not equal to the occasion, and turned away. As to commanding or exhorting Nettie, when she was minded to go her own way, he would just as soon have thought of using his loaded stick to flip a butterfly off one of his roses. Nettie knew this, and when we threatened her, she would laugh and say: "No, he won't! He won't say a word; he'll lift his eyebrows at me—so—and that's all."

What my father's present to Uncle Jacob was, we never knew, as he has been grimly silent on the subject from that day to this.

The wedding-day passed, and the fortnight's honeymoon passed, and the bride and groom were to be with us next day (roads permitting). It really was pleasant, their coming so soon, for our curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch, and had as yet had nothing to allay it,—not a single particular as to the young lady's age, looks, manners, accomplishments, nay, nor even her name. My mother had thought to write to Uncle Jacob, asking a few questions as to these matters, "to show just a little kindly interest," she said, but had not done it, my father having looked things unutterable at the bare idea.

My mother, in her motherly heart, began to pity the bride, as the hour came for the carriage to be heard crunching the frost up the drive.

"She is sure to be nervous, poor thing. Mind you meet her kindly, girls. It is not her fault about the fortune, poor thing; I dare say she knows nothing about it."

In one of my mother's pauses came the sound of

wheels, and we went in a body to the hall,—all of us except my father, who kept out of the way, wishing to meet the happy pair privately. Nearer and nearer came the carriage-wheels, and we opened the hall-door, and stood just inside in the biting cold air, as the green carriage, bay horses, and yellow postboy came to the steps. She was tall—the bride— inches taller than Uncle Jacob, tall and slight, and dressed in dark rich colors, but with so thick a veil down that we could not even make a guess at her face, not even when she kissed us, for she only raised the corner, and let it down again. She was timid, no doubt, as my mother had said.

"Come in, dear aunt, by the fire."

"You must both be half frozen."

"You are an hour later than we hoped you would be."

"Dear Uncle Jacob, let Tom take your coat." Civil things we said of that sort, and finally marshalled our dear relatives to the fireside in the morning-room.

"Stir the fire well in Mrs. Jacob's bedroom before she goes up stairs," said my mother to the maid as she left the room, "and take up the spiced negus when I ring. It is a great preservative from cold, negus as we make it," said my mother, turning to our aunt in an explanatory manner.

"Thank you," said the veiled lady. Uncle Jacob in the mean time had taken the poker in hand, and was "mending the fire," as he called it, to such purpose that his yellow-brown face became suffused with ardent crimson, and we kept moving our chairs backwards half a foot at a time.

"Yes," he said, replying to my mother; "it was" (poke), "it was cold" (poke). "The roads were" (scrape of the lower bar) "like glass" (crash of the upper crust), "and we crept along slowly."

"Will she never lift her veil?" pondered I, and caught myself wandering off into musings about the mythical "Pig-faced Lady," and her rich veil, never drawn aside for human eyes to gaze behind. What if my uncle had been tempted by visions of enormous wealth to marry—a what? Before I had decided as to the sort of ugliness, my aunt raised her veil, and I came back to every-day life.

She raised her veil, and we all looked at her. Nettie made some excuse, and fled from the room, but I could hear her laughter at the end of the hall.

I think even my mother was startled by the swarthy, gaunt face revealed. It was a Scotch face evidently, for the salient points of Scotch physiognomy were almost caricatured, they were so strongly pronounced. The high cheek-bones might have belonged to a Tartar.

"Are you warm enough to go up stairs?" my mother asked her, with a tremor of surprise in her gentler tones.

"You must speak out to her," said Uncle Jacob, with a curious quiver in the corner of his mouth.

"Out?" my mother asked.

"Yes, loud"; and again the quiver. "Janet!" and he moved closer to his wife, "Mary wants to know if you are ready to go up stairs?" He spoke in loudest tones.

"What?" she said, turning an ear as deaf as Dame Eleanor Spearing's. "Up stairs?"

"Yes. Will you go and take your things off?"

"Yes, I am ready, quite ready, thank you"; and she turned to my mother, and rose from her seat.

"Ring for the negus," my mother bade me.—"Janet, let me carry your cloak," she said in a desperate voice; but Aunt Janet was evidently

dubious of her meaning till my mother had taken possession of that article.

"Uncle," said Tom, "I'll show you your dressing-room."

"What on earth can he have done it for?" whispered Tom as he passed me.

Jane and I were left together, and Nettie came back when she heard them pass up stairs.

"O Nettie, why did you laugh in the hall?" I asked.

"She would n't hear it," said Nettie; "and you know Uncle Jacob's always a little deaf."

"You will be getting us into a scrape, indeed, if you don't take care."

"Not I. O, what a bride!"

"She is an odd-looking creature," said Jane.

"Fifty at least."

"We shall be as hoarse as rooks with shouting to her, if they stay for a week," said Jane.

"What a sight the courtship must have been! Poor Uncle Jacob must have made love under difficulties indeed: the whole neighborhood must have been as wise as himself. How ever could he have managed it!" and Nettie burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which we both joined. In the height of our merriment, Aunt Janet entered the room. It was well she was so deaf, or she might have heard what would have vexed her.

James and the parlor-maid waited on us at dinner in a state of much amazement. Their eyes seemed to be fascinated to her, however much they might try to look the other way. James was quite nervous, too, poor man, and absolutely jumped every now and then when my father roared out a piece of politeness to the lady by his side; but he did his best. He did not attempt to shout to her, for he was so proper-minded a footman, that he would have died rather than lift his voice and bellow in the unseemly manner required; so he employed dumb-show, — lifting up her wine-glass to her notice first, and then holding sherry and Sauterne before her in a beseeching manner, that she might elect between them. Nettie watched him gravely, but unluckily her eyes caught mine, and a spasm of silent laughter passed over her face. She did not laugh, however, and her potato did not choke her, so all was well. The evil moment was only deferred, however, for Aunt Janet bethought herself of the bag that hung by her side, and drawing thence a tube with bone, ear, and mouth pieces fitted thereto, she said to my mother, "Please, use my tube, and I shall hear you"; and uncoiled it as she spoke.

"Take that end to your mistress," said my father to James; but never did tyro taking electric wire in hand look more uncomfortable than did James as he handled the unknown instrument. He seemed to expect a shock as he half-dropped it by my mother's plate.

"Gently!" said Aunt Janet, who had the other end in her ear, and James started worse than ever. No help for it; Nettie must laugh; but with great skill she succeeded in producing a violent fit of coughing that made the tears run down her cheeks.

My father explained the cause of my uncle's marriage to us in the evening after our guests had retired.

"She was Samuel Marten's only child," he began.

"His partner's?" said my mother.

"Yes. When he told me that much, I saw daylight at once. Old Marten died in India over a year ago, and she came home."

"That makes her so brown," said Nettie. "I thought she had an Indian sort of look."

"Her fortune, of course, is very large; and not knowing into what hands she might fall, he thought it would be well to marry her; and she as a woman of sense, saw the wisdom of the step. Jacob has acted a very sensible part; so now all that remains is for us to be civil to her: she deserves it."

"Did he say anything about her deafness, papa?"

"No, child. Why should he?"

"Did you?"

"Nonsense! What does it signify? He'll only lead the quieter life for it. A wife's tongue— Now, Mary," said he, looking at my mother, — "now, Mary, you know what I mean."

"I was not saying anything, dear," said my mother; she led my father in a chain of silk, that was as strong as iron. What a wonder it is that women should ever be ignorant as to where lies the secret of their strength. How few men can resist the might of gentleness! My mother's gentle craft was partly natural, partly won loyally from the Holy Book that teaches so fully of the "soft answer" that is stronger than triple shield against the thrust of wrath.

After a day or two, Aunt Janet took up the habit of coming to the morning-room directly after breakfast, and spending the whole forenoon there. At first, we were rather a silent party after she appeared. No matter how deaf your companion is, it is generally some time before you can cast off the mistaken idea that half of what you say is heard; and Aunt Janet had such a sharp sort of look about her — unlike the patient, waiting look that deaf people usually acquire — that we were absurdly silent in her presence for a while.

Nettie broke the ice first, and made some remarks as to Aunt Janet's personal appearance; but when I started, and looked at the poor lady's face, it was evident that all sounds fell idly alike on those dead ears of hers. "Do you know I like her?" said Nettie abruptly one morning, when my mother was urging us to be more attentive. "Of course, she's the greatest old fright that ever was seen; but she is kindly and good-hearted, I am sure."

My mother looked pained; "Nettie, don't speak of your aunt so. Never mind her looks: she cannot help them."

"I suppose she cannot, mamma, and yet a sort of instinct makes me blame people for being ugly."

"It is n't her face I mind," said Jane, who had taken a strong dislike to our aunt; "but her voice is dreadful. Her voice is like the tearing of calico, and sets my very teeth on edge." Our aunt was sitting knitting quietly by the fire all this time.

"She cannot help her voice," said my mother: "you should try and look at people's pleasant side, Jane."

"I don't think she has a pleasant side."

My mother made no answer, but turned and shouted a little of the morning news from the paper, to amuse our aunt. Presently Tom entered.

"Nettie, look here; there is a great hole in my pocket. Will you sew it up for me?"

"Yes; only come closer. Now, stand still, — do stand still, Tom, dear, — I am pricking my finger."

"How long is she going to stay?" asked Tom.

"As long as she pleases," my mother replied.

"How on earth do you manage to amuse such a living statue? I would not be one of you girls shut up in a room with her morning after morning, for something. She would mesmerize me."

"You pain me, Tom, when you speak so. There is nothing attractive about your aunt; but I am sure she is a very worthy person, and deserving of your respect," said my mother.

"What! for hooking the old gentleman?"

"Tom," said Nettie, "do you think that is Aunt Janet's hair, or a wig?" (in a confidential tone.)

"A wig, to be sure," said Tom, determinedly.

"I cannot bear it, Tom," said my mother; "you must really go out of the room.—Come, Nettie, and show your aunt some of your water-colors. I dare say she likes looking at drawings."

"She looks like a judge," said sarcastic Jane.

Nettie went to the piano after a while, and sung a ballad or two of Balfe's and Lindley's, sliding out of them into some Scotch airs, which she sang uncommonly well. I was watching Aunt Janet's uninterested face as Nettie sang, and thinking, with some pity, how great a privation hers was, when Nettie struck the first bar of *Ye Banks and Braes*, and a change swept across the immobile face for an instant, as if she heard,—at least, I mean that for a second I fancied so, for as I looked, the face was dull-deaf as ever.

"Poor thing!" said my mother, "how I wish she could hear those sweet Scotch airs!"

"I should not think it would make much difference to her," said Jane. "I don't suppose she is inclined to be romantic."

Two or three days afterwards, my father came into the morning-room just before lunch, and seeing Aunt Janet, was about to withdraw. "I wanted to tell you—" he said to my mother.

"Tell me what, dear?"

"Nothing—but that Jacob told me they are going on Thursday. He is getting fidgetty at being away from the office so long."

"Janet spoke about going to me this morning."

"Well, I hope you have kept her amused. She must be conciliated at any cost. We must have them again soon, though I hate the sight of her. I really cannot enjoy my dinner in the least, shouting out as I must between every mouthful. But it cannot be helped."

"I like her," said my mother: "she is quiet and sensible," as my father moved back out of the doorway.

Thursday morning came, and our guests were to leave us. Uncle Jacob was particularly kind in his manner to us all, telling Nettie and me that we must come and pay our aunt a visit in town after they moved into their new house in Hyde Park Gardens.

"You shall see all that is to be seen, as your aunt means to keep a carriage," he said kindly, and we thanked him as in duty bound; but I don't think we either of us felt inclined to venture on our new aunt's hospitality.

We all went up stairs with Aunt Janet, to help her to dress herself in her wraps and furs. When she was dressed, she sent the maid out of the room, observing to my mother as she did so, that she never gave visitor's money to servants.

"Nor to anybody she can help," said Jane.

"There, you mistake me," said our aunt, turning round sharply on the unlucky Jane in an instant. "I act from principle in not giving to servants, not from greed."

"How ever did she hear me?" gasped Jane in a lower tone to me.

"As I hear other people," said my aunt quietly.—"Good by, dear Mary," (and she turned to kiss my mother). "You have been very kind to me. I never expected you to think me a beauty, you know; you gave me credit for being 'kind-hearted and sensible,'—I think that was it,—and that is all I want from you. Believe me, I think all the better of you for having lived with you for three weeks in the palace of Truth."

"Why, Janet! then you're not deaf after all?"

But what she answered, or what my mother said after that, I don't know, for we beat a hasty retreat from the room. We could not even bring ourselves to go down and say good by when we heard my father and Tom shouting last words at the carriage-door. I do not think we broke silence for some minutes, till Nettie said: "We have done it now! How she must hate us!"

"For what?" asked Tom, suddenly appearing; and then we told him all.

"You don't mean it!" and then he gave vent to his feelings in the longest of whistles.

What my father said on the subject we never knew, nor, indeed, guessed, for his face was a sealed book, when he so pleased it, but no doubt his heart condemned him sufficiently.

"It was the meanest trick!" said Jane. "Impossible to defend ourselves against such low cunning."

"No, my dear, you might easily have been safe. I don't think it was quite fair of your aunt, though, and I shall write and tell her so."

A few days brought Aunt Janet's letter. "You must forgive me, Mary," she said. "I allow I was wrong,—very wrong, if you will; but when you understand all, you will allow that my temptation was strong to see you all as you are. Some day I will tell you the story of my father's second wife, who happily died before him, and you will see that my dread of designing people is a natural one, after what I have suffered. Come up to town and see me, Mary, and let us talk it all over till you forgive me."

"You have saved us, mother, I do believe," said Tom. "She likes you well enough to smile on us all for your sake."

A letter came from Uncle Jacob next. "Bring the girls with you when you come, Mary," he said. "Don't let them be vexed with their aunt for her whimsies,—she has taken a fancy to your Nettie."

"Nettie's naughtiness serves her as well as most people's goodness," said Tom. "Mother, look at your letter again, and see if there is n't an invitation for me."

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866.

[No. 3.

BRIGANDAGE IN GREECE.

BRIGANDAGE is looking up in Greece. The King of the Mountains has just been able to add handsomely to the balance at his banker's. Many a needy functionary, perhaps even a deputy here and there, must wish they had his luck. Three English gentlemen have been neatly caught, and £1,000 apiece extracted from them. This would be a handsome prize in Italy; in Greece, where money goes still further, it is magnificent. As the love of adventure and the veneration for classical antiquity bring wealthy Englishmen to the land of lost gods and godlike men, the calling of the Klepht promises to take a leading position in the industry of the country. It appears that Lord John Hervey, the Hon. Mr. Strutt, a son of Lord Belper, and Mr. Coore were travelling in the province of Livadia, and were captured about ten miles from Dragomestro, on the west coast. Mr. Coore was detained as hostage, and the other two gentlemen sent on to Patras. After some time spent in communicating with Athens and negotiating with the brigands, it was agreed that matters should be settled by each of the gentlemen paying £1,000, and this has been done. A telegram has been received at the Foreign Office stating that all three are now safe and well; but that, as might be expected, there is not the slightest chance that the Greek government will repay the money.

This is the state of Greece after nearly forty years of freedom, and after two sovereigns and an endless succession of ministers have devoted their various degrees of ability and patriotism to the country. A generation has passed away since the young Otho and his attendant Bavarians were despatched to govern the Greeks, among the warnings of a few, but the enthusiastic congratulations of the world at large. At various periods during his reign there was reason to hope that a better time was coming. Education was extended, the enterprise of the people covered the Mediterranean with their little vessels, faction for a time went to sleep, the cultivation of the country improved, and men might fairly think that the faults engendered by ages of servitude and semi-barbarism were passing away. But ill-luck seems to attend the little kingdom. It has undoubtedly made progress, but not so much as it ought to have made, if the advance of other European states be regarded. The choice of King George might fairly be looked upon as a new era. He was well-disposed, young, and instead of a band of countrymen he only brought one, who, notwithstanding the jealousy of

the Greeks, seems to have been a very good sort of man. Then he brought the splendid appanage of the Ionian Islands, the only part of his kingdom which has been wisely and practically governed in our time. But as yet it appears that little way has been made. Political squabbles and place-hunting take up all the attention of the educated class. It would be useless to recount how many new ministries have been formed, how many cabinets have been modified. Within the last few weeks the readers of newspapers have seen the telegrams which announce the activity of Greek party politics. But the material interests of the country are ever grossly neglected. Brigands infest the neighborhood of Athens; and only a few months since some inhabitants of the city were seized at a short ride from their homes. What wonder, then, that in so remote a district as that in which these Englishmen were travelling there should be no security for life? But yet it is fair that we should call upon the Greek government to use all its efforts to root out these ruffians. It may be said that the King of Italy with two hundred thousand men is unable to put down the evil in his dominions, and that an Englishman's life had to be paid for by his friends within this very year. But there is this difference, that the bands which infest the kingdom of Naples are notoriously supported by a pretender and encouraged by a government on the frontier. Brigandage in the Neapolitan territory is fed by political disaffection, and the evil, though enormous, is combated zealously, and to a great extent successfully, by the power of the state. In Greece there is no such political difficulty. The robbers rob simply because they are too lazy and ferocious to work. There is, we believe, no sympathy with them on the part of any section of the people, and everybody would be glad to see them extirpated and the country made safe for the traveller. The real cause of the evil is the apathy of the government, which takes no measures to curb the lawless habits of men who are often robbers by hereditary profession. Greece has a sufficient army, and, with a small territory and perfect peace within its borders, it might well take in hand the extirpation of brigandage. It is certainly hard that Englishmen should be seized and held to ransom almost in sight of the islands we have recently given up. We might urge the claims of our travellers to consideration on the ground of national gratitude for the many favors which Greece has received from this country. But it may, perhaps, be wiser to appeal to the national interests of the Greek people, and point out to them that no land has so much to gain as theirs from en-

couraging the wealthy and educated travellers of Europe. The reason why the most interesting country of the Mediterranean is one of the least visited in these days of tourist enterprise is because travelling in it must not only be without comfort, but even without safety.

STAPLEFORD GRANGE.

I HEARD the following narrative at a dinner-party in a country-house about five miles from the place where the events referred to occurred, and it was related to me by the chief actress in it, — a pretty, lady-like girl of twenty, the daughter of the rector of the parish in which Stapleford Grange is situated. I had sprained my ankle in the morning, and instead of going in to dinner with the rest of the party, was made to lie on a sofa in the drawing-room; and it was after the ladies came in from the dining-room that pretty Cissy Miles, at her hostess's urgent request, related it to me. I give it, as nearly as I can remember, in her own words.

It was the Saturday afternoon before Christmas day, nearly two years ago, when my six brothers, all younger than myself, and I were skating on our squire's fish-pond. We had been skating since dinner, and it was not till the wintry daylight was beginning to wane that the recollection rushed across me that I had entirely forgotten to do a commission my mother had given to me in the morning. This commission was to walk to the Grange, a big farmhouse, and bespeak some geese for dinner on New-Year's day. My mother had said decidedly, "Those geese must be ordered to-day, Cissy," so I knew that I should have to go: although the Grange was a mile off, although it was very cold, and darkness was coming on, and although I was terribly afraid of a big black dog which was chained up just in front of the Grange back door.

"Who'll go with me to the Grange?" I called out quickly, as this remembrance occurred to me, sitting down and beginning to unstrap my skates. "I've forgotten all about the geese, and mamma said I was to order them to-day."

No one answered. The next day was Sunday, and it might thaw before Monday. Every boy, big or little, seemed laudably desirous of making the most of present opportunities.

"I dare n't go by myself," I called out in a pathetic tone; "it would be quite dark before I got home again."

"Tell the truth, Cis," called out Charlie, a quick, good-natured boy of fifteen, "and say you're afraid of Jip. Never mind, I'll come with you, if you must go." And he joined me on the bank, and proceeded to take off his skates.

"What'll you bet, Jim," he called out, during this operation, "that we ain't at home by a quarter to five? It's exactly four now."

"A bob," was the answer, as Jim whirled by.

"Done; and remember you dub up. Now, Cis, come along, and I can tell you you'll have to run."

Thanks to all my brothers, I was a pretty good runner, and we sped across the squire's fields, and through the narrow lane towards the Grange, as fast as possible. When we got to the last field, which joined the farm-yard, we slackened pace a little, and when we got into the big court-yard itself, we were walking almost slowly.

"How dreadfully lonely it looks, Charlie," I said, almost with a shiver at the desolate aspect of the place, which had been a grand gentleman's house

forty years ago, but had been suffered to fall almost into ruins. "I am glad I'm not Mrs. Johnson, particularly as she has no children, nor anybody to keep her company when Mr. Johnson is away."

"Well, don't you stop and prose to her for ever such a time, Cis, do you hear?" returned Charlie, good-humoredly. "I want that bob of Jim's, and we've only five-and-twenty minutes to do the jaw, and get home in."

"All right," I said, and we went up to the back door.

I must try and describe a little of the geography of the Grange now.

The court-yard was a big square place, much bigger than farm-yards usually are, and it must have been an imposing entrance in the old gone by days. There were two entrances to it, the one we had come in by, leading to our village, the other exactly opposite on the other side of the court-yard, leading over a quarter of mile of fields into the road to our market town of D. To the left hand of the court-yard was a long straight line of what had once been stables, but were now farm-buildings; and to the right, the north side — a long straight line also — of the house itself.

The front door, which was exactly in the middle of the straight line, and which was flanked on either side by several windows, was now never opened; but the back door, which was the entry to a little bit of building standing back from the line of house, and which looked almost as if it had been stuck on to the big square mansion as an afterthought, was on this Saturday afternoon standing a little ajar.

Jip did not greet us with his usual noisy welcome, and there was no sound of any sort about the place except the gabbling of some turkeys in the rear of the farm-buildings. I don't know that I felt any particular fear, but as we followed the path under the shadow of the old elm-trees to the half-open door, a sort of oppressed feeling came over me, induced, I suppose, by the utter silence of the place, and I felt almost as if Jip's bark would have been a welcome sound. We went up and knocked at the door, and when I turned round, I observed that Jip's kennel, which stood exactly opposite, in a line with the front of the house, was empty.

"Where can Jip be?" I said; "I thought they never let him loose"; and I walked forward a few steps, and became aware that the dog's chain and collar were lying beside the kennel. I stood for a moment or two wondering, whilst Charlie, getting impatient at Mrs. Johnson's non-appearance, knocked again at the door. Suddenly, some marks on the flagged pathway in front of the kennel arrested my attention, and upon stooping down to look more closely, I saw that they were — drops and smears of blood.

I raised myself in sudden terror, and called Charlie; and when he came to my side and examined the pathway, we found that there was a bloody trail up to the door.

"What can it be, Charlie?" I said, in a whisper. "I don't know," Charlie returned, thoughtfully; "poor Jip come to grief, perhaps. It's odd Mrs. Johnson does n't come; I think I'll go on a voyage of discovery; stay here till I come back"; and he pushed the door further open.

"No, let me go too," I said, hastily, half frightened. I am a coward at the sight of blood.

"Well! don't make a row then"; and we entered the little passage together.

On the left hand was the kitchen door, which was

shut; and I observed that Charlie hesitated for a moment before he put out his hand to open it. Only for a moment though; then he unlatched the door, and the bright farm kitchen was before us.

There was a big blazing fire in the grate, which showed that on the table the tea-things were set for tea; the kettle was hissing away merrily, and some tea-cakes stood to keep warm on a low stand before the fire. Everything looked snug and cosy. Evidently Mrs. Johnson had prepared everything ready for tea when the farmer should return from D. market; and was now gone up stairs to "clean" herself.

I had time to make all these observations over Charlie's shoulder, before he gave a sudden start, and strode with a low exclamation to a bundle of clothes which lay at the farther and darker side of the kitchen, on the smooth stone floor. A bundle of clothes it looked like, with Jip lying asleep beside it in a very strange attitude.

I shall never forget the horror of the next moment. Huddled up, evidently in the attitude in which she had fallen, lay Mrs. Johnson, with a gaping wound across her throat, from which the blood was still trickling, and Jip, with a large pool of blood near his head, lay dead beside her.

I stood for a moment, too, paralyzed with horror, — such intense, thrilling horror, that only any one who has experienced such a feeling can understand it, — and then, with a low scream, I sank on the floor, and put up my hand to try and hide the horrible sight.

"Hush!" whispered Charlie, sternly, taking hold of my hands, and forcibly dragging me on to my feet again; "you must n't make a sound. Whoever has done this can't be far off; you must run home, Cissy, as hard as ever you can. Come!"

He dragged me to the door, and then I turned sick all over, and tumbled down again. I felt as if I could not stir another step.

"It's no use, Charlie, I can't stir," I said. "Leave me and go without me."

"Nonsense! Try again."

I tried again, but it was no use; my legs positively would not move, and precious time was being wasted.

"You fool!" Charlie said, bitterly and passionately. How was a boy of fifteen to understand a woman's weakness? "Then I must leave you. It's Johnson's money they no doubt want. They would n't murder if they could help it, and Johnson will be back directly."

"Yes, yes. Go," I said, understanding that he wanted to fetch help before the farmer came. "I will hide somewhere."

"In the kennel there," he said, looking round quickly; "and don't stir."

He pushed me into poor murdered Jip's kennel, and then he disappeared, and I was left alone in the gathering darkness with those two prostrate forms on the kitchen floor as my company, and perhaps the murderers close at hand.

I combated the faint feeling which Charlie could not understand by pinching my arms and sticking pins into them, and after a little judicious torture of this sort, the sick feeling went off, and I could think again. "I will take off my boots," I thought, after a moment. "They make such a noise, and I may have to move," for already a glimmering plan had rushed across my brain of how I might warn Johnson. So I rose a little from my crouching position, unlaced them, and slipped them off. I had barely done this, when I heard the sound of voices, and the

sick trembling feeling came on so strongly, that the pin torture had to be again applied. In another minute three men came out of the back door, and I could distinctly hear every word of their conversation.

"He's late, I think," said one. "If he doesn't come soon, we must go; that girl'll be home soon. I heard the old woman tell her not to stop."

"What's it signify?" said another. "We can soon stop her mouth."

"It is n't worth so much blood, Dick," said the third. "We've only got fifty pound by this, and the farmer'll not have more."

"He ought to be coming by now," said the first, anxiously, coming a step or two nearer the kennel. "Hallo! What's that?"

The tone made me turn sick again. Had Charlie found help already? No. The three men were standing close to the kennel, and during the moment's silence that followed the man's exclamation, I remembered that I had dropped my muff. I tried to stop the hard quick thumping of my heart, which I felt certain they must hear, and then, as if fascinated, I raised my head from my knees, — for till that moment I had been crouching at the farthest end of the kennel, — and saw a hairy, fierce-looking face glaring in at the entrance of my hiding-place. I tried hard not to scream, and I succeeded; but in another moment I should have fainted if the face had not been taken away. To my utter amazement, as the face disappeared, its owner said, —

"I thought some one might be hiding. That's a lady's trumpery. What can it mean?"

Evidently I had not been seen, thanks to my dark dress and the gathering twilight. I breathed freely now; unless something very unforeseen occurred, I was safe.

"Some one has been, and has dropped it," a voice said quickly. "That's all on account of your cursed foolery, Dick," it went on angrily. "Why could n't you stop at the door, as I told you?"

"Well, let's do something now," the third said, anxiously, "or we shall be having some one here."

The three men then went back into the house again, and I could hear them speaking in low tones; presently the voices grew louder, and they were evidently quarrelling. In another minute they came out again, and from what I could hear, they began to search in the farm-buildings and outhouses for the owner of the muff.

"There's no one here," at last one called out. "They must have gone away again. Go to the gate, Bill, and see if anybody is coming that way."

After a moment, Bill returned to the other two, who were now standing talking in low whispers at the back of the kennel, and said: "No, there's no one coming." And my heart sank as I thought how long it would be before succor could arrive.

"The fellow's late," one of the others said, after a minute or two; "but we had better be on the watch now. Mind, both of you, that he's down from his gig before he sees us."

They walked away along the line of house towards the other entrance by which Mr. Johnson would come; and I, thinking they had gone to take up their hiding-places, put my head cautiously out of the mouth of the kennel, and looked around.

Surely I could reach the house without being seen, I thought, and if I could but reach the big ruinous drawing-room, which commanded a view of the fields the farmer would cross, I might be able to warn him back from the fate which awaited

him. I *must* warn him if I could; it was too horrible that another murder should be done.

I was out of the kennel and in the kitchen before I recollected that I should have to pass close to the murdered woman before I could gain the door leading into the hall, which I must cross to gain the drawing-room. I shuddered as I passed the table and drew near to the horrible scene; but, to my utter surprise and no little terror, Mrs. Johnson had vanished! the dark gleaming pool of blood and the dead dog were still there, but the huddled up bundle of clothes was gone.

What had they done with it? In spite of the urgent necessity, there was for immediate action, I stood motionless for a minute, hesitating to cross the dimly-lighted hall. Suppose it should be there. I had never seen death before, and the thought of again seeing the dead woman looking so ghastly and horrible with that great gaping wound across her throat, was at that moment more terrible to me than the thought of her murderers' return.

Whilst I stood hesitating, a shadow passed across the first window, and, looking up quickly, to my horror I saw the three men in another moment pass the second window.

I had no time for thought. In another minute they would be in the kitchen. I turned and fled down the passage and across the hall, rushing into the first open door, which happened to be the drawing-room door, and instinctively half closed it behind me as I had found it. Then I glanced wildly round the bare empty room in search of shelter.

There was not a particle of furniture in the room, and it was quite empty except for some apples on the floor, and a few empty hampers and sacks at the farther end. How could I hide?

I heard the footsteps crossing the hall, and then, as they came nearer, with the feeling of desperation I sped noiselessly across the room, laid down flat behind the hampers, and, as the door opened, threw an empty sack over me. I felt I *must* be discovered, for my head was totally uncovered; and I watched them fascinated, breathless from intense terror. They walked to the window, saying, "We shall see better here," and looked out, presently all exclaiming together, "He's coming now; that black spot over there"; and, without glancing in my direction, they left the room again. I was safe, but what *could* I do to save the farmer? Surely Charlie must be coming with help now, but would he be in time? I must try and save him, was the conviction that impressed itself upon me in a lightning thought, and as it crossed my brain I sprang to the window. All thought of self vanished then with the urgency of what I had to do. I was only eager—nervously, frantically eager—to save the farmer's life.

They say that mad people can do things which seem impossible to sane ones, and I must have been quite mad with terror and fright for the next few minutes.

Seven feet below me, stretching down the slope of the hill, was the garden, now lying in long ploughed ridges, with the frozen snow on the top of each of them, and at the bottom of the garden was a stone wall four feet high. Beyond this, as far as the eye could reach, extended the snow-covered fields, and coming along the cart-road to the left was Mr. Johnson in his gig.

I threw open the window, making noise enough to alarm the men if they heard it, and sprang on to the window-ledge, and then, tearing off my jacket,

threw it on the ground, and, shutting my eyes, jumped down. The high jump hurt my wrists and uncovered feet dreadfully, but I dare not stop a moment. I rushed down the garden, tumbling two or three times in my progress, and, when I came to the wall, scrambled over it head-foremost. The farmer was just opening the gate of the field I was in, and I made straight towards him, trying to call out. But I could not utter a word; so I flew across the snow, dashed through the brook, careless that the bridge was a few feet farther down, and when I rushed up to Mr. Johnson's side, I could only throw up my arms and shriek out "Murder!" just as a loud report rang out through the frosty air, and I fell forward on my face.

"And were you hurt?" I asked, as she paused.

"Yes, a little. Look, here is the scar"; and she raised the flowing fold of tarletane from her soft white arm, and pointed to a white oval-shaped scar. "I was ill for several weeks afterwards, but Dr. B. said it was from fright, not from the shot. They told me subsequently, that just as I must have reached the farmer, the men Charlie had fetched entered the farm-yard at the other side, and took the murderers unawares; but one of them, who was behind a tree near the other gate, had just caught sight of me, and had fired in revenge, and they said that if I had not thrown my arms forward, I should perhaps have been killed."

"And Mrs. Johnson?" I asked.

The girl's face became very grave.

"She was quite dead. The men had put her under the dresser, which explains why I did not see her as I passed through the kitchen, and the poor husband went away directly afterwards. The whole house is uninhabited now. Nobody will live there, and of course it is said to be haunted. I have never been there since that day, and I think I shall never dare to go there again."

The girl stopped, for the gentlemen had just come in from the dining-room, and one, tall and black bearded, who had been pointed out to me by my hostess as the Squire of Stapleford, and Cicely Miles's betrothed, now came up to her, and laying his hand on her white shoulder with an air of possession, said tenderly, "What makes you look so flushed, Cissy? Have you been transgressing again?"

"Yes, Robert. Mrs. Saunders asked me to tell Mr. Dacre," she answered.

"And you will be ill for a week in consequence. I shall ask Mr. Dacre to write the story, to save another repetition of it. You know we wish you to forget all about it, dearest."

"It was too horrible for that," she said, simply. And then the squire turned to me and made the request, of which this tale is the fulfilment.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

It becomes a matter of some anxiety when we find a sort of invasion of our illustrated literature made by an artist who might be called the Napoleon of caricature. It was not altogether agreeable to see the grand visions which Dante called up, and most assuredly never intended to be exaggerated by any artist hand, converted into horrid nightmares. A poet may suggest visions, and describe them in the grand, high-sounding music of his verse; but the attempt to place these on paper has nearly always failed in the hands of serious artists, and, in our opinion, the genius of M. Gustave Doré was anything but suited to illustrate the great poem of

Dante. That many persons think otherwise we know from the very general admiration so constantly bestowed upon these works of M. Doré; but we doubt whether many would be found of this number who would be able to say they thought them adequate to the purpose, and conceived in a kindred spirit of Italian art. We suspect, in many cases, people wonder at, rather than admire, these works, and if they were to question themselves would probably find that it was Doré that attracted them rather than Dante. Just as we see a concealed actor sometimes take the stage and tear a passion to tatters, till his tragedy makes us roar, so, we must confess, does M. Doré affect us when he means to be pathetic. A propensity of this tendency, which amounts to a failing, is, as it seems to us, fatal in an illustrator: humor the most delightful, because of its gentle undercurrent, becomes the grotesquery of the clown and imp; and pathos is lost in the convulsions of physical pain and spasmodic agony. Doré, in fact, has added nothing but a peculiar, monkey-like repulsiveness and fiendish personality to those horrible assemblages of human beings tormented by demons which Orcagna, and other painters of the time of Dante, represented as they were bound to do, being good churchmen of their day. If the purpose were merely to strike out something new and foreign to those illustrations of the same fine poetry which were conceived by Canova, Flaxman, and Cornelius, something opposite to the classical idea which was evidently in the mind of Dante himself, here we have it offered by M. Doré. But, then, we have to remember the eternal truth, that beauty of idea is allied with beauty of form, as we see it so implicitly followed in the antique representations of gods of the Greeks and Romans, again in the prophets and apostles of Massaccio, Michel Angelo, and Raphael, and constantly relied upon by modern artists of the religious school. No one for a moment supposes that these grand creations of art pretend to be like the Elijahs and John Baptists of the ancient wilderness, and the dark-skinned fishermen of Galilee. These ideal representations possess a general truth which appeals to all the world as expressing certain human feelings and aspirations, although the personification adopted and other conventionalisms have the least possible resemblance to the actual facts. Art has its mode of expression, and beauty is its prime element: hence the great sculptors and painters of all time never permitted themselves to paint in the spirit of positivism which M. Doré indulges; they abjured the real for the ideal, and shunned everything horrifying to the senses. M. Rénan attributes the fall of Gothic art to the want of this taste: "L'art du moyen âge tomba par ses défauts essentiels, et parce qu'il ne sut pas s'élever à la perfection de la forme."

With the singular and rather unaccountable exception of the architectural sculptors of the Gothic, and the ornamentalists of that period who revelled in their grotesques, the old masters never stood, as it were, outside their work, and mocked and sneered at the subject. This is, as it seems to us, what M. Doré does almost in every line; we see it in his "Crucifixion," in "The Wandering Jew," in many of the illustrations of the "Inferno," which betray a fiend-like cruelty in the bare invention displayed in exhibiting the sufferings of the wicked. We see it again in the way in which our most glorious gentleman of knight-errantry, Don Quixote, is made to look ridiculous and contemptible beyond all limit,

and entirely against the ideal of Cervantes. Our Leech would have done justice to the humor of the story without this proportionately absurd violence. So would Leslie, and indeed did in more than one instance, notably in the "Sancho Panza before the Duchess." One of the most glaring instances is the large cut of Don Quixote lying wounded and melancholy, his head buried in the pillow and his face and nose plastered up, with one eye patched over and the other bloodshot and glazed, averted with a ghastly look; his bony hands, with their swollen veins, clutching the bedclothes. This is a ghastly study from some hospital of criminals.

If the object in illustrating a beautiful work of literary art is to make us turn over the pages to laugh at the pictures, then it is accomplished. Our caricatures of the time of Gilray and Rowlandson are precisely analogous in their art with the illustrations of M. Doré, although his admitted genius raises his work to that pitch of popular favor which we think so detrimental, not to say demoralizing, in its influence.

Hogarth had, with all his leaning towards caricature, a humorous, as well as a serious, side to his mask, and was also superior to M. Doré in his naturalness. The portrait of Dante as frontispiece is an outrage upon the ideal which Giotto painted from the life upon the wall of the old palace of the Podestà at Florence; that was a face full of the dreamy-rapt expression of the poet, while this is a head full of sardonic spite and half-savage cruelty. We might at least have been spared this, — we might have had a real portrait; but M. Doré must make all his figures pass in his own phantasmagoria. Perhaps, however, M. Doré never intended to try his hand at portraiture, — one of the severest touchstones of art; he merely proposed to give us his idea of Dante, just as his illustrations convey the materialistic view which he takes of the poem. M. Doré's talent finds a most congenial occupation in such works as his illustrations to the works of "Rabelais," "La Légende de Croque-Mitaine," "Les Contes Drolatiques," "Le Roi des Montagnes," the adventures of Jules Gérard, the lion-hunter, "Atala," by M. de Chateaubriand, and some others, including an extraordinary number of drawings. But the amazing facility shown by such an amount of work is still more wonderful when we see that he has undertaken the greatest of all forms of illustration, — that of the Bible. We must confess to something of a twinge at the first thought of a Bible illustrated by M. Doré. These illustrations have now been exhibited by the publishers of the work in London (Messrs. Cassell & Co.), and the first numbers of the Bible are, we believe, already published. There are no less than 230 large page drawings, which, viewed simply as the working of one man constantly engaged for four years, and of those wood engravers who have been employed upon it, are really remarkable as an undertaking successfully accomplished, and a very costly one. The sum expended upon the artistic part of the work is stated to be more than £ 15,000.

In this important application of his abilities, M. Doré has evidently endeavored to be more in accordance with the common taste, and has followed more the ordinary forms of pictorial composition; at the same time there is abundant originality to be noticed in his treatment of subjects which have so constantly furnished themes to the painters for so many ages. Generally, indeed, the influence of the works of the old masters is little perceptible in the various compositions, and we notice rather that

of Horace Vernet and those of the French school who have studied in the East. Still, the designs throughout, though certainly not so characteristic of Gustave Doré as those of the "Wandering Jew," for example, exhibit some of those points of distinction which we have endeavored to show are peculiar to his style. Wherever it is possible to call in his power for representing any of the terrible catastrophes and massacres like that of the seventy sons of Ahab, related in the Old Testament, he is sure to give way to his peculiar inclination. Thus, his picture of "The Deluge" is rendered effective by the heaps of corpses cast together in every conceivable attitude, and a tigress is introduced upon a rock in the waters striving to save her young. It is remarkable that painters of the highest class have generally avoided the subject of the Deluge. John Martin essayed it of course, for he was one of those artists who, like Haydon, are perpetually grasping after the greatest subjects, with neither the genius to conceive nor the learning of hand to represent, if they even caught an inspiration. Several of the Bible illustrations are rendered needlessly horrible by the absolute cruelty they represent: whole families weltering in their blood, executioners spearing and stabbing them in the most painfully real manner, and their countenances and attitudes exhibiting the most hideous struggles for life or piteous suffering. On the side of art all this must be viewed as an error; and, as illustrative of the Bible, it defeats its purpose. There may be lessons to be learnt at the gratings of the Morgue, but surely those of the Bible need no study of this kind to enforce them.

It is seldom that we remark in any of M. Doré's works any kindness and warmth of expression, any touch of human sympathy from the artist himself. We are amazed with the cleverness of hand, the inventiveness, the feeling for effect of light and shade, which in his landscape sometimes amounts to what might be called impressive; but we look in vain for anything like the tenderness and refinement, and above all the religious feeling which so elevates the sacred art of the great masters. At least if they had not all of them the religious feeling of Angelico, they had the good taste to assume it when they painted religious subjects. If we are not mistaken, there is an illustrated Bible for which we have to thank the same enterprising publishers, which has the subjects taken from the old masters and some of the modern painters; it is only necessary to compare these two works to see that in the criticisms here ventured upon the just estimate has been taken. It is not that the great ability of M. Doré has failed to sustain him, and that he has not constrained himself very greatly throughout these illustrations of the Bible with far more of the continence of art which belongs especially to sacred subjects, but that his peculiar feeling is not generally in accordance with the themes. In the interests of art, and not for the sake of preferring our own artists, we should imagine that the Bible could be illustrated in a manner more correct and in better taste. This work clearly originated in France, and it is essentially French; it is a great commercial undertaking, and must therefore be "made to pay." For this reason, chiefly, we presume, has its circulation been extended to this country, where possibly the taste for the sensational and the unconventional in every shape may welcome such a form of sacred illustration. The next achievement offered to M. Doré we shall expect to see will be the illustration of Milton's "Paradise Lost," al-

though this would demand a feeling for angelic beauty which as yet we see no sign of in his works. He has never yet drawn a beautiful woman, at least in his book illustrations. This leads us to remark of all M. Doré does in the figures of his compositions, that the drawing is never understood. His muscular action, we can see, is never founded in a knowledge of the figure, but, being made up of knotty-looking limbs in forced attitudes, the purpose is served of producing a forcible resemblance. We see much the same thing in the common French every-day illustrations, which are often irresistibly comic and most cleverly touched. We see it in Gavarni, in George Cruikshank, but not in Mr. Tenniel or Mr. Leighton, or the Brothers Dalziel or Mr. Gilbert, all of whom are perfect in their knowledge of the figure, at least as far as they attempt it. However, let us not be envious of such a clever illustrator, or make comparisons where they may be out of place. We are disposed to place him in a niche by himself, to be admired much as we do his great double in literature, Alexandre Dumas; but as to accepting him as an illustrator of any subjects not grotesque, fantastic, and French of the Reign of Terror order—that is quite another thing. A word remains to be said as to the method of execution adopted—it might be said invented—by M. Doré. This is most effective in giving great depth and great brilliancy in the lights; and nothing can surpass the finish of the wood-engravings by M. Pissan and M. Pannemaker, who appear to have acquired some peculiar qualities in their art as yet unknown to English wood-engravers.

FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S END.

It was a fine open season, just one month before Christmas day. The trees were cleared of their foliage, and the hedge-rows of their leaves; but the weather was genial, and soft winds and a cloudy atmosphere held out to the sportsman a promise which was not destined to be fulfilled. The Earl of Rosendale was an admirable sample of the English nobleman and the British sportsman. Few men looked so well, behaved so well in all relations of life, or wore such perfect leathers and tops. His legs were made for them,—long, thin, straight; and his back was like his legs. The manner in which his long black coat, with its wide skirts, hung upon the Earl's hips, was a marvel to the admirers of good dressing. Four days a week in the winter it was exchanged for a stronger and a broader one of scarlet. The Earl's manner was as irreproachable as his appearance. His servants worshipped him, his children admired him, his tenants loved him, and his equals—well, his equals were so few and far between, that it is difficult to appreciate their feelings, if they had any. To say truth, his besetting sin was family pride.

Rosendale Castle, like other Castles of Indolence, was opened to the world out of the season. As one of the best sportsmen in the county, and the largest subscriber to the county hounds, Lord Rosendale felt it to be incumbent upon him to fill his house with hunting-men during Christmas. The only condition, implied rather than expressed, was that each guest must be provided with a stud, for which accommodation was found in the village. There were exceptions to this rule occasionally, but such were seldom acknowledged by the guests, and might consist of a *savant*, or a Frenchman, who fell to the lot of the Countess and her daughters to entertain.

Lord Glendower, the Earl's eldest son, came down of course. He was a hard, well-knit man, of middling stature, always with a glass in his eye, and an unpleasant witticism at hand for a friend or an enemy; it scarcely mattered which. He was a better class of Jack-Pudding in the London clubs, and was unpopular in proportion to the great extent of his acquaintance. There was a good-natured duke, stout, gray, and of the gamekeeper pattern, riding to cover on a fat cob, and mounting the sedatest of hunters, when his jacket and gaiters not unfrequently led the shirkers to victory. There was a formidable marquis, the *parti* of the season, an innocent, unpretending person in reality, who would have been cheerful enough had he not been made to feel the necessity of marrying thus early in life. Wherever there were women it put him in a false position; and the Earl had three daughters, two of whom were still unmarried. The third, to be sure, the Lady Evelyn, was scarcely out; and the Marquis of Cocky-leeky would not commit such a solecism as to fall in love with the younger sister, while Lady Margaret Caradoc remained single. There were two or three rising politicians of fifty, a couple of Guardsmen, the Duchess, some younger Lady Marys, and distinguished commoners, and one or two poor but highly-connected hangers-on of the family. Lord Rosendale was eminently distinguished by consideration for poor relations.

"Did you say Jack Bulstrode was coming to-morrow, Glendower?"

"If he does n't break his neck on the road," said his Lordship, making a cannon, and calling the game. "He's going to hunt his way here."

"Why the deuce should he break his neck?" rejoined the Marquis, formidable for his matrimonial qualifications, chalking his cue, "why the deuce should Bulstrode break his neck? He's the best man to hounds I ever saw in my life; there's no more chance of his breaking his neck than — than —" here the Marquis holed the red ball.

"Than you have," replied Glendower, screwing his glass into his eye, and chuckling. The Marquis was not famous for risking his neck after hounds. I think that a man's means of enjoyment in other ways ought to exempt him from such a necessity.

"Where are the hounds to-morrow?" inquired George Sherringhame, a handsome little baronet in a Lancier regiment, and excellent at all things, coaching included. "I suppose we can get to them from here? I shall go any distance if Bulstrode's coming here afterwards; he's the very best company —"

"Too good for you, George, over a country," interrupted Glendower again; "you'll be more at home with him in the phaeton on the road. However, we can all go. It's Timberfield to-morrow; only twelve miles. We'll have the drag if George will promise not to upset us."

"I should think Glen was reserved for another fate," said Sherringhame. "You'd better mind your game, Glen," added he, after a pause; "the Marquis is well ahead, — thirty-seven to twenty-six. I'll lay you twenty to fifteen." "Done," said the other; and the game proceeded. What the result might have been had Lord Glendower reserved his powers for billiards instead of chaff, I can't say; as it was, he lost.

"I say, Sherringhame, who is Bulstrode? Our people don't know him." The question was propounded *sotto voce* by Captain Porter, of the Coldstreams, whose grandfather had made a million in a gu-distillery, and whose grandson was dispensing it

in a manner which entitled him to the *entrée* to the very best circles; a great deal of it found its way into the pockets of Sharper, Fulham, and the Leviathan ringmen, who hailed young Porter's advent as a star of the first magnitude, and worshipped accordingly the rising grandson. Lord Glendower, indeed, called him, "the Star from the East," in consideration of the locality of the great distillery.

"Who is Bulstrode?" I should think the question could never before have occurred to Sir George Sherringhame, or to anybody else, excepting to the *mammas*, who thought their daughters in danger from his fascinations. Of course, Lady Rosendale need not be numbered among them. Jack Bulstrode was such an universal favorite, so exceedingly handsome, so clever, so good-humored, so perfect a gentleman to all appearance, and such a thoroughly good fellow from beginning to end, that nobody ever had considered it a question worth answering. He was in a good cavalry regiment, had a fair income for a bachelor, kept a small but very good stud, was to be found in the best houses during the shooting season, occasionally backed a friend's horse, and played as good a rubber for eighteenpence as if he had been playing for thousands. Once known not to be "detrimental," he became the pet of the old ladies; and heaven only knows what he was to the young ones: he never inquired.

Jack's first appearance in a house like Rosendale under ordinary circumstances need have created no sensation. He had been asked by Lord Glendower because he thought he might be useful to his mother in entertaining her guests, and to his father and the men in shooting pheasants and entertaining them. Any thought of Jack Bulstrode's pleasure never crossed Lord Glendower's mind. I am afraid we shall see that self-denial was not one of that gentleman's many virtues.

When a man has only a given number of pages, the description in detail of a heroine (*à fortiori* of a hero) is a luxury which he ought to forego. Of late years they have all been pretty much alike: golden hair, lovely red and white skins, compressed lips, gleaming blue eyes, lithe and sinewy limbs, and a general boa-constrictor cast of countenance for the destruction of the unwary. Now some of these charms belonged to Jack, but none of them to Lady Evelyn Caradoc. It is impossible to resist a certain impression (at least, I have found it so), for good or bad, when the name or qualities of any particular person, unknown to you, has been constantly canvassed in your presence. For a few days past Lady Evelyn had heard of nothing but Jack Bulstrode, or Captain Bulstrode; what he had done, what he had said, what was his weight, what was his height; and two ladies at table had almost quarrelled about the color of his eyes. They both agreed in one thing, that they were the handsomest eyes in London. Madame la Duchesse de la Porte St. Martin, the Earl's eldest daughter, said they were so in Paris last season; and M. le Duc was most anxious again to make the acquaintance of the Englishman who had won the La Manche Steeplechase for him on a French bred horse. It is not too much to say that Lady Evelyn's curiosity had reached a pitch not far from partiality, by the time he arrived.

"My dear Evelyn, how you do talk of this man!" said Miss Nettleship, a lady of great propriety, now occupying a semi-official position in the house as half-governess and half-companion.

"You told me I ought to pick up as much as possible from the conversation at the table, as I was

out of the schoolroom now, and I've heard of nothing but Jack Bulstrode every day since Glendower came down, so I can't help talking about him; besides, Netty dear, where's the harm?"

Miss Nettleship exercised a judicious reticence in not answering the question.

Timberfield Gorse was a crack meet, and if Jack Bulstrode wanted to make the most of his time in the Shires, he could not have done better than send on his things with his horses to Rosendale, and propose to have a gallop on the way to the castle. He was asked to have a month's hunting, including the Christmas week. The morning was fresh, and light clouds scudded over the sky, somewhat higher than heretofore. It was bright for a hunting morning, but exhilarating enough on the top of the drag, with Georgy Sherringham for dragsman, and Glendower's anecdotes, which quite kept pace with the team. Lady Evelyn was inside, under the guardianship of her sister the Duchesse, who had expressed such unqualified admiration for the expected stranger.

When they reached the meet there was a goodly muster. The huntsman touched his cap from the middle of his hounds, as did five-and-twenty servants riding and leading their masters' horses on every side. The drag was soon surrounded, and the more fortunate among the sportsmen drew near to offer their congratulations to the inside passengers, who were waiting only till the last moment to mount. Amongst them came Captain Bulstrode.

"I'm glad you are here, Captain Bulstrode; you are expected at the castle to-day."

And then the Duchess presented the Captain to Lady Evelyn. They both bowed and they both blushed, and the Captain was about to say something, when the drag moved on, and the ladies' horses were brought to the door of the carriage. The crowd, and among them Jack Bulstrode, moved aside, and the hounds trotted on. "C'up, Game-boy; drop it, Cruiser; get to him!" said the whip. Even the Duchess and her sister were forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

"Why, Evelyn," said the Duchess, laughing, "so you know this 'beau cavalier,' it seems?" after they had ridden side by side for a short distance.

"Yes, I know him; but I did n't know that that was the Jack Bulstrode that has been the sole subject of conversation among the men for the last week. I never heard his name, but I saw him the year before last at a Christmas party at Lady Kinderbatch's. He was so kind: he showed the magic lantern to us all, did some conjuring tricks, and danced with some of us, though I don't think it could have been much fun for him."

Presently Jack Bulstrode joined them. He reminded Lady Evelyn of the Child's party, and said some pleasant little nothings about her alteration, but his perfect recollection of her. He chatted gayly enough about the hounds, the country, the people (with whom he seemed to have a very liberal acquaintance). To tell truth, he began to be so involved in the intricacies of memory and knowledge combined, that he had almost forgotten the only thing which he came out to think of,—the hounds.

At that moment there was a "Hallo, away!" which recalled him to himself. The Duchesse de la Porte St. Martin joined her sister at the top of the gorse, and they stood together watching the field as it became "small by degrees and beautifully less" in the vale below. Then they turned round,

and trotting gently on, rode for a point; but the hounds were gone, and, by their groom's advice, they turned their heads towards home. Lady Evelyn was more silent than usual. She well remembered the handsome good-natured fellow who helped to amuse her and her companions. If not derogatory to her distinguished position as a young lady of fifteen, it must be confessed that she had thought of him more than once, and earls' daughters are but flesh and blood after all. But she had never ventured to talk about him, and to this simple fact may be attributed that of not knowing his name. The Duchess, too, talked about him as a person well known and well received, and for a Christmas party, with tableaux vivans and private theatricals, the very best person in the world. "You should just see him act a lover on the stage; it's perfection." I dare say Lady Evelyn thought it a pity his talents in that line should be so wasted.

By the time the hounds were out of the gorse (alas for man's ruder nature!) Jack Bulstrode had forgotten Lady Evelyn's very existence. A short check, just after finding, as they flung round to the right, brought our hero to the front, and from that moment he never left them. The pace over the grass was what it sometimes is with the Pytchley; to ride over them was impossible, to keep them in sight was as much as the best man could do. Lord Rosendale himself, whom we have hitherto overlooked, was wide of the hounds, down wind, on a thoroughbred one. Jack Bulstrode and Sir George Sherringham were on the other side, within twenty yards of one another, taking their paces almost in their stride, and both riding their horses as if they began to feel they were in for a good thing. On the inside of all, on the lawn side, rode the huntsman, and at intervals Lord Glendower and the best men.

"Who's that in front, on the upper side, Charles?" said his Lordship to the huntsman, as he caught him at a gate, which he swung open, but which shut again before any one behind could get through.

"Can't say, my Lord. Come from Coventry in a fly this mornin' with Captain Vansittart; but he's a beggar to go."

The field was scattered in every direction; and those who persevered were being hopelessly left in every stride. No check of sufficient length occurred to give the shirkers a chance. The country had been most uncompromising in its severity, and the gates not half so accommodating as usual. At the end of forty-three minutes a large fallow, in which was a plough and a team of horses, gave the fox a ghost of a chance.

"Well, Georgy," said the Captain, "have you got another puff in you?"

"Another ten minutes at this pace, and I'm done. Look at the Earl, looking for his second horse. Where's Glendower?" added he, turning round.

"He was with Charles; but the hounds have turned from him all the way. Here he comes, and a pretty figure he looks."

"Hallo, Glen, what's the matter? You look as if you'd been down."

"So I have, and came up again. This brute never would face water."

"What sort of a bottom was it then?" again asked his friend Georgy, in a sympathizing tone of voice.

"Why, d—d wet, of course: what should it have been?" Lord Glendower did not mind falling, but he hated chaff. Then came three or four more

really good men, but who had been beat by the pace, and who had pumped their horses now in catching hounds to no purpose. They brought a rumor of a farmer with a dead four-year-old, and an officer with a collar-bone out. As Porter turned up all right at dinner, it was n't he. Then Lord Rosendale heard a hallo on the hill to his left, and away he went to ascertain its correctness. The master and Charles seconded his efforts by the only assistance that had been wanted for the hounds during the run; and after another quarter of an hour, the last five minutes of which was a race, the fox was pulled down within a field of his point, the great woods at Rosendale.

When Jack Bulstrode came down to dinner he heard the run being discussed in all parts of the room by the men, and his own name honorably connected with it. Everybody was glad to see Jack Bulstrode, and Lord and Lady Rosendale gave him a hearty welcome.

"And what did you do afterwards?" said Jack to Sir George Sherringham.

"Nothing at all. We waited for our second horses, which came up with the ruck in about a quarter of an hour, and never got out of Rosendale Wood; we galloped our hearts out, and killed below the osier-bed. What became of you?"

"I had no second horse out; so I came quietly home." Jack Bulstrode did not add that he had been playing billiards with Lady Evelyn, while they were galloping their hearts out in another direction.

In decent society, where precedence goes for something, of course the captain of cavalry went in to dinner with the nobodies; and as Lady Evelyn was not yet out, and only preparing for her presentation in the spring, by a sort of Christmas laxity of discipline she fell to the lot of Jack Bulstrode. I do not think this arrangement gave either of them any great concern.

There is a cat-like affection for locality in the human species. In consideration of which peculiarity Jack, I suppose, retained his seat at breakfast and dinner (unless accident assigned him occasionally a fat, country woman in a turban, or the scraggy daughter of some political adherent of the Rosendale party), which was always in the vicinity of his school-room favorite. It was a most cheerful gathering; the Duchesse de la Porte St. Martin condescended to patronize Jack, and the Duc made a point of following him as near as he could, until a bullfinch thicker than usual, or a more formidable "bit of water" sent him, as he expressed it, "round by de gate." There was plenty of music and dancing to get through the evenings, and Jack's talents as a whist-player were in constant requisition. As to Lady Evelyn's sketch-book, it contained a likeness of herself and her sister at Timberfield, the Earl on his favorite horse Springgun, charging a post and rails, and a gentleman in attendance, not unlike Jack himself, with a few modestly obliterative scratches over the face, in close attendance.

Open weather within a fortnight of Christmas is exceptional, and at last certain prognostications of Admiral Fitzroy and one Moore began to be fulfilled. The air, as they returned after a rattling gallop in a scent breast high, became crisp, and the mud in the roads was positively streaky; and in a day or two, when Jack's servant brought in his bath, he informed his master that Mr. Segundo wished to know whether he should send on his horse.

"Send on, of course he must! Why not?"

"Please, sir, he says there won't be no hunting until twelve or one o'clock, if there is then. It don't seem to give at all." So Jack Bulstrode took another turn in bed, and dressed himself an hour later in a full suit of Scotch Tweed.

And it did not give anything but intense dissatisfaction, either that day or the next, or for several days following. There was nothing to be done for it but indoor amusements, varied with the shooting of outlying covers for the gentlemen, and skating on the lake for both sexes. It was a hard time for Jack Bulstrode; and like a prudent man, he tried to run away from the danger. But he could not be spared. My lady wanted him for tableaux on Christmas eve, and my lord was particularly anxious that he should stay till the shooting of the big wood; it was expected to be very good, and the gunning ample and excellent. So that running away was out of the question. He really had as much principle as most men of his class, and a certain latitude is given to lovers and warriors not accorded to other men. Why, again, had they put him into the West Gallery, where he almost invariably met Lady Evelyn coming down to breakfast, or going up to visit Miss Nettle'ship? "Her dear Nettle!" as she called her; out of which she certainly was not plucking the flower safety. Amongst other things her unbroken ladyship managed to tumble through the ice, and get very nearly drowned. Jack was there as usual, and managed to save her; he did n't say with how much difficulty. They neither of them said anything about it, though it was certainly known to our dear Nettle and her ladyship's maid. They were both afraid lest she should be forbidden the lake, excepting under a full escort, and Nettle dreaded a wiggling for her inattention. Terribly compromising all this to an earl's daughter, and a dangerous pastime to Jack Bulstrode, — who was not given to falling in love, but did most things with singular earnestness when he set about them. Upon my word, it is conduct which you might have expected from an agricultural parson's daughter and her cousin Tom home from Trinity for his Christmas vacation. I fear the tableau was a clincher; for of all extraordinary things to insist upon, Lady Rosendale first of all enhanced Lady Evelyn's beauty by turning her into Mary, Queen of Scots, and then finished off any lingering resolutions of Jack Bulstrode, by putting him at her feet as David Rizzio.

And they went to church together on Christmas day. The sun was bright, and sparkled on the glittering icicles by the roadside, — the trees, laden with their winter fruits, crackled as the snow-wreaths fell before its power. There was a sympathetic happiness in the very atmosphere; and Nature had clothed herself in the white robes of peace and good-will, to greet the most joyful, the most love-inspiring of our festivals. How glorious is the triumphant song of the cathedral choir, with the pealing notes of the sustaining organ on that morning, raising and cheering faltering humanity; and giving to religion its happiest and most genial form. All this, or something like it, Jack Bulstrode and Lady Evelyn Caradoc were compelled to go through together, standing side by side with the rest of the church-goers from the Earl's guests. There is a transcendent happiness in praying and in praising by the side of her you love, though it be in a square, well-carpeted little room, with a well-appointed fireplace, and secluded from vulgar gaze by scarlet curtains; whether Jack Bulstrode felt it

or not, or whether you yourself have done so, my patient reader, I know not; if you have not, you have a foretaste of heaven to come, which is worth much gold and silver and precious stones; or, losing which, your life here seems to me to be one of but an imperfect shadow of good things to come.

But the frost would not go; the tableaux and the dancing, the good living and good company, kept them all warm at Rosendale Castle; but it did not thaw the ground, or bring out the hounds to draw the covers of the county. So when the covers had been shot, and the papers had abused the good old Earl for having killed two thousand head of game in one week, on some of which the editors' wives and children, besides the tenants and friends of the estate, were fattening, the party began to break up in earnest. Among them Jack Bulstrode discovered another engagement. The last dinner was positively eaten, the last song was sung, the last rubber was played; and it was an undeniable fact that the Earl's brougham would take Jack and his friend George Sherringhame to the railway-station in the morning, unless it rained cats and dogs in the night. How Jack swore at the frost in his sleep!—and yet it seemed to him that he ought to go. "What's a poor devil with about a thousand a year in a cavalry regiment to do with such a girl as Evelyn Caradoc?" Then he laughed aloud, savagely, as he flourished his razor, at the absurdity of the thing. "Ah! if a fellow had a chance now,—a field-marshal's bâton! Such things have been done. India's the country. I'll exchange; hang this hunting and nonsense. Yes; and come back to find her married to some gambling young beggar like Georgy Sherringhame, who won't understand her, only because he's a baronet with twenty thousand a year." Thinking which he discarded all thought of India; and giving a kick to a half-packed portmanteau which stood in his way, proceeded to finish his toilette.

On the way down stairs, as he approached a landing-place, common to that wing of the house, and branching off into a double staircase, which led by two routes circuitously to the same place, Jack Bulstrode stopped a moment, and listened. Yes; true enough, there was the rustle of a silk dress coming along the passage, whose well-carpeted flooring gave no echo to the foot. In another moment Lady Evelyn stood before him. Poor Jack! many a man has stood before temptation for a long time; but it is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. This was his last straw.

"Lady Evelyn, I'm going. I am so glad to be able to say good by to you."

"Glad, Captain Bulstrode?" Lady Evelyn's smile was no more felicitous than his expression; and she did not look at him. The long almond eyes were cast down, and the long dark lashes swept her cheek, never full of color, but now paler than usual. Jack looked, and thought he had never seen anything so lovely before. Her small, well-shaped nose and long nostril, her short upper lip and rounded mouth and chin, and the budding dimples of childhood, which had not yet given way to the smoother charms of womanhood, broke down his strong resolve, and he stammered out, "Glad—glad? O no! if you only knew how sorry I am,—how I have struggled; but, Evelyn,"—and, as he spoke, he took her passive hand in his, and looked into her face. The long soft eyes looked up; they were full of tears; and as he drew her nearer to him, and kissed her forehead, one, only one large drop descended and fell from her lashes to her cheek.

I suppose nobody can imagine what followed!

Jack Bulstrode went away, and made no sign; and the Lady Evelyn returned to her own place with Nettleship, till the spring; but they all agreed, the little French Duc and his English Duchesse, even Lady Margaret, who was as stupidly proper as everybody ought to be, that there never had been so happy a Christmas, notwithstanding the frost, at Rosendale before. The Earl grew reconciled to it, and Lord Glendower abused nothing but the weather.

It was near the end of June. Lord Thistledowne lounged over the rails at one P. M. in Rotten Row. At that moment he was thinking whether he should offer himself and his estates to the new beauty of the season. Of acceptance he had not much doubt. Had he not a large rent-roll, unencumbered? was he not heir to a dukedom, and M. P. for —shire? and had he not met with the most flattering encouragement from Lady Rosendale and the Earl? He was wondering whether it would be necessary to refurnish the house in Belgravia, and whether he had n't better wait one more winter; Lady Evelyn was so very young!

The bearer of good news is proverbially welcome; and Charlie Raikes, of the Foreign Office, a large contributor to the miscellaneous column of the *Hyde Park Bugbear*, was always "well posted" in the fashionable "on dits" of the day.

"Here's a go," said that young gentleman, full of the vulgarest animal spirits, and slapping Thistledowne on the back,— "here's a go. They say old Rosendale's doocedly cut up. Jack Bulstrode has run away with Lady Evelyn Caradoc." Lord Thistledowne became green with emotion. "They wanted to marry her to some infernal swell,—some fellow like you, I should think,—and she would n't have it, kicked over the traces, you know, and so forth; and, by Jove, they're off; ran away from Mrs. Mashtub's ball last night, and were married this morning; penitential letter of course, and so forth. But there's a deuce of a shine, I can tell you. Glendower's furious."

"Jack Bulstrode?" said Thistledowne, gloomily; not quite able to realize the situation, but recovering himself by slow degrees.

"Yes; Jack was there last Christmas. They say he wrote to the Earl, but the Earl would n't have it at any price; of course he would n't. They thought it was all over; but it was n't."

"And what's to be done now?" inquired the other, recovering his tone.

"Bleed old Rosendale, I should think,—he's in a state of collapse,—and then provide for Jack with a good staff appointment: or make a swell of him somehow. That's what I should do, if I was the Earl."

There's more sense in Charlie Raikes's last remark than might have been expected: however, they did neither.

They did not bleed Lord Rosendale, for he did not stand in need of it; nor did they yet provide handsomely for Jack and his runaway beauty.

Lord Rosendale's characteristic was family pride. It was not enough that Jack Bulstrode was a gentleman; he was a gentleman of no position, and could only detract from the family dignity. The blow was a very severe one to him. He was invisible for some days, and the family left town immediately. He had been applied to by Jack to be allowed to address his daughter: then had followed a letter as cold, as civil, as decisive as the occasion required: and the affair had been dismissed

as a nine days' wonder. As to Lady Evelyn's feelings, she was of Mrs. Malaprop's opinion. What had she to do with such unbecoming things as feelings? She was to be reserved for a better fate. Then they came to town. Jack had become a loungeur at the opera, a stop-gap on the stairs and in the doors of great houses, — constant at déjeuners, Chiswick fêtes, horticultural meetings, and the Row. It was thought desirable to end all question by the substitution of Lord Thistle-downe. Lady Rosendale was not a cruel woman: both her other daughters had married for her, — at least Lady Margaret was about to do so, — and why should Evelyn be more particular? Nettleship ought to look after the girl: but Nettleship's reign was over after the first drawing-room. And now we have seen the end of it.

Everybody abused Jack, excepting his army friends, who thought it a noble precedent. It was wrong certainly, but Jack had lived in society where so little obloquy attached to stealing a neighbor's wife, that he did not think much of his neighbor's daughter. Besides, what could it signify? Lady Evelyn loved bread and cheese, and a pony phaeton of her own, and looking after the butcher's bills, and counting the things for the laundress; and above all, she dearly loved Jack himself, so what could it signify to anybody?

But there were moments when they felt that they had done wrong. Jack wished to see his wife in the society from which he had taken her, and surrounded by luxuries, as well as comforts. Lady Evelyn longed for a father's forgiveness and a mother's blessing; and although she took care never to let her husband see the effects of her regrets, she could not help mingling a tear sometimes with her caresses, which told him the truth. Every letter had been returned. Every attempt at reconciliation had been stamped out. They heard from friends (everybody has some friends) that their names were forbidden in the presence of the Earl. "Mamma, dear, will you forgive us some day, but I am afraid of papa. I wonder whether Frank ever thinks about us in India?"

Frank did think about his favorite sister, and his beau idéal of a hero, many a time, in the guard-room, or on outpost duty; and now that his leave had come was hurrying home to take a share in their proceedings.

So time went on. Jack Bulstrode and his wife lived in a pretty cottage, which he had furnished extravagantly, and which he allowed to be deficient in no luxury whatever. He kept two or three horses, and a pony phaeton for Lady Evelyn; and he made her as happy as the day was long. They went out, and they received; but the luxuries of the respectable squirearchy and ecclesiastics, who formed their visiting circle, were not the elegancies of Rosendale Castle or the houses of which they had the carte before. Jack felt he was tabooed by all who would stand well with the Rosendales: and a married man with but a thousand a year must confine his visits at great houses within very moderate limits.

And now Christmas was coming again; as before, it was a bright, cheerful-looking Christmas, and Jack's horses were once more eating their heads off, and it was a more serious business than before. Then, too, Christmas has, for the poor and needy of high society, a very black and dingy side. Those awful bills! He had never felt uncomfortable about them as a bachelor; and no sooner was he married than people positively expected to be paid. The more economical he pretended to be the more

anxious were the people for their money. So he gave them some more orders, and that satisfied them.

But his wife — that was the trouble. As the anniversary of her great happiness came round, she began to look ill, and worn, if not unhappy. And she had another natural cause for anxiety, and so had he. "Jack, dear, let us try once more. Write to mamma. She liked you, and she never was unkind. Don't let Christmas go over. I think even papa would scarcely like that. He always came to my room with a little present on Christmas day. I wonder who'll sleep in our rooms this time?" and then she began to cry. To comfort her he promised to try once more; so this time he wrote to My Lady.

And then came an answer. It was kinder and more conciliatory. The Earl was still implacable; but the Duchesse was there, and Jack knew he had a friend at court. And then there came a box, — a large box; it contained handsome presents for Evelyn, — Christmas presents, and some curious little articles which no one at present in the cottage could well make use of. They might be useful in three or four months' time. And then there was a good-natured letter from the Duchesse, and some kind messages from Lady Margaret. But it was silent about the Earl, and Glendower was out of the question altogether.

But Christmas kept advancing, and they were no nearer the happy meeting than heretofore.

Jack and his wife were at luncheon about three days before the festival which ought to bring together all hearts, when a carriage from the railway drove up to the cottage, and a handsome young fellow stepped out and made his way through the garden. Frank Caradoc had returned, and having announced to his mother his resolution of going to see his sister, the feeble opposition which was offered to his wishes was easily broken down. He had mentioned their names before his father, and, for the first time, they had been listened to without an outbreak. So Frank Caradoc started on his mission, and one of the family had at last made his way to the forbidden home.

Years had passed since they had met. The boy had become a tried and stalwart soldier. There was the same light heart, the same open hand; but they had been tempered by trial and checked by experience.

"Evelyn, you'll come with me?"

"And leave my husband? Never, Frank. His people shall be my people. We go together to Rosendale, or not at all."

"Then you will both come?"

"Have you come here, Frank," said Jack Bulstrode, "with an invitation from your father? I can be an unwelcome guest in no man's house."

"No, Jack, I know that well enough; but you must sacrifice something to an old man's pride."

"I have mine."

"Yes; but no man has trampled upon it, or you would be the first to resent it. Come, Jack, you owe my father something. Let the first Christmas I have passed among them for some years be a happy one. Don't let us have to say that we threw away a chance. Christmas comes but once a year."

Jack knew he had done wrong, and conscience makes cowards of us all. Then he looked at Lady Evelyn's face, and remembered the first tear he had seen upon it. It was not quite a year ago. They flowed now fast enough, and some bitterness was

mixed with them, though she sat with her hand locked in his, as if nothing should part them.

"I'll return with you, Frank, and ask his pardon. I've done him a grievous wrong; for now I know the treasure I stole from him."

So they went on the morrow, and at nightfall they reached the village in whose church they had prayed together; and there they stopped.

Lady Rosendale was in her private room on Christmas eve. She bore her sorrow nobly, and she had had something to bear, for Countesses can feel, though the world does something to harden while it polishes them.

"Frank," said the lady; and he stopped upon the threshold. "You have seen her? Poor child, what would I give if she were here. If you had waited but one day, your father would have written by you. He sent a letter last night. Can they get here by Christmas day? Surely they will lose no time!"

Frank walked into the stable-yard and ordered a brougham. "To the 'Glendower Arms,' quick." The bright sun was still shining on the snow-clad branches, as though it had never ceased to shine, and as they drove back through the crisp atmosphere, and watched the snow-wreaths once more falling before it, they knew that their hearts were light once more, like the sun, but that, like it, they had been clouded for a season.

Lord Rosendale was in his study when Frank arrived.

"My dear father, am I intruding?"

"My boy, you never gave me a moment's unhappiness in your life; ever welcome, Frank, ever welcome."

"Shall this be a happy Christmas? Will you make it so to me?"

Lord Rosendale looked at his son, and sighed a little heavily. "I have written, Frank." It had evidently been a trial to him, but the Earl was a gentleman and a Christian.

"And have you forgiven them, sir, — really, truly? O, how good!"

"As I hope to be forgiven."

The door had not been closed. At that moment a loud sob broke in upon the solemnity of the old man's speech; the door opened, and in another instant Lady Evelyn was in his arms. Earls are not given to the display of emotion, but as he clasped his daughter tighter and tighter, he still found a hand to hold out to Jack Bulstrode, as he said, "Go away now, my good fellow; go to my lady. It will be all peace and good will to-morrow; let it be so now and forevermore."

QUÉRARD.

ONE of the most noted, not only of modern French, but of modern European bibliographers, was buried at Paris on the 2d of December. Jean Marie Quérard, or Joseph Marie Quérard, for his name is given both ways in works of authority, was the author of the *France Littéraire*, which is a book of constant reference to all who take an interest in French literature. Quérard was born at Rennes, on Christmas day, 1797, and was thus, at his death, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He became a "bookseller's boy" at the early age of ten, went to Paris at fifteen, spent five years of his life, from 1819 to 1824, in a bookseller's shop at Vienna, and passed the rest of it at Paris engaged in numer-

ous works of bibliography which have made his name familiar throughout Europe.

Of these, the chief is the *France Littéraire* issued in ten volumes, from 1826 to 1842, and consisting of an alphabetical list of French authors from 1700 to the time of publication, with a bibliographical catalogue of their works, and occasional remarks on the different editions, the whole executed with much accuracy and neatness, and showing in every page the qualities of an editor as well as a compiler. The great defect of the book is, that, as anonymous and pseudonymous works, and thus, amongst others, all periodical publications, are systematically excluded, the ten closely-printed volumes present, after all, a very imperfect survey of French literature for the time specified, and that, from the long delay in publishing the successive volumes, the letter A presents only the authors of a period sixteen years earlier than that represented by the letter Z. The author aimed at supplying these deficiencies, in not a very scientific way, by three different supplements, not one of which was he fortunate enough to bring to completion.

One of them, entitled *La Littérature Française Contemporaine*, which was commenced in 1839, before the *France Littéraire* was finished, was to continue the list of authors only, and was to be completed in three volumes; but, unfortunately, M. Quérard had taken up a notion of improving the interest of the work by expanding the biographies, which he carried to such an extent that, under the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, introduced as a French author, he gave a summary of the Emperor's whole career, which extended far into the second volume. The publisher, after remonstrating in vain, carried the affair before the tribunals, who released him from his engagements with M. Quérard, and gave him the right of publishing a continuation by any other author. The *Littérature Contemporaine* was brought to a conclusion, in very creditable style, by M. Bourquelot, in 1857, in six volumes; but, during its progress, the continuator and publisher were assailed by the original author in periodicals and pamphlets in a style which brought on fresh appeals to the tribunals, whose condemnation of M. Quérard to fines and costs led to his incarceration, in 1855, in a debtor's prison. A subscription which was then set on foot in his favor among the friends of bibliography in general, testified to the number of his admirers in France and abroad, and was used in enabling him, among other things, to commence a short-lived bibliographical periodical entitled, somewhat too complacently, *Le Quérard*.

A *Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Polyonymes et Anonymes de la Littérature Française*, which was commenced, in 1846, as an additional supplement to the *France Littéraire*, stopped short at the word "Almanack"; and a work on the French pseudonymous authors of the last four centuries, *Les Écrivains Pseudonymes*, did not advance beyond two volumes, numbered as the eleventh and twelfth of the *France Littéraire*, and concluding with the letter R. One cause of the non-completion of these later compilations was, no doubt, that their author had greater predilection for a new work which rather belonged to literary history than mere bibliography, the *Supercheries Littéraires*, or History of Literary Frauds and Trickeries, which, originally announced to be in one volume, gradually extended to five volumes, published between 1847 and 1853. This is a mine of literary anecdote, much of which is of an interesting but much of a monotonous and dis-

greeable character, and such as few readers would care to pursue through the pages of five octavos. A second edition was just on the point of commencement at the time of M. Quérard's decease, and we are told that the completion of it would have given him peculiar satisfaction, from the opportunity it would have afforded him of repairing some injustices committed in the first.

Another work of importance, for which he had long been making preparations, was an "Encyclopædia of Bibliography," the manuscript materials of which are all that he has been able to bequeath his widow. Though so general in its title, it was to be an "index of subjects," extending to French literature only. His friend, M. Paul Lacroix, better known by his pseudonyme of "Le Bibliophile Jacob," who delivered the funeral oration over his grave, spoke with some acerbity of the ill-fortune which had pursued M. Quérard during his whole career, and which he described as the common lot of bibliographers, but which, in this instance, may surely be partly ascribed to the character of the individual. M. Lacroix went on to remark that a ray of hope had gilded the last few months of M. Quérard's life, as the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Duruy, had intimated to him that some method would be taken of recognizing and rewarding his merits. It is certainly a singular fact that Spain is at present the only country in Europe in which bibliography is encouraged at the expense of the state, and there is a public competition of bibliographers for lucrative employment as librarians.

DAYS OF DERRY.

CHAPTER I.

GIRLS' HOUSEKEEPING.

In the first year of King William of glorious and immortal memory, or Dutch Bill, as people chose to regard him, when affairs were settled with so little trouble in England, the clever blunderers, the Irish, were blundering with all their might.

There, armies were gathering; leaders — Sarsfield, Berwick, Tyrconnel, Lauzun, Schomberg, Caillemote — rushing headlong to their posts; and two kings buckling on what armor time had left them, throwing huge plumed hats on their heads, having their sashes knotted and their gauntlets given them, and taking up their truncheons to fight out their quarrel of father-in-law and son-in-law, Catholic and Protestant, great Louis and all Europe on the one hand, and little Orange, the United Provinces, and England, on the other, by the sweet Boyne Water. And the Boyne Water ran as clear and bright through the green hills of Meath; and ancient Derry lay on the brow of its hill, and looked down as cheerily on the brown bogs and the blue flowers of the flax and the blue waters of the Foyle, as if no civil war were in hand and no grand crisis at the door.

Whether the contending parties were Catholic or Protestant, they were very much alike in their love of potatoes and butter-milk, claret and usquebagh; in their warm hearts and their scatter brains. They were all Paddies, whether they were Orangemen or native Irish; whether they swore by the Bible or by the Holy Virgin and St. Patrick. There were even gallant French allies on both sides of the question, — the Huguenots from about Toulouse and the mountain region of the Cevennes under Caillemote, with Schomberg; and the royal regiments of Paris

and the western provinces under Lauzun, with Tyrconnel.

By the summer of 1668 a conviction had got abroad that true blue Derry, within the stout ribs of its walls, — a city set on a hill, with a famous haven and an open sea highway, — would be the heart and core, the citadel and rallying-point, of the Orangemen in the north, and the great object of attack to the Irish. The Protestants in the neighborhood had begun to crowd into it, the Catholics sprinkled among the Presbyterian manufacturers and traders to desert it; nevertheless the breaking out of hostilities took the town by surprise, and left it on its trial full of a useless population, in some cases with divided interests and opposite opinions.

Close to the Ferry Gate stood what in old Scotland would have been called "a land," — a tall old building of some pretension, with a triangular stone above the lower doorway, dignified by carved armorial bearings; narrow windows irregularly set, having broad sills below them; outside stairs and landings *ad libitum*; and the whole place crammed, according to the custom of the time, with resident families of ancient ould gentry, tradesmen, and mechanics, established, French fashion, a-top of each other, till, with a little reversal of the process, as

Miss Biddy A'Dair

Lived up three flights of stairs,

at an airy height flourished the girls O'Kane, with their servant, Peggy M'Ghie. And down to the servant the family were firm as locks on their descent from the chiefs O'Kane, the former rulers of Derry. On the same flat lived the 'prentice boy, Jonas Murray, and his widow mother, who were proud to claim kindred with one of the leading Whig merchants in the town. The two families were at daggers drawing; unnatural as it may seem that a brave, kind-hearted young Irishman and three lovely girls running wild without a head, should not drop a bone of contention, make common cause of it, and do each other a world of good or harm. It may seem unnatural in one light; but in another, keeping it in view that Jonas Murray had a fractious old woman to claim his duty and look after him, it was exceedingly natural that the young man and the young women should come to grief in their casual intercourse. Neither was there any association or sympathy between them, except in the irresistible attraction of youth, beauty, high spirits, and the *abandon* of Irish hearts.

The O'Kanes had been brought up till within the last five months on a remnant of the old chief's lands, — a farm and a hut possessed by their father. There they had reigned like rustic queens; fatherless now as well as motherless, they had but come into Derry for the protection of an uncle, who, having no women in his family, had placed them with Peggy M'Ghie to practise housekeeping, aloft at the Ferry Gate, while he and his sons were gone to the field after Tyrconnel.

The girls practised housekeeping according to their light, but according to their neighbor Mrs. Murray it was the most reckless, disgraceful housekeeping in the world. Peggy M'Ghie, the eldest of the party, — and she was not above five-and-twenty, — kept the keys and took care of her mistresses, who could not take care of themselves, in their open house, their incessant visiting and racketting; for they were three acknowledged beauties (though the youngest, Stacey, was little better than a child of fifteen), with the natural refinement of well-born Irish women and people of fortune. The

Orange Protestants in Derry, as well as the officers in the garrison, and the French visitors, made the girls right welcome, and had them invited to all the drums and French plays and sermons in the place. Grace, or Charlotte, or Stacey O'Kane were forever tripping out on foot; and when in high dress, going abroad in a chair, in red cloaks and mufflers, white gowns and green ribbons, lace aprons and stomachers, steeple-crowned beavers or powdered hair.

The girls received company at home too, very freely, — not only fearless, heedless girls like themselves, but the officers of the garrison, the Frenchmen in the town, lounging, spouting, singing, laughing at all the hours during which Peggy M'Ghie would permit their attendance. For Peggy, with her wide mouth and snub nose, her simple camlet petticoat and linen jacket, vindicated her fitness for the post of dragon by clearing the house whenever she thought proper with her, "The top of the morning to your honors, but I'm thinking it is dinner-time with you, and this is a house of maiden ladies. Will you please to lift?" Or, "The picket is past, gentlemen, and the last time I was at his reverence's I took a vow to shut the door to the last *bate* of the tattoo." And amidst a hubbub of coaxing, grumbling, and swearing, Peggy was always obeyed.

As to such trifles as elegance, or even comfort in marketing and cooking, the O'Kanes and Peggy were happy in the most primitive ideas. No one had thought of order, luxury, fine furniture, dainty eating at the hut, so that mutton, salmon, barley bread, milk, home-brewed ale, and French and Spanish wines were there "galore"; nothing more was wanted. And now that there was no head to the house, the girls ate very much when they were hungry and drank when they were thirsty; as often dined on a bit of bread and cheese and supped on a bit of bread and a handful of cherries and plums, leaning over the stone railing of their portion of "the land," and amusing themselves looking at the country people entering and departing, or watching the young May or the late September moon, as, after saying grace like Christians, seated soberly and privately at table.

Jonas Murray, though well connected, was engaged in trade. For that matter most Irish tradesmen solemnly and swaggeringly testify to being come of "dacent people," with Noah or Adam, — the *crater* for a head, and themselves for the tails. A full-grown apprentice boy, Jonas Murray was in one of the great provision-stores already superseding the wine-stores in the coast towns.

The Murrays were of a Scotch stock, long established in Ireland, till they were moulded into the Northern Scoto-Irish type, always stanch Whigs and Presbyterians.

The very physical conformation and coloring of the families were different. Jonas, and his mother before him, were big and fair, flaxen-haired, — of that flaxen which requires the spring and wave of clustering curls to give it life. The O'Kanes, though tall, were slight as young aspens; their hair was of a splendid chestnut, like the glow of the sunset; their eyes warm brown, instead of sapphire blue; their complexion pure and pale, though not of a Saxon fairness.

Withal, Jonas, along with his steadiness and industry, was frank and free enough to have been a United Irishman; and he bore with his old mother's crotchets and humors with a sweetness and gayety which only an Irishman or a Frenchman could have

brought to the encounter, and therewith gone nine tenths of the way to win the battle. But Mrs. Murray was narrow-minded and peevish, and her idolatry of her fine, manly, broad-shouldered, curly-haired, blue-eyed lad took the not singular, but very unpleasant form of a mortal jealousy of every person, especially every woman, who approached him. Moreover, in the blinking, rheumy eyes of the old woman, — who never moved from her hearth except to clutch her son's arm for a support to carry her to hear and be benefited by the quaint party sermons, the fervent prayers and psalms in the cathedral; who spun so many cuts of yarn every day she lived, and had her chief pride, after what centred in her son, in the spotless damask table-cloths spread out for him, and substantial repasts to which she set him down, — the disorderly, half-fine lady, half-beggarly doings of the O'Kanes were heinous offences.

Mrs. Murray was not slow to snap aggravatingly at her young neighbors. The O'Kanes and Peggy M'Ghie were not slow to rush into the row. Unfortunately they did not separate mother and son in their ground of animosity; indeed it was on Jonas's devoted head, as that of a more equal, perhaps of a more assailable foe, that they hurled their women's missiles. The girls scorned the young man's trade; they jeered at his person with all the plain-speaking of the Old World; they scoffed at his ways, tastes, and principles, and at his Biblical name. They made confidants of their idle, dissipated acquaintances, and caused them to mock him, — hiring a fish-wife to call before the house at the Ferry Gate, "A whale caught in the Lough, with a mighty roomy interior for an intending occupant"; or putting up a ladder and planting over night on his sill a huge burdock, to stand for the ancient prophet's gourd. All such profane jests Mrs. Murray heard with itching ears, while regarding their promoters with evil eyes.

Jonas, for his part, laughed, resented, and raged; caught one of the offenders deriding him; had high words with him on the spot; very nearly had out his walking-rapier; still more narrowly escaped being formally "out" to shoot and be shot by him for a piece of genuine woman's mischief, started by his mother and obediently followed by the O'Kanes. But the essential difference between the men's and the women's share in the business was that the men were half in jest all the time. Jonas and the raw officer, who was shrugging his shoulders and putting up his beardless lip at him, shook hands, and laughed in each other's faces in the middle of the dispute. But the women, poor souls! were in shrewish earnest, and made the feud — after the girls' gadding pursuit of pleasure, and the old woman's religious exercise and service to her son — the main business of their lives.

Then Jonas had his fits of relenting. When his mother said anything very bad of the girls and their dragon, he remembered they were orphans and women, and not only felt his manhood shamed, but felt himself fire up with something like a brother's indignation. "Be easy, mother, will you? The silly, skittish things are but women: honest as yet. Laughing teeth don't bite."

Again, when he was standing on the landing, burnishing his militia accoutrements, or spying with a glass the ships on the Foyle, and Grace, Charlotte, or Stacey would come out and toss their heads as they brushed past him, — powdered, plumed, hooped, high-heeled, — to their card-parties, and what substitute Londonderry afforded for

ridottes; oftener still, when they sallied forth unceremoniously, with a pitcher for water at the fountain-head, or a basket for bread or vegetables, he looked with a sudden longing at the budding and ripe beauties, with their comical, provoking likeness to Peggy M'Ghie. For it must be confessed that the O'Kanes had the most finely-cut, charmingly turned-up noses and full mouths, in company with their warm brown eyes, looking black as sloes under their contemptuously lowered lashes, and contrasting with their auburn hair and transparent complexions, which only tended to render them more fascinating by removing them from the category of nymphs, to that of human beings and lovely young Irishwomen. Jonas's white teeth watered, his broad chest heaved with a sigh, his heart melted, and at the same time contracted with a queer discontented pang. Why were not the quarrels of races, sects, and kings enough? Why could not men and women dwell together in peace? He was pacific; he could reflect reproachfully, and wellnigh piteously, that he would have been glad to have been friends with the O'Kanes; he would have given the best gains of the year to have been trusted by them; he would have risked his life to have served them.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES.

THE summer had been worn to winter without Tyrconnel and Schomberg doing more than manœuvre, lying on their arms; and people thought that the black frosts and white snow-wreaths would afford another welcome respite. Light-hearted and light-footed girls looked forward to another merry season of mirth, music, and dancing with their friends and followers of the garrison,—instead of a dreary Christmas, with the men away at their stern business, of soldiers in campaign; or lying beleaguered within walls, occupied with the hard problem of filling the mouths of a clamorous cityful, and maintaining their own desperate defence.

On the 7th of December, 1668, there was a stir in the town, messengers hurrying to and fro, gatherings of the inhabitants in knots, important faces, eager speeches; the commotion centring and prevailing at the Ferry Gate.

But to a careless observer these symptoms could be accounted for in the expected arrival, by way of the Ferry Gate, of Lord Antrim's Catholic regiment, to replace the Protestant regiment of Lord Mountjoy in the garrison. The martial spectacles of the going and coming of the regiments were always sources of interest to the sight-loving public; and to garrison toasts and favorites like the O'Kanes, these were the great events of their lives. One and another of the officers of Mountjoy had been entering, with clanking sabre and jingling spurs, taking leave of their partners; receiving the tribute of quickly-falling, quickly-dried, crystal tears,—adding crying to laughter, and hearty good wishes and fervent assurances of regard, all the morning.

Now the curtain was to rise on the second and more cheerful scene of the drama constantly enacting; and the O'Kane girls were seated at the open window of their high quarters, winter though it was, to be the first to hail with acclamation their new allies, among whom were old friends, kinder than kin, if rumor did not lie. Even the Murrays had heard that Grace was engaged in marriage to a dashing Captain More in Antrim's troop. And it was Grace

who sat prominently forward in her window, and—with the high, red gold turrets and battlements of her hair rising over her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, making her look older—like a brilliant and stately young matron, and with a great knot of striped gardener's garter riband on her left side,—was, by Mrs. Murray, invidiously compared to Jezebel, who tired her head, painted her face, and looked over a window on a certain memorable occasion; while other observers might have been reminded of the Maid of Neidpath ere pining had overtaken her.

The day had been fine, though the waters of the Foyle were leaden and dark, as the sea is apt to be under winter sunshine; and the watchers had not long to sit and count the slow, dragging moments. From the elevation of the long steep stairs which the O'Kanes climbed and descended a dozen times a day without failing breath or aching bone, not to say without the slightest abatement of their gentility, the patch of scarlet was soon discerned on the road. Grace saw it first, then Charlotte and Stacey, and, at last, Peggy M'Ghie, witnessing her mistresses' triumph, and looking out for a boy of her own in the ranks; for Peggy, though a disciplinarian, was, like her mistresses, an arrant, innocent flirt and coquette, to the manner born.

The women embraced each other, laughed and clapped their hands, and Peggy even uttered a shrill hurrah!

"Musha, he'll soon be here; and the next thing, we'll have a wedding as grand as my grannie's, rest her soul!"

At that moment Charlotte, casting her eyes down into the crowded street, cried, as in a dream, "What are they doing with the leaves of the gates?" and flung herself half out of the window.

From the loosely-gathered crowd—made up of men, women, and children, like other crowds, the most of the members as ignorant as the O'Kanes, and many of them amusing themselves, till their object was attained, by inspecting the windows of the houses, and by uttering the free compliments and criticisms on the faces which appeared at them, to which the ears of the beauties of '88 were steeled—a number of resolute men, some in working clothes, and some in the ruffles, brocade coats, and bag wigs of gentlemen, had passed unobserved to the front. Out of this motley, but easily distinguished and ominous combination, eight or nine young men,—no more,—representatives of both classes, all of them 'prentice boys of Derry, taking their cue from the joyous demonstration of the O'Kanes, and from a signal given from another window,—stepped forth, not with hurry and trepidation, as if frightened at what they were doing, but with the long stride and the force of arm keeping time, and the calm grim brows of premeditated and determined action. They dragged and clashed together the sides of the gate, and barred the entrance of the port against the soldiers of King James. With that the cathedral bells rang out a defiant peal, the cannon of the garrison thundered a bold challenge, and from the mob so idle, ignorant, and unconcerned five minutes before, there rose a roar, "Down with the Pope and the Devil! Croppies lie down! Up with Derry and King William! The Bible and the Protestant succession for ever and ever!"

It was as if the darkness and cold of the winter twilight had descended at once on the Foyle, and the closed gate, now swarming with volunteers, soldiers, and weapons of defence, which might have fallen from the air or risen from the sea, at every

sally-port and loophole; while households like the O'Kanes looked blankly in each other's faces and felt, what there was no need to say, that they were imprisoned for weeks and months, and condemned to suffer and die with their mortal foes.

But Grace's was the most dismal face. The passionate Irish girl, in the height of her pride and exultation, her white arms stretched out to meet her lover, tossed them wildly above her head with rage and despair, in the deepening gloom, before the strong barrier—against which corpses would be heaped breast high, on each side, before it was again flung open to admit a single rider. With lively superstition she seized on the arrest as a fatal omen. "Ned More will never enter now, or I shall never see his entrance. We'll hear the banshee wail again of nights soon."

Stacey wrung her little hands and proclaimed recklessly, "Shame, shame on the rebels! It is I that am grieved for you, Grace, astore."

While Peggy could not help giving the lamentation a practical turn, "Wirrah! to think of that *baste* of a gander roasted for supper. When will a house full of women ate a gentleman like that? And provisions like to be scarce, and a cold supper and a colder bed to the other poor gentleman without the walls."

But as for Charlotte, she continued to lean out of the window and watch the men who had struck the first blow, in order to learn their features by heart, and know them when she met them again. The handful of men who had barred the gate, but who were now supported by a powerful concourse of citizens, had been chosen with a purpose from the famous 'prentice boys. One of them, who had been foremost and most active in the strain of the ponderous doors, had his cap knocked off in the effort; and when torches began to be lit and to flash like blood on the waters of the bay, and to be reflected by yellow beacons and bonfires gleaming forth in rapid succession like topazes crusted into the rocks round the amphitheatre of hills, the light showed a familiar broad-shouldered figure and fair-haired head turned for a moment towards the house to mark the effect of his work.

"That insolent chapman is one of them, Grace," Charlotte declared, vehemently, as if the circumstance added insult to injury.

The next time Grace O'Kane encountered Jonas Murray on the stairs, she clenched her fist and hissed at him with white face and blazing eyes like a mad creature.

"The curse of Cromwell light on you, you traitor!" She called down on him the fiercest malediction a native of Ulster knows how to use.

Jonas took off his cap and bowed low, thanked Mistress O'Kane for her kindness, and hoped it would bring good luck to him; but the bold heart fell at the sight of the set, rigid woman's face, which he had known as that of a blooming girl a week before.

"She never wronged me," he said, hanging his head remorsefully in private. "What are women's squabbles to a man? I have done her a deadly wrong without meaning it." But Jonas had business enough on his hands presently, to put sentimental troubles out of his mind.

The O'Kanes and the rest of the disaffected in the town were mistaken in the simple notion that the outrage at the Ferry Gate, — where Irish Catholics and loyal subjects of King James had suffered the degradation of being bearded by a turbulent

scum of Scotch descent, a Derry rabble, — was a folly and baseness which would be shortly and sharply atoned for. It was true, indeed, that not Antrim's company alone, but an army lay ere spring before the Ferry Gate and the three other gates of the town, and a king had come in person to lead them. James, who was dogged, sullen, — in the same humor in which he had sent the bishops to the Tower and approved of the circuit of Judge Jeffries, — was quartered in a neighboring great house, overruling the siege, and letting the defenders guess what grace they had to expect from a graceless face. And, perhaps, in the full light of the perception, the garrison to a man announced themselves King William's men. The citizens, badly armed, ill provided with stores, without a general officer or an engineer, looked at the thick walls with which the City of London had provided them, and asked of their single-hearted faith if there was not a God in the blue sky above them, "to take care of them and preserve them" in resisting to the death for what they not only believed, but knew in their strong convictions to be the truth, were quite as dogged, though a great deal more cheerful than the king. They scouted all proposals of capitulation; they served, bled, and died as the city guard. In answer to the cannon of the besiegers battering the heights of the town, they thundered with their own pieces from the walls on the assailants. And when the boom was raised across the mouth of the Foyle, to shut the sea, their sole hope of salvation, as they had shut the gates, they swore to be starved to the last ounce of flesh which would contain a man's soul, before they would yield the cause of Protestantism and its hero to the Irish Catholics with James and the Grand Monarque at their back.

And Grace O'Kane did not recover from the shock of disappointment she had received when awaiting her lover. Life, both physical and spiritual, in its rank vigor then, responded to the rude old aphorism, "Soon ripe, soon rotten." Men and women died of love and hate, of bliss and misery, in those days, as fast as they die now of apoplexy and diphtheria.

Grace O'Kane pined in her flush and flower, paled from the day of the beginning of the siege, sat hopelessly staring at the operations of the besiegers, the dust and smoke, and the occasional fatigue parties carrying back motionless loads from the walls, as she had looked for the marching in of Antrim's men, and the glad, fond greeting of her lover. On the very day after, the sensational gossip of the combatants, travelling in a roundabout way to the town's people, had brought the doleful tidings that Captain Edward More had fallen, shot to the heart as he climbed a scaling-ladder, without any warning of the banshee. Grace fell back at her post, her hand on her heart, and with one gasping sigh went to meet her lover where the Gates of Paradise stood open wide for them. The Irish girl was waked in the maiden beauty, — grown awful, to the rattle of guns, the glitter of swords and pikes, and the flames of brushwood outshining the constant stars.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAMINE WAXES SORE.

THE bleak winter had brightened and burst into the tender green of spring, with the west wind, soft even where it lashed the wild waves of the Atlantic against the mighty promontories of the North and the pillars of the Giant's Causeway, causing hardy

rock roses to bud in the clefts of the round towers, and dainty St. Patrick's cabbage to flower in feathery tufts in every sheltering rift of the rocks.

But in Derry — which had stood three or four months of hard battering and starving, and stood it with the best in ancient and modern times — there was no spring; no peasant girls in their cloaks, coming in, their baskets of eggs and butter set out with bunches of cowslips or daffodils; no countrymen in their gray frieze coats, with their charges, — the pigs, dead and quartered, ready to be rolled into bacon; no fishermen landing their boats full of salmon and white fish, and fish-wives, their creels on their shoulders, hiding under the dulse at the bottom of each basket smuggled Cogniac and Bourdeaux.

Night and day the ports remained closed, except when a sortie dashed out and captured a stand of colors, or slew a French general, as Colonel Murray, Jonas's namesake and kinsman, killed General Mam-mou in single combat at the mill of Pennyburn. The garrison had still the spirit for these sorties; but it was the leaping up of the flame low in the socket, for already there was neither meal nor malt, fresh flesh nor fowl, to be had for love or money in any provision shop in Derry; and the population — feeding on salt meat and stock-fish sparsely doled out, growing lank, lean, and hollow-eyed — shrank from looking in each other's faces, above all, when they were the thin, pinched faces of women and little children; and had no heart left for anything but the constant manning of the walls and ports, the irregular return of the cannonade, and the listening to ardent, austere sermons on purity and perseverance, in praise of martyrs' crowns, immortal when warriors' laurels wither, and to terribly earnest prayers from the priest-soldiers.

Jonas Murray, traversing in haste a high, exposed quarter of the town, swept by the artillery of the Irish, saw a melancholy sight, — the short, broad body of a young country woman worn to skin and bone, lying dead against the wall of the cathedral, crushed by fragments of stone thrown down by the spent fire of one of the enemy's batteries. As Jonas passed her quickly, his attention was caught by something familiar in the low forehead, over which the profuse hair was scattered, and the lips half open in their last lividness. He stooped, and looked closer. It was poor Peggy M'Ghie, still clutching a couple of pigeons and a few dried-up turnips in her lincey-wolsey apron. She had been out on a foraging expedition for her mistresses in the more exposed and less visited part of the town, and had met her death, like any man of them, in the faithful discharge of her duty.

Jonas, at his own personal risk, dragged the body within the outer wall of the cathedral, to the edge of the trench, which was being constantly filled and a new one thrown open, like the jaws of an insatiable monster forever gaping for its prey. Then he walked home, and for the first time went and knocked at the O'Kanes' door. He had not seen the two remaining girls for weeks; he had not cared to see them after Grace's death, to the origin of which he had contributed. Now he started back as at a ghost, when Charlotte came to the door in her mourning-dress, already rusty with neglect and privation, her splendid Irish beauty, wan and ghostlike, as only such beauty — with the woful contrast between the sunset-tinted hair and brown eyes, and the pathos and attenuation — can present to the pitiful beholder. She might have been the O'Kanes' ban-

shee, her wrecked self. It was the rule to describe the banshee as just such a red-haired, shadowy woman.

Jonas did not reflect how gray and gaunt his own face showed, with the harsh lines under his unshaven beard, and untrimmed, matted, flaxen locks. He had grown used to the travel-soiled and grim, bony faces of his companions; while on the yellow, puckered faces of the old, like his mother, the ceaseless anxiety, the sickness of hope deferred, and the gnawing fangs of the famine, told less, when it was at its height than on others. The submission and torpor of age fare better without food or sleep, though they may not rally and recover from the effects, than the rebellion and restlessness of youth, seeking perpetual nourishment to supply the swift consumption of its own fires.

But the passionate girl was become apathetic as the oldest woman in Derry. She listened sluggishly and stolidly to his hesitating story of the disaster; and although she would not be prevented going out into the street as far as the corpse of Peggy, she drew her screen over her head, and walked calmly and steadily, while he followed her silently. It was only when she was brought in contact with Peggy that she awoke to the loss and the sacrifice, and fell on her knees and spoke out to the deaf ears.

"Peggy, machree, why have you left us? The father has gone, and Grace is gone, there are only me and little Stacey to the fore, and what can we do in these horrors? Times are changed since we were the beauties and the toasts of Derry. O Peggy, if you must go, why did you not wait a little longer and take the mistresses along with you?"

Yet Charlotte made no resistance to Jonas raising her, and telling her of the danger of staying outside the cathedral. She returned with him, and allowed him, on the plea of seeing her safe in shelter, to cross the threshold of her home, and judge for himself, in humanity, of the bareness of cupboard and buttery which had replaced the old *lash-ins* of meat and drink at their father's hut, and in the régime of the girls' easy housekeeping.

The kitchen, the little back-parlor, the girls' sleeping-room, were alike forlorn. Where the old hubbub and confusion, at which Mrs. Murray had railed, once reigned, there brooded now dead stillness. Not only Grace's wheel in its corner, — every other wheel was stopped, while there was no cooking on the hearth waiting for Peggy, who would cook no more. And Charlotte's spirit was broken. She suffered Jonas Murray to come and go and bring supplies from his own small stock. The poor youngest girl, Stacey, curled up faint and weary under the patched quilt on her bed, stared at him, drew her wasted brows into a frown, pouted her lips, purple with fever, with a protesting rueful sob, even when her firmness gave way, and she was, at the same time, turning aside her head and stretching out her hand, fearfully like a claw, for his victuals.

But Charlotte made no sign; it was not so much that she was tamed and cowed; rather that she was changed into a woman of stone. The single evidence of vitality and independence of spirit about her was that she would go out now that Peggy M'Ghie was gone. She would not hang upon Jonas Murray for every mouthful which she and Stacey swallowed. Let him try to persuade her as gently and perseveringly as he could, the only answer he got was a faint incredulous smile in his face. She would go out to procure what, alas! was no better than garbage and carrion. She acquired a habit of wandering abroad;

she lost all dread of the besiegers' shot, as she had lost all her old feeling; and there was nothing for her to fear but the flying balls and the tottering masonry, for many such spectres of delicate women, driven out by the misery of their homes, walked in the broad daylight of the early summer in the streets of Derry, where the beauties of Derry had been wont to flaunt. It was the last ordeal, and had she been a weak woman she would have perished under it with hundreds and thousands.

Charlotte endured, and witnessed the routine and the interludes of the siege; learnt to distinguish the voice of Roaring Meg, the favorite among the town cannon, the loudness of whose hoarse challenge uttered a note of cheer to the ghastly remnant of the city band; and heard Governor Walker reading from the Bible in one hand, while he brandished a sword in the other, before he led his sorely beated citizens to repulse an assault. She was many a time overtaken by Jonas Murray going and coming to and from the walls, conveyed home and talked to by him,—for lack of another listener, encouraged as he was by a dim dawning of interest on her part, of the projects and struggles, and dying hopes of the town in which her lot had been cast, where she suffered extremity, as if she had been a Whig and a sister.

Stacey O'Kane was sick of the fever which was raging in Derry. Jonas's mother, who had been powerless to prevent her son's overtures to his old neighbors and enemies, was beginning to sink in the strife. It was the middle of summer, with the brazen, burning sun beating down on the becalmed lough, itself like molten copper. The heat of the weather was adding its loathsome harvest of corruption to the wretchedness of the beleaguered, famished town. It was not possible that the brave inhabitants could hold out many days longer, and there was no question but of the town being sacked, and the leaders put to the sword, as Drogheda and its defenders suffered under the cruel mercy of old Oliver. Mercy it seemed in the horror of the straits, as the old knight's dagger for the swift despatch of the vanquished, to whom there was no surrender granted, was mercy.

But once and again, like a fresh breeze or the scent of cold water to a parched and maddened caravan-company in the desert, a bruit got up, and died out—of help yet at the door—of ships riding with the rising wind and tide; of barrels of beef and flour, and casks of wine and ale; of William not leaving his devoted adherents to perish; of God fighting for the glory of his name.

Jonas Murray had gone out on the last sortie, without troubling any one in the house at the Ferry Gate with the knowledge of his expedition. Why shake the dregs of life in his old mother, or cause others to tremble, if indeed others trembled for him?

But he returned triumphant, begrimed with sweat, smoke, dust, and powder, and with dark crimson blotches, as of the droppings of wine, on his torn clothes, which, alas! people had long ceased to heed; and with his cap in his hand, full of hens' eggs. He had found time to rob a henroost on the outskirts, and he had guarded his brittle treasure with his body, and brought it safe home, a spoil worth a king's ransom.

"Here, Charlotte," he cried, "here is a change of diet for your sick lass. Here is something you can eat yourself, and pay me for my pains. Something to remind you of the blessed country, of cows standing knee-deep in grass, of a nest hidden among

the corn," as he put the half of the eggs in Charlotte's lap, where she sat on the bed, by Stacey, who sought to chip the eggs and suck them raw.

Jonas's mother tarried longer over her share of the plunder. Perhaps she thought it like the draught of water brought by David's mighty men, a man's life, her only son's life, and God forbid she should eat it,—by herself at least.

"Nay, lad, I will have none of them just now. I have strength remaining to rise up and poach them, and they will keep for your supper when you come back from the muster."

"Ay, ay, mother, and you and I will eat them together, as in old times," answered the young man, humoring her.

So when Jonas went to report himself, Mrs. Murray tottered from her elbow-chair, prepared the eggs, placed them before the fire, which helped to send up the now slender wreath of smoke that rose from the cold hearths of Derry, and sat down again to watch the dish, doze, and wait for her son.

"Here I am, my old woman," called Jonas, coming up the stairs. "Are your eggs ready? for the thought of them has gone about my heart, and my appetite beats Fin Macoul's to-night."

Mrs. Murray opened her eyes with a start, to find both eggs and dish gone, and nothing but the faint flavor lingering in the air to refresh her tired soldier.

Now the loss even of a plateful of eggs, to a man who is living on morsels of salted hide, and who has made up his mind to be regaled, is a trial; and Jonas stared about him in blank disappointment, and sank down in a chair in sheer exhaustion.

"It is those ungrateful, heartless jades; those wicked Delilahs," stuttered Mrs. Murray, her old head shaking with wrath, her foot stamping impatiently.

Jonas started up. "Mother," he demanded, sternly, "does misfortune not teach you charity? How dare you slander two poor miserable young girls, whom it would be kindness to put out of pain; a thousand times more miserable than we are?"

"Yes, Mrs. Murray, it is true; we are thieves," proclaimed Charlotte, as she entered the room, carrying the dish, with a few spoonfuls of its contents. "You divided your goods with us, and we ate our portion, and now we have stolen yours. Since we have come to shame, be kind, Jonas, and put us out of pain." And as she said the words with weak staring eyes, bloodless lips, and quivering nostrils, she staggered, and would have fallen, had not Jonas thrust aside his mother, and carried Charlotte, a light weight, back to her room; his mother following and casting her eyes around on the desolation which had succeeded the childish folly she had banned so bitterly; on the cobwebs visible in the broad sunshine woven over frames, and harpsichord, and jar of sweet waters.

The moment Stacey saw the three, she shrieked out from her bed: "I have murdered Charlotte; and it was I who did it. She ate a little of the strabour in the morning, when I was cross and would not taste it (I was the youngest, and always had my way), and she gave me all the eggs. But they only roused my hunger; and I smelt the rest of them in the next room, so when she lay asleep, I got up and crept like a dog into your room and robbed you of your meal. And, now that I have murdered Charlotte, you may kill me, too."

When Charlotte came to herself, two moved faces

bent over her. The old Ulster woman's heart was shaken by the fellow-feeling of misfortune, and overcome by the self-sacrifice of the girl.

"I know all about it, Mistress Charlotte, and can make allowance for the pangs of a poor young appetite. Well-a-day, young appetites should not be hard tried. Sit up, mavourneen, and eat this cake; for neither Jonas nor I will taste it until you will."

Charlotte broke bread with mother and son; and the old woman, under the spell of her bread and salt, seeking to feed her rival, forgot to be jealous of that rival's vanished youth and beauty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BURSTING OF THE BOOM.

A FEW more pretences of breakfasts and suppers which the Murrays and the O'Kanes ate together, and there came the last of all, on the evening of the 30th of July. The united families, Whig and Tory, were still at table, when a rush as if of hurrying footsteps was heard in the street; and Jonas, thinking the end was come, felt for his sword, and rose and leant in his turn out of the high window, to hear of the passers-by—where the enemy had begun their attack, or where they had made a breach, and were already pouring into the town. He had his answer, drew in his head, and looked in a mute, stunned way into the faces beside him. His fair complexion was long since burnt black, and his skin was like parchment on his bones under his bleached hair; but the little family could see that every drop of blood had quitted his face for his heart, leaving him sallow as a Spaniard or an Italian, while the sweat drops burst forth at every pore.

Was death so hard to the 'prentice who had dared it so often and in so many ways, or was he thinking of the women behind him,—the helpless, hapless women given over to the brutality of the soldiers, not likely to stop and ask who had been friend or foe, who was come of Orangemen or Irishmen?

"They say," Jonas muttered, at last, with dry, quivering lips, taking a step to the door, and fumbling for his cap while he spoke, "there are sails in the bay, and I must go to the shore to see the deliverance of God, if so be he is to deliver us."

"Let me go with you, Jonas, and see the end," besought Charlotte; and he took her under his arm.

Down on the quay, on that second last night of July, there was such a spectacle as has been rarely witnessed on this old earth, with all its jeopardies and rescues. Coming up the river, riding with the wind, though the tide was low, as little birds had told the defenders of Derry weeks before, were three English ships, a frigate and two merchantmen,—the *Mountjoy*, a Derry ship with a Derry captain, and the *Phoenix*. Before them was the boom barring the entrance of the harbor, and pointed at them, and playing on them already, tearing their rigging, were the cannon of the besiegers' batteries, answered by the guns of the frigate. For spectators of the daring adventure there was a host of blackened skeleton men and white ghosts of women crowding down from the streets to the harbor, while the banks of the Foyle were lined with Tyrconnell's swaggering soldiers, standing by their pitched tents, floating standards, horses, and wagons.

Amidst cheers and groans, prayers and curses, and the imminent risk of running aground, the for-

cover the merchantmen, and the *Mountjoy* drove on the boom with such force that the great weir split apart with the report of a park of artillery, and, crashing down, churned the water into a yellow sea of foam. But so great was the shock, that the *Mountjoy* bounded back from the encounter, and, shivering in every plank, struck and settled in the mud in front of the Irish batteries.

The Irish gave a mad yell, and rushed forward to board the stranded ship, but were checked and thrown into disorder by the steady, galling fire of the frigate.

Macaulay says, "When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes."

And Charlotte O'Kane's eyes were opened, as when one recovers from a trance. She gazed eagerly round on the haggard, convulsed faces, and up into Jonas Murray's face as he ground his teeth and gnawed his lips in the horrible suspense. She looked across at her old party, the well-fed, well-clad, roistering bands who had held the town at bay these many months, though they had done no more,—and her old, fine, light, vain, boastful partners seemed to recede far away, like the pearly dawn in the gold and purple sunset; while the broken-hearted men and women closing their ranks on the rough highway of the quay were her true brothers and sisters.

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

The kinship which had been struggling into birth all these miserable months sprang in a moment into full vigor. She clasped Jonas's arm.

"They will succeed yet, Jonas!" She begged for his assurance with sobbing breath. "They cannot fail. They have come to save us, and we will be saved."

He did not show that he paid heed to her appeal, as men hardly regard women's hysterical affections at such moments, unless by taking her hands and stroking them in half-unconscious soothing. He understood all the trembling possibilities of the trial, and was engrossed by them while they lasted.

Then the second merchantman tried for the gap which its consort had made, and took it by the turning of a straw, leaping within the broken barrier, and the tide at the same time answering in swelling haste to the requirements of its brave masters, breasted up the *Mountjoy* till she too went floating through the havoc into port, but not safe from foes, or within reach of friends, till the tide bore her, half an hour later, alongside the quay.

Derry was saved! And with the first of the six thousand bushels of meal and casks of beef and great cheeses cast on the quay, amidst the deep bass of thanks, and the shrill treble of praise, and the joy peals of the cathedral bells,—the noblest music Derry had ever heard, Jonas Murray turned and kissed Charlotte O'Kane, and Charlotte hung weeping on his shoulder.

After Jonas had worked as hard as any man at the raising of the shelter to protect the willing sailors landing the mighty store of provisions; after he had got his ample rations, and sent them home before him, and shaken hands and congratulated every half-crazy man and woman on each side of him, he joined Charlotte O'Kane, faithfully waiting for him

and the two went proudly back to the Ferry Gate, reckless of the shot poured furiously for twelve hours longer by the balked besiegers on the town, ere they raised the siege, and marched away, bag and baggage, with the next rising sun, to Strabane.

The couple paused to look at the streaming bonfires once again reflected across the sky like the Merry Dancers, or like the fires on Midsummer Eve, lit already by wasted, shaking hands on the heights above the town; and they stood still together when they came to a house before which there was gathered a silent, reverent, tearful crowd, in the middle of the rejoicing, and out of which, clashing strangely with the bells, came the sharp wail of mourners crying keen. Well did he deserve to be mourned who was carried stiff and stark to his home on the night of Derry's jubilee; but Derry's jubilee was his fit ovation, for the captain of the *Mountjoy* was shot dead as his ship burst the boom, and freed his birth-place and home from destruction.

Jonas and Charlotte looked into each other's hollow, shining eyes. "Charlotte!" he whispered, bending down to her. "Jonas!" she responded, pressing up to him. So their troth was plighted at the festival of delivered Derry, till that death which had struck the hero in the moment of victory should part them.

BIRDS IN WINTER.

THE birds have been called God's Messengers ever since that old and holy time when the prophet Elijah, waiting for his evening meal, saw the broad-winged ravens painted black upon the golden sunset, which flooded with glory the brook Cherith, by which he knelt. King David, in his Psalms, makes mention of the birds that built about the tabernacle, and says, "The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even Thine altar"; and our Saxon ancestors called those birds that built about the churches God's Birds, and held them in as great reverence as those which reared their nests against the temples erected by David and Solomon. High up in the very centre of the roof may still be seen an open window in some of our old country churches, which is called the Birds' Window, and was placed there by the pious builders, so that the birds might enter and be sheltered from the severity of winter.

The swallow-scallop cut in the ornamental woodwork under the pinnaced gables may still be seen in a few of those old timbered tenements which our forefathers built for posterity. Those who sat at the long heavy window, hooded by the quaint scrollwork that threw a cool shadow on the casement, could see the swallows come in and go out through the openings, and watch them feeding their young or sitting peacefully on the nests which they had built within arm's length of such as sat in the low wainscoted apartment looking at them. And our God-fearing forefathers would point to the birds and tell their children how the Good Shepherd, in his Sermon on the Mount, left the birds to their care, when he said, "They sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And, so taught, the children would not send away empty the little robin when he alighted on the snow-covered window-sill, nor turn a deaf ear to the chirp of the sparrow when he came down from the housetop which winter had whitened. Mankind walked nearer to God when, in their unshaken faith and simple-heartedness, they believed

the birds went to and fro over sea and land at his bidding, and that they were doing his service when they attended to the wants of "the least of these."

We read of winters so severe, even within the last century, that nearly all the small birds perished. There were very few robins, wrens, linnets, or larks seen the following spring, and it was the end of summer before any young birds appeared. During those hard winters thousands of birds were picked up frozen to death, for all the rivers were ice-bound, and it was so cold that the oil was frozen in the street-lamps, and they could not be lighted, so that the towns were left in darkness. Freezing showers often fell during those hard old winters, coating everything they touched with clear bright ice, even the plumage of the birds; while the crimson holly-berries showed as if they were under glass, and the moss and lichen looked like jewels enclosed in crystal cases. Though we have seldom such severe winters now, yet rarely does one pass without a frost lasting a week or two, and causing the ground to be as hard as stone. How do the small birds live during these severe frosts, especially such as do not approach our homes in quest of food? It is easy to show that, even if the weather be so severe as to freeze the very life out of them, food can be found in abundance, and that for want of food alone they never perish.

There are millions of leaves under our broad old hawthorn hedges amid which insects are to be found in every stage of existence, and these the frost rarely reaches. In the woods, beneath the close underwood overtopped by tall trees, it is the same; and if you force a way through these close-woven barriers in winter and examine the leaves that lie so thickly at your feet, you will see where the birds have been rummaging for food. You can tell at a glance where the woodcock has been feeding, through his neat way of turning over the leaves, as he places one on his right and another on his left all the way he goes, never varying, and so makes himself quite an ornamental walk through his feeding-ground. There are loads of berries on our privet and holly hedges, of haws on our hawthorns and wild roses, besides a vast number of berry-bearing shrubs, which would make quite a catalogue of names. Under the gorse-bushes, that grow everywhere, are bushels of dry brown spines, which not only harbor insects, but afford warm shelter to the birds, and are much frequented by our finches and linnets throughout the winter. Nor would a frost that locked up our navigable rivers penetrate very deep into these sheltered places, where the dry leaves lie layer above layer and never seem cold to the touch.

There are also myriads of insect-eggs glued, on tree, bush, or hedge, to foliage that never falls, and these the birds find out and devour; and well would it be if our gardeners looked a little more closely to the few leaves which remain on the fruit-trees at the end of winter, for they will be found covered with squares of insect eggs, all glued so close together that it is difficult to force the point of a fine needle between the rows. Amid mosses, among withered grass, in the open hollows of no end of weeds and reeds, in decayed wood, in the thatch of stacks, dwellings, and outhouses, insects are concealed, and seeds are to be found which are only visible to the sharp sight of birds. We see them searching every hole and cranny in old walls, holding on by their claws and the pressure of their tails, and can fancy that the light of their sharp, flashing eyes must be as startling to the poor insects they fasten upon as

the bull's-eye of a policeman's lantern is when turned upon a concealed felon. In farm-yards, in places where flocks and herds are foddered, amid every variety of foliage and herbage, the birds find food that we know nothing of. Watch some bird busy pecking, then kneel down and examine the ground closely, and all you find will be grit, sand, and loam, — to your eye nothing else is visible: what else might be revealed can only be discovered through the aid of a microscope. The sight of birds is marvellous. We have seen them drop down like a stone upon an insect from such a height as in our eye would have rendered it as indistinct as a grain of sand on a gravel-walk.

The birds pass two thirds of their time in mid-winter in sleep, during which they require no food; while during the long days they are moving about for at least sixteen hours. The same Providence which causes so many created things to hibernate during the period they would perish for want of food if awake, also provides rest and sleep for the birds, during which they feel no hunger, and renders the few brief hours of winter daylight long enough to gather a sufficiency of food before retiring to roost. Some birds feed only in the night, and it is becoming a question whether some few that are classed as wild-fowl migrate at all, as their nests have been found by our water-courses. All the plovers, god-wits, coots, water-rails, the sheldrake, and teal are met with in summer; and, though they may shift from place to place, most of them, many think, remain with us all the year round, although they may move to every point of the compass.

Chief favorite of all our winter birds is the little robin. He never leaves us, but still sings the old year out and the new year in, as his forefathers did, centuries before a Christmas carol was heard. His beautiful red breast and the crimson holly-berries are generally the only bits of warm coloring we see out of doors, where all the landscape is whitened with winter. He hops on the window-sill, leaving the print of his long claws in the snow, while he peeps through the pane with his bold black eyes, asking, in his way, for food, and will enter the room, after a few visits, if he is treated kindly. He has such winning ways that all the children love him, and would not harm him for the world, were he caught and placed in their hands. How delighted the children are to stand at the door and feed the birds in winter, to watch their shy habits, as they draw nearer and nearer until they reach the furthest-most crumb; then they open their wings and are off in the twinkling of an eye! Throw up a few shovelfuls of earth in the garden, and there the robin is rummaging among it to see what he can find, almost before our back is turned; or else we find him perched, impudently, on the handle of the spade we had left sticking in the mould, and singing away, with all his might, as if trying how much space he could fill with his song, since all the other birds are silent. Neither does he forsake us for long together, either in spring or summer, except at breeding-time, but comes every now and then, as if just to look on and say he has not forgotten us. Then he comes again, with his little family about him in their juvenile suits; and you must look very close at them to see a likeness, for they are too young to wear the red waistcoat, — the proud crest of the house of the Robins; but they will put it on in autumn, and be able to take a part in the carols their parents sing at Christmas around our leafless homesteads.

is but little more than a mile from either London Bridge or Vauxhall, or any of the bridges that span the Thames between the two — we are visited by a great number of birds in winter. We let the groundsel and chickweed under the south wall run to seed year after year, to tempt them, so that one or both are in flower and seed from February to November, unless the season is very severe. The tall privet hedge is also black with berries all the year round; as the old ones hang on the sprays until the new ones are nearly ripe. Wrens, robins, finches, titmice, and even the wagtail, that comes picking and strutting round the fountain, are among the chief of our winter visitors, for the sparrows we have with us always.

Year after year a blackbird builds, and sings, and rears its young with only the space of a garden between us. All the thickly-clustered houses that hem in the open space in which we reside are filled with the music of the blackbird in spring. Robins come into our kitchen, and we hardly ever stir out in winter without startling the beautifully colored goldfinches. As for the wrens, they are sticking up their tiny tails everywhere. It will not be so long; for while we write new houses are creeping up close to our old, high garden-walls, which have stood for at least two centuries. These and the huge, square, brick pillars, on which the quaintly-wrought iron gates swung in former times, are all that remain of the past; for the battlemented manor-house, which a wall divides from us, is but a thing of yesterday, compared with the crumbling barrier that surrounds us. And in these gray, thick, mouldering old walls — every brick of which may be powdered into dust between the thumb and finger — thousands of insects are concealed that furnish the birds with many a meal in winter, for they are flying about and peeping into the holes and crevices, and hanging flattened against the brickwork all day long. We allow none to be captured.

A thick, low-branched, broad-spreading japonica, that sends out thorns sharp as needles, and is hung with fiery blossoms, before the leaves are grown, in early spring, is the favorite playground of the little brown titmice. It is overhung by a plum-tree, both within a few feet of the window. Here they come to play in winter for the hour together, as they always find food under the thorny japonica. Their favorite game seems to be that of "Goosey, goosey, gander," as they continually chase one another "up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," the interlacing and step-like branches of the shrub being the staircase. Our cat, Blondin — so called for his daring performance on the branches, never caring how high he climbs nor how low the sprays bend beneath him, as he always alights on his feet when he falls — is confined within doors, when we can catch him, while the titmice go through their little performance. He is, however, allowed to occupy a chair by the window, on which he rears up and looks at the birds, swearing awfully, and switching his tail to and fro angrily all the time he watches them. Now and then he escapes, when the door is opened, and spoils their pretty game of "catch me, who can," for they scamper off, like a parcel of children who are in mischief, at the sight of a policeman, the instant they see Blondin. As for the robins and wrens, they get on the highest stems that shoot out of the broad old holly hedge, when they see him, well knowing that he will not follow them there, as there are myriads of sharp spikes on the

feet. Sometimes Blondin brings in a poor little, palpitating bird, and looks up at us as if he expected to be stroked for so savage an outrage; then we have a dear little maiden who takes it away from him, and gives him a "good talking to," and threatens that he shall have no supper. But somehow, by rubbing against her, purring, and climbing up her back to sit on her shoulder, he manages to get into favor again; and when we see him lying coiled up on her knee just before bed-time, we know that he is forgiven, and has had his supper.

For the wagtail there is always something to be found about the fountain under the pump, as the ice is broken every morning, for the birds to drink, and the water falls over the brim when it is full, making the ground moist; and there the black winter gnats indulge in their airy dance if there be only a gleam of sunshine that lasts for a few minutes. He goes striding about, as if he timed his footsteps to the wagging of his beautiful long tail; for he never hops as if his legs were tied together, as many birds do, but puts his "best foot foremost," like the gentlemanly bird he is, though his color is like that of the mischief-loving magpie, who also remains with us all the year round. We have a great number of starlings at times about the ground, and very pretty they look with their beautifully-marked plumage; and there is something very peculiar in that long, clear whistle, which is heard every minute or so while they remain, and seems to be sounded as the signal of danger and caution.

As for sparrows, like mice, they follow man wherever he goes. They are our greatest plague. They eat up all the early seeds we sow in February; then begin with the peas the very instant they pop out of the ground. We catch them thieving in winter; and when we drive them off the seed-beds, they fly no farther than one of the walls, where they perch all of a row, and are down again and busy plundering before we pass under the elder-bower. They are born thieves; and we do believe often fight in winter only to keep themselves warm. Nor do they mind taking possession of one another's nests. When the rightful occupier returns, the sparrow in possession pokes out his head from under the eaves and pecks at him; if that does not drive him away the intruder turns out, and then they have to fight for it; and a pretty row they make while they fight, — no doubt calling one another all the bad names they "can lay their tongues to." Sometimes one sparrow gives another such a thrashing that we do not see the beaten one for a day or two, and have no doubt that he is confined to his bed under the eaves. The little wrens sit in the hedges, huddled up like balls of feathers on a cold day; and, but for their tiny tails sticking out, would seem quite round. Then there is ever heard that low, pleasing note, as if they were talking to themselves while perking their heads aside, and stopping every now and then for a moment or two, as if considering whether they have hunted the spray well from which they have just stepped down, or left anything on it that is worth while going back again for.

The golden-crowned wren we have not seen, though he visits the gardens about Camberwell and Dulwich in winter. He is the very smallest of all our British birds, and a perfect beauty he is, too, with his orange-colored crest blowing all about his head on a windy day, like the long feathers in a lady's bonnet. He likes to go hopping and pecking about in our shrubberies among the evergreens in winter, but

never approaches near our towns or villages at any other season of the year; and, though he weighs but eighty grains, and his body is very little larger than some of our big humble-bees, he remains with us all the year round, even if the winter be cold enough to kill him, as if he preferred laying down his little bones in his native land to carrying them over the sea, as so many of our larger birds do. Linnets, which are such favorite cage-prisoners, never leave us, though they shift their quarters to every point of the island in winter, the young birds being generally together and the old ones keeping in flocks. In winter we have chaffinches in our garden, so clean, that when they rise suddenly the pure white of their feathers is almost as startling as a flash of lightning. There is a neatness about their plumage which seems, compared with the dirty sparrows, as if they prided themselves in keeping their feathers clean, and were always fit to be seen at any time. We frequently startle them from the celery trenches, where the earth is oftentimes disturbed at mid-winter. Some say the females migrate, while the males remain behind; but this has not been proved; and it is common among the finches for the sexes to divide in winter and fly in separate flocks, shifting about from one part of our island to another; and this cannot be called migration as the meaning is understood by naturalists.

The blackbird, thrush, and magpie never leave us, and may frequently be seen at times somewhere near to our habitations in winter. Like the raven and rook, they build very early, — often long before there are any signs of the return of spring about the fields and hedgerows. It is difficult to distinguish the male blackbird from the female until the second year, when the color of his beak changes to that rich orange hue which caused our old poets to give him the name of Golden-bill. The blackbird and the thrush are the "ouzel-cock, merle, and mavis" of our old ballad poetry. Very often, if the winter be mild, they may be heard singing at the beginning of February. There are also records in our bird-calendars of their songs having been heard at the close of January. To catch the lowest and sweetest notes of the blackbird the listeners ought to be concealed about a hundred feet from where the dusky singer is stationed, and then he will confess that the nightingale has nothing so delicious as that "dying strain," nor any other bird, we believe, except the little blackcap.

Many a shed, stable, and outhouse has borne an evil name through the blackbird darting out suddenly in winter when disturbed while searching for food, and almost touching the intruder with his broad dusky wings as he swept past with a rush that was quite startling, even to a man of strong nerves. Many a servant-maid sent into the shed on some errand — for wood, or to search for hens' eggs — on a dark winter day has uttered a shrill scream like the sound of a trumpet, and rushed back into the farm-house pale with fear, believing that she had seen something evil when the blackbird dashed by her. Naturally he is fond of thickets and solitary places, loving to build in dark fir plantations, and it is rare to see more than two or three blackbirds together, for they never fly in flocks like thrushes.

Many a nest does the nakedness of winter reveal, in spots where we searched for them in vain during the bird-nesting season, standing out now so prominently in the bare bushes and hedges as to make us wonder that they could ever escape our eyes. But spring and summer had then drawn closely their green curtains over what are now the

Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sung; and, instead of noticing the old nests, the boys are busy trying to trap the birds with sieve, air-noose, birdlime, springle, and brick trap, — the last generally the first they set when they make a show of giving outdoor relief to the poor sparrows. Then what an old familiar picture that is in which two or three children are huddled together in some tumble-down shed, silently watching the sieve resting on the frail stick to which the string one of them holds is attached, their faces quite a study, — expressing hope, fear, delight, and every other feeling caused by the near approach or withdrawing of the cautious birds, until at last there is a joyous cry, when the string is pulled, and one is captured, to be free again the next minute through the impatient little hands that uplift the sieve! Then they generally end by blaming one another for allowing the fluttered prisoner to escape, all endeavoring to prove that it was not their fault, but never agreeing that each was alike guilty.

There are thousands of secluded homesteads scattered over England, where tender-hearted children may be seen administering "outdoor relief" to the Birds in Winter. We see the speckled fieldfare and the bud-picking bullfinches gazing timidly from the branches of the holly-tree; while the shy, wild blackbirds seem afraid to draw nearer, and the thrush crouches low, as if he feared the noisy sparrows, who make themselves quite at home anywhere. The timid greenfinch, the graceful chaffinch, and the merry wagtail seem shy, though the chaffinch has approached so near to the noisy sparrows; while bold Robin Redbreast has ventured on the window-sill, and we see a sweet face turned towards him from behind the diamond-shaped lattice.

We have confined ourselves to such birds as remain with us all the year through, more especially those that approach our homes in winter; and, in describing the blackbird at this season, need only add that the habits of the magpie and thrush are nearly the same. Though the fieldfare, redwing, woodcock, snipe, and several others winter with us, we feel none of that interest in their habits which we do in those that belong to us, and are almost as familiar to our children as the Christmas holly-berries. For our own part, we never neglect to give outdoor relief to the birds in winter, even when our only songsters are the hungry sparrows.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE time has long gone by when criticism could do anything, for good or evil, for the works of Charles Dickens. No amount of literary censure or praise could lower or raise his estimation with the general public. Nor, on the other hand, do we believe that any criticism, however just, or fair, or thoughtful, would lead him to alter his style, or tone, or mode of writing. We must make up our minds to take the author of "Pickwick" for better or for worse. We do not indeed agree with the opinion expressed in the postscript to our "Mutual Friend," that an author must always understand what he is about better than a critic. If this were so, a painter, writer, sculptor, or artist of any kind, would be the only competent judge of the merit of his own work, an argument which refutes itself. But we do hold, that with every artist a time comes when the function of criticism ceases, as far as he himself is concerned. A very young husband may

think it worth while to try and improve the mind and elevate the character of a youthful bride, though the task generally ends in disappointment. But no sane elderly married man ever dreams of trying to correct the faults of the mother of grown-up children. Now, Mr. Dickens and the public have been, so to speak, wedded too long together, and, on the whole, love each other too dearly, to dream of any possible improvement of their marital relations.

Moreover, there is probably no writer of eminence who has shown less faculty of improvement — if we may use such a phrase — than Charles Dickens. By the force of an almost unequalled genius, he placed himself, on his first appearance, in the foremost rank of English authors; and from that rank he has never receded or advanced. In the novels of Thackeray or Bulwer you can trace a marked improvement in the art of writing and story-telling, as the author gained skill by experience. You can trace nothing of the kind in those of Dickens. "Great Expectations" is as perfect or imperfect as a novel as "The Old Curiosity Shop," and in the same manner. As a veteran novelist, Mr. Dickens evinces the same inability to compose a story which he showed as a mere literary tyro. With the exception, perhaps, of "Barnaby Rudge," — the least popular of all his novels, — there is not one in which the story, as story, is not unsatisfactory, in which the plot is not confused, the explanation inadequate, and in which there is not an absence of proportion between the foundation of the superstructure and the superstructure itself. In this latest novel, the "Mutual Friend" himself, the Veneerings, the Podsnaps, and the Lammles have absolutely nothing to do with the development of the story, which they introduce, as it were, to the reader. The murder of John Harmon, the supposed key-note of the novel, is almost lost sight of throughout the bulk of the novel; and the main interest centres, not about the chief actors, but about Eugene Wrayburn, and Lizzie Hexam, and Bradley Headstone, mere supernumeraries in the drama of "Our Mutual Friend," whose presence might be dispensed with without injury to the main plot.

In trying to unravel one of Mr. Dickens's plots, we are always reminded of the Maze at Hampton Court; the clues which appear the most promising end in nothing, and we make a dozen false starts before we catch hold of the correct path. We fancy, for instance, that the adoption of Johnny and Sloppy is to lead to something important in the solution of the Boffin mystery; but Johnny dies before he can be brought home, and Sloppy only reappears in the last chapter, to aid in administering due castigation to Silas Wegg. Then, too, the hero and heroine of the "Mutual Friend" are of the usual cast-iron, or rather cast-wax, stamp we are so used to in all Mr. Dickens's novels. M. Henri Taine, in his able critique on English novelists, says that he always feels inclined to address the excellent young men and amiable young women who play the lovers in Mr. Dickens's works as good little boys and girls. "Soyez sages, mes bons petits enfans," is the valedictory benediction he would bestow upon them. Ruth Finch, Ada Jarndyce, Florence Dombey, Kate Nickleby, Little Dorrit, and the rest, are all twin sisters. Every now and then we have a heroine who begins by being a little wilful and proud, like Bella Wilfer, but she always ends by toning down into a perfect woman. So, in like manner, the heroes are always well-conducted, excellent

young men, with the highest principles, and all the domestic virtues. And, somehow, Mr. Dickens himself seems aware of their essentially prosaic nature. He has created scores of characters which will live as long as the English literature of our time is read; but he has never thrown the whole power of his matchless genius on the delineation of a hero or heroine. "Vanity Fair" was called a novel without a hero; but Dickens's novels might, we think, be more truly called novels without heroes and without plots.

Then, also, since we are picking out faults, we may say that the artistic merit of Mr. Dickens's pictures is strangely injured by his passion for irrelevant discussions, — a passion which has grown upon him in later years. When Thackeray stopped in the middle of his narrative to enter on some topic which took his fancy, we were almost sorry when the topic was dropped and the narrative resumed. But with Dickens the case is different. We may or may not agree with Mr. Dickens's views about Chancery suits and administrative reform; but, agreeing or disagreeing, we do not wish to have them forced upon us in the middle of a novel, like a dose of medicine in a spoonful of honey. Thus in "Our Mutual Friend" one of the most fanciful and brilliant passages is the protest against the modern Poor-law system, given through the narrative of old Betty, but it has no more to do with the story than with Captain Cook's voyages. Mr. Dickens would, perhaps, urge in reply, that a great moral lesson can be enforced better through the medium of a novel than of an elaborate Blue-book. We are quite willing to admit the plea in the interests of social progress, but not in those of art. As an earnest reformer, Mr. Dickens may be right in interlarding his novels with political and social discussions; as an artist, he is undoubtedly wrong.

In "Our Mutual Friend," all the peculiar merits and defects of the writer we all admire so much may be found in their full force and development. It is the fashion, amongst the class of critics in whose eyes popularity is the heaviest sin that can be laid to a writer's door, to say that Dickens has fallen off. Whether he has fallen off or not is a question of opinion, but it is certain that nobody has yet risen up to him. Let any candid reader try and picture to himself what a sensation "Our Mutual Friend" would have produced if it had been written by a new and unknown author. It is only because we are so used to the marvellous creative power of the great English novelist that we have almost ceased to wonder at his creations. We have plenty of clever novel-writers at the present day, and Anthony Trollope, Bulwer, Miss Evans, Charles Reade, and a dozen others, might be named as novelists whose works will live after them; but what single writer is there amongst the lot who would have written the account of the Pool below the bridges, of little Johnny's death, of Bradley Headstone's death agony, or of the doll-dressmaker's "bad boy"?

It is getting the fashion, now-a-days, for novelists to photograph the features, habits, tricks of voice and manner of their friends and acquaintances, and so to produce a life-like portraiture. But yet, even to those who know the originals, the impression produced by those photographic likenesses is not half so vivid as that which Mr. Dickens creates out of his own genius. Nobody can give a name to Mr. Podsnap, or Fascination Fledgby, or Mr. Twemlow, or Alfred Lamble, but yet everybody feels that he knows them personally, the moment he has read

"Our Mutual Friend." Just as no critic can ever discern the art by which a great painter produces a resemblance by a few touches, so no disquisition can explain how it is that Mr. Dickens throws off his likenesses. We know far more of the real nature of Becky Sharpe and Colonel Newcome than we do of any personage in Mr. Dickens's novels; but if the latter writer had painted them, — a thing he could not have done, — we should have seen them before us as they lived and moved; we should have known them if we had met them in the street.

And, in our opinion, it is this faculty of bringing his personages before us in flesh and blood which constitutes Mr. Dickens's extraordinary talent. In spite of the extravagance of his plots, the men and women of his pages are living beings. When once seen they come home with us, as persons we have known in life. Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, Mark Tapley and Jonas Chuzzlewit, Pecksniff and Harold Skimpole, Little Nell and Paul Dombey, and a hundred others, are personages whose names you may recall in writing or conversation with a far greater certainty that those you address will understand the reference, than if you mentioned the most famous names in modern science, or art, or politics. To this great Dickens portrait gallery "Our Mutual Friend" will add not a few pictures. Bella, the "boofer lady," Mrs. Wilfer, Silas Wegg, old Betty, Rogue Riderwood, and Mr. Veneering are henceforth recognized public characters.

Nor is there any failing in this, the latest of the series in that wonderful power of seeing what everybody feels he ought to have seen himself, but did not see, — which distinguishes all Mr. Dickens's works. When the tavern waiter in the Christmas story complained about the hardship of his having to profess an interest in the prospects of the moors, we all felt quite astonished that this observation had never struck us before. So the mere phrase about the Lamble household, that their servants were not quite like any other people's servants, gives us an idea of the Lamble interior which pages of minute description would not produce. Mr. Dickens tells us in his preface how "Our Mutual Friend" was nearly being abruptly removed from the world by the dreadful Staplehurst accident. Had it so been, there is no living author for whose death so many thousands of readers, to whom his face is unknown, would have grieved as for that of a friend, not mutual, but personal.

CHRISTMAS IN A SUMMER-HOUSE.

WE were scarcely settled for the winter in the small German capital which was to be our home for the next four years, before our friends began to urge us to choose our house for the summer. It was idle to remonstrate. Half the best houses were taken already, and if we waited till the spring, not one would be left. Why should not we take advantage of this unusually fine December, instead of going down, as so many did, in the deep snow of February?

December was unusually fine. A sharp frost, it is true, but bright sun, powerful in the middle of the day, and no wind. The oldest inhabitants of Pfaffenstadt had never known such weather, and though oldest inhabitants, as a rule, never have known such a season as the present, their experience might for once be trusted. We made up our minds to follow the advice of our friends, who were certainly the oldest English inhabitants, and we

started for Guggelsee. From the very moment of our starting it was plain that Guggelsee was a summer place, and that the facilities for reaching it in winter were limited. The trains to the nearest station ran at great intervals, or rather, from their slowness, could hardly be said to run at all. The mail train started at three in the morning, and being a luggage train as well, travelled ten miles an hour, excluding a stoppage of twenty minutes at most of the stations. The mail coach which met the mail train went about three miles an hour, excluding a similar stoppage at most of the beer-houses. However, on these points I do not speak from experience, as we avoided both the mail train and the coach that met it.

Had we been Germans we should have started at three in the morning, and got back by night. For we soon found that there was no hotel accommodation for the winter at the place to which we were going. The immense bath-house, that served as an hotel during the summer, was closed from November to May, and, being given up by mortals, was probably tenanted by spirits. Although in the height of summer the establishment was full to suffocation, and daily shut its doors against homeless wanderers, no enterprising speculator had been allowed to open a rival inn, even of the most moderate dimensions. The consequence was, that winter visitors had either to start at 3 A.M., or take their chance of a bed in the house they engaged for the summer. As it was only for one night that we expected to be away from home, we resolved on this second alternative.

The carriage which we chartered at the station had been rattling along the crisp road for some time, the driver cracking his whip and singing, when he suddenly pulled up, and called our attention to the view. We were at the top of a steep hill, down which the road went winding to an immeasurable depth. The top of the hill was bare, and the view open before us; but as the hill descended, thick wood began to clothe its sides, farms and house-tops broke out occasionally, and down below spread the broad lake, its whole surface a sheet of glistening ice. The severity of the cold was first proclaimed by this frozen plain. The sun shone on it with all its might, but it flung back the sun's rays with a hard, defiant glitter. Several skaters were out, but we were too high above the level to hear the metallic scoring of their skates, and we hardly noticed the isolated figures in the grand sweep of the lake-basin. At the farther end there was a wall of dark mountain, without a patch of snow on it, or any sign of life beyond its frowning rocky precipices. The hills on the two sides of the lake were softer, and more gently rounded; the road at their foot wound occasionally over the spurs which they threw out into the lake, and which there took the form of weedy shoals, the haunt of pike; and towards the far end, where the hills fell back and left a smaller basin, you saw the two towers and massive structure of the old monastery which was now the bath-house, and the more modern village clustering about it.

Our driver had been arranging a series of drags for the hind wheels, and passing the door he stopped to have a word. "Fine view, eh? Ah, but you should see it in summer. I never saw it like this before. Cold down there, eh?" And he gave his arms a cheerful swing to drive out the thought. The next minute his face fell.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I don't like the look of it," he replied, and pointed to a cloud creeping over the wall of precipitous rock at the opposite end. "When we have snow, we *shall* have snow." He jumped on his box without another word, and plunged down the hill.

By the time we got to the bottom, the brightness of the day was overcast. There was not exactly wind, but a low moaning. One or two small particles of snow fell, or balanced in the air. The skaters had all left the lake. The driver kept on steadily and faster than ever. At last, as we got near the village, a light snow began to fall. It covered the road with a thin but very smooth coating, more like a light froth than anything else, and the lake was speedily getting white. But as we drove into a yard, and were hurried out of the carriage, it was plain that the snow was thickening. The horses were taken out with the most unusual speed, and the carriage thrust into a shed, while the driver seized our luggage and preceded us hastily to the first house on our list. There was no time to notice anything; he would not pause till we were safe inside, and then he hurried back again.

"Snow?" said the master of the house in which we found ourselves thus deposited.

"So it seems," I answered. He looked at us curiously, and we looked round us with still greater curiosity. The room was low and narrow, with windows contrived to let in the *minimum* of light, and keep out the *maximum* of fresh air. It served at once as sitting-room, dining-room, and bedroom, nursery, and tailor's workshop. With all this, it was surprisingly clean, but the heat and stuffiness were frightful. Not the best prospect for the summer, one would think; but, probably the summer looks of Guggelsee differed in all respects from those it wore in the winter.

While we gazed, the air grew thicker and darker; the snow was now falling in heavy flakes, and the master of the house addressed us again. "A bad time to see us, this! We are now shut in for the winter. What will you do till the sledges are ready?"

We stared not a little at the question.

"The carriage that brought us—" I began; but the host would not let me finish my sentence.

"It will stay here till the spring, unless there is a miracle. You will have to go back in sledges; and the fine weather has lasted so long that no one has got a sledge ready. Besides, while this fall lasts no horse will face it."

Here was a pleasant look-out. We glanced round the room again, and our eyes met, not very cheerfully. Were we to wait here till the snow had melted, or till the sledges could be got ready? And what would become of our Christmas dinner, the turkey, to which we had given chase at all the poulterers', the mince-pies and plum-pudding, into which my wife had so laboriously indoctrinated the cook? Our host noticed our perplexity, and attributed it to the state of the room; but this further horror never entered our minds. We had not for a moment expected to pass even one night in this general resort of the family; two or three days and two or three nights would be past all bearing.

"Would you like to see the house?" asked the landlord, at length, as the pause became uncomfortable. We brightened up at once. The house, to be sure; this room was not the whole house, though it seemed to discharge that duty. Accordingly, we expressed our readiness, and the landlord made his

preparations. To our surprise, his first step was to take a candle. Was he going to begin with the cellar? But our doubt was soon at an end, when he opened a door in the passage, and we found ourselves on a dark staircase, leading to a dark first-floor. The atmosphere of the upper part of the house was that of an Italian church. The warm air of summer had not been entirely displaced by the winter air which was trying to creep in, and it hung about in patches. Every window was tight shut and pasted down, every shutter was fastened and pasted, and there was nowhere the smallest crevice. The landlord led us into a good-sized room, and said, "This is the *salon*. The sofa stands there, with a handsome table before it; there are the two arm-chairs, and the six plain ones; if you like a piano, it can stand there; the looking-glass goes between those windows, and the likenesses of the royal family on the wall opposite."

As he spoke, he pointed to each of the things, and each time we looked to see them. But there was not one of them there. The room was as bare as a beef-bone after the onslaught of a hungry mastiff. It was the same in the next room. "This is the dining-room. Round table in the middle, side-board, and china closet." Apparently the last guests had eaten up the furniture before leaving. "The best bedroom. Large English double bed, made for an English family; wardrobe, chest of drawers, washstand, and toilet-table." Either the candle in the daytime deceived our eyes, or the master of the house had a Barmecide imagination! We turned to him at length, and asked what had become of the things he was enumerating.

It was his turn to stare now. "The furniture? It is all packed up and stowed away in the garret. Do you think we would leave it out all the winter without a soul to use it? And the moths?"

No doubt he was right, but it rather lessened our chance of a bed. This point was mooted when we came down from the darkness of the upper floors to the gloom of the lower. Where could we sleep? The lower floor was made up of two small rooms for the owners of the house, a small kitchen for them, and a large kitchen for the summer tenants. Our host explained to us that it was impossible to give us any of the upper rooms; it was well enough to pay them a short visit, but we should freeze if we stayed in them; would we occupy the other room on the ground floor? We looked at it, and did not feel inclined to take possession. At last a brilliant thought occurred; we might light the fire in the large kitchen, and have a couple of mattresses brought down to stretch on the floor. The hint was taken, and we reconciled ourselves to passing the night, if not the next day, in the kitchen of our summer house.

When we had settled this point, we wished to inquire about a sledge for the day after. That day after was Christmas eve, and was our last chance of getting back for Christmas day. But our landlord shook his head; if I could stand the heavy snow, he would go with me to the people who kept conveyances, but he doubted anything being ready. And he took care to assure me that, "If I could stand the heavy snow," was no figure of speech. I found out the truth of his words as soon as we got out of the house; the weight almost beat me down; it quite took away my breath; my feet sank deep in the soft drifts, and I could hardly lift them out. I was glad of the first shelter under one of

the overhanging balconies with which all houses in the mountains are provided.

One man was sheltering there already. My landlord looked at him, and he returned the look askance. Then he moved off, and was lost in the snow-storm. "No signs of clearing," said the landlord, looking out, though his eye seemed to follow the direction of the man who had left, and when he shook his head it was scarcely at the weather. We left after a little breathing time, and soon found that our search was vain. No one would speak of anything till the snow was over, for no horse would face it; and it would be time enough then to get the sledge ready.

There was a good warm fire in our kitchen, and our host lingered there as if he had something to say. I suppose it was to take off the dulness under which we were evidently laboring, for he soon began a story.

"You saw that man who was sheltering, and who looked at me oddly?"

"Yes, and your eyes followed him as he left us. Why was that?"

"I will tell you why. He has just come out of prison. For what? For shooting a man."

"By mistake, I suppose, as he has only been imprisoned?"

"Yes, by mistake. Shall I tell you how it happened?" And without waiting for encouragement, he proceeded. "You may have heard that the poachers about here are a terrible set, and that there has always been mortal hatred between them and the keepers. If a keeper sees a poacher, bang! the poacher's dead. If a poacher sees a keeper, bang! and the keeper's dead. That man was a poacher, had been out often, very often had a near run with the keepers. One of the keepers had watched him, and was often on his traces, but he was quick, he suspected it, and always escaped. At last he resolved to set a trap for this keeper. He let himself be seen going up to one of the woods, then cut across and took a roundabout way, so that the keeper might go straight after him, look for him, give him up as he had often had to give him up before, and come home just by the spot where he had posted himself. He had a splendid ambush, just where he could see the keeper come over the crest of a hill, and he lay with his rifle in rest on a branch, waiting. He waited long; at last he saw the feather in the keeper's hat rise slowly above the hill. Next moment the wearer came in full sight, bang! and the bullet was lodged in his heart."

"What a deliberate murder!" I exclaimed.

"It would have been, only it was the wrong man. It was another poacher who was out the same day. The keeper had not followed at all. And so as it was a mistake, the man was only imprisoned."

"A mistake, do you call it? It would have been a most unlucky mistake for the murderer anywhere else. He wanted to kill one man and he killed another."

"Ay," said the host, "but you see his counsel said, 'The law defines murder as taking a man's life with an intention to kill him. Do you try my client for murdering the poacher? But he had no intention of killing him. Do you try him for having the intention to kill the keeper? But he did not kill him. You cannot take the act from one and the intention from the other, and weave them together into one consistent web of wilful murder.' So you see he was imprisoned."

We were destined to hear something more of this case from another point of view. Christmas eve came, and still no sledges; the snow had not ceased for a moment the day before, and was still falling at intervals. It was plain that we must pass our Christmas in the kitchen.

Towards evening several of the friends of our host came in to keep the Christmas eve, which is kept instead of Christmas day in Germany. One of the friends was a fine sturdy fellow, up to all kinds of jokes, and a favorite with every one. He hung his hat, with a black-cock feather in it, over the door, and was soon laughing and singing with the best. I had come to look on, and was much amused. In the midst of it all, I fancied I saw some one move outside the low window, but the next minute there came another snow-shower, and I thought this had deceived my eyes. The hero of the evening had hung, as I have said, his cap over the door, and it was so high up that no one could reach it. Several of the men tried to get it by a jump, but it beat them all; and the owner, willing to show his agility, hung it on a still higher nail in the wall exactly opposite the window. He had done this by standing on a chair, and he now prepared to jump for it. The first jump failed. As he made the second, there was a flash outside the window, one of the panes gave a splintering crack, and there was a whiz through the room. All present sprang to their feet. There was a breathless shriek from some, a stare of horror from others; and there stood the mark of the shot, calm and composed, holding up his hat with a bullet through the crown.

I did not stay another minute, as my wife would have heard the report, and I hastened to reassure her. The landlord came in almost directly, and told us they had gone in chase of him, but they feared he would escape under cover of the snow.

"He?" I asked. "Who? Not the man of whom you told me?"

"Who else could it be! Did you not know that our guest was the keeper, the one he tried for before? Two misses, and he will hardly get the chance of a third."

"What a fine fellow the keeper is," I said. "It would be a pity if anything was to happen to him."

"Fine fellow, indeed; he has shot at least a dozen poachers."

And this was our preparation for Christmas day.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. RUSKIN, who is losing his sense of the worth of direct and simple English, and is learning to write almost as affectedly as Mr. Sala, publishes, under the name of "Ethics of the Dust," a series of lessons on Crystallization given at a country-girls' school; here also broken into the form of a dialogue with girls, and classed under such heads as Crystal Life, Crystal Virtues, Crystal Quarrels, Crystal Sorrows, &c.

THE death is announced of Monsignor Celestino Cavedoni, the Prefect of the Palatine Library at Modena, and the last member of the old Italian Archaeological School, of which Borghesi was the head. Cavedoni was an enthusiastic numismatist; his collection of old coins was one of the richest in Europe; and his works on the old Jewish and Ro-

man coins—those of the Thracian kings and those of Constantine the Great—are greatly valued by archaeologists.

At the recent sale of the late Rev. Samuel Prince's library, in London, lot 702, the first edition of Milton's "Samson Agonistes," contained a manuscript emendation, probably dictated by the blind poet himself. Lines 1,532-33 of the poem are printed in all the editions of the poem thus:—

"Chorus. For God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?"

The rhythm is unusually halting; while, by a single transposition of the words, the lines have the smoothness for which this poem is otherwise distinguished:—

"For God of old hath for his people wrought
Things as incredible; what hinders now?"

WE read in *Le Grand Journal* that Gustave Doré, the Rembrandt of wood-engraving, makes, young as he is, not less than a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year. Six thousand pounds is not a bad income to begin with. Every time this gifted young artist puts his pencil on the block must be equivalent to his drawing a large check,—a check that is always honored by the public to its fullest value. The inexhaustible facility that the juvenile Gustave has at his fingers' ends for coining money is the prettiest illustration that we know of what the French are fond of calling "*une jeunesse Dorée*."

VISITORS to Paris may have noticed in the booksellers' windows there a franc edition of a French version of Thackeray's celebrated "Yellow Plush Papers," and "Jeames's Diary," under the title of "Mémoires d'un Valet de Pied." Well, there is a little story connected with this translation which very vividly sets before us the difference between publishing in Paris and publishing in London. The industrious translator, Mr. William L. Hughes, well known in the French capital for his knowledge of both English and French literature, was anxious to secure the copyright of his labor, and obtain the usual stamp from the government officials. For that purpose he sent his written request with a copy of the book to the Paris Board of Index for their authorization and protection. After a considerable time,—occupied, it may be presumed, in carefully examining Thackeray's humor,—the officials determined to refuse the license for the following sublime reason: "Because the book contains strictures on the British aristocracy of such intense acerbity that remonstrance from Her Majesty's government might be the consequence of its authorized circulation!"

MR. S. C. HALL was the lecturer at the last free lecture of the season at the Crystal Palace, London. He chose for his subject "Memories of the Author's of the Age," in which he recounted his personal reminiscences of some of our most distinguished writers who have passed from us. Very characteristic was an anecdote of the Ettrick Shepherd. He had been invited to dine at Mr. Hall's. Amongst the company was Miss Landon, then in the full zenith of her popularity. Hogg, whose criticisms upon the poetical effusions of L. E. L. had been somewhat severe, greeted the lady with "I did not know ye were so bonny; I've said many hard things about ye, but I did not know ye were so bonny." It is clear that the "Shepherd" would not have said these "hard things" about the lady's poetry had he known the pretty woman who wrote it. But what would he have done with "Our Village," if

personal beauty was so essentially a part of his canon of criticism? Miss Mary Russell Mitford, whom L. E. L. declared to be the ideal of Sancho Panza in petticoats, was one of the kindest of women, but her dumpy figure often raised a laugh against her. On one occasion she had come to dine with the Halls, when her host found she was, in some way or other, the subject of some suppressed merriment. Her dress, never very well assorted, was set off on the occasion by a yellow turban, more striking than becoming. Her host considerably tried to discover the cause of this merriment, nor was he long in doing so. On the back of the head-dress was a shop-ticket, "*Very Chaste*, 5s. 6d." The turban had been purchased on her way, ere she joined the party invited to meet her. Mr. Hall quietly removed the ticket without Miss Mitford being aware of its existence.

M. SAYERS, of Paris, has found that a brilliant light, possessing very high actinic power, is produced by the combustion of a mixture of twenty-four parts of well-dried pulverized nitrate of potash with seven parts of flowers of sulphur and six of the red sulphide of arsenic. This mixture can be sold at threepence a pound, and its light is therefore much cheaper than that of magnesium, to which it is said to be only very slightly inferior in actinic energy.

THE Count de Nieuwerkerke, the Imperial Superintendent of the Department of Fine Arts, has recently presented the Empress with a water-color sketch by Prudhon, representing the painter himself, in ball costume of the time of the Consulate, and said to have been drawn by him as a model for his tailor. The story told about this drawing is curious enough. M. Luquet, a well-known connoisseur, saw it in the window of a barber's shop in the Rue Mouffetard, the *grande rue* of the Chiffonniers of Paris; the paper was soiled and yellow from age and ill-usage, but in the corner was the well-known signature of Prudhon, in vermillion. M. Luquet asked if the figure was for sale, and the old man, the father of the barber, to whom it belonged, being told that a gentleman wanted to buy it, came forward and said: "You want to purchase my Prudhon, Monsieur? for it is a Prudhon, and I can answer for it. He gave it to me himself, one evening after I had dressed him *à la Titus* for a ball at the Tuileries. I was his hair-dresser and the famous David's also." M. Luquet began to think that his chance of bargain was vanishing, but he asked the old barber whether he would part with the drawing. The latter seemed to hesitate; he had given it as a plaything to his little grandson, and it was a wonder it was not destroyed; for himself he was nearly blind, and the sketch was no great use to him; besides, he would rather see his Prudhon in the hands of a connoisseur than in those of a child,—and the gentleman would perhaps, make Adolphe a little present into the bargain. By this time M. Luquet had begun to calculate in his own mind how much he should give for the Prudhon, and he asked, with ill-disguised concern, how much the old man wanted for it. "Dame!" said the old man, in the slow accents of age, or what seemed to the eager M. Luquet like the cunning of the bargainer. "It is an original, and, what is more, signed. Do you think it would be dear at fifteen *sous*?" M. Luquet's face lighted up with surprise; the exchange was soon made, Adolphe was pre-

sented with a magnificent *zouave*, who moved arms and legs with great agility when a certain cord was touched, and M. Prudhon, in his gala dress, was soon cleaned up, laid down upon Bristol-board, surrounded with a handsome frame, and was eventually presented to the Empress on the day of *Sainte Eugénie*, and formed one of the most attractive objects during the late gatherings at Compiègne.

C. SCHROEDER VAN DER KOLK, son of the great anatomist, has just published a work entitled, "Soul and Body" (*Seele und Leib*), in which he endeavors to prove that what is called soul is simply the manifestation of brain, just as digestion is the function of stomach. He says, memory, imagination, reason, and even volition, are but the result of physical actions, or electro-molecular, excited by the operation of perception,—the contact with the outer world.

A CORRESPONDENT, having an extensive knowledge of the foreign bookselling trade, has sent to the *Publishers' Circular* some remarks upon the Tauchnitz editions of English popular books, so well known to Continental travellers, and on the arrangements made with English authors for the same. "The English public, says this correspondent, will be surprised to learn that the sums at which the copyrights of their standard authors are bought are, as a rule, within the limits of £10 to £20; and that the highest amount ever paid by Tauchnitz to one of the foremost English authors now living did not exceed the sum of £100. It is to be remarked that the copyrights are, very wisely, for all future editions; and that the above sums apply in most cases to works comprising three volumes. There is evidently no 'sacrifice' or 'merit' in this. With a fixed sale of more than five thousand subscribed copies, and an average sale of more than ten thousand copies of each new product of any tolerable author, and with the market open all over the world except England and the colonies, this collection is doubtless a very well-paying speculation. Nay, more; the desire to have their works published in one collection with the *crème de la crème* of English literature, and the unconsciousness of the great damage which is done to their original editions by the 'Tauchnitz Edition,' makes British authors overlook the ridiculously small sums offered to them by the Continental publisher, and they consent to part with their copyrights forever, and for a trifle. When Victor Hugo dined one day with Mr. Haumann, the great reprinter of French works at Brussels, the latter, pointing to his park and mansion, said to him, 'C'est votre imagination qui m'a obtenu cette réalité.' With more irony, and the same right, could Baron Tauchnitz address those words to his English authors and their English publishers. For the possibility of publishing his collection is based on the 'imagination' of the English authors, that what they get besides their English *honorarium* is profit, whilst it is a loss only by damaging the sale of the original edition, and that of any future cheap edition published by the original publisher in England. The firm Tauchnitz have their dépôts in New York, Paris, Russia, the Dutch colonies,—everywhere. The sale of the 'Tauchnitz Edition' in the United States decreases the sale of the English editions much more than any other reprint published in America."

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866.

[No. 4.

LILAWATI

[The *Lilawati* of Bhascara is an Indian treatise on Algebra, whence Cambridge has not disdained to borrow one or two elegant problems. The following is a true account of the way in which the old mathematician came to call his book by his daughter's name. I fear the poor little girl was not consoled.]

BHASCARA, best among the Asiatics

At Algebra's analysis abstruse,
Who loved to furnish his most learned attic
With curious problems, of but little use,
Of number-knots an earnest disentangler
(Who in these times had been a Senior Wrangler),—

This same Bhascara had a daughter fair,
To whom, alas! some astrologic fable
Predetermined days of wearying despair,
A life of *ennui* most unutterable,—
Never to wear the bridal gem-tiaras,
Or be progenitrix of small Bhascaras.

And so, when pretty Lilawati felt
Upon her brow the weight of sixteen summers,
And at her tiny feet boy suitors knelt,
And to her father's house were frequent comers,
Her stern doom grieved her. "A most cruel fate I
Have got to endure," thought little Lilawati.

But the old Brahmin's locks were not the grayest
In all the Deccan's opulent towns for naught:
His daughter's future to the Algebraist
Gave many an anxious hour of troubled thought.
Thus reasoned he: "Each creature's life has in it
(So sages say) at least one lucky minute.

"My Lilawati's lucky moment soon
Must come: the little thing is near her prime,—
More beautiful with every changing moon;
And all my pupils put her charms in rhyme,
And in Gayatri measure cut queer capers
Upon the back of their Equation Papers.

"In that most fortunate moment shall she wed:
A wise astrologer will quickly find it."
The thing was done almost as soon as said;
Ere Time's swift car left longer tracks behind it,
Bridegroom, astrologer, and Brahmin's daughter
Watched the round hour-cup in its bowl of water.

But even an Algebraist will vainly struggle
With Destiny, inexorable Power;
Vainly does mortal cunning strive to juggle
The stern strong law that sways the flying hour.
The maiden eyed the water,—glimpsed her curls in
it,—
And dropt by chance one of her bridal pearls in it.

The white gem-globule filled the hole; swift Time
Flew by unmarked; the lucky moment fled
Unseen, though watched for. In her virgin-prime
Lilawati lived and died. Bhascara said:
"Weep not, my child, before Fate's closing portal;—
My *Algebra* shall make thy name immortal."
MORTIMER COLLINS.

BOSTON PORTRAITS IN FRENCH SETTING.

[Passages from the last section of a serial, *Huit Mois en Amérique*, by M. EUGÈNE DUBOIS, now appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.]

BOSTON, November, 1864. — I am everywhere received with open arms. For a beginning I dined yesterday with the Atlantic Club, with the chosen ones of the literary and political circles of Boston. There were several present of Transatlantic reputation,—the famous naturalist Agassiz; the philosopher and poet, Emerson; Mr. Sumner, who introduced me to Senator Wilson of Massachusetts; Richard Dana, the lawyer and distinguished writer; Wendell Holmes, the celebrated poet, author of a song that has become almost national; and several others, more or less known. I sat between Emerson and Agassiz. The latter is a large and robust man, with big hands and a loud voice, but plain and sound in his way of talking, which is at the same time a little heavy and a little slow. At all events, he strikes you with an air of singular intellectual power. Emerson is a lean, slender man, of a somewhat satirical smile, looking very little like a poet, but very much like a philosopher; full of originality and humor, a sort of Ampère, more abstruse, more profound, but less brilliant. Senator Wilson was opposite, a man of great merit, sprung from the people, and preserving in his talk somewhat of his origin; but nevertheless worthy, modest, and of a countenance that bespeaks both honesty and timidity.

The Atlantic Club is a little academe, shut to outsiders, where admission is obtained only on the ground of literary merit and personal friendship. An air of eminence and a tone of cordiality pervade this unaffected and gentle coterie.

I have made two new acquaintances,—Mr. Wendell Phillips, the celebrated Abolition orator, and Mr. Quincy, likewise a chief of that party. The latter is a man of distinguished aspect, a fine expression slightly touched with disdainfulness. He is an agreeable talker, and well known in Boston for his scholarship. He showed me some little me-

monials of their Colonial history, beginning with the coat Franklin wore when he signed the alliance with France, and Washington's epaulettes, and ending with the site of the house, now no longer existing, where Franklin was born, and the field of battle on Bunker's Hill, where a granite shaft marks the spot where the celebrated Warren died.

The first thing that strikes you about Wendell Phillips is his gentleness and good nature. One can hardly believe that this man, so simple, so affable, is the mettlesome speaker, and the one placed by everybody in the foremost ranks of American orators. He is a large man, with a ridged nose, a prominent chin, an open brow, auburn hair touched with white, eyes of a pale brown, but full of repose and smiles, seen under a broad-brim gray hat, which he always wears, and which gives him the look of an old botanist. They say he is the possessor of a large fortune, which he devotes entirely to the cause of Abolition. One asks, in looking at him, where that energy is hid of which he has given proof so many times in perilous onset; and where is the passionate denunciation which has brought him the hate of the slave-drivers.

These are the men I have seen in Boston, as simple in feeling as they are superior in mind. Go into their libraries, museums, everywhere, you find this type of the cultured gentleman, dressed in black, open and bland in feature, courteous in manners, and replete with that calm of the passions, which elevating studies always produce. A nursery of such men ought to be the salvation of a people. When I remember that but a few years ago, those who dared enroll themselves as Abolitionists were beaten and outraged, and sure of the proscription of public opinion, and that they have been steadfast until, to-day, they are masters, I can but feel confident in the future of America. It is not long since Mr. Phillips was followed even to his house by a menacing populace, and his friends were obliged to arm for his defence. Once, at the West, while speaking at a meeting of the Democrats, he stood for an hour exposed to a shower of stones, eggs, and apples, which rained from all sides. Through all this, and even while the presiding officer was begging him to desist for fear of the consequences, he kept a calm intrepidity. When I went to visit him at his small and modest house, he showed me a marble likeness of noble, manly features, full of astonishing grandeur. It was the bust of a rude farmer of Connecticut, the heroic John Brown, that armed missionary of human liberty. I saw also the large pike, with which this almost Biblical warrior fought at the head of a band of half-armed fugitives in the Virginia mountains. The blood of John Brown is as fruitful as that of all the martyrs. His grand old figure already looms of legendary proportions. When the black regiments go into battle, they chant the war-song of "Old John Brown."

I was yesterday at Longfellow's house. He lives at Cambridge, one of the suburbs, in a plain, large wooden mansion, which has, I don't know what, — antiquity and solemnity, — with its large mansard roof, its ornamented lightning-rods, its heavy pilasters in the façade, with its remnants of ancient trees and the variegated plots about them, its stiff style of *parterre à la Française*, which all give it, as they say in architecture, an *epoch*. The house is, indeed, a sort of historical memorial, — for it was once the head-quarters of Washington. Two months ago I was led thither by Mr. Sumner. On that visit we did not stop to strike the iron knocker of his oaken

door, but, entering at once, wandered through the vacant apartments, and left our cards in a simple parlor, and then left the premises like thieves, without having seen either servant, dog, or master. Nevertheless, the books, the pictures, and other objects of art, — the calm and bookish air of the library, fragrant with flowers as it was, and evincing a taste that seemed to have directed every arrangement so happily, — the apparent tranquillity of this domestic centre, the open and hospitable door, through which without ceremony we had penetrated into the family sanctuary, — all this impressed me favorably with the unknown dwellers of that house. I returned to it yesterday in company with a near relative of the poet. In consequence of a great, irreparable grief, which has saddened his life, Longfellow has emerged but seldom from his household circle, and has not wished to see in it but a small number of his old friends. They had said to me, "You will see how good, lovable, and gracious he is." Some even added, "He is an angel." And certainly if ever goodness and moral beauty were painted in visible traces on a human countenance, there they were in the sweet, noble face and frank and gracious address of the man who arose to extend me his hand. He is no longer the elegant-looking poet of whom I have seen the print in the shops. He has grown terribly old, and changed much in the last three years. His long gray hair and his grand full grizzled beard give him the air of old Homer. His smile has an indescribable sadness, but a kind of womanly sweetness still controls his grave and manly face. What a difference between this father of a tranquil family, occupied with the education of his children and the ordering of his household, and our Hector-like poets, who are always putting themselves on the pretentious pedestal of their own conceit. What I saw here struck me as much in his favor, as the theatrical charlatanism and base pride of the others have disgusted me.

I have not as yet become much acquainted with his works. Among some things, which seem to me a little lukewarm and of short breath, in turning over the leaves, I have found others quite charming, always marked by a discreetness and exquisite delicacy, which has become a part of his manner. He excels in the choice of words and images; in freshness and morning purity of coloring. His form is always rich and ornate, but he has nevertheless such a disingenuous way about him, as is, so to speak, Homeric, and the sign of a true poet. He finds at every step such delicious comparisons, which though sometimes almost childish, are yet full of simple and serene grandeur. In his "Evangeline" he risked perhaps too much on the unfortunate metre, but it is nevertheless quite comparable to the Hermann and Dorothea of Goethe. In "Hiawatha," his inspiration, ordinarily tender and melancholy, raised itself without effort to an epic grandeur. In "The Golden Legend" he was inspired by the philosophic symbolism of the poetry of Germany. His verses fly from mouth to mouth, and dispute even in England with the pathetic Tennyson for supremacy over its readers. I have seen Americans who think he has too much of sentimental revery, and prefer to the tender Longfellow the ardent lyrics of Bryant. I myself think him a genius of the second rank, a demigod certainly of the flowery regions of the poetical Olympus, inferior to the great gods perhaps, who are throned on the summit above the clouds and storms; but withal a most excellent

being, full of charming, simple converse, quiet, unaffected, prone to bookishness, but sympathizing in all. He questioned me more than he instructed me, and appeared to take a positive and passionate interest in the intellectual movements of Europe, and above all in those of Paris.

I was invited to dine recently with Mr. Loring, a distinguished lawyer and an excellent man, much respected of all, and an American of the old school, who emptied his first glass of wine to the health of the President of the United States. He related the story of the frigate Constitution, whose prow, raised on a column, now decorates the navy-yard. I was subsequently introduced by Mr. Quincy to a weekly gathering of the distinguished men of Boston at the house of Chief Justice Bigelow. I saw here the chief of the Democratic party in Boston, Mr. Winthrop, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, who bears honorably the name of one of the most ancient Colonial families. He is a man of culture, benevolent, of kind and easy manners; and even his political opponents call him loyal and generous. The next day I went to his house, and found it full of family relics, some dating back to the old Provincial days when his ancestor was Governor, and others to still earlier times of his family history in the mother country, which he showed to me not without a kind of pride. He then took me to the Athenæum, and its gallery of paintings, which did not by any means give me occasion to despise American art. Some of the foreign pictures afforded him the opportunity to descend upon the varied styles of the masters. Boston, without appearing so, is nevertheless rich in treasures of art, though she may not have a great museum. Among their native painters they count a certain Stewart, a brilliant portraitist of the last age; and a certain Copley, a serious, correct painter, but a little dry, though a sufficiently powerful composer of scenes and costumes, and a legitimate follower of the English school. Mr. Winthrop presented me to Mr. Ticknor, one of the lions of Boston, but a lion of literature rather than of politics. Everything at his dwelling recalled the spacious interiors of English mansions, — an air of comfort and luxury, tempered by a taste at once simple and severe. He is in appearance a vigorous old man, careful in dress, wearing his beard in the English fashion, and indeed resembling an English parliamentarian very much. His bearing is interesting, and extremely notable, though perhaps less sympathetic than Mr. Winthrop's.

I have not yet spoken of Mr. Everett. The other day I presented myself at his house, and found an old man in black, of medium stature, a little curved in the back, rising from his chair to receive me with the simple and courteous manners of a perfect gentleman. The apartment in which we were was a library, which served both as a study and a parlor. It is forty years since Mr. Everett was in France, and yet he spoke French with absolute correctness. I desired of course to get at the core of the man, and to speak of his country and my own, to sound his opinions a little, and to discover wherein we could sympathize; but to a perfect politeness and the utmost cordiality Mr. Everett joined a diplomatic reserve. Instead of replying, he showed me the books they had sent him for disposition at the Sailor's Fair, a charitable and patriotic movement which was now occupying his time. This was not precisely what I wanted. He told me, further, that he had nearly forgotten or lost sight of European affairs. He seemed

to me to have the air of a man who likes his leisurely walk in a beautiful garden, and is not pleased to have stones from unknown hands thrown upon the gravelled paths. Such is often the disposition of men who follow literature professionally, and one discovers very soon that by nature and education, Mr. Everett is above all things a scholar. He belongs to that academic class which has not yet made itself a separate place in America, but is forced to take the disguise of a politician or the cloth of a clergyman. Formerly, when surplice was the mode, and when so many men, who have since abandoned it, embraced *by fashion* the holy office, Mr. Everett was a renowned preacher in the Unitarian faith, ornate in his style and delighting the woman. Later, all the literary Pleiades of Boston quitted the service of God for that of man, and the sacred preacher Everett is now become lecturer and political orator. This new career and a remarkable talent have made him a senator, an ambassador to England, and after Daniel Webster's death, whose friend and disciple Mr. Everett was, a minister of state. He was an "old Whig" in the political canvass antecedent to Mr. Lincoln's election, and on a presidential ticket with Mr. Bell, who at the outbreak sided with the South, while Mr. Everett arrayed himself among the warm defenders of the national flag, and has since accepted the Republican doctrine by the force of events, much to the disgust of his old partisans, of whom Mr. Winthrop is the only one who has rendered him justice and remained faithful to him, — all the others not being able to pardon what they call his treachery. I know Republicans who speak evil of him still more than the Democrats. In truth, Mr. Everett is not popular. His eloquence, though grand, is not of a kind to attract the people. His speeches, composed and written beforehand, are filed and polished and ornamented excessively, — not a word, not an intonation, not a gesture, which is not studied. They give the impression that we get from certain celebrated preachers, "How admirable, but he has not converted me!"

How different the eloquence of Wendell Phillips! I have just heard him at a great meeting, convoked at the Music Hall to listen to him "on the situation." This is not the mere refined scholar. He does not speak for the press only. He says himself of his addresses, that they are only talks. He told me the other day, when he had come from a lecturing tour in Maine, "Our trade is not to make beautiful orations, but to convince and move." He has an effective eloquence, elevated as the thoughts require, but simple on a common ground, and ever on the level of his audience. His manner is self-possessed, but energetic and full of passion. His wit is sharp and biting, let off as it may happen, now in the most familiar exposition, and then in a lofty strain of eloquence. Above all, a perfect serenity, as deep as his convictions, renders him one of the most attractive and extraordinary speakers that I have ever heard. I know that Mr. Wendell Phillips is a revolutionist, a fanatic, an agitator, a radical, the incarnation even of radicalism, but he has a mission in stimulating the dormant conscience of a people.

One of the houses where I am best received, and where I go with most pleasure, is that of Dr. Howe, an ancient Philhellene, the friend and companion in arms of Byron, and a man of energetic and chivalrous character. Madame Howe, who is one of the muses of Boston, and who, to borrow the words of one competent to judge, is "almost a

genius," is moreover a person of kindly feelings and penetrating wit. She has introduced me once to a club, where I saw some very curious scenes, for the women here have their clubs as well as the men. It is a literary circle of ladies of fashion, who meet weekly, and men are rigorously excluded. Each lady has nevertheless the right of bringing with her one cavalier, one only, and I have had that honor. The reunion had an academic air. They sit in a circle about the leading spirits. One of these, reclining on an ottoman, gives in a kind of half-tone a long psychologico-mystical discourse upon the moral effects of opium and hashish, after a fashion suited to their languishing properties. Then another will read an ode or some piece of light poetry. The company preserve an imperturbable decorum, and express their satisfaction by delicate smiles, and all such discreet fashions of approbation as come from a politeness based upon the extreme of good manners. Emancipation, however, follows the march to the supper-room. Then comes free and eager *ehit-chat*, clicking of glasses, joyous voices; and the obstreperous explosion resembles that of a flock of school-children just let out. All of a sudden comes silence. Then some one assumes a tragic air and enacts a scene, *inter pocula*, amid the laughter and prolonged applause, which is now allowable. The scene changes to a court of justice, and the actor imitates, they tell me, a celebrated advocate of the city, with all those shrieks, stampings, convulsions, and capers which I myself have often wondered at in popular orators. This comes by way of dessert; and all the particulars of the literary banquet remind me of those dinners in China, where they begin with the sweetmeats and perfumed bonbons and end with the meats and well-peppered ragouts.

I attended yesterday upon a lecture by the philosopher Emerson, and I wish finally to do him justice. The awkwardness of his manner, the monotony of his voice disappear, when one can follow the capricious current of his thoughts. I can hardly recall what he said. It seemed to me his lecture had neither beginning, middle, nor end; but was, nevertheless, so studded with such original hints, expressed in language so racy, with touches of imagination so unexpected and so charming, that I can comprehend the great renown attached to such fantastic and profound thoughts. His is a spirit curious and inquisitive, and more like Montaigne's than any other's. Like him he is a sceptic and laugher, an iconoclast and an optimist. If he is accused of scepticism he is still a believer, for he has faith in the seeking of truth, and in the moral and material progress of the world, — faith, moreover, in the infinite fecundity of human nature. That which he thrusts from him is the mere conventionalities of life, obsolete rules, useless baggage, burdens that impede, and all that renders the spirit immobile.

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

I do not think they could have found a better place to hide in if they had searched over all the continent. To be sure it was a place where travelers go, but not in crowds; neither is it a dangerous class of the community which frequents, or rather which darts down for a day upon Mont Saint Michel, and hurries over the castle, and is off again in hot haste for fear of the tide. I will tell you about Mont Saint Michel presently; but in the mean time it may be better to tell you who it was who was hiding there.

It was Mrs. Mildmay, who was once so well known in the match-making world, whose pretty daughters did so well, and made such good marriages, — and Nora, the last of that fair flock. Mrs. Mildmay was not the least in the world what is called a manœuvring mother. She had no time to carry her girls about, or exhibit them at public places, or put them up, as people say, in the market. Possibly these horrors were unknown to her, even in conception; but certainly she had not leisure to carry them into practice. The girls were not beautiful, and they had very little money; but they all married at eighteen, with a curious similarity which sometimes occurs in families. Naturally people smiled when Mrs. Mildmay complained, as she sometimes did, of this singular run of luck, and grumbled over the loss of her children. She cried at the weddings: but then it is part of a mother's rôle to cry; and the world in general, and the men without exception, concluded her a hypocrite, and envied her wonderful good fortune and success in getting rid of her encumbrances. One thing, however, which made it appear as if Mrs. Mildmay after all might possibly mean what she said, was the way she behaved about Nora. Nora was the youngest, light and lithe, like a tall lily, with hair of that Titian color which has lately become so popular, and great eyes, in which the tears lay so near the surface that the least touch brought them down. She was not lively nor gay, to speak of, except on very rare occasions; but she was tender-hearted, and moved by any appeal to her sympathies which did not come from the legalized authorities. Thus, she was not by any means too angelical to rebel when laws were made that she did not approve of, or when Mrs. Mildmay was struck with the curious whim of having her own way, and not her daughter's, which happened now and then. But let anybody appeal to her from outside, and immediately the big drops would gather in Nora's eyes, and all her tender soul be moved. She was the kind of girl who might fall in love off-hand, without two thoughts about it, and fight and beat half a dozen mothers for her ten minutes' attachment.

And she was the last of all the flock; and the poor woman, who had brought them all up to be other people's wives, began to look forward with horror to the prospect of being left all alone. She thought to herself, if she could but save the last, — if she could but keep her sweet companion a little longer, until the time when Nora should have "*sensu*," and be able to exercise that impossible suffrage which the fathers and mothers somehow seem to believe in, and make a good choice. Perhaps in the depths of her heart poor Mrs. Mildmay hoped or dreamed that she herself might somewhere light upon the not altogether impossible son-in-law who would be a son to her, and spare her a little of her daughter. Such futile dreams do linger in the corners of the female mind long after it ought to have learned better. Anyhow, Mrs. Mildmay was like the queen whose princess was to be all safe if she could but be shut up in a tower, and kept from all possibility of intercourse with old women spinning until she had passed her eighteenth birthday. It was not old women, but young men, of whom Nora's mother was afraid; but she thought foolishly that she would feel safe if she had only tided over the perilous boundaries of that eighteenth year.

And of course everybody knows how little she went out that last winter; how she kept poor Nora shut up, to her intensest indignation, and such sym-

pathy on the part of her emancipated contemporaries that schemes of forcible rescue were discussed at innumerable teas, over the five o'clock bread-and-butter. And then Mrs. Mildmay went abroad, the heartless woman; not as other people do, to places where a poor girl could have a little amusement, but to poky places where tourists go, and artists, and antiquaries, and travellers of that description. She was so good to Nora, that the girl would have been in transports of gratitude, had she not been, as she was, an injured woman, kept in the background by a cruel parent. Nora did not make the journey so pleasant as it might have been to her mother. She did not in the least understand the mournful yearning over her last companion which lay deep under Mrs. Mildmay's smile. It was not to be expected that she could understand it; and she was young and wanted pleasure, and to have her day as her sisters had. She was cross many and many a day when the poor mother was trying all that woman could do to please and amuse her, and call back her child's heart. But as for Nora, instead of letting her mother have it, she stood at the door in her youthful wantonness, and held that heart in her hand, like a bird, ready to let it fly she could not tell where. And this was the state of affairs when they came to the quaintest nest that ever fluttering bird was caged in, where Michael the Archangel, on the pinnacles of his chapel, sets one foot on land and one on sea.

If anybody could be safe under such circumstances, surely it must have been there; for there was not a man on the rock except the fishers, and Le Brique the guide, who took care of the travellers on the dangerous sands, and the brisk Curé, and M. le Aumonier. As for the travellers, Mrs. Mildmay felt sure she had nothing to fear. It was a poky place, and they were only poky people who ventured so far, — people who wrote books about rural manners and customs, or archaeologists, or artists, or devout Catholics, or tourist English; and Nora was in as little danger with such visitors as with M. le Aumonier himself. And the best of it was, that the girl was pleased, and liked the idea of living where never civilized Christian had lived before, and of being cut off from the world twice a day when there were spring-tides, on an inaccessible rock, where an enchanted princess might have lived, surrounded by sands that swallowed people up, and a sea that came upon you without any warning. She liked it perversely as girls do, and poor Mrs. Mildmay was at ease in her mind, though very far from being at ease in her body. For all the roads are stairs at Mont Saint Michel; and the population not only catch and sell and eat, but breathe fish in all its stages of existence after death. That fine, infinitesimal, all-pervading quintessence of herrings and cockles, which is called air in most fishing-towns, was concentrated into a finer and more subtle ichor still on the Archangel's rock; and M. le Aumonier's fauteuil, which he had placed at the service of the ladies, was but a hard arm-chair.

Mrs. Mildmay was happy in her mind, but she was very uneasy in her person, and asked herself many a day, as she looked over the vast expanse of sand and irregular lines of sea, and saw the pilgrim processions winding with their crosses over the dangerous paths, or "kilted" into nondescript creatures, neither men nor women, to cross the chance currents that traversed it, whether her safety was worth the trouble. The pilgrims, and the indiscriminate host, all alike kilted; men, women, and children, who went day by day to get cockles and anything else

that came in their way; and the stealthy tides that hurried up with a silent spring, like a beast of prey; and the sands that sunk under the traveller's feet, where Le Brique ran to and fro all the long day with his bare Hercules legs, and the bit of ribbon on his breast, that answered for eighteen lives saved; was all that was ever to be seen from the windows; except now and then, indeed, when the monotonous cadence of the chant announced a procession going up to do honor to St. Michael, dressed all in its best, with now and then a magnificent Norman cap, or even by times a scared and weary Bretonne, to give it a little interest; for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Mildmay not being an artist, thought but little of the castle or the chapel half-way up to heaven, where the Archangel held airy sway. They were very fine no doubt, but she would not have given the prospect from her own little house at the corner of Park Lane, with a peep over the Park, for half a dozen Gothic castles. And no doubt she was right.

But Nora happily was of a different way of thinking. The oddness of everything caught her fancy. She even changed out of her natural style, and took to laughing instead of crying, and grew a finished coquette in a moment, and bewildered Le Brique, and did her best to turn the head of that good Curé. She used to drag her poor mamma, or, when Mrs. Mildmay rebelled, the respectable Briggs, her mamma's maid, up all the horrible stairs to the chapel every time there was a pilgrimage, — and that was so often that Briggs's knees gave way at the very thought. And the Curé, when he led the choir, and when it was M. le Aumonier who said mass, looked round and nodded at her, and metaphorically clapped his hands in the middle of the service when Nora's clear, cultivated voice rose up above those of the fisher maidens, and soared away into the dim old vault, in the *Agnus Dei*. The good man had a French-horn which he loved, and from which he used to interject a note when the singers went too low; but they did not go too low when Nora was there, and he blew out his accompanying cadence for pure love. It was good to see him bringing in this instrument, carrying it in his arms as if it had been a baby; and it was all the instrument they had at Mont Saint Michel — except to be sure in the Castle chapel, where the pilgrims went, carrying with them sometimes an odd enough music. All these primitive surroundings had, it appeared, a good effect upon Nora; and Mrs. Mildmay, poor soul, thanked Heaven, and breathed a little freer, and put up with the atmosphere of fishes and the want of furniture, and M. le Aumonier's arm-chair.

This was the state of affairs one fair, slumbrous July day, when Mrs. Mildmay was alone indoors. From her window she could look down on the ramparts and on the vast sands beyond, and the low line of the Norman coast, and Avranches on its hill, shining where it stands, and looking a great deal more agreeable in the distance than it looks on a nearer view, like many other things.

Down below was an old bastion, sweet with a fluttering parterre of white pinks, and fanned by the great leaves of M. le Aumonier's favorite fig-tree. The sun was glaring on Avranches in the distance, and on the sea close at hand, and on the odd little groups on the sands, like specks, — the cockle-gatherers at their work; and the windows were open, and no smell of fish, though there were so many it, came from the sea. And a soft sort of drowsy content came over Mrs. Mildmay. Nora was out as usual, no doubt rambling about the castle halls and

chapels, or out on the breezy ramparts, making abortive sketches, and enjoying herself. At last she had begun to taste again the child's pleasures,—to love the air and the blue sky, and to be happy in her youth and her existence without asking anything else; and a feeling that the eighteenth year might after all be tided over, and the good choice made, and the not impossible son-in-law might yet be found in the future to glad the mother's eye, came into Mrs. Mildmay's heart. This is what she was thinking when she heard some one come in at the door. Doors have no locks in Mont Saint Michel, so that even with the best will in the world, an English lady cannot shut them, but must take her chance like her neighbors. Perhaps it was Nora,—perhaps it was M. le Aumonier coming in for a chat. But it was a step slightly hesitating, which lingered and stopped, and then came on. Mrs. Mildmay did not take much notice, for by this time she was used to the place, and she went on with her thoughts, even after the door of her own room was tapped at and opened. "I beg your pardon," said an English voice; "could you tell me— Good heavens!"—and here the intruder stopped short.

Mrs. Mildmay turned round from the peaceful Norman landscape and her dreams of peace; she gave a great cry, and started up to her feet, and looked him in the face. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all her fair hopes went toppling over like a house of cards. He might well say good heavens! For her part it was all she could do to keep the sudden tears of vexation and disappointment and dismay within her smarting eyes.

"Who would have thought to find you here?" he said, coming in and holding out his hand to her; and she could not refuse to take it. She could not accuse him of coming to look for Nora. She could not call in François and M. le Curé and a few of the villagers, and have him pitched over the ramparts, as she would have liked to do. She had to give him her hand, all trembling, and to say, "How do you do, Sir Harry?" as politeness demanded. And at any moment Nora might come in, who might not have her mother's objections! For he was a bright-eyed, gallant young fellow, and would have given the Curé and François enough to do, had Mrs. Mildmay's benevolent desire been carried out. He came up to her with such eager cordiality, and such an affectionate interest in her movements, that she could not entertain the soothing idea that possibly it was not that he meant. Alas! the poor mother knew all about it. She knew how civil they always were, and how anxious to please. She knew the very smile, and the air of such deep deference, and the profound, disinterested devotion. "Is it possible that you are *staying* here?" he said. "What luck! I have just sent my traps to the inn, for a few days—hum—fishing, you know; but I did not know what good fortune awaited me!"—The dreadful, deceitful young hypocrite! And he sat down without being invited, and set a chair for himself opposite the door, where he could see everybody who entered; and Nora might come in any minute! Mrs. Mildmay felt that affairs were critical, and that there was not a moment to be lost.

"I was just going up to the chapel," she said, with outward calm, but all the inward commotion which arises from telling a lie. "I shall be glad to show it you. Come, it will be so good of you to give me your arm up all those stairs."

"What now?" said Sir Harry; "you can't think how hot it is outside; and the smell of the fish. Of

course I shall be delighted; but if I might advise, in the cool of the evening—"

"O, we are not in Italy, you know," Mrs. Mildmay said. "I never feel it too hot here, and we go out in hats, and don't make any toilette. The Chateau is well worth seeing; I am pretty well up in it now, and we are just going away. Come, it will be charming to show you everything," said the unprincipled woman; and with all this string of fibs she led him out, and took his arm as she had said, and climbed the stairs, and pointed out all the views to him. Nora was no doubt on the sands, and so long as she absorbed him in architecture, and kept his eyes turned upwards, no immediate harm could come of it. It was very hot, and the sun blazed down upon all the stony ramparts and all the scorching stairs, and the fish was overwhelming, and the ascent more inhuman than ever. Mrs. Mildmay felt as if she must drop, but still she hurried on. She told him the dates of the building (and made a dreadful mess of it), and the legend, and how it had all come about; and pointed out the chapel, towering, clustering up, a climax to all those buttresses and pinnacles, where the Archangel stood enthroned. Poor soul! she did it as the slave-woman crossed the ice, that her child might not be taken away from her. Sir Harry Preston's good-looking young face was as terrible to her as if he had been a hideous planter who would have whipped Nora and made her pick cotton. Had he not already paid the poor girl attention, and made all sorts of deceitful pretences to gain admission in Park Lane? And thus she toiled on, half fainting, up to the castle door.

What was the awful spectacle that the mother found awaiting her there? Sir Harry thought it the prettiest sight in the world, but Mrs. Mildmay grasped his arm to support herself when it dawned upon her, and would have fallen if he had not caught her. It was simply Nora, seated under the gloomy portal, just where the portcullis came down, sitting against the gloom, with the darkness going off into a deep black curve behind her, with her Titian hair blown about her shoulders, her hat off, her soft cheeks glowing, her great eyes opening wide with wonder, and—Heaven knows what besides. That was what the poor mother's over-caution had brought upon her. He might have gone away, but she had insisted on bringing him here. If she did not faint it was only from the fear that he might say something to Nora over her prostrate body. Mrs. Mildmay sat down on the stair beside her daughter, and looked piteously in her face, and made a last trial. How she had the strength for it she never could tell.

"Nora, my love, I am sure you are tired," she said. "Is it not surprising to see Sir Harry here? I am going to show him the chapel; but I am sure you are tired and hot, and want to go home. Go and lie down a little and rest, and never mind waiting for me. We are going away so soon, you know, I should like to see the chapel once more."

All this Mrs. Mildmay accompanied with looks which were much more eloquent than words,—looks which said, "You know I dare not speak any plainer. O, go home, and don't drive me to despair!" And it was not to be supposed that Nora should like being sent home,—though she was not quite prepared, being taken thus all in a moment, to fly in her mother's face.

She sat on the stair and mused, and it all went very quickly through her young head. Naturally she saw the matter from a point of view very dif-

ferent from that of Mrs. Mildmay; but Nora was at the bottom a good girl enough, and she did not want, as we have said, to fly in her mother's face. She had shaken hands with Sir Harry, and when she saw him it had certainly occurred to her that he would be rather a pleasant change from the Curé and Le Brique; and if it should perhaps prove possible to please her mother and not to send away the stranger—just then a happy inspiration came to Nora. She put on her hat, and got up from the stair, and took Mrs. Mildmay's arm.

"Mamma, I think Sir Harry had better look at the chapel by himself," she said, with a freedom which pretty young women of eighteen do not hesitate to take. "François is there, and will tell him all about it. It is a great deal too hot for you to be out, and I am as tired as ever I can be. Good by, Sir Harry. You will find that François can tell you everything." It was done with a perfectly natural impertinence, but yet it cost poor Nora something. She had seen just for one moment the pleading of her mother's eyes, and she had been startled by it. Her heart for the moment gave in to the superior force. Sir Harry was a pleasant diversion; but still, if it was so serious as that. And she turned to the descent, and turned her back upon him, and left him to go sight-seeing, as if it was quite natural for a young man to come two days' journey out of the civilized world, and run the risk of being swallowed up by the sands or the tide, to study architecture at Mont Saint Michel. When Mrs. Mildmay saw it her heart leaped up in her fatigued bosom. She began to be sorry for Sir Harry as soon as she thought Nora did not mind. After all he had a nice young face, and the blank look upon it went to her heart.

"Perhaps we may meet again," said the relenting woman. "Good by, Sir Harry. But we are going away almost directly," she said, with renewed panic; and then, divided between cruelty and compunction, went away after her daughter, with knees that trembled, and took Nora's arm. As for Sir Harry, he ascended up under the dark portal, up all those gloomy steps, in far from a cheerful frame of mind. As if he cared for the castle, or François's explanations! And the two ladies continued their way down the scorching stairs.

But it was not as if nothing had happened. After Sir Harry was out of sight Nora did not afford one word to her deprecating, guilty mother. Her great eyes grew bigger and bigger, and swam translucent in those two tears which filled them just to overflowing. After all, perhaps, it was not to be wondered at. He was very nice, and had paid her a great deal of attention, and, on the whole, was very different from Le Brique and M. le Curé. And then to think he should have come here in such a romantic, unexpected way. She did not say a word all the way down, and when she got home she had a headache, and took refuge in her own room, and cried. And poor Mrs. Mildmay took her seat again, very gloomy, in M. le Aumonier's arm-chair, and watched the reflection of the sunset burning far away on the church-tower at Avranches, and the cockle-gatherers coming home from the sands, and the slow evening clouds settling down upon the great, monotonous, colorless waste, with its margin of doubtful fields,—and felt in her heart, poor woman, that the repose of Mont Saint Michel was at an end.

But it was not to be expected that it should end just in this way if Sir Harry was good for anything;

and he was good for a great deal. The poor young man could not sleep all night; that is to say, he slept about twice as long as Mrs. Mildmay did, but that was a different matter; and in the morning he regained his courage. If Mont Saint Michel was a good place to hide in, it was a far better, indeed, a perfectly unexceptionable place to make love in. And, to tell the truth, it ended in that church in Knightsbridge, amid a great flutter of lace and display of jewels. The best of it was, that Sir Harry managed somehow to impress upon Mrs. Mildmay's mind the idea that he was the impossible son-in-law. It was a delusion she had never given in to before, though she had so many daughters married. But it must be allowed there was something touching in the way he gave her his arm up and down those stony stairs, and sought her society, and made love to her. When they left that little rocky refuge, even the mother was reluctant to dismiss the young invader who had made a conquest of her; and the fact was she gave in quite willingly at last, and went down to Sir Harry's place in the country to wait for them when the young people went away upon their wedding tour; though the other girls thought it was not fair. And they had a picture made of Mont Saint Michel, standing all lonely amid its sands, between earth and sea. And the historian of this adventure cannot do better than add as her moral, that the Archangel still stands divinely poised as Raphael made him, on his point of rock, and that there is not a better hiding-place to be found anywhere, if one should happen to have Mrs. Mildmay's fair pretext or any other reasonable cause to seek a refuge a little way out of the civilized world.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

THE last time that the season of "peace on earth and good will to men" came round, the great struggle between the free and slave powers in America had not yet come to death-grips. Here, at least, many people still believed that the Southern States could not be subdued, and were sure sooner or later to establish their independence, and a new polity which would act for the rest of time as a healthy corrective to the dangerously popular institutions and ideas of New England. The year has passed, and the great revolutionary epic of our time has closed. Perhaps some of us may still stop short of Mr. Seward's triumphant summing up:—"Death," he says in his yearly address to his fellow-citizens at Auburn, "death has removed his victims; liberty has crowned her heroes; humanity has crowned her martyrs; the sick and the stricken are cured; the surviving combatants are fraternizing; and the country—the object of our just pride, and lawful affection—once more stands collected and composed, firmer, stronger, and more majestic than ever before, without one cause of dangerous discontent at home, and without an enemy in the world." We may think him somewhat too hopeful in the breadth of his assertions, and may have our fears that it may take a generation yet to weld again into one brotherhood all the States of the Union. But, when he predicts so fearlessly that "under next October's sun he shall be able, with his fellow-townsmen in Auburn, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land," we cannot but own that earlier prophecies of his, which seemed at least as rash, have been fulfilled almost to the letter. In any case, we do all willingly now admit, and honor, the

marvellous energy and constancy with which the great game has been played out by the American people. As one of the many Englishmen whose faith in that people never faltered during the contest, I do most heartily rejoice to see that all classes of my countrymen are at last not only ready to appreciate, but hearty in their appreciation of, what has been done for freedom in America in this revolutionary war. I am sure that we now only want further knowledge of facts to honor our kith and kin across the Atlantic as they deserve to be honored, for the glorious sacrifices which they made of all that was most precious and dearest to them in a struggle upon which not only their own life as a nation, but the future of at least one third of the world, was at stake.

In this belief, I think that Christmas is the right time for bringing out into somewhat clearer light a side of the drama which has not been as yet fairly presented to us here: I mean, first, the strain on the resources of the Northern States while the war lasted; and, secondly, the heroism of the men of gentle birth and nature, who, so far from shrinking from the work, and fighting by substitute (as was asserted by some of our leading journals), took at least their fair share of all the dangers and miseries and toils of those dark years.

First then, as to the people's work; and, highly as we may value the men who have come to the front, and whose names as soldiers and statesmen are now known over the whole world, we must acknowledge that the true hero of the war is, after all, the American people. In proof of this I will take one or two of the Northern States, and look for a moment at what the call was which was made on them, and how they answered to it. Let us look, as a first instance, at the smallest in area of all the States, and the smallest in population of all the free States. Little Rhode Island, at the census of 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, contained a population of 174,620. As usual in the Eastern States, the females considerably exceeded the males, and of the latter there were 82,304 altogether. Up to December 1st, 1862 — that is to say, in less than two years from the first call of the President for troops — Rhode Island furnished 14,626 men to the army, and 1,400 to the navy, or almost 1 in 5 of her total male population, and, of course, far more than that proportion of her men of fighting age, between 18 and 45. In the first enthusiasm, when the call for 500,000 men came in the summer of 1861, the quota of Rhode Island was 4,057, and she furnished 5,124. I do not give the later returns, because there appears to have been a large number of substitutes amongst her recruits after 1862, and I have no means of knowing whether these were or were not natives of the State. There is no need to overstate the case, and I should, on every account, shrink from doing so. Rhode Island, though the smallest, is tenth in rank of all the States as a producer, and her people are consequently rich and prosperous. If, in the later years of the war, they found substitutes in large numbers, it must be, at the same time, remembered, that they contributed more largely than any other State, in proportion to numbers, to that noblest of all charities, — the Sanitary Commission.

But Englishmen will very likely say, "Give us an instance of any but a New England State; they are exceptional." Let us take Indiana, then, one of the mighty young Western sisters, a community scarce half a century old. A stronger contrast to Rhode

Island could scarcely have been found. Indiana, in 1860, possessed 8,161,717 acres of improved farming land; Rhode Island but 329,884. Indiana was fifth of all the States in agricultural production, and thirteenth in manufacturing, — Rhode Island standing tenth, or three higher than her gigantic younger sister. Yet we find the same readiness of response to the President's call to arms amongst Western farmers as amongst New England mechanics and merchants. The population of Indiana is returned in the census of 1860 at 1,350,428, and her males at 693,469. On the 31st of December, 1862, she had furnished 102,698 soldiers, besides a militia home-guard when her frontiers were threatened. When Morgan made his raid into the State, 60,000 tendered their services within twenty-four hours, and nearly 20,000 were on his track within three days. I do not happen in this case to have the later returns, and so must turn back to New England, to the old Puritan Bay State, to give one perfect example of what the American people did in the great struggle.

Massachusetts, at the outbreak of the war, held a population of 1,230,000 or thereabouts, out of which there were 257,833 males between the ages of fifteen and forty. The first blood shed in the war against the slave power, as in the Revolutionary war against England, was Massachusetts blood. The Sixth Massachusetts was fired on in the streets of Baltimore on April 19th, 1861, and had to fight its way through the town, losing four killed and thirty wounded in the operation. Well, the number of men demanded of Massachusetts during the war was 117,624. The number furnished by her (reducing all to the three years' standard) was 125,437, being a surplus over all calls of 7,813. Besides these, 6,670 were mustered in answer to a call for three months' men in 1864, which were never credited to her by the government. Look at the meaning now of this other fact, that she has actually sent more men to the war than are now to be found in the State liable to do military duty. How does this tell as to wear and tear of the human material in those Southern campaigns? The last assessors' return gave these at 133,767; while the total number who served (including three and nine months' men, and not adhering to the three years' standard) was 153,486. Out of these, how many does the reader (who has probably heard more or less of "stopping the war by prohibiting emigration from Ireland," and of "New England hiring foreign mercenaries to do the fighting") think were foreign recruits? Just 907. This does not include men born out of the States, but resident or naturalized there before the war broke out. These latter, however, I suppose, could not come within the definition of foreign mercenaries; and, of foreigners arriving in America during the war, Massachusetts enlisted, as I have said, 907 out of 150,000. While on this point, I may add that the most reliable statistics as to the whole forces of the North show that of native-born Americans there were nearly 80 per cent, of naturalized Americans 15, and of foreigners 5 per cent only, in the ranks.

I can honestly say that I have chosen these States at hazard, and that a scrutiny of the remaining free States would give a very similar result. And now let us consider what that result is. Rhode Island, Indiana, and Massachusetts may perhaps equal in population this metropolis with its immediate suburbs; while one of them alone actually sent to active service, in the four years of the war, an army equal in numbers to the total volunteer force now under

arms in Great Britain. Rhode Island is not so populous as Sheffield; and in eighteen months she armed and sent South 15,000 of her citizens. I know that England in like need would be equal to a like effort. Let us honor, then, as they deserve, the people of our own lineage to whom the call has come, and who have met it.

I need scarcely pause to note how the Northern people have paid in purse as well as in person. Let one instance suffice. In 1864 the assessment of Massachusetts for taxes to support the general government amounted to fourteen millions, every fraction of which was collected without impediment or delay. Add to this the State taxation, and the amounts contributed to the Sanitary Commission, and other organizations for distributing voluntary contributions in support of the war, and we should reach a figure almost exceeding belief. I have no means of stating it accurately, but am quite safe in putting it as high as twenty-five million dollars, actually raised and paid, by a State with a population less than half of that of our metropolis, in one twelve-month.

And now for my second point, — the example set by the men of birth, wealth, and high position. Here too I feel sure that a few simple facts, taken at hazard from the mass which I have under my hand, will be more than enough to satisfy every just and generous man amongst my countrymen; and I am proud to believe that, whatever our prejudices may be, there are few indeed amongst us to whom such an appeal will be made in vain.

I have said above that the mass of materials is large; I might have said unmanageable. It is, indeed, impossible to take more than an example here and there, and to bring these out as clearly as one can in the limits of an article. Let me take as mine a family or two, with some one or more of whose members I have the honor of friendship or acquaintance. And, first, that of J. Russell Lowell, the man to whose works I owe more, personally, than to those of any other American. It would be hard to find a nobler record. The young men of this stock seem to have been all of high mark, distinguished specially for intellectual power and attainments. Surely the sickle of war has never been put more unsparringly into any field! First in order comes Willie Putnam, age 21, the sole surviving son of Lowell's sister, a boy of the highest culture and promise, mortally wounded at Ball's Bluff, in October, 1861, in the first months of the war, while in the act of going to the help of a wounded companion. At the same bitter fight his cousin, James Jackson Lowell, aged 24, was badly hurt; but, after a short absence to recruit, joined his regiment again, and fell on June 30th, 1862. "Tell my father I was dressing the line of my company when I was hit," was his last message home. He had been first in his year at Harvard, and was taking private pupils in the Law School when the war broke out. Warren Russell fell at Bull Run, in August, 1862. Many of us here may remember the account which was reprinted in the *Times* and other papers, of the presentation of colors to the Second Massachusetts Infantry, by Mr. Motley, at Boston, in the summer of 1861. It attracted special notice from the fact that the author of the "History of the Dutch Republic" had been so lately living amongst us, and was so well known and liked here. The group of officers who received those colors were the very *jeunesse dorée* of Massachusetts, — Quincy, Dwight, Abbot, Robeson, Russell, Shaw, Gordon, Savage,

Perkins. Such a roll will speak volumes to all who have any acquaintance with New England history. Those colors have come home riddled, tattered, blackened; but five sixths of the young officers have given their lives for them, and of the one thousand rank and file who then surrounded them, scarcely one hundred and fifty survive. This by the way. I refer to the muster, because Robert Shaw was amongst those officers, — a name already honored in these pages, and another nephew of Lowell's. Shaw's sister married Charles Lowell, of whom more presently. We all know how Robert Shaw, after two years' gallant service, accepted the command of the first black regiment raised in Massachusetts (the 54th); how he led them in the operations before Charleston, and was buried with his "niggers" in the pit under Fort Wagner, — the grandest sepulture earned by any soldier of this century. By his side fought and died Cabot Russell, the third of Lowell's nephews; then a captain of a black company. Stephen George Perkins, another nephew, was killed at Cedar Creek; and Francis Dutton Russell at one of the innumerable Virginian battles.

I pass to the last on the list, and the most remarkable. Charles Russell Lowell, the only brother of the James who died "dressing his line," was also the first scholar of his year (1854) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health, and made long riding-tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the Sixth Massachusetts were fired on in Baltimore streets, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities was suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In those first days of confusion, he became agent for Massachusetts at Washington, and brought order out of chaos for his own State before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him rapid promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsular campaigns of McClellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to carry the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the cavalry force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864 he commanded the cavalry brigade, of four regular regiments, and the Second Massachusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19th; was badly wounded early in that day, and lifted on to his fourteenth horse to lead the final charge, so faint, that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those round him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself led the last charge which ended one of the most obstinate battles of the war. It is the death of this nephew which wrung from his uncle the lines which occur in one of the last "Biglow Papers," published in one of last winter's numbers of the *Atlantic Magazine*, —

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal;
Who ventured life, an' love, an' youth
For the gret prize o' deth in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
That rived the rebel line asunder?

"Ta'n't right to hev the young go fast,
All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,
Leaving life's paupers dry as dust
To try and make b'lieve fill their places;

Nothin' but tells us wut we miss;
 Ther 's gaps our lives can't never say in,
 An' that world seems so fur from this,
 Let' for us loafers to grow gray in."

He died next day of his wounds, leaving a widow of twenty, himself not thirty. The Gazette, in which his commission as general was published, did not reach the army till after his death. Sheridan, with the generosity which most of the great Northern captains have shown, declared that the country could better have spared himself, and that there was no one quality of a soldier which he could have wished added to Charles Lowell.

My first example, then, gives us one family, in which there was no soldier in 1860, losing eight young men under thirty in little more than three years' fighting.

I have mentioned the name of Motley above. Let us see how it fared with his circle. He has assured me more than once, that of his own immediate family there were fewer than the average in the ranks; but he had at least five near relatives serving, — three Lothrop, one of whom was killed in Louisiana; Major Motley, badly wounded in Virginia early in 1864; and Major Stackpole, another highly distinguished graduate of Harvard, who served through the whole war, and has now resumed his practice as a barrister. Miss Motley married Captain Ives, a gentleman of fortune in Rhode Island, who was travelling in Europe when the war broke out. He volunteered into the navy, commanded the Potomac flotilla, and accompanied Burnside's expedition to South Carolina, where he contracted the illness of which he has since died. His cousin Robert Ives, also a man of large fortune, volunteered into the army, and was killed at Antietam. I believe they were the two last men who bore the name of Ives in their State.

The name of Wadsworth is better known here than most American names in consequence of its English connection. The head of the family was a country gentleman living on his estates at Genesee, in New York State, up to 1860, with a family of three sons and three daughters. At the news of the attack on the Union troops in Baltimore he instantly chartered a steamer, loaded her with provisions, and sent her up the Potomac, — a most timely aid to the capital. He acted as aide-de-camp to McDowell, and was his right-hand man in the Bull Run campaign, his "youngest as well as his oldest aide," was made a general soon afterwards; and, after several campaigns, was placed in command at Washington. His reputation as an officer had now become such that at the beginning of the last campaign every corps commander of the army of the Potomac applied to the War Department to have him with them as brigadier. He was killed in the Wilderness in the last advance on Richmond. His three sons have all served, the youngest having enlisted at sixteen. Thus every man in the family served; and the only married daughter is the widow of Colonel Montgomery Ritchie, one of two brothers, both of whom served with distinction, one to the sacrifice of his life by the same subtle disease which struck down Captain Ives.

I could go to any length, for my acquaintance with Americans is large, and I scarcely know a man who has not lost some relative in the war. But, apart from one's own acquaintance, there is scarcely one of the famous Colonial and Revolutionary names which has not been represented. The Jays, Adames, Schuylers, Livingtons, Van Rensselaers,

have not failed their country in her second great need; and have fought well, and worked hard, though the present holders of these honored names, mostly quite young men, have not had time to reach their ancestors' places. The bearers of great names, I take it, do not get such a start in the States as with us at home. A descendant (grandson, I believe) of Alexander Hamilton, however, became a general, while several of his cousins remained in lower ranks. Colonel Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of Daniel Webster, was killed in Virginia. Perhaps the man who excited most the hopes and martial enthusiasm of Americans in the first months of the war was Major Theodore Winthrop, grandson of the famous Governor John Winthrop, scholar, traveller, poet, athlete, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Great Bethel, June 10th, 1861. A son of General Porter, who was distinguished in the last war with us, fell as a colonel in the spring campaign of 1864. Even the families famous, as yet, for wealth only have not shrunk from the fighting; one Astor, at least, and Cuttings, Schermerhorns, Lydigs, and others, having held their own in the volunteer ranks.

Or, let us come to names more familiar than any other Transatlantic ones to us, — the Boston group. Longfellow's young son (Charlie, as I hear all men call him) has managed to fight a campaign, and get badly hit in Louisiana, at an age when our boys are thinking of their freshman's term at Oxford. Oliver Wendell Holmes (junior), poet, artist, Greek scholar, virtuoso, has been twice — I was going to say killed — well, shot through the body and neck, and again in the heel; and, having fought through all to the end of the war, is again busy with brush and pen. Olmstead has fought, with mightier weapons than rifled cannon, at the head of the Sanitary Commission. Of four brothers Dwight, two were killed, and a third fought his way to general. Whittiers, Appletons, Loring, Crowninshield, Dehons — but I will tax my readers' patience no longer with rolls of names which, perhaps, to most of them, will be names, and nothing more! Let this last summing up of the work of men of birth and position in one State suffice (I choose Massachusetts again, because, thanks to Governor Andrew, we have more accurate returns as to her, over here, than as to any other State). Since the declaration of war, 434 officers from Massachusetts have been killed — 9 generals, 16 colonels, 17 lieutenant-colonels, 20 majors, 15 surgeons, 2 chaplains, 110 captains, and 245 lieutenants. Of the 35 general officers from that State, 10 only have escaped wounds.

Of all the living graduates of Harvard (the university of highest repute in America), one fifth, or, to be as accurate as possible, nineteen and some fraction per cent, have served with the army. At Yale College, the percentage has been even higher. Conceive a struggle which should bring one in every five of men who have taken degrees at Oxford and Cambridge under fire, and which should call on us, besides our regular army, to keep on foot and recruit for three years a volunteer army five times as large as our present one!

Such plain facts and returns as these will, I am sure, convince the last sceptic — if there be one left amongst us at this Yule tide, 1865 — that New England has not spared of her best blood in the great day of the Lord, under the burden and heat of which the whole North has reeled and staggered indeed, but without ever bating heart or hope, and always gaining fresh power, through three years of

war which have seemed — nay, which have been — a lifetime. In such crises time is not measured by years or days. The America which looked on, paralyzed and doubtful, when John Brown prophesied all these things on his way to the scaffold, kissing a negro child as he passed along, while Stonewall Jackson and his pupils guarded the gibbet, — the America of State sovereignty and Dred Scott law, in which the Gospel news meant avowedly “Good will to *white* men,” and abolitionism was loathed as a vulgar and mischievous fanaticism, — is as far behind us to-day for all practical purposes as the England of the Stuarts, or the France of the Regency. What this means, for the Old World as well as for the New, I will not pause to consider. My estimate might raise smiles or provoke criticism amongst us, both of which (good as they are in their right time and place) I am anxious here to avoid.

I prefer at parting to endeavor to put my readers in sympathy with the spirit, the heart, and conscience of the North, in the presence of their astounding success. I cannot do this better than by a glance at the Commemoration of the living and dead soldiers of Harvard University. Commemoration Day at Harvard, in July, 1865, must indeed have stamped itself indelibly on the memories of all those sons of the first of American universities who were present at the gathering. To me, I own, even the meagre reports one got over here in the American papers were unspeakably touching. The irrepressible joy of a people delivered, after years of stern work and patient waiting, from an awful burden, almost too heavy for mortal shoulders to bear, tempered, as it was, by the tenderest sympathy for the families of the fallen, and a solemn turning to give glory and thanks with full heart to that God who giveth victory, and healeth wounded spirits, and standeth above his people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, — the mingled cry of triumph, and agony, and trust, and love, which went up from the very heart of that meeting, — must ever, to my mind, rank amongst the most noble, the most sublime pieces of history of the century in which we are living. Let the reader consider the following as compared with ordinary commemoration poetry. The first is the hymn written for the commemorative service by Robert Lowell: —

“Thy work, O God, goes on in earth,
With shouts of war, and harvest songs:
A ready will is all our worth;
To Thee our Maker all belongs.

“Thanks for our great and dear, who knew
To lavish life great meeds to earn;
Our dead, our living, brave and true,
To each who served Thee in his turn.

“Show us true life as in Thy Son;
Breathe through our flesh the Holy Ghost;
Then earth's strongholds are stormed and won;
Then man dies faithful at his post.

“They crowd behind us to this shade,
The youth who own the coming years;
Be never God, or land, betrayed,
By any son our Harvard rears!”

My second quotation shall be a stanza from the Commemoration Ode, by the best known member of the family, James Russell Lowell, author of the “Biglow Papers”: —

“Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace,
Bow down in prayer and praise!

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee;
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!”

Was ever truer, or braver, ring struck out of the metal of which English-speaking men are made? If so, I for one have yet to learn when, and where. And now at this Christmas time, when their tremendous storm-cloud has broken up, and nothing but a light streak or two of vapor is to be seen in their heavens, let us seize this precious moment, never to recur again in their or our history, and, by graceful and loyal word and deed, show them that we honor, as it deserves, the work they have done for the world since the election of 1860, and can sympathize with their high hopes for the future of their continent with no jealousy or distrust, as brethren of the same stock, and children of the same Father.

A QUESTION OF MINUTES.

THE policy of executing criminals, which at present agitates the minds of a large portion of the thinking community, has long been a subject of great interest to me. I have at different times, I believe, gone as deeply into the question as most men, but without coming to any definite conclusion. It was first forced on my mind by reading Victor Hugo's *Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné*; for in that admirable work the mental anguish of an unfortunate wretch under sentence of death is painted with such truthfulness, and in such vivid colors, that almost every chapter became indelibly impressed on my imagination. I verily believe I could even now narrate the substance of the book, although at least fifteen years must have passed over my head since I read it. Yet, on the necessity of capital punishment I am still undecided. That no possible good can accrue from legally killing one of our fellow-creatures I admit; still, from a sentiment of humanity, to allow a wretch to live who may have committed a diabolical murder, appears somewhat incongruous and very possibly is adverse to the principles of justice taught us in the Scriptures themselves.

Although the total abolition of the punishment of death remains an undecided point with me, I have always, in common I think with most men of average humanity, been free from doubt as to the obligation of terminating the existence of criminals with the least amount of mental or bodily torture. And a very grave question often arises in my mind, whether the punishment of death by hanging as practised in England is not one of gross cruelty. I am perfectly aware that at the very outset I shall have many opponents in my endeavor to prove my opinion to be correct. Our legislature, I shall be told, is the most humane in the world, and that that very fact itself is a proof against me. To this I answer, that to have a bad opinion of themselves or their government has never been a fault of Englishmen. A fixed opinion of the great humanity of our code of criminal laws has always been a favorite

theory with us, even in times when our punishments were far more severe than in the present day. I lately came across a work on the laws of England, by a barrister by the name of Lambard, published in the early part of the reign of James the First. On the subject of capital punishments he calls the attention of the reader to the superior humanity of the English code. "While other nations," he says, "practise many different modes of executing criminals, England confines herself to four,—hanging, pressing, burning, and boiling; the two latter," he remarks, "being used, from motives of delicacy, principally for women."

Although in the present day we content ourselves with the first of these modes, it is doubtful whether the criminal is not longer dying with us than in any other country in Europe. The guillotine in France, the garotte in Spain, and even the foreign modes of hanging, deprive the criminal of life instantaneously. But we frequently read in our newspapers that "the prisoner struggled violently," or "in a few minutes life was extinct." Has any one calculated how long those few minutes were to the dying wretch, or what amount and what quality of thought passed through his mind during them? Physiologists will perhaps tell us that his struggles were simply spasmodic and painless; but was his mental torture less on that account? or is it not likely to have been greater? I hold the latter theory, and consider that if his bodily torture had been greater (though God forbid it ever should be so!), his mental sufferings might have been far less.

After reading the above-named work of Victor Hugo's, I determined if possible to discover what is the mental state of a criminal while being executed. I deliberated in what manner I should best make the experiment; and at last I determined to act as assistant to the hangman at an execution, so as to be able to gain as much knowledge as possible of the prisoner's feelings. But to obtain my wish was a far more difficult matter than I had imagined. The authorities rejected my application with, I must say, just disdain. At last I gave up the idea of applying to any but the fountain-head. I soon succeeded in making the acquaintance of the hangman himself, and proposed acting on some occasion as his assistant. At first he refused my request in the most decided manner, till an offer of five sovereigns proved to him that I was actuated solely by philanthropic and scientific motives. It was then arranged that I should assist him at a forthcoming execution at Lewes in Sussex. This case suited me exactly, as the crime of the culprit had shut him out from all personal sympathy on my part, and I should thus be the better able to judge of the results of the punishment. I bade the executioner farewell, promising him I would be in Lewes the day before the execution, whereby I avoided the acceptance of his kind offer of taking me under his protection on the road down. The only advice he gave me was to do myself up "rough," and then nobody would recognize from my appearance that I did not belong to his profession,—a compliment I received with far less gratitude than perhaps it merited.

The day previous to the execution at last arrived, and carpet-bag in hand (I had in it a somewhat coarse-looking decent suit of clothes, with a fur cap and a pair of thick common-looking shoes), I proceeded to the Brighton Railway Station. I do not know why, but I had a singular suspicion that the persons who like myself were taking out tickets had some knowledge of the errand I was on. I how-

ever endeavored to drive the thought from my mind, and had placed my money on the desk before the clerk, when somebody standing behind me said, "There will be an execution to-morrow at Lewes. Shall you go and see it?"

"No," was the answer; "I have no taste for anything of the kind, and I have but little respect for those who have."

This remark, made purely at hazard and without the slightest allusion to me, annoyed me exceedingly. I colored up, and was leaving the paying-place, when the clerk called out to me, "You have forgotten your change and the ticket, sir."

It was true, I had forgotten both. I took them up hurriedly, omitting even to thank him for his civility, and turned off to the train. I was lucky enough to get into a compartment with only another passenger in it, who, fortunately for me, slept all the way down.

As the train rolled on I brought my mind to bear on the approaching execution, and the probable behavior of the prisoner. I particularly dwelt on the time which would elapse after the bolt was drawn before life was extinct, and what amount and quality of thought would pass through his mind in the interim. But I could arrive at no definite conclusion, for no sooner had I succeeded in getting my thoughts in proper train, than some object would pass before me and disturb the current of my reflections. I was for some time fairly puzzled how to carry out my experiment, until at length I remembered that we were approaching Merstham tunnel, where I should be for some time in the dark, without having anything to distract my attention, and thus be able to calculate the amount of thinking of which my mind was capable during the time. I had now to choose a subject for my reflections of such a description as would enable me to come to a just conclusion on the subject. I selected the week's trip I made to Paris with a party of three friends the year before Louis Napoleon was chosen Emperor. We had then enjoyed ourselves greatly, and every circumstance which took place on our journey remained firmly fixed in my memory.

Everything being now satisfactorily arranged, I waited, watch in hand, ready to commence my experiment as soon as we should arrive at the tunnel. The steam-whistle announced that we were on the point of entering, and I glanced at my watch. It was exactly a quarter past three, and that moment, in imagination, the bolt was withdrawn, and we landed opposite the custom-house at Boulogne.

We walked across the space roped in for the landing of passengers, undergoing the while the criticisms of the well-dressed crowd on each side on our forlorn appearance, for the passage had been a stormy one; we entered the whitewashed waiting-room, and afterwards passed through the smaller room, containing its regiment of police and custom-house officers. Our passports were examined, as well as every little article we held in our hands, and we were then permitted to leave.

We now engaged a coach, and drove off to the railway-station, denouncing the absurd French police and custom-house restrictions. By the time we were fairly seated in the train the miseries of our sea-voyage were forgotten, the custom-house regulations were forgiven, and we were a thoroughly happy party, bent on enjoying ourselves and being at peace with all the world. At Amiens we waited the accustomed twenty minutes, and afterwards proceeded to Paris. I remembered with particular

clearness a conversation which took place, shortly after leaving Amiens, respecting the Counts of St. Pol, whose ruined castle is seen in the distance, — whether they were English or French, and whether their castle had been within the jurisdiction of the Calais government at the time the English held it, or whether it was in the French territory.

At last we arrived at Paris, and drove to Menrice's, where we chose our apartments. Fortunately we were in time for the table d'hôte. There were but five guests at it, as at that time there were but few English in Paris, and those who were present were mostly wealthy young men with evidently fast tastes. There was one exception, however, and that was a well-dressed gentlemanly man about fifty years of age, a major in the army, of most attractive manners and conversation. All the party seemed well acquainted with each other, and a perfectly good-fellowship evidently existed between them. After dinner we walked to the Place du Carrousel. The moon was at its full and the night was lovely; and at about ten o'clock we returned to the hotel thoroughly tired with our day's adventures.

At breakfast the next morning we heard that the troops were to be reviewed by General Cavaignac, in the Champs de Mars. We determined on being present; and after breakfast we strolled leisurely towards the scene of the review. When opposite the Hotel des Invalides we heard loud shouting behind us, and on turning round, we perceived a general with his staff advancing towards us. We stood aside to allow him to pass, and a bystander informed us it was General Cavaignac, then a candidate for the presidency of the republic. As he passed he bowed most courteously to us in return for our salutation, and we continued our way to the review ground.

The whole manoeuvres of the review then came clearly and vividly before me, even to the dresses of the troops; but it would be a useless waste of time and space to describe them here. In the afternoon we returned to the hotel, and made our preparations for dinner.

At table we found exactly the same company we had met the day before, with the addition of an army surgeon, a friend of mine, who had arrived in Paris for a few days' pleasure. He had been many years in the army, and had seen a great deal of service, and was very much respected by all who knew him. He was apparently slightly acquainted with more than one of the company. Major X——, the senior of the party, spoke to him more than once; but although my friend answered courteously, I could perceive there was a want of cordiality in his manner. The dinner over, Major X—— and his young friends left the table, after having taken a considerable quantity of wine; and my own party wishing to go to the theatre, for which I had but little inclination, I remained with my friend, Dr. Walsh, to talk over old times. As we were alone in the coffee-room, our conversation took a more confidential tone than it would have done had others been present. At last I casually asked him, as he appeared to be acquainted with the gentlemen who had dined with us, who they were.

"They are some young fellows in the army," he replied, "who, under the ciceronehip of Major X——, are on a visit to Paris."

"X—— seems a very gentlemanly, intelligent man," I remarked; "so much so that I wonder he would associate so intimately with such a thoughtless set as his companions appear to be, — that is,

with the exception of the one who sat beside him at table."

"If you knew him better your wonder would cease," said Walsh.

"How so?"

"Simply because he lives upon them, and in good style too. He keeps a brougham and two riding-horses as well, does not owe a shilling in the world, and yet has only his half-pay to rely on."

"He must be a very clever fellow," I said, laughing; "I wish you would give me a leaf out of his book."

"He is certainly a shrewd fellow, but hardly a clever one," said Walsh; "and if I were to give you a leaf out of his book, I am sure you would not only not be grateful for it, but would hold the fellow in as much contempt as do myself."

"You pique my curiosity, Walsh. Tell me something about him."

"Well, then," said Walsh, "X—— and some dozen like him are a disgrace to our service, War Office authorities and all included. Only don't say I said so, or you will get me into the black-book. The fellow entered a good regiment some twenty years since, by what patronage, for the honor of the service, I will not say. He was a man of but little education, but quick at figures; indeed, I have heard he was formerly assistant clerk to an actuary in an insurance office, and in that capacity picked up a somewhat extensive knowledge of the doctrine of probabilities. As soon as he got his commission, he applied this acquirement to short whist and écarté, at which, without much difficulty, he acquired a very considerable amount of skill. Armed with a positive advantage in his favor, he brought his talents to bear in such a manner that he contrived to make a very handsome income out of those less experienced than himself."

"But still," I remarked, "he was always in danger of meeting with others as skilful as himself."

"That in no manner altered his position. He possessed an immense advantage over the great majority of his brother officers, and by continually playing, he was in the end certain to win. The chances he held in his hand were far superior to the probabilities in favor of the tables at Homburg or Baden-Baden, and in his case they were exercised in a far less honorable manner. While at the public gaming-table the probabilities in favor of the bank were openly published, and the profits heavily taxed, he denied holding any advantages, although he possessed chances in his favor quadruple those of the public tables."

"But," I replied, "surely a system of the kind would soon be detected, and the perpetrator shunned by his brother officers."

"There you are in error," said Walsh. "In the first place, it is very difficult to persuade the majority of young cavalry officers that there are any persons in the world sharper than themselves; and, in the second, by far the greater proportion of the young men who join a good regiment are remarkably honorable, utterly above a dirty action themselves, and unwilling to believe in the possibility of a brother officer committing one. The mischief half a dozen such scoundrels as X—— are capable of accomplishing is very great. Not only do they in reality win most unfairly, but they imbue into the minds of their brother officers a love of gambling, which in many cases is never eradicated. The sad instances I have known of young men, who entered the army possessed of every honorable feel-

ing which can adorn a man, falling victims to this vice of gambling, would fill a volume. At the present moment X— has a victim in tow. Did you notice that young fellow who sat beside him at dinner? He is a Captain G—, who is now so thoroughly inoculated with a love of gambling, that nothing will cure him. He is the only son of a widow, whose husband was a colonel in the line, who left her with a very limited income. Her son is the idol of her heart, and she has already greatly diminished her small capital by paying his debts. Lately she has paid off every liability he had, and advanced him £200 to start him again in comfort. He left her with the best intentions, intending immediately to join his regiment; but in London he met X—, who persuaded him to accompany him and four or five others on a fortnight's trip to Paris; and I am sure, before the fortnight is terminated, G— will not have a shilling left of the money his mother with so much difficulty raised for him."

The next morning we visited the gallery of the Louvre. We stayed more than two hours among the pictures, leisurely examining the *chefs d'œuvre* as we went along. Conversations which we had held opposite different pictures came to my memory with great vividness. We afterwards visited the gallery of sculpture, and then amused ourselves in the Palais Royal till it was time to return to dinner.

At dinner we again met the party of officers. X— was in high spirits, as were the rest, with the exception of Captain G—, who talked but little, and appeared to me to be somewhat melancholy. Nor did he rally during the whole meal, although the quantity of champagne he drank was considerable. One thing I particularly noticed was, that although X— pressed the wine on the others, he drank but very moderately himself. He joked G— from time to time on his low spirits, and accused him of being in love, — a theme which took immensely with the others, till G— showed evident signs of impatience. Good humor, however, was soon restored, and we left the party chatting very amicably together. We determined to pass the evening at the opera.

We hired a fiacre and proceeded to the theatre, where we arrived just in time for the overture to "William Tell," which was as usual admirably played. We were all delighted with the opera, which I had never heard more beautifully sung; and we walked home after the performance.

Next day we went to Versailles. The weather was magnificent, and we enjoyed the ride immensely. After spending a great portion of the day there, we afterwards visited the great and little Trianon, remaining some hours in the gardens, and speculating on the different scenes our guide informed us had there taken place, and visiting the grotto mentioned in Dumas's "Collier de la Reine." We dined that day in one of the restaurants adjoining the park, and afterwards returned to Paris, which we reached long after dark.

On arriving at the hotel, our attention was attracted by some gentlemen who had assembled in the court-yard, and were laughing and talking together in a very noisy manner. We easily recognized X— and his party, all of whom it was evident had very recently quitted the dinner-table. One of the party alone seemed out of spirits, and that was Captain G—.

"Come with us, G—," said X—.

"Not to-night," he replied, "I shall not go out."

"Nonsense, G—," said another; "what is the matter with you? Come now, be sociable. Besides, X— wants to give you your revenge for last night's losses."

"No, I have made up my mind; I want to be alone to-night."

"What are you going to do, G—?" said X—.

"Blow my brains out, perhaps," said G—, moodily.

"Well then," said X—, laughing, "you are a most unreasonable fellow if you do it before to-morrow. Come now, don't be silly. We shall have a very merry night of it together, and to-morrow you can do as you please."

After a little more bantering of the same description, G— gave way, and we saw him go with the others towards X—'s rooms.

On entering the coffee-room I met Walsh, who apparently had been watching X— and his party.

"That poor young fellow, G—," he said, "is ruined."

"How do you know that?" I inquired.

"By his behavior, and the high spirits of X—. I am very sorry for his mother, though," he continued, "for a more amiable, worthy woman I believe does not exist."

It was somewhat late when I left my room the next morning, for we were all desperately tired with our exertions the day before. Before entering the coffee-room to breakfast, where my party were to meet, I was much struck with the look of mystery on the faces of the servants, and their frequent whispering together. I inquired if anything particular had happened, but they told me they were not aware of anything, although I could easily perceive their answers were not truthful. At that moment Walsh appeared, and I advanced to meet him.

"It's all over with that poor fellow, G—," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"He destroyed himself about half an hour since, and they have sent notice of the event to the police. As soon as the commissary arrives, we will go up with him and ascertain how it happened. I suppose I shall have the unenviable task of breaking it to his mother. Poor thing! I believe it will be her death."

At that moment the commissary of police, accompanied by an assistant and a doctor, entered the court-yard, and Walsh and I joined them as they ascended the stairs. When we arrived at G—'s room, the door was unlocked, and we all went in. Poor G— was stretched on the ground beside his bed, one side of his head having been blown to pieces. Of course life was totally extinct. He had apparently risen from his bed, and partially dressed himself for the purpose of writing a letter to his mother, for on his dressing-table was a sheet of paper, and some pens and ink. All he had written were the words, "My dear mother," when his despair evidently would allow him to go no further. He must then have gone to his portmanteau near his bed, and taken from it his pistols. The one with which he had committed the deed was by his side, and had evidently been very recently fired; the other was in the case, which was open on the ground.

The commissary and his clerk then examined the servants as to their knowledge of the circumstances; a *procès verbal* was drawn up, and the commissary and the doctor quitted the house, leaving a police agent in charge of the dead body.

It is hardly necessary to remark that this unfortunate event threw a gloom over us for the remainder of the day. We had no spirits to enjoy any of the sights, and we strolled almost purposeless about the town making a few purchases and at intervals commenting on the sad event of the morning.

The funeral of poor G—— took place the next day in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Most of the Englishmen in the hotel, including Walsh and myself, attended it. X—— was not present. He said it would only make him feel unhappy if he went, as he really had a great respect for the poor fellow. I saw X—— that morning shortly before the funeral procession left the hotel. If he truly felt sorrow at the death of his friend, he contrived to conceal it in a very skilful manner.

As the cortege proceeded up the centre road of the cemetery, Walsh and I walked side by side conversing on subjects connected with the poor fellow's death. Walsh told me he had obtained a lock of his hair for his mother, and his watch, as well as a pocket Bible she had given him, in which was a somewhat long address to her son written by the old lady herself. From the date, she must have given the book to him when first he joined his regiment, possibly on that very day.

After the funeral, instead of returning to the hotel, Walsh and I walked about the cemetery, he pointing out to me the graves of different celebrated people who were interred there. Those connected with our own profession, I remember, claimed our attention more than any others. Poor Chaupier's struck me particularly, with his bust surmounting it, telling, by the admirable intelligence the sculptor had put into his work, more in favor of the philosopher than any lengthy written memorial could have done. As a conclusion, we visited the graves of Abélard and Héloïse, whose ancient gothic monument contrasted remarkably with those around it.

Tired at last, we took a hackney-coach and proceeded to the gallery of the Luxembourg, in which we spent some time examining the pictures and works of art, and occasionally talking of old times when we were students together in Paris, and the change which had since taken place in that capital.

At dinner we met X—— and his friends; but they were far less gay than usual, although nothing like sorrow was visible on the faces of any of the party. One difference I certainly noticed in their behavior. Two days before X—— took much less champagne than his companions; that day he drank far more than the others, without however its having any visible effect on him. He conversed with his friends occasionally, but not continuously. His efforts appeared rather instigated by a wish to conceal his frame of mind from observation, than any desire to communicate with the others. I had for the first time some feeling of respect for him, or rather the abatement of the sentiment of disgust which I had hitherto felt since Walsh had first given me an insight into his character. He now appeared to have some chagrin on his mind, which showed he was not altogether shut out from feelings of common humanity. But I was speedily undeceived in the favorable opinion I had formed of him. During dinner the conversation turned on poor G——'s suicide. It originated with the youngest man of the party, who spoke on the subject with sympathy and good feeling, and it was then taken up by the others in a like tone, till X—— spoke.

"Well, poor fellow," said he, "I am sorry he has gone, for more reasons than one."

"How so, X——?" said one of the party.

"Because I am a great loser by the affair."

"A loser by G——? Well, I wonder at that," said the speaker, with something like an ill-concealed sneer.

"Yes, a loser by him," said X——, somewhat angrily, for he had noticed the tone and manner of the last speaker. "I lose five hundred pounds by his death."

Then observing a look of incredulity on the faces of the others, he placed his hand in his coat pocket, and took from it a pocket-book, which he opened, and showed that it contained five one-hundred-pound promissory notes, accepted by G——. "Of that amount," said X——, "I shall not in all probability receive one farthing. His travelling things and clothes are to be sold here to-morrow, but I very much suspect they will not realize more than sufficient to pay his hotel bill."

"But he cannot owe much here," said one; "I should have thought that his watch alone, which was an excellent one, was enough for that."

"That is the mysterious part of the affair," said X——; "his watch can nowhere be found."

I looked at Walsh's face. He said nothing, but a very ominous frown was on it, and I augured that a quarrel was brewing.

"But, X——," said a younger man of his party, a cornet of dragoons, "why do you not apply to his mother? I suppose she is a person of respectability and would pay her son's debts, out of regard to his memory."

"Not she; I have been looking over some of her letters to him, and she speaks in them of your humble servant in no very amiable manner, I can assure you."

"Try her at any rate, X——."

"Hang the hag!" said X——. "No, I shall write the whole off my books as a bad debt," and so saying he filled his glass with wine.

As soon as he had done drinking, Walsh said to him: "Major X——, I know poor G——'s mother well, and I believe a more amiable, excellent woman never lived. Oblige me by retracting the expression you made use of. You would not have done so had you known it, I am sure."

"I am not the man," said X——, "to retract an expression under compulsion from any one."

"I did not put it in that light," said Walsh. "It was simply to show you that you made the observation in error. She is an intimate friend of Mr. Gordon's mother," indicating a young gentleman who sat on X——'s right, "and I ask him if your designation is a just one."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Gordon, who had hitherto paid but little attention to the conversation. "If she is the Mrs. G—— my mother is acquainted with, I willingly back your statement, Doctor. The lady I mean is the widow of a colonel."

"The same," said Walsh.

"I willingly retract the expression I made use of, Gordon," said X——. "I should be sorry, indeed, to say one disrespectful word concerning any friend of your mother's."

"You spoke also of his watch," said Walsh. "As I knew it was a present to him from his mother, I have taken charge—"

The train now dashed from the darkness of the tunnel into broad daylight, and I glanced at my

watch. The time was seventeen minutes past three. I had been in the tunnel no more than two minutes, little more than half the average time a culprit is dying under Mr. Calcraft's hands!

It will doubtless be objected, that it would be impossible for the quantity of thought which it has taken so many pages to describe to have passed through my mind in the space of two minutes. But I have stated only the fact. It should be remembered, that the reminiscence of any scene or act is not brought to the mind in words, but by that rapid intelligence we obtain in picture reading. For example, when gazing at Horace Vernet's magnificent picture in the Luxembourg, of the massacre of the Mamelukes, a scene is presented to us in an instant which it would have taken pages to describe. The stern, abstracted look of the pasha, the apparent indifference of the old minister beside him,—the manner in which, at the same time, he clasps his sabre-sheath till the muscles of his hand stand out like cords of iron. The anxious expression of the black slave, the smoke from the firing below, the brilliancy even of the jewels on the pasha's dagger, all are read and understood in a moment. In like manner the various scenes I have narrated passed across my mind with equal vividness and rapidity; and so far from having exaggerated the measure of thought which rushed through my brain, I have greatly understated it.

And must not the same phenomenon occur to a culprit when dying under the hands of the hangman? Or, from the peculiarity of his position, would not his thoughts flow with still greater rapidity? and of what a description must they be? Scenes long past, crimes he may have committed and not repented of, fear that the next moment he may stand before the great Judge of heaven and earth, all press themselves on him. Even to the last moment this must continue, for the nearer his end approaches the more desperate must be the efforts of the mind to preserve its dominion, feeling but too strongly that the longer he thinks the longer is the terrible moment of his death postponed.

I would now candidly ask our rulers whether some steps ought not to be taken to abridge the terrible mental torture of the dying criminal, and whether we are justified in continuing our present method of execution? A short time since a man was hanged at Leeds or Sheffield, who it was stated was twenty minutes in dying. True it was afterwards attempted to be explained that this was an exaggeration; but the explanation was of the most clumsy description. Let it be granted that the poor wretch was only half that time in dying, and what must have been the state of his mind during it? Would it be possible for the ingenuity of a sensation novel-writer to invent anything more terrible?

To return to my experiment. After leaving the tunnel I felt as great a disgust at the idea of being present at the execution as I had felt curiosity before entering it. I resolved to show my friend Mr. Calcraft a clean pair of heels. This resolution I carried into effect, leaving him to find another assistant as he best could. The question of capital punishment I leave to wiser heads than mine; but I trust the reader will admit that we are totally inexcusable in not taking means to abridge as much as possible the sufferings of the criminal at the time of his execution.

PARISIAN FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.

ALL Paris has been fermenting in a turmoil (and the hubbub has not quite subsided yet), because somebody has stated and criticised facts of which all Paris is fully aware. It is as if the senile world should rise up in riot when told that old men have gray beards; for we are informed by certain apologists that the circumstances alluded to are as inevitable at the present day, and under the present state of things, as the effects of time on the human hair. French women, who move in good society, will not, and cannot, just now, be anything else than spend-thrifts, *mangeuses d'argent*, "eaters-up of money," according to the somewhat coarse native expression. The better class of French philosophers, however, regarding the phenomena more coolly, consider them as manifestations of an epidemic not altogether permanently established in the land; but which, having had its causes, may also have its remedies; and which at least may one day pass away of its own accord.

The above-mentioned "all Paris" requires some little definition. That clever writer, Auguste Villemot, tells us that when events occupy "all Paris," we know what "all Paris" often means. It is *tout Paris* minus the reader, perhaps; minus himself, assuredly; minus whoever reads, or writes, or works, or thinks; which reduces *tout Paris* to the proportions of a special group. It is thus that *tout Paris* is daily utilized, to serve the interests of trade, or the gratification of vanity. A retailer of fashionable novelties announces that *tout Paris* is rushing to his show-rooms,—a statement clearly open to a slight reduction. You read in your newspaper that, last night, *tout Paris* was at such a theatre. Now, addition and subtraction duly made, it turns out that *tout Paris* is composed of twenty *claqueurs*, or paid applauders, thirty young men from the country, a few tradesmen to the theatre who have obtained orders for their families, forty check-takers, fifty female box-openers, and other employés; besides six firemen and four gendarmes, without whom *tout Paris* would be incomplete.

It is also customary to say, "Last Sunday, all Paris was at Madame de X's soirée." Now Madame de X. occupies an entresol which, in case of need, will hold some sixty people. Never mind; on that particular evening, those sixty amateurs represent all Paris; exactly as in tragedies at the Théâtre Français, six figurants represent the Roman people. In short, all Paris does not know which way to turn itself. Everybody wishes to have it for his guest, and to boast of the honor of its acquaintance. The mark of fashionable eminence is to know all Paris, and to be known by it.

A portress of M. Villemot's acquaintance had a daughter who in her personal decoration had no objection to exceed her just rights and step a little out of her rank.

"My daughter," said the sensible woman, "when you show yourself in a hat instead of a cap, you do not perceive that all Paris shrugs its shoulders at you."

All Paris, for this portress, was the groceress, the fruit-woman, and the baker's wife; who might truly make a few spicy, rich, and crusty remarks touching Mademoiselle Gibou's coquetry. But the rest of Paris troubled little about it. In the first place, Paris is not surprised at such trifles. It is only too much in the habit of beholding portress's daughters disdaining cotton print for muslin and silk, mounting from the porter's lodge to the tapestried entre-

sol, lolling in their open carriage, and parading their finery in the box of a theatre. Paris is amused, rather than angered, at the spectacle.

At the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, at the representation of "Capitaine Fantome" (all Paris was there), a double-distilled *cocotte* arrived late, and boisterously installed herself in the *avant-scène*, in the midst of the emotions of the drama. There were several disapproving "chuts"; and then the innocent and silver voice of a spectator in the gallery exclaimed,—

"Tiens! 'Tis my portress's daughter! *Bonjour, Mam'zelle Rosalie! Cordon!* Pull the bolt, to let us in, *s'il vous plait!*"

Poor Mademoiselle Rosalie was considerably out of countenance. She tried hard to crush all Paris with her disdain. But when once all Paris takes mischief in hand it behaves no better than a London errand-boy. All Paris that evening was in the mind for a bit of chaff; and the unlucky *cocotte* was obliged to give way before the flood of raillery which, like the rising tide, overwhelmed and extinguished her airs and graces. She retired, saying audibly to the amiable but somewhat bashful young man who accompanied her, "Come away, Ernest; there is nothing but *racaille*, low people, here to-night." All which has not prevented Mademoiselle Rosalie's brilliant success. She appears in public every day, in the most aristocratic attitudes. She has her box at the first performance of every new play; her *calèche* at the races; and, at two in the morning, she sups on prawns at the *Café Anglais*.

Instances of "money-eating," in upstart creatures, who eat, not their own, but other people's money, ought not so much to astonish sages. Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride — you know where. But the accusation, which has caused so much excitement, has been made against women moving in good society. In the French senate, the late M. Dupin (occupying a position analogous to that of our attorney-general) made a short but spirited speech on "the unbridled luxury of women." He complains that respectable and high-bred ladies copy the fashions set by females who are neither high-bred nor respectable; that, every winter, every season, facts come to light, proving that dressmakers' bills amount to totals which the handsomest fortunes cannot meet. The desire to make a brilliant figure causes finery to be bought on credit, without the knowledge of the husband; bills, letters of change, are signed; and for those bills indorsers have to be found, who take advantage of their position. Such is the state of French society, which sumptuary reformers are endeavoring to correct. La Fontaine committed an error in laughing at the frog who tried to inflate herself to the bigness of the bull; for in this current year of grace, Froggy would easily attain her object. Finally, according to M. Dupin, the best thing that could happen would be for influential matrons (without ceasing to present themselves in decent and even rich attire, when the occasion, and their rank and fortune require it), to form themselves into a Ladies'-Dress Temperance Society, pitilessly retrenching every superfluity. Example, he holds, is the only means of saving husbands and families from shame and ruin.

The ladies, it seems, were but slightly affected by the eloquence of their magisterial censor; and had M. Dupin taken his walks by night through the *Champs Elysées* unattended, he might have incurred the possibility of a bath in one of the fountains, administered by avenging female hands. All the good

done by remonstrance, hitherto, is to get back a *tu quoque*. "You are as bad yourself." When the ladies are told, "Reform your dress," they answer, "And you, gentlemen, reform your morals." Such is the upshot of Madame Olympe Audouard's, "Réponse d'une Femme à M. Le Procureur-Général Dupin," which one of her compatriots has criticised as "de mauvais goût," — in not good taste.

But a couple of foolish acts, simultaneously performed, by women on the one hand and by men on the other, do not, like acids and alkalis, neutralize each other, making up one wise, or even inconsequential act between them. Were it so, the world's stupidities would be easier to remedy than they are. We should only have to match one folly with another, — a task agreeable enough to certain temperaments.

Madame Audouard's views of crinoline are droll; men, however, do not understand its æsthetic bearings. In their ignorance, they look upon it as an accoutrement which clothes without warming, and covers without concealing. Crinoline, she allows, is inconvenient, especially for gentlemen — whether they offer their arm to or waltz with a lady, or find themselves in a carriage in company with three crinolines. And the ladies; are they on a bed of roses? Certainly not. Why keep it, then? Why? — why?

Because — because — before crinoline, some eight or ten years ago, they, as school-girls, wore a little petticoat and a scanty skirt, a frock, a scabbard, a scissors-sheath, a razor-case, which allowed many a contour to be guessed at, or rather revealed it in well-developed outlines. They, the school-girls, like Eve in her innocence, were not shocked, being still ignorant of that thing of mystery, that immense veil larded with strips of iron, vulgarly called a cage or hencoop. But now, she says, they are like Eve "after the leaf. We cannot make up our minds to reveal the secrets which we have kept concealed for ten long years. Sometimes, by way of experiment, we try on in private the simple petticoat and skirt of olden time; but we find ourselves too slightly clad, and presto! we on with the crinoline again." It is logical for our authoress to add, "Modesty is a matter of custom."

Of M. Dupin's many reviewers, not the least sensible, fair, and acute is that able and well-known author, M. Edmond About, who admits that M. Dupin, quoting and imitating Cato the Censor, has, with a single blow of his tusk, stirred up the weightiest question of the present day. But M. About neither blames nor praises him for his attack on crinoline; he refrains from discussing the elegant rhymes which are passing from mouth to mouth in the streets of Paris. Crinoline, according to his notions, is nothing more than an irresponsible scaffolding; it is a peg which cannot be called upon to answer for what people choose to hang upon it. It conceals and displays in turn woman's secret riches and leanness; it creates illusion respecting living broomsticks who walk up and down the town; but next Sunday, on the steps of the Madeleine, it will betray the physical poverty it was intended to hide.

Crinoline alone, he holds, has never ruined anybody; quite the contrary. It is an economical engine which supplies the place of four or five petticoats, or thereabouts, per day. It costs fifty francs, and suppresses an outlay of eighteen hundred and twenty-five (thirty in leap year); for it is easily made to last a twelvemonth. The crinoline question, therefore, may be set aside as irrelevant to

female extravagance, and our whole attention devoted to woman herself.

A fair correspondent reproaches him with having too long neglected this "capital" theme. But two years ago, he published a thick volume, entitled "*Madelon*," in which he pictured the dissolving action of one single female money-eater on the purest hearts and the firmest characters. Since the 2d of October, 1864, he has written three big octavo volumes, in which high-life money-eateresses swarm as thick as gold-fish in a dealer's aquarium. But he has not yet said the hundredth part of what there is to say: witness the pleasure, ever new, with which he returns to his flock of sheep-shearing ewes.

There is also published, within two steps of the Bourse, a journal exclusively devoted to female prodigals,—to prodigal daughters, prodigal wives, and prodigal other things. It is called *La Vie Parisienne*, "Life in Paris," because it is only by accident that the important interests it discusses extend beyond the limits of Paris. "Heaven be praised for it!" may Frenchmen exclaim. This paper, attractive in form and illustrated with woodcuts, has not fewer than six thousand subscribers, although it eschews scandal and malicious personality. Whence comes such extraordinary vogue? From this: *La Vie Parisienne* is the money-swallowers' *Moniteur*,—*Moniteur* in both senses of the word. Not only does it publish their decrees or their fantasies (which are one and the same), as the *Moniteur Universel* prints the imperial decrees, but it also gives them smart raps on the knuckles. Every week it tells them little truths, and threatens them with the cane, exactly as a preparatory-school monitor would. The director in chief is Marcelin. The writers—M. About is one of them—compose a curious group. You would see, if they took off their masks, that this ultra-mundane journal reckons two philosophers for one man of the world; so that M. Dupin has not altogether had the first-fruits of the "Dupin question." The originality of his discourse consists in its having been spoken before gentlemen who are especially skilled in the knowledge of men, not of women, seeing that their time and thoughts have been almost exclusively devoted to politics.

M. About goes further than the writers who simply signalize the facts of prodigality; he traces the causes of female extravagance to the manner in which French young ladies are educated. Without encroaching on Fénelon's ground, or even on Rousseau's (who created a Sophie to match his Emile), he confines himself to Paris in 1865, and inquires how they bring up young persons, who will one day be women, in the metropolis which M. Haussman has given to the world. It will be understood that he leaves out of the question the indigent or simply laborious classes. It is not amongst artisans or small retail dealers that we are to look for the expensive ostentation which called forth M. Dupin's censures. At the outset we may eliminate from the discussion everybody who does not possess, or earn, an income of twenty thousand francs (eight hundred pounds).

With a few exceptions, which are unfortunately very rare, the father of a family is unable to superintend the education of his sons; how, then, should he find the time to attend to his daughters' bringing up? Every placeman is completely absorbed, not only by the duties of his place, but also by official obligations. When you read in your newspapers that such a minister holds a reception on Monday, such another on Tuesday, and so on up to Saturday, you may boldly conclude that two or three thousand

fathers of families quit their homes every evening in the week, return long after their children are gone to bed, and, as soon as they are up in the morning, rush without delay to the places where their business calls them. The grand dinners which begin at eight, the balls which break up at daylight, the theatres, the club, the Bourse, the bureau, the counting-house, calls of digestion (at houses where one has dined), of politeness or canvassing, business appointments, rides and drives in the Bois de Boulogne for purposes of health or vanity, form altogether a passable amount of obstacles which interfere between a parent and his children. But the mother? In well-regulated families the wife goes almost everywhere with her husband. In ill-regulated families it is not likely that the girls will have the best possible maternal example or instruction afforded them.

There are in Paris several thousand wealthy, honorable, well-assorted couples, who dine out six days in the week, and who receive dinner visitors on the seventh. The children do not go out to dinner with the parents, nor do they dine with them at home when half a score guests are seated at table. They dine apart with an English nursemaid (such is the fashion) until they are provided with a governess or a tutor. But breakfast, at least, it will be supposed, is partaken of as a family meal. Rarely. Paris life, at the rate at which it is going now, tends to become, for adults of a certain rank, a nocturnal life. The parents submit to this reversal of the natural state of things simply because they cannot help it; but almost all of them try to carry out the principle of making their children get up and go to bed at reasonable hours, taking their four meals per day at proper and wholesome intervals. The old-fashioned regularity which maintained the great-grandfathers of the present generation in good health and spirits is renounced by adults; but children are still made to conform to it, that is, almost all children, for exceptions already exist. You may now and then meet with little gentlemen as tall as your boot, and little ladies as big round as your fist, who lie late in bed, sit up till midnight, toss off glasses of champagne, and who, it requires no conjurer to guess, wither before their season of coming into bloom. Setting these melancholy phenomena aside, and returning to the ordinary multitude of cases, it may be asserted as a general axiom that nine tenths of the rich children in Paris are brought up by their domestics. The papas will exclaim that this is a calamity; and the mammas, what will they say?

Yes, madame, it cannot be denied that you devote one hundred and twenty minutes per day to the training of your little family; from one till three in the afternoon; there is no gainsaying it. And the effort which you make to do it is so very creditable that you deserve compliments instead of reproaches for the shortness of the interval. You live in a world in which bustle, noise, ostentation, and ubiquity are matters of absolute compulsion. Your existence is caught in a set of implacable cog-wheels, and it is really meritorious on your part to steal out of it a couple of hours per day.

As to you, dear monsieur, you throw the fault upon the urgency of your affairs; and everybody, alas! has his affairs now-a-days. Millionnaires have as many, perhaps more, on their shoulders than poor devils who have to work, or write, for their bread. If one could make up one's mind to have only a single child, one could turn one's back upon affairs. The child, sooner or later, inherits his patrimony, and does not find his position much lowered, al-

though the twenty-franc piece (which, during the last few years, has fallen to the value of ten) is immensely dropping towards five. But people have families of three or four, if only out of prudence, remembering that all are mortal. It is wished that they should not be more to be pitied than their parents; money must be got for them through the instrumentality of "affairs." There are affairs of all genera, species, and varieties, from speculation at the Bourse to politics and place-hunting.

A good French father, at present, works, even if rich, to insure the further welfare of his children. He wants to scrape together a dowry for his daughter; he rushes into politics, and performs the twelve labors of Hercules, to obtain a good sinecure for his son. For, be it noted, contemporary Parisian fathers do not seem to reckon much on the activity of Messieurs their descendants. In times past Michel Letellier reckoned on his son: he made him work like a railway laborer, and so the son became Louvois. Colbert did not spoil the Marquis de Seignelay, who under his eyes grew into an excellent minister.

Just now the *beau-ideal* sought after by provident fathers is some easy and well-remunerated employment, such as tax-receiving, either on a large or a moderate scale. This requires no great educational efforts. If the boy do but grow strong and healthy, and reach his majority without accident, it is all that is needed. The father worries himself, intrigues, intrudes, courts favor, obtains it, keeps it, grapples on to it, and from time to time inquires at home how his son is going on.

M. About exaggerates, he is well aware. But if your blood be tainted by disease, it is no use showing it to your unassisted eye; you must be aided by a microscope. And he confesses it is through a microscope, if you will, that he has inspected the early education of little Parisians abandoned to their servants.

The race of domestics, it is a well-known fact, has been greatly modified in Paris. Where are those servitors of the olden time who formed part of the family? You might fearlessly trust them with the care of a boy, nay, even of a girl. True, they *tuoyaient*, used the familiar "thee" and "thou" to their young masters and mistresses; it was a liberty which little young ladies and gentlemen only three years of age would not tolerate now. But, as a make-weight, they loved them dearly. They guarded those innocent ears and those virgin eyes with affectionate respect and jealous care. The children, on their part, entertained a sort of filial feeling for those ancient, intelligent, and devoted fixtures belonging to the parental mansion. They looked upon them in the light of poor relations, but without unkindness or jealousy. The type of servant here evoked has not disappeared from France; it has migrated, that is all; you will find it in the provinces. But in Paris, masters and servants have neither the time nor the wish to become acquainted. They take, and they quit each other, mutually giving the eight days' warning. Many a master, every summer, turns his whole establishment adrift in a lump before leaving town for the country. Almost every servitor is on the look-out for a better place, that is, more lucrative in wages and perquisites. That many of these unfortunates put the screw on tradesmen, turn the market-penny, get a profit out of everything, gamble with their savings at the Bourse, await the prize of lottery after lottery; that greediness should lie at the bottom of their heart, and cynicism on the tip of their tongue; that money, in their talk, should

take the precedence of all things; that they should most look up to the persons who give them the handsomest veils and the heaviest *étrennes*, is only in the natural course of things. It would be folly to be scandalized or astonished at it. They are what their lot and their education have made them. But that a parent should abandon his sons and his daughters to such liveried preceptors as those, is quite a different affair.

According to French ideas, it is a matter of great importance that a young lady should reach her wedding-day with her eyes covered with a bandage. It is impossible to say that angelic ignorance is not the height of girlish perfection. But then, O charming and brilliant mammas! take your daughters out for walks yourselves, instead of sending them to the Tuileries under the wing of a maid who is looking out for her soldier sweetheart. By and by, you will put your daughter to school in a convent. The convent will teach her nothing; but do you fancy it will make her forget what she has already seen and heard? The grand precaution of the convent comes too late; it is locking the stable-door after the horse is stolen. Admirable is the consistent prudence of mammas who hesitate to take their daughters to the Gymnase Théâtre, after they have been to the Café des Aveugles with their nursemaid. A young married lady, belonging to a very wealthy family, told M. About that she had danced for money in the Tuileries gardens. It was her nursemaid who produced her in public, and who pocketed the contributions of the crowd.

In the company of servants, future female spend-thrifts learn the absurdest form of vanity at the present day; namely, pride of cash. It is stuck into their heads that a rich man is of more intrinsic worth than a poor man; that the best things are those which cost the dearest; that the most honorable occupation is that which implies spending the greatest amount of money. Little French girls still have dolls; but not to play with. They are for show; to give them importance in the eyes of other little girls; to boast how much they cost; and to humiliate every other child who has not so handsome and expensive a doll.

Set a couple of little maidens face to face, each with one of Huret's dolls in her arms; the forty-franc doll will put the thirty-franc one to shame, in the first place because its arms are articulated, but secondly, and especially, because it cost ten francs more. A little girl elegantly dressed, disdainfully regards another who is romping in a linen blouse; but the other instantly has her revenge.

"How many horses does your father keep?"

"Not any."

"Well, mademoiselle, my father keeps four."

There is not a single word more to be said; the young lady in linen ought to take precedence of the other. Ask all the valetdom and all the wealthy children in Paris.

Two little she-monkeys are chatting together about the boys of their acquaintance. "I," says one, "have four sweethearts."

"But which will you marry? For, you know, you can only accept one of them."

"Do you suppose I don't know that? But, my dear, I am in great embarrassment. Jules will be very rich; he will have plenty of horses. But Edouard is an American; he will return to his country; and travelling, for a woman, is jolly good fun. Paul has only one defect; he squints: but he will be a baron, and I should be a baronne."

"And the other? You do not mention the fourth."

"Ah! Prosper?" (with a blush.) "He is very handsome. He is the handsomest boy I ever saw in my life. Unfortunately, he is not noble; he is not American; and his father has not a sou. I will not marry him; but I will love him dearly all the same."

Six years afterwards, listen to the same girl murmuring her prayer before the altar of a fashionable convent. "Holy Virgin! Let him be rich, let him be titled, let him do whatever I bid him, and I ask you for nothing more."

Amongst the corruptors of the young fair sex, we cannot help reckoning the friends of the family. Formerly, trifles were given to the children of friends, for the sake of conferring pleasure; presents now are made with the object of displaying the donor's wealth and generosity. A little Parisienne commences getting together her stock of jewelry before she is ten years of age. It is no longer on wedding occasions only, but on all occasions, on her birthday, her fête-day, at Easter, and at the new year, that friends amuse themselves by showering gold upon her. Diamonds are not yet upon the list; but, never fear, they will be before long.

It looks something like crying down the present for the glorification of the past; but any Frenchman or Frenchwoman can recall the respect with which, in their childhood, they regarded a five-franc piece; and, in the previous generation, baby folk were still more modest in their expenditure. A certain lad entered the Naval School of Angoulême with a forty-sou bit which his mother had given him; he kept the coin two months in his pocket without daring to break it up. Contemporary children, who have gold and bank-notes in their till, will shrug their little shoulders at this. Well, dear infants, the forty-sou school-boy grew into a real man, and successfully pursued an honorable career. There are many things in this world which are gained by desert, and not by money. But your domestics have never told you that. It is a slight omission.

The French of that day were not avaricious, in spite of their superstitious reverence for coin. But they regarded it as a scarce and costly ware, which ought not to be lightly spent by those who are not in the way of earning it themselves. It was also imagined that a child had nothing of his own; that his half-franc piece was subject to the parents' will, just as much as the possessor who carried it in his pocket. At present, a little girl has no hesitation in saying to her mother, "Ah! you do not choose to give me that dress? Make your mind easy! I have a hundred francs; I will go and buy it."

Eight or ten years hence, the same little person will perhaps say to her husband, "I do not ask you for that diamond necklace; I purchase it. Have I not my marriage portion?"

HER MAJESTY'S MINT.*

FROM the earliest times, and among nearly all nations, gold and silver have been adopted as the most convenient form of money. And though, in more than one country, furs have been employed for the same purpose, and in one cubes of hard-pressed tea, and though at this day shells form the currency in one part of Africa, and lumps of rock-salt in another,† yet the exception proves the rule

that among all nations, ancient and modern, possessing any claim to civilization, the precious metals have been, in theory at least, the standard of value and the medium of exchange. The reason of this is tolerably obvious,—gold and silver combining a greater number of the necessary qualifications than any other article of value. The material of which money is to be made should be one which every one desires to possess; and though widely distributed, the supply of it should be limited enough to maintain a high relative value, which should be as little subject as may be to variation. It should be as imperishable as possible, and readily divisible into small portions. Its bulk should be small and its value easily ascertained. Gold meets all these requirements, except the last, more perfectly than any other substance, and silver in a not very inferior degree. In addition to all this, gold and silver are almost the only metals found in the metallic state, and when pure are always of the same quality.

Coined money is, speaking comparatively, of only moderate antiquity. Herodotus (I. 94) attributes its invention to the Lydians. The earliest known coins are of the age of Xerxes, and are so very primitive and rude as to lead to the conclusion that the art of coining was then in its infancy. The earliest mention of coined money in the Bible is in Ezra ii. 69, and viii. 27, i. e. Persian coins.* On the other hand, the use of uncoined money is traceable to the remotest antiquity. Thus Abraham, when purchasing the field of Machpelah, weighed to Ephron "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchants" (Gen. xxiii. 16). Joseph's brethren brought their "money in full weight" (Gen. xliii. 21). Achan secreted "a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight" (Josh. vii. 21). The Egyptians had no coined money, but appear to have kept their gold and silver in the form of rings; of which, however, the weight was variable. (See picture in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," II. 406.)

The trouble of weighing the uncoined money, and the almost impossibility of testing its purity, must have rendered buying and selling a difficult matter. Both difficulties were overcome by the simple contrivance which gave a government guaranty for the weight and fineness of each piece. The process of coining was at first extremely rough, and the results were anything but artistic. A ball of metal of the required weight and value was placed on the die, which bore the device to be impressed on the coin. A punch was held in one hand against the back of the ball, and struck with a hammer held in the other, till, after repeated blows, the impression was sufficiently worked up. Only one side of the coin, therefore, bore a device; the rough, irregular mark of the punch being all the impression on the other side. The edges, too, were rough and lumpy. Gradually the punch itself came to bear a slight design, till at last another die, equally artistic with the first, took its place. The same method of producing the impression continued in the main down to the time of our own Queen Elizabeth, or, indeed, of Charles II., the lower die being fixed, and the upper fastened into a handle, being held by the workman.

The earliest English coins—artistically, at least, deserving the name—are of the reign of Edward III. They include the first issue of the famous gold nobles, worth 6s. 8d. each. The obverse of these beautiful coins represents the king in a ship, a sword in his right hand, in his left a shield with the quar-

* The word mint is from the Anglo-Saxon *mynet*, and this probably from the Latin *moneta*.

† Mill's "Political Economy," Book III. Chap. VII. Sect. 2.

* The word translated "drams" seems the same as *darics*.

tered arms of France and England. The reverse is a rich cross flory within a circle of eight arches, and a lion under a crown in each angle of the cross, the legend being, "Ihesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat." In Edward IV.'s time the noble had increased in value to 10s., and the double-noble, or *sovereign*, was first coined by Henry VII. In the same reign was first coined the shilling (or *testoon*), valued, as now, at twelvepence. It bore the king's profile, crowned on one side, and the royal arms quartered by the cross (as on the modern florin) upon the other.

In the Middle Ages there were many mints in England beside the king's. Barons and bishops coined money of themselves, and in some cases the privilege was extended to monasteries. Wolsey exercised the right to coin money, both as Bishop of Durham and Archbishop of York; and there are coins extant of the Archbishops of Canterbury, at intervals from A. D. 793 to the close of the reign of Henry VIII. The principal mint in the kingdom appears, however, to have been situated in or close to the Tower of London,—at all events since A. D. 1350, though it was not till the time of William III. that it became the sole establishment of the kind.* And though the process of coining by screw machinery was first introduced in the reign of Elizabeth, it did not finally supersede the clumsy, old-fashioned method till the reign of Charles II. It is remarkable that with all our modern appliances we have never reached the beauty of some of the earliest of these machine-struck coins: witness the famous "Simon's petition crown," which has never been equalled, unless it be by Wyon's Victoria crown-piece, which we believe was never issued, and of which we have only seen a single specimen.

The introduction of every kind of improvement into the Mint was again and again retarded by the opposition of the moneyers, a corporation who claimed the exclusive right, which they had exercised for centuries, to be employed in working the coinage. It was so lately as 1851 that this obstruction was finally removed. At the same time the Mastership of the Mint ceased to be held as a political appointment, and was restored to the position of a permanent office,—the master becoming once more the ostensible executive head of the establishment.

The present building was erected in 1810, and fitted up with the larger part of its existing machinery. It is situated on the north side of Tower Hill, and may be at once recognized not only by its size, but by the soldiers who are always on guard in front of it, as at one of the royal palaces. We have a "master's order," so we may without longer delay claim admission, and examine for ourselves the various processes by which *money is made* on a larger scale than anywhere else in the whole world.

In the first room we enter we may see, if fortunate, the process of melting and alloying. The gold comes in from the Bank † in the form of ingots, bearing the name and stamp of the refiner,—usually Messrs. Rothschilds'. These ingots weigh 16 lbs. each, and are worth about £ 800. Half a dozen of

these (after having been carefully assayed), along with the proper quantity of alloy, i. e. one part of copper to eleven parts of gold, are melted in each crucible; the crucible itself being made of a mixture of Stourbridge fire-clay and plumbago. When thoroughly melted together (which may be after an hour and a half or two hours in the furnace), the precious mixture is cast in iron moulds into the shape of bars two or three feet long.* These we may follow into the next room, and see gradually reduced, by repeated rollings, nearer and nearer to the thinness of the future coin. In the case of gold, where the utmost possible exactness is required, each bar (or *strip*, as it may now be called) has to undergo a more exact adjustment to the required dimensions, by being drawn between two fixed steel rollers, which are placed at precisely the correct distance from each other. The ease and exactness with which this powerful machinery works is truly admirable. It bears the maker's name, "H. Maudsley, 1816," and is still in perfect working order, and scarcely ever needs repairs. As the golden ribbons are turned out by this machine they are cut into convenient lengths, and a blank coin is stamped out of each and carefully weighed, as a further test that the thickness is correct.

"And now let us come into the "cutting-room," where, amid din and noise hardly less than in the "rolling-room," the blanks are being cut out one by one from the golden ribbons. One is reminded of cutting gun-wads from a sheet of pasteboard; and the ribbons, when all the possible blanks have been punched out of them, look like the same sheets of pasteboard when used up, though they are a trifle more valuable! The punches are of course worked by machinery, and there may be a dozen or more of them, incessantly going up and down with almost resistless force, each being a sort of refined edition of the engine which every one must have seen for cutting out rivet-holes in boiler-plates. By the side of each sits a workman with his strip of gold ribbon, out of which he lets the descending punch cut, one by one, as many blanks as there is room for.† After we have watched the process for a minute or two, we begin to wonder what check is kept on the workmen to prevent their appropriating a stray blank or two out of the heaps which are lying about in such profusion and confusion. On inquiry we learn that the exact weight of ribbon given to each man is set down; and that not one of the men can leave the room till the weight of the blanks returned, *plus* that of the ribbon waste, is found to tally exactly with the original supply. Were there a deficiency, the men would be searched; and if the missing gold could nowhere and nohow be found, the whole set of men (as has once happened) would be dismissed.

As a preliminary process to the coining, the blanks are next made to pass through the "marking-machine," by which their edges are smoothened and

* Silver is alloyed with 7½ per cent of copper. The new bronze money is composed of 95 parts of copper, 4 of tin, and 1 of zinc. It is usual to speak of gold as being so many *carats* fine. Strictly speaking, a *carat* is a weight, and equals 3½ grains troy. And in this sense the jeweller speaks of a diamond of so many carats, i. e. of a certain weight. The goldsmith uses the term to denote a proportion, viz. $\frac{1}{20}$, and speaks of gold as so many carats fine, i. e. of a certain purity. Thus a diamond of 20 carats means a diamond weighing 63½ grains. Gold of 20 carats means gold of which $\frac{1}{20}$ are pure metal, and the rest alloy. The English standard is 22 carats,—there being 22 parts pure gold to 2 of alloy: 18 carats is the usual standard for good jewelry, watch-cases, &c.

† The bronze blanks are cut out by machinery, at the rate of two hundred and fifty a minute; but the less accuracy and the larger number of imperfect specimens turned out make it more economical for the gold and silver to be cut out by hand.

* In 1608 a mint was established at New Inn Hall, Oxford, where the plate of the college was coined, to enable Charles I. to provide means for carrying on hostilities against the Parliament.

† Theoretically the Mint is bound to coin gold for any one who brings bullion for that purpose. Practically, however, it is coined exclusively for the Bank of England; for since the Bank is obliged to purchase any bullion brought to it at the rate of £ 3 17s. 9d. the pound, the merchant or dealer can obtain no additional profit by having it coined on his own account.

raised. All blanks go through this process, which gives the final edge to bronze coins and to three-penny-pieces; the other silver coins, as well as the sovereign and half-sovereign, have a *milling* put on subsequently. By this time they have become so hardened as to be scarcely workable. To remedy this they are next annealed, and are subsequently cleansed from tarnish or oxide by an acid bath. The effect upon the silver blanks is almost magical. A few minutes in the bath changes them from nearly black to delicate frosted white. A drying in hot sawdust follows, and they are then ready for the final process which will change them from blanks into perfect coins.

Let us follow them to where this transformation takes place. We soon find that we must make the utmost use of our eyes, for the noise is so great that to hear our guide's explanation of what we see is out of the question. The first thing that catches the eye is a solid stone counter, evidently built with a view to immense firmness, which runs the whole length of the room. Along this, at regular intervals, screw-presses of vast strength are at work, having the same up-and-down motion which we saw in the blank-cutting engines. Instead of the punch, however, it is a steel die which ascends and descends, engraved with the device to be impressed on one side of the coin. The reverse die is fixed, immediately underneath, on a solid block which has to resist the whole pressure (equal to thirty-five tons) of the descending shaft. Fitting somewhat loosely round this lower die, and rising slightly above it, is a steel collar, on the inside of which is cut the "milling." The huge machine is perfectly automatic. A supply of blanks having been placed in the little funnel which feeds it, a metallic finger places the bottom blank exactly within the steel collar upon the fixed die. The next moment, quietly but with crushing force, the upper die descends upon it. Each die leaves its impression as quickly, and apparently with as much ease, as if the material were hot sealing-wax instead of cold metal. At the same moment the edges of the blank swelling out against the collar take the pattern of the milling. Simultaneously with the rise of the upper die, a lever causes the collar to sink, the new-struck coin is released, and the arrival of the next blank knocks it off into the receptacle below. The whole process from first to last may have taken three seconds, probably less. The eight presses in this room can, if needful, turn out two hundred thousand coins a day; their average number may be sixty thousand or seventy thousand.

Let us follow the coins one stage further. We find ourselves in a room as quiet as the last was noisy. Yet here too are a number of automatic machines ranged down the middle. They present, however, the greatest possible contrast with those we have just left; for instead of vast strength and power, their characteristic is exquisite delicacy; indeed, each of them works under a glass case, and is not larger than a moderate-sized drawing-room clock, though they are worth £250 apiece. But what are they? What are they doing, each with its little pile of bright new money? They are self-acting weighing-machines; so accurate and so clever in their working that one might almost fancy them alive. One by one the coins place themselves on the end of the scale-beam, linger a second there, and then drop down a little covered way into one of three boxes: if of the correct weight, into No. 1; if too heavy, into No. 2; if too light, into No. 3. A quarter of a grain over or under the standard weight

(123.274 grains) is allowed as the limit of variation in a sovereign; and something more in the case of silver money. If the excess or defect be greater than this, the coin is rejected and must be remelted. This happens with about fifteen per cent of the whole.

We despair of conveying any idea of the principle on which these exquisite machines work, without the help of elaborate diagrams.

The finished and perfect coins are put up in bags of a given weight, ready for the final process of pyxing. This consists in subjecting a couple of coins taken at random from each bag to a further testing by weight and assay. Now and then the greater "Trial of the Pyx" is held, at which the Lord Chancellor or the Chancellor of the Exchequer presides, with members of the Privy Council as assessors, and a jury chosen from the Goldsmiths' Company. The coins are first tried by weight, and are then melted into a bar, from which the assay trials are taken. A favorable verdict proves that the officers of the Mint have done their duty, and gives a public attestation of the standard purity of the coins.

We may add a word or two respecting the dies used at the Mint, the die-room being generally the last which visitors are shown over. The original die, in hard steel, as engraved by Mr. Wyon, is never used in the coining-press. A copy in relief is taken of it in soft steel by means of pressure. This is hardened by some undivulged process, and serves in turn as the matrix for the actual die (*in intaglio*) to be employed. The wear and tear is so great that a die seldom lasts above one day, and sometimes breaks under the first stroke.

It may be interesting to learn the total number of coins struck at the Mint during last year, 1864.

Sovereigns	8,656,353
Half-sovereigns	1,758,490
Florins	1,861,300
Shillings	4,616,860
Sixpences	4,253,043
Bronze money	3,440,640

In the last ten years the number of sovereigns coined has been 52,696,355.

It will be observed that no half-crown nor four-penny-pieces were struck. Their issue has been discontinued for the last ten years or more, probably because they would prove to be an inconvenient fraction of the pound in case of a decimal system of coinage being adopted. No five-shilling pieces have been coined for many years, probably on account of their size. Yet Mr. Wyon's Victoria crown-piece was perhaps the handsomest coin ever produced in England. It was found, however, besides being very large, to be too expensively elaborate for practical issue.*

WILLIAM COWPER.†

LIVES of Cowper abound. Some of these, as for instance, the biographies written by Taylor, Memes, Greatheed, and Seeley were produced for a sectarian purpose, and have no literary pretensions. Of those written with a wider aim, William Hayley, once recognized as a poet, but now known only as the friend of Cowper, wrote, perhaps, the worst, unless, indeed, the revision of that life by Grim-

* It is almost impossible to specify all the sources from which the different statements made in this paper have been collected. In every case where personal observation or knowledge has been insufficient the best authorities have been made use of.

† The Poetical Works of WILLIAM COWPER. With Notes and a Memoir, by JOHN BAUCU.

shawe, with its pious platitudes and dreary imbecility, be not entitled to unenviable precedence. The best is by Southey. His edition of the works retains its place as the most complete hitherto published. When the announcement of this edition appeared, Mr. Grimshawe was brought forward by the party opposed to Southey's theological views, as "the only living man who could do justice to the life of Cowper." They had in their possession the copyright of the two volumes of "Private Correspondence" which had been edited twelve years previously by Dr. J. Johnson, and hurried out their work before the engravings for it were ready, asserting it to be, on the ground of this correspondence, the only complete edition. Southey's edition meanwhile was advancing steadily, but not hastily, to completion. The publication of Grimshawe's Cowper compelled him to alter the plan of his work. His publishers had been in treaty for the "Private Correspondence," and he had intended to publish the whole of it, inserting in the life only such extracts from the letters as might be spun into the thread of the narration. Being frustrated in this design, he was compelled, he tells us, to work more in mosaic, making such use of Dr. J. Johnson's collection, as he had an unquestionable right to make, and bringing into his narrative the whole of the information contained therein. On the other hand, Southey, besides the immense advantages he possessed over his rival in literary aptitude for the task, received the friendly co-operation of Cowper's relatives, and of the descendants of Cowper's friends, and was thus enabled to give a variety of information, and to publish many interesting letters, which could not be made use of in Grimshawe's edition. Time is the frequent adjuster of these quarrels between publishers and between authors. The edition published "surreptitiously" was assigned to the lumber shelves of libraries, while Southey's held its place as the best issued. It contains in its present shape the correspondence which gave rise to the contention.

The edition of Cowper's Poetical Works, edited by Mr. John Bruce, is substantially a reprint of the Aldine. But a new memoir has been prefixed, and "the editor has taken pains on two points; the one, to approach to a settlement of the text by a collation of all doubtful passages, with the editions published in Cowper's lifetime, and with the chief of those which have appeared more recently; the other point has been to add brief illustrative notes on passages which contain allusions to persons or circumstances which have faded out of general knowledge." This design has been admirably executed. The explanatory notes, brief as such notes should be, elucidate the text without burdening it, and on the score of textual accuracy this is the best edition of Cowper's poems that has yet appeared. The memoir occupies about one hundred and seventy pages of the first volume, and is marked by good taste and feeling. Much matter is skilfully compressed into a small compass, and nothing superfluous finds admission. Mr. Bruce remarks that our knowledge of facts relating to Cowper is cumulative, and several are here recorded which the reader will not meet with elsewhere. He adds that he is in possession of "various letters and papers connected with the poet which have never yet seen the light," and that he has in hand "a larger biography, which will ere long be published separately." In the memoir, therefore, Mr. Bruce has given us a sample of what he intends to produce on a larger

scale. It is sufficient to make us look forward with interest to the promised publication, which will probably throw light upon some points in Cowper's biography that have been hitherto obscure.

It has been said that at the present time there is but slight demand for the works of Cowper, and that, although we are accustomed to regard him as one of our most popular poets, he is seldom read and little appreciated. The appearance of this beautiful edition of the poetical works, and the promise of another memoir and another edition to appear in Mr. Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series," seem to belie this statement, which I would fain hope is untrue, not for Cowper's sake, since his position in our literature is secure, but for the sake of readers who are unable to enjoy the sound English food he provides for them. This sensitive, diffident, melancholy recluse seemed to have the power of fascinating every one with whom he was brought into contact. Mrs. Unwin devoted her life to him; and her son, so long as he was spared, was almost equally devoted. Cowper's cousin, Lady Hesketh, watched over him with sisterly affection; and her sister, Theodora, his first and only love, remained a spinster for his sake. John Newton, who, with his bluff, healthy, sailor-like nature, differed from the poet, as a well-developed muscular Christian differs from a hypochondriacal invalid, wrote of Cowper and acted towards him with sincerest affection. He says that during seven years they were "seldom seven successive working hours separated." Then there was Joseph Hill,—

"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within,"

to whom Cowper's conduct must have been an enigma, but who, although their paths in life utterly diverged, remained true to the friend of his youth, and proved it through a long course of years by loving and laborious services. There was also the sentimental Hayley, who loved him truly after his fashion, and declared that he had found in Cowper "a congenial poetical spirit," and "one of the most interesting creatures in the world." Nor was he satisfied to testify his friendship by mere words; but endeavored, through his influence with Thurlow, to procure a pension for the poet, and ultimately gained his end. Then, too, there was the Rev. William Bull, the dissenting minister at Olney, "a man," says Cowper, "of letters and of genius, who can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection; but," he adds, "he smokes tobacco, — nothing is perfect!" —

"Nihil est ab omni,
Parte beatum."

And in the enumeration of Cowper's friends we must not omit the Throckmortons, or Rose, or Bagot, or Johnson, — his "dearest Johnny," — or the lively, witty, versatile Lady Austen, who probably quarrelled with Mrs. Unwin out of pure affection for the poet.

The man who thus won all hearts to him, while living, possesses still the love and admiration of his countrymen. The village of Olney, dismal and damp now as when the poet lived there, is a shrine for poetry-loving pilgrims, and the figure of Cowper, with his cap on in the garden-house, is as familiar as any portrait in our literature.*

* Of this garden-house, or "boudoir," as Cowper loved best to call it, he wrote as follows to Lady Hesketh, on a lovely May morning eighty years ago: "I long to show you my workshop, and to see you sitting on the opposite side of my table. We shall be as close

In this the dullest and most unhealthy of rural retreats, "in the summer adorned only with blue willows, and in the winter covered with a flood," he spent the longer portion of his existence. The direst of human calamities had fallen upon him, but when the "madness-cloud" was partially withdrawn, he passed a tranquil, almost a happy life, watched over by the tender care of Mary Unwin, and rejoicing in the cousinly affection of Lady Hesketh, and the lively conversation of the "too brilliant" Lady Austen. Surrounded by his hares, and dogs, and birds, now working in his greenhouse or garden, now winding silk for the ladies, or playing with them at battledore and shuttlecock; now making rabbit-hutches, or composing hymns for John Newton; now writing letters of thanks for a supply of fish (for Cowper, as Southey remarks, was one of the most ichthyophagous of men), and now reading aloud sermons or psalms; the quiet routine of the poet's life would have been monotonous and intolerable had it not been relieved by the delights of authorship and the pleasure of poetic pains. This life, so full of sadness, is also full of interest. I like to learn all the petty details which made up the sum of Cowper's existence; how he dressed (and he had a fancy for looking smart and fashionable), where he walked, when walking was practicable (for in winter the roads were almost impassable, and Mr. Bruce tells us that the Rev. John Newton had sometimes to go to church in pattens), what books he read, and how many lines of Homer he translated before breakfast. I like also to hear him tell in cheerful moments of his resolution to work his way into notice, and how, despite his nervous diffidence, having an infinite share of ambition, he had always wished to gain distinction. "Set me down, therefore," he writes, "for an industrious rhymist, for in this only way is it possible for me, so far as I can see, either to honor God, or to serve men, or even to serve myself." Literary biography, indeed, is always fascinating; but for the most part we have it at second-hand. Cowper opens all his heart in his letters, and writes there his autobiography.

In a letter to the Rev. William Unwin, here printed for the first time, and written one year after the publication of "The Task," he describes his pecuniary resources, which were derived almost entirely from the purses of his relatives. Sensitive and proud as the poet was in some respects, he appears at all times to have received assistance without the least scruple or shame. His original patrimony, which was not large, he had considerably diminished, and when living alone, after leaving Dr. Cotton's establishment, and before his residence with the Unwins, he contrived, he tells us, in three months, "by the help of good management, and a clear notion of economical matters, to spend the income of a twelvemonth." His friends came to his aid, and made "certain annual payments on his account into the hands of the ever kind and useful Hill." What these payments were we are not told, but the letter just alluded to states that, in 1786, his income received an addition of a clear £100 per annum. Lord Cowper, it seems, had previously given £20,

and now added £20 more. Lady Hesketh added £20, and also obtained £10 from another relative, while from "an anonymous friend, who insists on not being known or guessed at, and never shall by me, I have an annuity of £50." This friend, it needs not be said, was Theodora, whose love and tenderness for the poet followed him into his retreat, and had several times been manifested by the most graceful and feminine acts of kindness. Mr. Bruce says:—

"Cowper certainly submitted with very exemplary patience to the restraints imposed upon him by his anonymous friend. That he was ignorant from whose hand he received such generous aid cannot be supposed, notwithstanding his occasionally writing of her as if she were a person of the male sex. Some little time after this letter was written he came very close upon her track. He received a letter announcing the despatch of a writing-desk and a pocket-book as a present for himself, with a work-box (O amiable Theodora!) for Mrs. Unwin. The letter contained an allusion to a poem of Cowper's entitled *A Drop of Ink*. 'The only copy,' he slyly remarked, when relating the circumstance to Lady Hesketh, 'I ever gave of that piece I gave yourself. It is possible, therefore, that between you and Anonymous there may be some communication.'"

Of Theodora, who, despite her love disappointment, lived to a great age, Mr. Bruce tells us little. She has been dead forty years, and there must be people living who remember her in her old age. Doubtless there are also additional facts to be obtained relative to her earlier life. We may hope, therefore, that Mr. Bruce will be able to add something to our knowledge in his forthcoming biography, since what we know at present is enough to tantalize us, but not enough to satisfy. We are told that she was beautiful, but there is no portrait of her extant. We are told also that she was accomplished; and that she was a woman of good sense and right feeling we learn from other sources than the poet's praise of her eyes, in which he reads "all gentleness and truth," and where

"Soft complacency sits
Illumined with the radiant beams of sense."

The two never met after their youthful separation,* and it is remarkable how carefully Cowper avoids the mention of her name and the expression of the most ordinary terms of cousinly affection. Lady Hesketh is his "dearest coz," his "most precious cousin," but Theodora, whose loving wishes for his happiness were evinced in the most practical and thoughtful way, receives no kindly word either in verse or prose. True, indeed, whenever presents arrive he expresses his gratitude to "Anonymous,"

* With regard to the breaking off of the engagement Mr. Bruce says: "Mr. Ashley Cowper hesitated long, but ultimately determined in the negative, on the ground of their near relationship; he set his face against the marriage of cousins. This was probably not the only reason, if indeed it were not merely an excuse. The occasional state of Cowper's mind may well have alarmed his uncle (himself too frequently a prey to the hereditary melancholy of the family), whilst the waywardness of Theodora, a waywardness which ultimately brought her into a condition of crazy oddity very nearly allied to madness, could have given her father's anxiety no relief. Where did Mr. Bruce gain his intelligence with regard to this 'waywardness' and this 'crazy oddity'? These statements are new to us. All that we have hitherto known of Theodora speaks well both for the state of her intellect and her heart. On another page Mr. Bruce writes: 'Uncle and nephew did not quarrel, but the former insisted that Theodora should break off all communication with her lover. She obeyed with a firmness and honesty of submission which speaks volumes in her favor, for it is clear that her conduct was very far from being the result either of heartlessness or of inconstancy.' No sign of 'waywardness' here."

packed as two wax figures in an old-fashioned picture-frame. I am writing it in now. It is the place in which I fabricate all my verse in summer time. The grass under my windows is all bespangled with dew-drops, and the birds are singing in the apple-trees among the blossoms. Never poet had a more commodious oratory in which to invoke his muse." "It is a pleasure," says Mr. Bruce, "to be able to state that this choice relic is now in the possession of a gentleman (Mr. Morris, of Olney) who is fully alive to its interest and value."

and hopes that God may bless him; but he never sends a word to Theodora in her own person, and rarely acknowledges that he remembers her. He accepts her money with complacency, but no sign of tenderness escapes him at the recollection of his early love. It is possible he was afraid of the subject, and yet it is certain that the separation of the cousins, though it doubtless increased Cowper's constitutional melancholy, did not cause the insanity with which he was soon afterwards attacked. It was the despair of God's love, not the loss of a woman's, which upset Cowper's mind in the first place, and which, with intervals of ease, made him more or less a maniac for the remainder of his life. Mr. Bruce has no faith whatever in the once-prevalent notion that Cowper was driven mad by overmuch religion. "His madness," he says, "was rather occasioned by want of religion than by excess of it; and the reception of definite views of Christianity, although it did not work his cure, exercised on his first recovery a very beneficial effect upon his health, both of body and mind." Cowper would no doubt have lost his reason if the truths of Christianity had never been presented to him, and it is clear that all the happiness he enjoyed in lucid intervals was due to his reception of those truths.

I cannot believe, however, as Mr. Bruce appears to believe, that the companionship of John Newton was altogether desirable for a man of Cowper's nervous, sensitive constitution. John Newton was an honest, earnest, affectionate man, and a good Christian. He was of a robust, independent nature, strong-minded, dogmatic, fearless. What he believed was the truth and the only form of truth; what he did was what all Christian men should do. He was a man with great warmth of heart, but without fine discrimination. He knew but one line of right thinking, one mode of right living; and held that the slightest deviation from that line, or that mode, was to be utterly abhorred. Such a man could fight with any foes, spiritual or mortal; his zeal, as he himself confesses, sometimes exceeded the bounds of prudence. Hard work was a luxury to him, and he found sufficient recreation in devotional exercises. An affectionate disposition, and a strong will, gave him a powerful influence over the poet. Cowper felt, perhaps, that it was well for his mental sanity to be under the control of a mind more firmly braced than his own. So by the directions of his ghostly father he performed, as it were, the duties of a curate in the parish of Olney,—visiting the sick, reading the Bible, and engaging in prayer. Mr. Greatheed observes, evidently without a notion that Cowper was unwise in attempting such a labor, and that the friends were unwise who urged him to it, that when he expected to take the lead in social worship, his mind was always greatly agitated for some hours preceding; and Lady Hesketh remarks that his health suffered from the want of proper exercise, owing to his anxiety to adhere to the rules laid down by Mr. Newton.

Mr. Bruce agrees with Southey, that there is no ground for the report that Cowper made Mrs. Unwin an offer of marriage, and that it was broken off owing to a recurrence of his malady. At the same time he thinks it unfortunate they did not marry; and speaks of the many difficulties which resulted from the false position in which they lived. Mr. Bruce is, I think, the first of the poet's biographers, or of the poet's admirers, who has discovered anything false in that position. None of his personal

friends seem to have regarded it as objectionable. It is certain Mrs. Unwin's own son did not; Lady Hesketh, who writes of them to her sister, never even hints a doubt, and has nothing to say but what is generous and friendly; and John Newton, stern and uncompromising when truth required him so to be, regarded Mary and William as his best friends. Indeed, Cowper's dreadful malady and Mrs. Unwin's character and age were sufficient to silence the faintest breath of scandal. Mrs. Unwin acted throughout as Cowper's affectionate companion and most untiring nurse. Had she entered upon another relation, she would have assuredly lowered her own dignity and made the poet a laughing-stock.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has communicated to the Royal Society further researches on invisible radiation, or calorescence, as he now terms it; in other words, the conversion of non-luminous rays into luminous ones. Besides enlarging the limits of his subject, he now performs his experiments without the risk that formerly attended them. The medium which he used last winter for cutting off the light rays, and allowing only the heat rays to pass, was a solution of iodine in bisulphide of carbon. But this is a very inflammable fluid, and numerous accidents have occurred with it both in this country and on the Continent. The Professor now uses bichloride of carbon, which is not dangerous, and is almost as effectual in other particulars as the bisulphide.

FURTHER progress is making at Kew Observatory with observations of the sun. The process is, on every clear day, to get what are called solar autographs; that is, photographs of the great luminary. By this means, a systematic record is kept up of all the visible changes that take place on the surface of the sun, the forms and motion of spots, variations of brightness, and so forth; and from this record, scientific observers have already drawn conclusions as to the physical constitution of the sun. The question is one of the most interesting in cosmical science, and the more the observations are multiplied, the more probability is there that the right conclusion will be arrived at. Observers in any part of the country may render good service in this investigation if they will take solar observations as often as possible on a uniform plan, and communicate them to the Astronomical Society.

THE Council of the Horticultural Society are about to start a scheme for the improved education of gardeners. The garden at Chiswick, under the superintendence of a competent man, is to be the school, and there the young men will take their lessons in theoretical and practical gardening, and acquire a knowledge of botany and other subjects, according to their ability and inclination. The scheme is a promising one; but the learners must not expect that any number of well-paid situations will afterwards be open to them, for as the late Sir Joseph Paxton said: "There are not more than one hundred places in England where more than £100 per annum is given to first-class gardeners. A London gardener's ordinary wages rule from 20s. to 25s. per week; and there is a very large class of these men in the neighborhood of London and large towns; whereas a carpenter has 33s., and a bricklayer 36s. a week." Keeping this statement in

view, as a check upon immoderate expectations, the pupils will nevertheless find that increase of knowledge will bring them many moral as well as material advantages.

THE Rev. Mr. Bowditch's apparatus for improving gas-light is attracting attention. Dr. Crace Calvert mentioned it in one of his Cantor lectures last session; and it has been tried with satisfactory results by experimentalists in different parts of the country. Briefly, the apparatus may be described as a tight metallic vessel, containing oil, or naphthalin, or whatever hydrocarbon may be used. The gas enters by one opening, passes across the surface of the liquid, takes up its vapor, and escapes by another opening to feed the burner. As the flame is placed below the vessel or holder, the contents are vaporized; hence the passing gas finds material already prepared for enriching the light. The amount of improvement is remarkable; for, with the addition of about thirty grains only of naphthalin vapor to one foot of gas, the light is increased seven or eight times. With oil, the result is lower, not exceeding from four to five times; but even this is an important gain. Mr. Bowditch has made numerous experiments at his residence at Wakefield, and among the practical conclusions which he has worked out, the following may be selected as highly satisfactory; namely, that with his apparatus, one gallon of oil worth two shillings will produce one thousand feet of coal-gas such as is used in London, more light than would be given by four thousand feet of gas; the cost being in the one case six shillings and sixpence, in the other eighteen shillings.

POSSESSORS of metallic antiques will perhaps be willing to pay attention to the conclusions of a commission appointed by the Italian government to consider a question of art. An application was made for leave to take a model in wax and plaster of the bronze bas-reliefs on the great door of the baptistery of St. John at Florence,—a work by the famous artist Ghiberti. The authorities fearing the effect of the moulds and pressure on the bronze, appointed a commission, as above stated, to consider the question. The conclusion they have come to is, that while the modern way of modelling is devoid of some of the objections to which the old method was liable, it, on the other hand, is open to objections of another kind. These are,—a certain amount of injury to the fine lines occasioned by the pressure, and the still more injurious result, namely, the removal of the tint which forms on the surface of bronze, and imparts to it the rich and peculiar effect so highly prized by artists and amateurs. That tint, or thin film of oxide, is carried off with the mould which has been in contact with the surface. This conclusion has been, it is said, confirmed in a very positive manner by chemical science; consequently, the owners of valuable bronzes will do well to deny leave to take models until some perfectly innocuous method of modelling shall have been discovered.

PROFESSOR PLANTAMOUR of Geneva has published a paper *On the Distribution of Temperature over the Surface of Switzerland during the Winter of 1863-1864*, which abounds in particulars of importance to meteorologists, from among which we select one which describes an extraordinary phenomenon. Under ordinary circumstances, the temperature falls in proportion as we ascend a height; but in January of 1864, while at Geneva, the cold was three degrees lower than usual, the temperature at the hos-

pice of the St. Bernard was six tenths higher than usual. A similar effect was observed on other heights throughout the length and breadth of the Alps, from which the inference is, that the lowest parts of Switzerland, as well as of a considerable portion of Central Europe, was invaded by a stratum of cold air, which did not reach to a great elevation. It was as if the cold air, gradually forsaking the summits, sank lower and lower, until at last, in the month of February, it covered only the places below eight hundred metres of elevation. This fact exemplifies in a striking manner the advantage of observations taken simultaneously over a wide extent of country. Had M. Plantamour not been able to draw his data from sixty different stations, he would have failed to discover the limits of the bitterly cold layer of air that settled down upon his country.

ANOTHER interesting meteorological fact is communicated by a resident at Malta in a letter on the cholera. "Having carefully looked at the thermometer during the last three months," he writes, "I could not perceive that the cholera was in any way influenced by the weather, from whatever quarter the wind was blowing. Whether it came from the north or south, with a damp sirocco, or in a fresh westerly breeze, the grievous epidemic continued its onward course, sometimes advancing with the wind, and then against it. Throughout the whole summer, there have been no clear and cloudless skies, but, on the contrary, a heavy mist, which neither a strong wind, burning sun, a full moon, thunder, lightning, nor rain could dissipate."

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.*

WE have known a crushing calamity impress the outward character of a man. We have seen a sudden change of fortune not only darken the heart and countenance with the gloom of despair, but roughen the tone and stiffen the manner of those who had seen happier and brighter days. Such men bear about them the visible symbols of their sufferings. In more senses than one can they adopt the language of the Roman poet:—

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

We regret to say the journal of this pious and gifted authoress has met a similar fate at the hands of her translator. Her clear and beautiful style is not reflected, and her happiest thoughts are too often eclipsed in the English version now before us. What was elegant, neat, and touching in French, has become too often awkward, stiff, and even nonsensical in English. Though some of the finest passages are really well rendered, they appear to bear unmistakable traces of another and weaker hand; and we are constrained to say that this is, without exception, the worst translation in any language we have ever read. The fact is the more to be regretted because the original work deserves a good translation.

In four hundred and sixty pages we find a hundred mistranslations and maltranslations. In the same sentence we very often have "thy" and "your," "thou" and "you," where the singular number only is implied by the context. This, however, is very venial when compared with other vagaries of the translator, such as the following, for example: "I looked at her chairs, her furniture all deranged"; "A knock makes itself heard"; "De-

* Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. Edited by G. S. TANNIEN. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

fection is a passion that consumes many lives"; "This page is *thee*"; "To-day my whole soul turns from the *sky to a tomb, for on it, sixteen years ago, my mother died at midnight,*" &c. With reference to the last quotation, we should observe that the translator tells us, in two other passages, close to this, that the good lady "died in *her bed*,"—a much more appropriate place, we take it, than "*a tomb*." Such are a few out of many faults which lead us to regret that such a translator as this has thus dared (to use his own words) "to write and pour out mere turbidity."

The duty of a translator is to transfer from one language to another neither more nor less than he finds in the original; and to do this efficiently he should understand, not only the language from which he translates, but that also into which he translates. He should regard himself as dealing with an equation, and take care that the symbols on the one side are exactly equivalent to the symbols on the other side. If, in addition to this perfect accuracy, which must be the solid foundation of all good translation, the very style and manner of the author is embodied and represented, the more valuable and truthful does the translation become. M. G. S. Trebutien, the translator of our authoress, has evidently mistaken his vocation. Whatever he may know of the tongue of France, he has everywhere throughout this volume given us the strongest evidence, under his own hand and seal, that he is deplorably ignorant of the idioms, and even the grammatical structure, of our language. He has robbed this interesting lady of her national and native robes, which fitted her so well, and in which she looked so charming and so fascinating; and has introduced her to England in garments of coarser texture, inferior workmanship, and outlandish fashion.

Mlle. de Guérin should have met with a happier fate on her introduction to English readers. She was worthy of better auspices. If we carefully analyze her character from her own thoughts, feelings, and the little incidents of her daily life, as set down here before us, we must come to think well of her. She was a consistent and devoted daughter of the Church of Rome, with nothing of the bigotry and bitter sectarian spirit that sometimes inflames the passions of Roman Catholics. We doubt whether the teaching of any Church could have infused the virus of intolerance and uncharitableness into a bosom so gentle and loving by nature.

Throughout the whole volume not a single word of bitterness or unkindness escapes her, even in circumstances and trials of the most irritating character. Her eyes ever rest upon the silver lining of the darkest cloud. Passionately fond of the beauty and grandeur of Nature, her eye sees in it only the beauty and majesty of God; the magic of the moonlight and the glory of the sun are the delight of her heart, "that loves everything that comes down from Heaven." In the fair landscape of Christmas snow she hears the music of another world, and sees the angels chanting the news of the Redeemer's birth to the shepherds of Bethlehem. The strength and objects of her attachment are at times singular. She not only "loves all who love God, and fears not those who fear Him," but becomes indissolubly attached to her home, its rooms, and its furniture, and cannot bear even for a day to be absent from "the dear old family clock, which has struck all the years of her life."

We are bound to admire her unvarying attach-

ment to her home, to her household duties, her religion, her aged father, the sick, the poor, and the children of the village, and especially to that long-absent, dearly-beloved brother Maurice, for whom this journal was evidently written. Yet we are bound to confess that her strong point becomes a very weakness, when carried to the extent described by her own language. She is indifferent to all "externals," to all and everything beyond this magic circle of her village and her home; "such things are not worth mentioning, unless they echo within, like the knocker on the door." Her passionate regard for pets, dogs, fowls, and birds, occasionally borders on the extreme. Such attachments, however, are pardonable, compared with the extravagance in which she forgets her God in her confessor, nay, even regards *him* as a god. We will quote her own words on the sad subject of confession:—

"Now, this heavenly friend I have in M. Bories: hence the tidings of his departure profoundly afflict me. I am sad with a sadness which makes the soul weep. I should not say this elsewhere; it would be taken ill, and, perhaps, would not be understood. The world does not know what a confessor is to one: the man who is the friend of the soul, its most intimate confidant, its physician, its master, its light; he who binds us and looses, who gives us peace, who opens the gates of heaven; to whom we speak upon our knees, calling him, as we do God, our Father; *nay, faith makes him in very deed God and Father to us. When I am at his feet, I see in him only Jesus listening to the Magdalen, and forgiving her much because she has loved much. Confession is but the expansion of repentance into love.*"

We have in these pages the outpourings of a soul which drank deep at the inspiring fountains of Bossuet, Fénelon, Pascal, and St. Augustine, and we listen to her sad and soothing strains, coming from and appealing to our common redeemed humanity, as "we would listen to the song of the nightingale." Every page of this journal testifies the deep devotion of her tender and passionate soul to religion and poetry, and the aim of her life is thus marked out by her own adopted words:—

"They say that life is hard to bear,
My God, it is not so to me;
Two angels, Poetry and Prayer,
Like sister's love, like mother's care,
Cradle and keep it pure for thee."

She ever felt a "mysterious attraction between heaven and herself," and "that God wanted her," and "she wanted God." Her religion was no mere profession; it was rich in flower and fruit, and was a blessing to all around her: it was no sounding sentiment, but a deep, absorbing passion, filling her whole soul and directing the actions and energies of her life to the glory of God and the good of man, in humility and faith in the merits and mediation of her Saviour. It is pleasant to hear such language as this from a devout and accomplished Roman Catholic of the nineteenth century: "I could never understand the security of those who have nothing to depend upon in appearing before God except good conduct and human relations, as though all our duties were included within the narrow circle of this world. To be a good father, good son, good citizen, good brother, does not suffice to make us enter heaven. God requires other merits than these sweet heart-virtues from one whom He designs to crown with a glorious eternity."

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew;

And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spoke the king himsel':

"Haud on for Dumferline!"
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in this, I vow;
This is something underhand!
'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace forgets
Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
And the east wind sank behind;
And the wast had a bitter word to say,
Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north.
Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."
Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're worth!
Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,
To drink the gude French wine.
And up she came, his daughter fair,
And luikit over the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
To the hail but and the weat;
Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',
Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' win'—
"What's that ahead?" quo she.
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',
And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
Put to yer hand," quo' he;
"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,
Whether woman's or man's at last.
To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,
And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swam.
"And what for no to heaven?" she says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frae the good ship's helm,
Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship, she lay to,
With the land far on the lee;
And up came the king upo' the deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, "I was a' wrang,
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam oot,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And, afore the sun was up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-head,
And the king he stept on the land.
"Skipper, kneel down," the king he said,
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,
The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How daured ye contro me?
I'm aboard my ain ship noo."

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
"For the Lord alone can do that;
And besides ye took it intil yer ain han',
And crooned yersel' sae pat!"

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king
In his een for all his croon;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's face—
A wrathful man to see:
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on cam the knights wi' spur and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king in the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And away with the skipper goes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
Into the heaven wi' pride?

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

[No. 5.

CURIOUS KINGS.

HISTORY is a sort of curiosity-shop, in which kings are the objects that fetch the highest price. Many, no doubt, are models of wisdom and goodness, but unfortunately they are often distinguished from their subjects in being of all men the most unfit to govern, and in setting the worst possible example. It has long been matter of dispute whether their right comes from above or from below, from the people or from the skies; but however this point may be settled, they have always a certain anointing on their brows, and must be revered accordingly. They wear a crown and wield a sceptre: that is enough. They used to touch for the leprosy and king's evil, but their virtue in this respect has fallen into disrepute. There is scarcely one amongst them that has not something remarkable about him. Let us look round the curiosity-shop just alluded to, and see of what stuff some of the queerest of them are made. . . .

The part of the museum devoted to Oriental curiosities is full of strange kings, in garments gorgeously dyed and blazing with costly gems. Take one as a sample,—the Sultan Machamuth, who dwelt in the city of Combeia, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and ate poison every day. Ludovico di Varthema describes him as having mustachios so long that he tied them over his head, and a white beard reaching to his girdle. Fifty elephants passed their lives in doing him homage, making obeisances when he rose from bed and when he sat at meat. In eating his poison, he took care not to swallow too much. This exemplary sultan had three or four thousand wives, who died off one by one with fearful rapidity; for, according to Barbosa, another Italian traveller, his person and even his clothes were so impregnated with poison, that "if a fly lighted on his hand, it swelled and died incontinently." Such are the accounts given of this second Mithridates in a work lately reprinted by the Hakluyt Society.

In the same century with Machamuth, the greatest potentate of Europe voluntarily vacated a throne which thousands would have risked their lives to obtain.

This was the Emperor Charles V. Germany, Spain, Naples, the Netherlands, and the newly-discovered tracts of the Far West, had submitted to his sway during forty years; but he was world-weary, and sighed for the quiet of some sylvan shade. Dividing his empire, therefore, between his brother and his son, he retired to St. Yuste, in Estremadura; and there, amid groves of lemon and myrtle, and waters gushing from the rocky hillsides, passed the re-

mainder of his days more peacefully and pleasantly than when he commanded the finest army in the world, and galleys and merchant ships, richly freighted, hoisted his colors on every sea, from the coast of Flanders to the Indian Ocean, and from the palmy shores of Tunis and Oran to the golden havens of Mexico and Peru.

But Charles V.'s abdication was less curious than that of Charles Emmanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who resigned all the French Republic had left him to his brother, Victor Emmanuel I., in 1802, and became literally a doorkeeper in the Gesù at Rome, where the cell which he occupied is still shown to visitors.

Our own century, indeed, has been as plentiful as any other in curious kings. The elder Disraeli has given a list of monarchs, dethroned at different periods, who wandered poor and afflicted over the face of the earth; but how would this catalogue have been lengthened if the author had lived at the present time! King making and unmaking has been the order of the day, and Fortune's wild wheel has caused many a ludicrous rise and fall.

We have seen one who was a poor usher in a school at Reichenau, afterwards sit eighteen years on the throne of France; and another who for some time worked as a tallow-chandler at New York, become conqueror and dictator of the Two Sicilies. Look at Mr. Gregor MacGregor. This canny Scotchman, who had travelled a good deal in Central America, thought it would be a fine thing to found an empire. He therefore proclaimed himself Cacique of the Poyais, on the Mosquito coast, raised a band of two or three hundred volunteers in England, and sent them as his subjects and soldiers to the Black River. He appointed Baron Tinto, *alias* Mr. Hector Hall, lieutenant-governor of his capital, "brigadier-general, and commander of the 4th regiment of the line." He created sundry "Counts of Rio-Negro," together with ministers, admirals, and officers of every grade. Just as this nucleus of a gigantic power is brought to perfection, in strides a pestilential fever, and carries off all his Highness's European subjects. In August, 1823, a hundred fresh recruits arrive from England; but the sovereign keeps prudently out of the way, and from the other side of the Atlantic contemplates in perfect security the failure of his schemes and the misery of those he has duped. Here was an adventurer who became a king by his own scheming; let us now make a note of the scheming of others.

In 1786 our government was obliged to abandon

several colonies in Central America, and was anxious a few years ago to regain its hold on that territory. Colonel Fancourt, the British governor of Belize, in the Gulf of Honduras, laid hands on a barbarous Cacique, and haled him to Government House. While fully expecting to be bastinadoed, the chief was told that he was forthwith to be proclaimed king! A proclamation was jabbered to the natives, and a throne prepared in the Governor's drawing-room with the help of a sugar-hogshead. There sat the king of the Mosquitos, arrayed in a new pair of trousers and a clean shirt. An act of investiture was read, and a crown of gilt paper was placed on his swarthy brows. The merchants of Belize were present at the coronation, and the new king, having received the largess of a few reals, caroused with his subjects till past midnight, and was found the next morning dead drunk on the floor. His name, however, was enrolled among the lords of mankind, and "the kingdom of the Mosquitos" was duly established under the protectorate of Great Britain!

There is something very curious in a king of the Sandwich Islands writing a preface to the Book of Common Prayer. Yet the late King Hawaii actually did this, and it is now published and sold as a tract by the Christian Knowledge Society.

There is nothing more uncommon than a throne divided by mutual consent. The Emperors of the East and West had distinct spheres of government, and their thrones were separated by wide continents and seas. But Siam is, at this moment, under a divided monarchy, two thirds of the royal power being wielded by the first, and one third by the second king. Each of these is a man of cultivated mind. Even the second speaks pure English, has a library filled with European books, and workshops for making scientific and mechanical instruments. But he is somewhat eclipsed by his brother, who, while a usurper held the throne, assumed the character of a Buddhist priest, and devoted his time to study. He has mastered Sanscrit and Pali, writes his autobiography in Latin, and speaks English with the precision of a scholar. Faithful to the traditions of the East, he has three hundred wives, and considers this a moderate allowance, seeing that his father had seven hundred. He laughed heartily when our envoy, Sir John Bowring, told him that in England we are contented with one. It is curious to see him seated on his throne, with "all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" sparkling in his crown and on his vestments, while the nobles of the land, in garments of gold, lie on all fours, with their faces nearly touching the ground, prostrate before his raised sceptre. But it is more curious still to follow him into one of his private apartments, and there see him, as Sir John Bowring did, divested of every ornament, sitting with his youngest child, a girl of five years old, on his knee, — her body painted the color of gold, and a chaplet of fragrant white flowers round her head.

The fact is, that in one particular kings differ from the rest of mankind. Being more loosened than others from restraint, and less exposed to the influence of public opinion, their individuality develops fast. The sharp outlines of their character, moral and intellectual, are less worn down than those of their subjects. Their will is generally their law; and hence, no less than from their exalted position, they become, for good or ill, the most picturesque, or, as the case may be, grotesque curiosities which history offers to our view.

DADDY DODD.

JOHN BEADLE was an honest man, with a large family and a small shop. It was not a hopeful circumstance in John's position that, while his family kept on enlarging, the shop obstinately maintained its contracted dimensions; that, while there seemed to be no bounds to the race of Beadle, the business which maintained them was strictly limited. John's shop was situated in one of the many by-streets, with no main thoroughfare among them, which constitute Somers Town, and it was devoted to the sale of coals and vegetables. As a householder, John, though in a small way of business, was a person of some importance, inasmuch as he was the sole lessee of an entire tenement. It was something to boast of in that neighborhood, but not much; for the roof which John called his own was a broken-backed roof, and covered only one floor besides the basement, which formed the emporium. The tenement seemed to be fast sinking into the earth. The impression of the beholder was that one story had already sunk, and that the others were rapidly following it; so that it seemed probable that in a few years there would be nothing visible but the broken-backed roof lying flat on the spot, a monument of departed commerce in coals. Meantime, by the agency of two upright beams and one transverse one, the broken-backed roof was kept over the heads of John and his family.

John's family consisted of his wife Martha, seven children, and Martha's old father. All these, including the old man, who was past work, and utterly without means of his own, were dependent upon the exertions of John, aided, when urgent family affairs would permit, by his wife. John's exertions were divided between chopping firewood, taking out hundreds (more frequently half-hundreds) of coals on a truck, and "moving." The occupation of "moving" may be described as going to houses about quarter-day, wrestling with chests of drawers, sofas, four-post bedsteads, and other heavy articles of furniture, and getting very little money, but a good deal of beer. If John had been a pelican of the wilderness he might have nourished his family upon beer for a week after a moving; but he was only a man, and could do little more than find them a bit of supper with the single shilling which was generally all his reward in available currency.

The door and the window of the shop being always open, the nature and extent of John's stock in trade were patent to the world. It consisted of about a ton of coals, — which generally ran small, — heaped up in a corner, a little pile of firewood, a few strings of onions, a few bunches of greens, a basket or two of potatoes, a box of red herrings, a bottle of peppermint-stick alluringly displayed with some marrowless nuts and wizened apples on a board outside the window, and a bed-wrench. This last instrument was a wonderful auxiliary to John's other resources. While the two upright beams and the single transverse beam were the support of the emporium architecturally, the bed-wrench was the prop of the emporium commercially. It was a thing not to be bought, but borrowed; and the charge for the loan of the bed-wrench was twopence. Chaldron Street was given to borrowing, and it seemed to be a street which did not lie easy in its bed, for it was always taking its bed down and putting its bed up again, the result being that John's bed-wrench was in constant and urgent demand.

One half of John's shop was occupied by the

stock, the other half formed the ordinary sitting-room. This latter room had a fireplace, surmounted by a mantel-shelf, on which stood several works of art in china; and its furniture consisted of two or three Windsor chairs and a small round table. Little active domesticity was ever witnessed in this department except at the close of the day, when the family, coming from the coals and the potatoes and the firewood, made a rush at the little round table, and scrambled for herrings and thick bread and butter and tea. At such times old Daddy, Martha's superannuated father, was to be seen sitting in an arm-chair by the side of the fire, his bald head encircled by a glory of onions, and the coals rising on his right like a distant mountain range, put in as a background to the picture. Those family banquets were sharp and short. All unnecessary conveniences of luxury, such as knives and forks, slop-basins, and the like, were dispensed with. Each one as he finished his cup of tea turned round and threw the dregs upon the heap of coals, and, when he had finished picking his herring, turned the other way and flung the bones into the fire. After the meal, Mr. Beadle was accustomed to sit down opposite old Daddy, while Martha drew up between them, and devoted herself to the mending of the family linen; but as the number of chairs was limited, the younger branches of the family usually reclined, in the classic fashion, among the coals, from contact with which they derived a swarthiness of complexion which caused them to be known in the neighborhood as the "black Beadles." John and Martha loved their offspring dearly, and would not have had anything happen to one of them for the world; but they began to find that they were increasing both in numbers and in appetite in a ratio altogether disproportionate to the development of the trade in coals and vegetables, notwithstanding that the rolling stock had been increased by a new truck and a second bed-wrench. John's ambition had often taken a run at a horse and cart; but it had never been able to vault so high, and always fell back upon the truck and hurt itself in the region of its dignity. A truck is not a glorious kind of vehicle,—especially a coal-truck. It is a vehicle that takes the pavement rather than the middle of the road, for choice, and although the thunder which it makes as it traverses the coal-traps on the pavement is considerable, it is not a source of pride to its owner. Besides, it does not warrant the assumption of that sceptre of authority, a whip; and it is usually propelled by one of the human species. Well, it would never do if we all had the same ambition. While some persons aspire to rule their fellow-men, there are others who prefer to exercise authority over the brutes in driving a horse and cart. This was John's case. A horse and cart, with a corresponding increase of business, and a drive down the road to the Jolly Butchers on Sunday afternoon, with the misses in all her best by his side, and the kids with their faces washed behind, like a pen of clean little pigs,—this had been the dream of John's life; but it was a dream that had not yet come true. Indeed, so far from this, John's prospects were becoming darker rather than brighter every day.

"What was to be done?"

This question, which had long suggested itself both to John and Martha, found audible expression one night, after the black Beadles had scampered away to their holes for the night. Old Daddy Dodd was sitting dozing in his chair by the side of

the fire, and John and Martha were sitting opposite.

It was John who propounded the question,—

"What was to be done?"

Martha made no audible reply; but, after a pause, raised her eyes to John's face, and then looked across significantly at Daddy.

John shook his head, and covered his face with his hand.

"I have no right to ask you to do it any longer, John," Martha said. "I had no right ever to expect you to do it."

"But it was my duty and my pleasure to do it, Martha," John replied. "He's your father, and I could n't see the poor old man starve!"

"But he need n't starve, you know, John," Martha said; and her lips trembled as she said the words.

"I know what you mean," John returned; "but I can't bear the thoughts of it. It's not what ought to be, when he's had a house of his own and drove his own chay, and paid rates and taxes, and every comfort."

"Well, it is hard when you think of it," Martha replied, sadly; "and the drawing-room that we had, too, and the silver spoons, and the real china cups and saucers!" And at the thought of the china cups and saucers Martha dropped a tear.

"Yes, it is hard," John returned; "and that's why I have stood between him and it as long as I could."

"But you can't stand between him and it any longer, John, and I must n't ask you to; it's not fair to you, John, and you sha'n't be burdened with him any longer."

Poor old Daddy was sitting dozing in his chair, blissfully unconscious of these deliberations, of which he was the subject. In his time Daddy had been in a good, though small way of business, in the carpentering line, combined with a little undertaking (which he undertook in his overtime, to oblige friends), and he had brought up a large family decently; but his sons, who might have been a help to him in his declining years, emigrated, and died in foreign parts; and when the infirmities of age began to creep upon the old man, and he was no longer able to work with his own hands, he disposed of his business at an alarming sacrifice, and retired to live on his means. His means were small, but his remaining years were few; and proceeding on his philosophical calculation, Daddy lived upon the principal instead of the interest (which he could not have lived upon at all,) and lived longer than he calculated. Although Daddy disposed of his business, and let the carpenter's shop, he still continued to occupy the dwelling-house of which it formed a part, and this led many to believe that the old carpenter was pretty well off. His daughter Martha shared in this impression, and was rather disposed to boast of the independent gentleman, her father, and cherish expectations of an inheritance.

One day, about two years after Martha had been married to John Beadle, and shortly after she had prodigally presented John with the second pledge of her affection, old Daddy arrived at the emporium suffused with smiles. Martha thought he was going to present baby with the silver spoons. When the old man had settled himself in a chair, and recovered his breath, he said, with a pleasant chuckle,—

"I've got something to tell you, Martha."

"What is it, father?"

"Well, Martha, I've been looking in the top drawer, and—and—"

"Yes, father, yes," said Martha, eagerly, making quite sure now that baby was to have the spoons.

"I've been looking in the top drawer," the old man repeated, "and—and—"

"The spoons," Martha suggested, as dutifully helping her poor old father in a difficulty.

"No, not the spoons, Martha," he said, "the money."

"What about the money, father?"

"It's all gone, Martha!"

"All gone! The money you've got to live upon, father," cried Martha, hysterically, "all gone?"

"Every farden," said the old man.

Martha could not believe it. She gave baby to a neighbor to mind, and insisted upon the old man going back with her to his lodging immediately. He gave her the key, and she tore open the top drawer in a frantic way. She seized the canvas bag in which the old man kept his money (for he had an unconquerable distrust of banks), and plunged her hand into it. She could feel nothing like coin. She turned the bag inside out and shook it, nothing fell out of it. She rummaged among the useless odds and ends in the drawer, and not a farthing could she find. Suddenly she paused and said,—

"You've been robbed, father. Somebody's been at the drawer."

"No, no, my dear, you mustn't say that; nobody's been at the drawer but me. I've spent it all. There was n't much of it, only eighty pounds altogether, and it would n't last forever. It's me that's lived too long, Martha"; and the old man sat down in a chair and began to whimper and weep.

Martha could only sit down and weep too. She was overwhelmed by the thought of her father's destitution and the prospect which lay before him in his weak old age. His money was all gone, and his few sticks of furniture, with the silver spoons, which were the only portion of his plate which remained, would scarcely realize enough to bury him.

This was sad news to tell John when he came in (from a moving job) to his dinner. Martha, by way of breaking it gently to him, hysterically shrieked out the tidings at the top of her voice as John was coming in at the door.

"O John, father's money's all gone!" she cried.

Seeing that Martha was in a dreadful state of excitement about the matter, John, with a proper appreciation of artistic contrast, took the unwelcome announcement coolly.

"Well," he said, "in that case we must keep him. He has nobody else to look to."

And so one day John went over to Daddy's house, sent for a broker and disposed of all the things except the old man's bed, which he despatched by the truck to the emporium. That done, he locked the door, sent the key to the landlord, and taking the old man by the hand, led him to the shelter of the broken-backed roof. Putting him into the old arm-chair by the fire, and patting him kindly on his bald head, he said,—

"There, Daddy, consider yourself at home,—provided for for the rest of your life."

So it happened that John and Martha were burdened with old Daddy Dodd, in addition to their own numerous offspring. And Daddy was a burden, though neither John nor Martha ever said so, even to each other. He was an expensive old man, for though he did not eat much, and was well content to share a bedroom with the boys, he had,

considering his circumstances, an unreasonable passion for snuff; and a glass of "six ale," punctually every morning at eleven o'clock, was absolutely necessary to his existence. The glass of six ale he would have, and he would have it nowhere but in the public house, standing at the pewter bar, according to a custom which he had most religiously observed for more than forty years. One of the inconveniences of this requirement was, that the old man had to be provided every morning with three-halfpence in current coin of the realm; and another, which followed in the course of time, when the old man became decrepit and feeble, was that some one had to take him to the particular public house on which alone he would bestow his patronage (half a mile distant), and bring him back again.

Still no word of complaint escaped either John or Martha, until their family increased to that extent when every halfpenny became, as Martha said, an "object." The crisis arrived that night, when John, in general but significant terms, asked his good wife what was to be done.

"It is not fair to you, John," Martha said, "and you shan't be burdened with him any longer." And, while the old man sat dozing in his chair, all unconscious, it was resolved between them, after a hard struggle on John's part and many silent tears on Martha's part, that John should next day put old Daddy into the workhouse. The resolution was taken, and the old man slept on. Neither John nor Martha had the courage to wake him. They were afraid that he might read their terrible intentions towards him in their guilty faces. "I cannot do it, Martha," John said; and he made an excuse to go out of doors to smoke his pipe. Martha could not do it either, and sat waiting for the old man to wake; and presently he woke and called for her. She had withdrawn into the shade, and he could not see her with his dim old eyes.

"Martha," he said, "where are you? Come here and let me tell you what I've been dreaming about. Such a pleasant dream, my dear, about the old days when you was all at home! I thought I saw you all round the table eating your Christmas dinners; and there was turkey and plum-pudding, and all the nice things that we used to have, you know; and then I dreamt that I was taking you to the boarding-school, where you was for a twelvemonth, you know; and—and as we was driving down the Edgeware road in the chaise, John came up and wanted to borrow five pounds, just as he used to do, you know; and—and I lent it him, just as I used to do, and—and—but what's the matter with you, Martha? you're not crying, surely."

Poor old man, he little knew what thorns he was planting in his daughter's breast. She was crying, but she hid her tears, and said kindly it was time for him to go to bed.

So, taking him by the hand, and leading him to his room, she put him to bed and tucked him up like a child.

When Martha went down stairs again, John was timidly peeping in at the door.

"Have you put him to bed, Martha?" he inquired.

"Yes, John."

"Do you think he suspected anything?"

"O no, poor old dear."

"No, of course not, Martha," John said; "he would never dream that we could be such monsters,—but did he say anything?"

"Yes, he said, 'God bless you, Martha, and God bless John, for all your kindness.'"

John, whose heart was much too big for his other faculties, withdrew his head from the door, and vented his smitten feelings in a howl.

John and Martha crawled up to bed that night with the sense of a premeditated crime weighing upon their souls. As they passed the room where the old man lay, they turned away their faces.

Next morning Martha dressed her old baby in his best clothes, crying over him all the while, and hiding her tears as best she could. Daddy wanted to know if it was Sunday, that they were putting on his best things, and Martha could not answer. Every innocent word he uttered was a reproach to her. She could not look at him at breakfast-time, neither could John.

When breakfast was over, John said to the old man, in as cheerful a tone as he could command,—

"Grandfather, I'm going to take you for a walk."

"That's kind of you, John," said the old man,—"very kind."

"Well, come along, grandfather; here's your hat and stick."

"I'm ready, John, quite ready. Eh? bless me, what's the matter now, my dear?"

Martha had her arms round his neck, kissing him.

"Good by, father," she said, through her sobs, "good by."

She had resolved not to say it, but she could n't help it.

"Tut, tut, my dear," said the old man, "we are not going far. Are we, John?"

"No, grandfather, not very far."

"And we'll come back soon, won't we, John?"

"O yes, grandfather," John said; and the words almost choked him.

Martha whispered to the children to go and shake hands with their grandfather; and wondering what this unusual ceremony meant, they did as they were told, quietly and silently.

The old man was as much puzzled as the children, and wanted to know if it was a birthday. John could not answer him; his heart was full and his utterance choked. Without another word he took the old man by the hand, and led him from the house; and Martha stood in the doorway, surrounded by the children, looking after them sadly through her tears. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the workhouse, but it was a long journey for Daddy, who was getting very frail now. He dropped his stick very often, and John had to stoop and pick it up for him, and there were dangerous crossings to pass, where it was necessary for John to signal to drivers of vehicles to draw up and slacken speed until he carried the old man safely over to the other side of the road. Poor old Daddy, going to the workhouse, was highly honored that day. The stream of traffic stayed its current and diverted its course to let him pass. It could not have done more for the Lord Mayor. At length John, leading his unconscious charge by the hand, arrived in front of the workhouse gates. At the sight of the gloomy portal and the high black wall, which shuts in life and shuts out hope, his resolution began to fail him. He stopped and hesitated.

"Grandfather," he said, "it's about time for your glass of ale, ain't it?"

"Well, yes, John, I think it's getting on that way," said the old man, in a cheery tone.

"Will you take it here?" John asked.

"Is this the Nag's Head?" the old man inquired.

The Nag's Head was the house which he had "used" for forty years.

"No, grandfather," John said; "this is not the Nag's Head; but they keep a good glass of ale here."

"Well, just as you like," Daddy assented.

So John took the old man into a public-house opposite the workhouse gates, and gave him the usual three-halfpence; for it was Daddy's pride always to pay for his liquor with his own hand. While Daddy was sipping his ale, John tossed off a couple of glasses of spirits: he was trying to screw his failing courage to the point. When the old man had finished his glass, John took him once more by the hand, and hurriedly led him across the road. He was at the gate, hesitating, with a full heart, looking through a mist of tears at the handle of the workhouse bell, inviting only the clutch of despair, when the old man looked up in his face and said,—

"John!"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Ain't this the workhouse?"

Daddy's look, his intimation that he knew where he was, the thought that he suspected his design, struck John to the heart; and he hurried the old man away from the gate.

"The workhouse, grandfather, no, no!" John said; "what made you think of that? Come, come away, come away; 'we're going home, grandfather, going home as fast as we can.'"

John was so anxious to drag Daddy away from the spot, that he fairly lifted him off his legs and carried him across the road. In his excitement and haste he quite forgot Daddy's feebleness, and hurried him along at such a rate that the old man lost his breath, and was nearly falling. It was not until a street had been put between them and the workhouse, that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy to recover himself. After that he led him gently back to the emporium, took him in, and replaced him in his old chair by the fireside.

"I could n't do it, Martha," he said; "my hand was on the bell, when he looked up at me and spoke to me; and his look, and what he said, struck me to the heart. I could n't do it. I felt as if I was going to murder the poor old man. It's worse than murder, Martha, to put a fellow-creature in yonder; it's burying him alive!"

"But, John—"

"I say it shall never be done by me, Martha," John interposed, sternly. "We must do the best we can for him, and strive to the last to save him and ourselves from that disgrace."

An interchange of looks sealed the compact between them,—that Daddy was to have a home with them while they had a roof to call their own, and a loaf of bread to share with him.

Old Daddy had not only been a considerable expense to John and Martha, but during the winter months he had been much in the way. He was always pottering about in the shop, which being also the sitting-room, did not afford much scope for business and domesticity combined. But now the fine days were coming, and Daddy would be able to spend a good deal of his time out of doors. So, when the fine days came, little Benjy, John's youngest but two, who was not old enough to be of any assistance in the business, was appointed to the sole and undivided duty of minding grandfather, and taking him for walks, when it was convenient to get him out of the way. Little Benjy, a little, large-headed, wise-looking boy of six years, was Daddy's

especial pet and favorite; or, perhaps, it might have been said, so much more responsible a person was Benjy, that Daddy was *his* pet and favorite. Be that as it would, they loved each other, and on fine days, when the sun shone, it was their delight to wander hand in hand among the neighboring streets, prattling together like two children, and gazing in, with childlike wonder, at the pretty things in the shop windows. The people round about called them the Babes in the Wood, and old Daddy was certainly as much a babe as Benjy. He took the same interest in the contents of the toy-shops, and sighed as deeply as Benjy sighed to think that his youthful guardian could not become the possessor of a much-coveted toy-gun (with a pink stock), which went off with a spiral spring. In their wanderings, day by day, the Babes saw many strange things, and studied the wonders of Somers Town with the deepest interest. It was their special delight to stand before any open door or window, which afforded them a view of a process of manufacture. They stood on gratings and listened to the rattle of sausage-machines "that went by steam," Benjy informed his charge and pupil, who was not very well up in the modern arts and sciences; they gazed at the little men in shirt-sleeves and flat caps, who turned a miniature coffee-mill under a glass case at the grocer's, — such industrious little men, who always kept on grinding whether their master was in the shop or not, and never seemed to go home to their meals. They superintended the lowering of barrels into public-house cellars, learning the mysteries of the inclined plane, and speculating as to whether the barrels contained the particular kind of six ale which grandfather liked; they watched the making of shoes and the turning of wood, and were sometimes observed to be much absorbed in the flaying of sheep, a process which had a deep abstract interest for Benjy, while it set Daddy babbling about the delights — to him now purely visionary — of a boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce.

In these wanderings Benjy was careful not to release his hold of Daddy's hand, for he was particularly enjoined never to leave him for a moment, and whatever he did, not to let him tumble down. One muddy day Benjy *did* let Daddy tumble, and a sad state of mind he was in for fear his mother should find it out. He did his best with his little cotton pocket-handkerchief to efface all traces of mud from Daddy's trousers: but he was afraid lest the old man might "tell on him." Not that there was any want of loyalty between them, but Daddy was getting so garrulous, that he sometimes, quite unintentionally, let out things which got Benjy into trouble; so, when anything happened, Benjy was obliged to remind grandfather that he was not to tell.

"You won't tell mother that I let you fall in the mud, will you, grandfather?" he would say, as they bent their steps homeward.

"O no, Benjy," the old man protested. "I—I shan't say a word about it."

At first, before complete confidence had been established between them, Benjy sought on one occasion to purchase his grandfather's silence with a penny (which he did not at that moment possess, but expected to have some day); but he had come to know now that the bond of love between them was strong enough to sustain their mutual devotion, except when it was occasionally loosened by an inadvertence, or a lapse of memory, which in Daddy's case was beyond the power of either love or money

to control. Going home in the summer evenings, after their rambles, Daddy and Benjy had deeply interesting tales to tell the family of the wonders of the great world of Somers Town.

Alas that those relations should so often have fallen upon indifferent ears! But John and Martha were becoming sullen and moody, a prey both of them to the deepest anxiety. The family was still increasing; but the business continued to resist all efforts in the direction of development. John was getting into debt at the coal-wharf, and at the potato-warehouse. The times were hard, and were coming on harder with the approach of winter. Coals were at eighteen pence a hundred, potatoes at a penny a pound. The poor people could not pay the price. Poor women came for a few pounds of coal, and took them away in their aprons. There was scarcely any use for the truck. When coals were so dear, and fires so small, Chaldron Street was a good deal given to warm itself in its bed, which thus became a permanent institution. The consequence to John was that his bed-wrench rusted in idleness; and, in view of the oxide which accumulated upon it, it might be said to have been engaged in the disastrous occupation of eating its head off. The fortunes of the emporium were at a very low ebb; John and Martha could scarcely provide bare food for the family. The black Beadles, clamoring for victuals, and not finding satisfaction at the little round table, passed like a cloud of locusts over the stock in the shop, and making short work of the carrots, attacked even the cabbage-leaves and the turnip-tops. John and Martha were denying themselves day after day, that the old man might have a bit of something nice and nourishing. But things were coming to a crisis now. The coal-merchant, the potato-merchant, and the landlord, all three threatened process, and John was in hourly expectation of an execution. All his striving had been of no avail to save "him and them from that disgrace." It must come now. Nothing could avert it.

One afternoon John was sitting on a stool, on the site of the mountain of coal, which had been removed to the last shovelful of dust (and, alas! the capitalist at the wharf had not the faith to replace it), utterly dejected and dispirited. It was a terrible trial for a strong man with a stout heart and a vigorous will, to be thus beaten down and trampled under the feet of a cruel and relentless Fortune, whom he had wooed with all his art, and wrestled with all his strength. Poor John had received so many heavy falls, that the spirit was almost crushed out of him. When he looked up and saw a strange man darkening his door, he felt that the last blow was about to be struck.

"Come in," he said; "don't stand upon any ceremony, I beg; I'm quite prepared for you."

"Are you?" said the man, curiously.

"Yes, I am," John replied. "I know your errand as well as you do yourself."

"Do you?" said the man, in the same tone.

"Do you come here to mock me?" cried John, angrily, rising and facing the intruder; "to mock me as well as ruin me."

"Mock you?" said the man.

"Yes, mock me," John repeated, in the same angry tone.

"I did not come here to mock you; far from it," the man returned. "In fact, my business is not with you at all. I came to see Mr. Dodd, who was an old neighbor of mine."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said John. "You'll ex-

cuse me, I hope; but we are in great distress, and I expected nothing but bad news."

"If I am not mistaken," said the stranger, "it is good news I bring you. You are Mr. Dodd's son-in-law, are you not?"

"I am, sir, and I wish I were a richer son-in-law, for his sake," John replied.

"Perhaps there will be no need for that, for his sake," the stranger returned.

"What do you mean?" John asked.

"Well, just this," said the stranger. "A few days ago I noticed an advertisement in the paper, addressed to Daniel Dodd, informing him that if he applied to Mr. Johnson, solicitor, in Bedford Row, he would hear of something to his advantage. Now, thinking that the Daniel Dodd wanted might be my old neighbor, and knowing Mr. Johnson, of Bedford Row, I called upon that gentleman, and learned that the person wanted is Daniel Dodd, my old neighbor, and that under the will of his brother George, who died some time ago in India, he is entitled to—"

"Hold hard, sir," said John, grasping the stranger by the arm, and staring at him with fixed eyes. "You're not having a lark, a cruel lark with us, are you?"

"God forbid," said the stranger, gravely.

"And answer me another thing, sir," John continued, in the same excited way. "You're not out of your mind, are you?"

"Certainly not," returned the man.

"Very well," said John; "you may go on."

"I was going to say," the stranger continued, "that under the will of his deceased brother George, who died some time ago in India, Daniel Dodd is entitled to five thousand pounds."

"Martha!" cried John to his wife, who was up stairs cleaning the rooms.

"Yes, John. What is it?"

"Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again!" And he shouted it over and over again up the stairs, and slapped the banisters every time to give it emphasis.

"Are you gone mad, John?" was Martha's reply, when she was allowed to speak.

"You see, sir," said John to his visitor, "she thinks I must be mad; no wonder if I thought you were mad. But here's Daddy; he knows you, I dare say, and you can tell him; he often talked about his brother George who went to India; but I thought he had been dead long ago."

At that moment Daddy came in from one of his walks with Benjy, and was told of his fortune.

"Dear me," he said, sinking into his chair, "brother George is dead. Poor boy, poor boy!"

The poor boy had died at the good old age of threescore and ten, but Daddy still thought of him as the lad in the blue jacket from whom he had parted at Wapping when they were boys.

Not without many difficulties, long delay, and considerable cost, Daddy's claim to the five thousand pounds was established. John gave all his time,—utterly neglecting the emporium,—to the prosecution of the matter, and, oddly enough, in wooing Fortune in this most audacious and presumptuous manner, he proved successful; though, previously, when he had humbled himself in the dirt to implore her for a single smile, she had contemptuously passed onward, bespattering him with mud from her chariot wheels. And one day John, knowing Daddy's weakness, brought home the five thousand pounds all in notes in the very canvas bag which had been the

old man's bank in the days when he was well to do.

"There, father," said Martha, putting the bag in his hand. "And now what will you do with it?"

"What will I do with it?" said the old man. "I'll—I'll keep my promise to Benjy, and buy him that gun!"

"But there's more than will buy the gun, father."

"You don't mean that, Martha?" said the old man.

"O yes, father, a heap more."

"Then," said Daddy, "I'll give the rest to John to buy a horse and cart."

"But there's more even than that, father; ever so much more."

"O, well, you just keep that for yourself, Martha, for taking care of your old father."

And Daddy, with no elaborate design, but with the simple innocence of a child, which is sometimes wiser than the astute provisions of law, saved the dangerous formalities of will-making and the charges for legacy duty, by handing to his daughter Martha the bag containing all his money.

Before John even thought of his horse and cart,—though that was lurking in a corner of his mind,—he regained the tenancy of Daddy's old house, furnished it with as many of the old sticks as he could recover from the brokers' shops, with many splendid new ones besides for the drawing-room, and when all was done led Daddy back to his old quarters, and joined him there with Martha and all the family.

But dotage had been coming upon poor old Daddy, and he could scarcely be made to understand the change which had taken place in his position. He came at last to fancy that it was a dream, and sitting by the fireside of an evening, and recognizing his old room peopled with the fates of John and Martha and their children, he would tell his daughter to wake him up by and by.

And so he went on dreaming; until one winter's night he woke up in a land where there was no more going to sleep.

And the days of John and Martha are likely to be long and prosperous, for they honored their old father in his age and need, and the bread which they cast upon the waters has come back to them with a blessing.

COLLOQUIAL FALLACIES.

Most people are disposed to think, in their inmost consciousness, that they can talk well under certain circumstances. Only unfortunately, in the majority of cases, those circumstances which are the fostering nurses of good conversation are never to be found except in more or less strict privacy. And, after all, a man must be a very poor creature indeed who cannot say things which they of his own household at least will take to be full of point and brilliance. The "petty tyrant of the fireside" can generally insure both attention and applause for the oracular wisdom that it is his august pleasure to dispense. When the circle of listeners is enlarged, and family partiality or family servility ceases to work, he may be conscious that he is making no mark, except the mark of the bore. Still the man reflects that there are different classes of talkers; that there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon; and that, while some men shine brightest in society, there are others whom only an esoteric audience can appreciate or bring out to their best.

Then there are others who, finding themselves

unable to talk well, or perhaps even unable to talk at all among men, recover their own esteem by the conviction that they can talk agreeably and fluently to women. In the discussions of their own sex about books or politics or horses or wine, even though not devoid of knowledge or opinion, they are cursed with a tormenting dumbness that always prevents them from saying anything which is both worth saying in itself and precisely to the point as well. But among ladies they are unrivalled. They can make way with the very dullest and most unspeakably insipid of these enchanting creatures. At a slow dinner-party, or in the intervals of the dance, they prattle to their partners like a giant rejoicing to run his course. This is their grand arena. Other men may, if they will, discourse powerfully in the House of Commons, or in club bow-windows, or among theologians and scholars. But not for all their triumphs of the tongue would the genuine lady's man exchange his own skill and success.

It must be admitted that talking to women is, as a rule, a much more difficult thing to do than talking to men. The majority alike of men and women are horribly vapid on nearly every subject but some one or two in which their own interests are centred. But women are more vapid than men, because they are not even supposed to feel any interest in most of the things which make the material of good conversation. With a man, one always has the common ground of the newspaper. The dullest of men can generally get fairly hold of the one idea set forth in a leading article, and this gives him a sort of impetus. Ladies, on the other hand, don't even get so much as this. And, in consequence of the conventional restraint put upon all their ideas and chances of acquiring ideas, they do not catch more than half the allusions in which, as distinguished from elaborate statements, good talk always abounds. The allusions have to be explained, with the same effect as decanting soda-water. Remembering all this, we are bound to confess that the pride of the man who can talk well to ladies is not unjust or exaggerated. The knack of making bricks without straw, of being able to go on talking about absolutely nothing, is one of the most admirable of social gifts. Perhaps, in the case of young ladies, at any rate, the boundary line between agreeable talk and adroit flirtation is not very accurately marked. A little spice of flirtation is a wonderful improvement to talk in the eyes of the average young lady of common life.

The most spurious, as well as the most pretentious, kind of good talker is the man who talks magazines. If anybody chooses to give his mind to it, this is a very easy road to a certain sort of conversational success, — a fact which may account for its comparative popularity. It is an especially favorite method among college dons. The author of the *Student's Manual*, or somebody of the same stamp, assures every young man that, if he will only read five verses of the Greek Testament each morning after breakfast all through life, he will retain his hold at once of the niceties of the Greek tongue and of the verities of the Christian faith. On something like the same principle, a conversational don believes that half an hour spent religiously every afternoon in the magazine-room of the Union will eventually make a man the most successful talker of his age. Of course it is not enough to run your eye over the English popular magazines. All the world does this. It is in some of the French and German, and even American, periodicals that the finest veins are to be discovered. Here the ingenious and industrious ex-

plorer constantly "strikes ile," and of the very best quality. Foreign periodicals abound much more freely than our own in new views, astounding interpretations, outrageous rehabilitations, and overwhelming hypotheses. To advance one of these, with a few of what the author took for proofs and arguments, may establish a reputation for a whole evening. But then the process must be conducted with judgment. The subject has to be easily brought up, though some masters of this art prefer the bolder method of seizing an early pause in the conversation, and at once launching forth into the middle of things.

It is very desirable, if possible, that the subject should be one on which the listeners know a little, but not too much. They are thus tempted to offer bits of criticism which the conversationalist, having got up his theme, demolishes in a most masterly manner. Of course, all this must be done gracefully and without assumption. The art of dissembling your art is as requisite in conversation as in anything else, and it is as useful in artificial as in really good conversation. But in spite of its temporary success, talk which is the result of special cram has no place in the true art. Men who cram themselves for talking purposes are like women who resort to the rouge-pot, and wear false hair. Both painted women and crammed men may be very pleasant people in their way. Society, perhaps, could not get on without them; and it is a great blunder to fly into a passion with the vanity which prompts a recourse to false pretences. Still, men who habitually let off magazine articles over wine, or in walks with their friends, should learn that they are not true talkers, any more than a copyist is an artist, or a translator of books a creative author.

A small class of men of a polemic turn of mind mistake disputation and argument for talk. They do not care for any conversation which does not somehow or other develop an issue, a position which is open to more than one view. A good talk to them is pretty nearly synonymous with a hot and close argumentation. They are like those mythical Americans who go through the world as roaring lions, seeking free fights. People, in their view, only meet for the sharp encounter of native wits. The quiet, easy flow of talk is a tame, dull waste of precious time that ought to have been spent in assertion and replication, in rejoinder and rebuttal and surrebuttal, in quick clenching and rapid refutation. A couple of people of this disputations temper may prove as outrageous a nuisance as the most pompous conversational autocrat that ever lived and talked. It is highly proper to be anxious for truth. If you hear anybody say the thing that is not, or that in your opinion is not, and if you have a short and decisive confutation easily within reach, then it is well to lay on, and not to spare. But a sustained duel is a sheer vexation to calm overlookers. Instead of trusting that right may win, they sigh in vain for the descent of some just angel who should inflict upon the disputants the fate of the Kilkenny cats. As De Quincey says, in speaking of Dr. Parr's rudenesses in this direction, "mere good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the intolerable absurdity of allowing two angry champions to lock up and sequester, as it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, and compel them to sit, 'in sad civility,' witnesses of a contest which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management." Now and then, it is true, one meets a fool so hollow and so

pretentious that it is impossible to resist the temptation of having a throw with him. But even in such a case as this, the execution ought to be swift and certain. If you can impose absolute silence on your fool, it may be worth while to spend a little time and trouble in despatching him. But if he be one of those lively fools who can skip to and fro with the celerity and heartiness of that ignoble but tormenting insect which can leap a hundred times the length of its own body, who is no sooner expelled from one corner than he has entrenched himself in another, then it is much the better plan to leave him to disport at his ease. And though an encounter between a blockhead and a philosopher may, under certain conditions, be amusing and useful, an encounter between two philosophers in society is a distinct absurdity.

There is a peculiar form of the affectation of good talk especially prevalent in our own time. If one were engaged in classifying the popular fallacies about colloquial excellence, this might be called the Dark Lantern Fallacy.

It consists in suddenly shooting down upon the conversation with a sharp explosive sentence, which is uttered in a couple of seconds, but whose influence upon the talkers is much more enduring. This is very useful at times. To let a ray of light into a discussion by a keen paradox may be to do excellent service. But paradox may readily be carried too far. The knack is easily acquired, and this is in itself a presumption against it. The youngest undergraduate is now-a-days often master of the art of saying these pungent, half-true, and wholly exaggerated things. The prime secret of the art consists in being entirely without reverence. Of the men who have won reputations by these trenchant, far-shooting interpolations in talk, the most have earned their laurels by the simple trick of bringing something that most people look upon with respect or awe into juxtaposition with something else that is ludicrous and petty. This is amusing enough as far as it goes. The Philistines and reverential folks have so much of their own way in the world, that the occasional epigram which tempers their despotism cannot be anything but welcome. The worst of it is, that the applause which rewards the man who suddenly lets out a keen ray and then shuts his light up, lying subtly in wait for his next chance, is very likely to make him think a great deal better of himself than he is at all justified in doing. For six epigrams in an evening do not make a good talker. And men, or rather lads, of this stamp,—for men find the comparative worthlessness of the knack,—are apt to forget the difference between a keen epigram, a vigorous antithesis, or a hissing paradox, on the one hand, and mere pertness and flippancy on the other.

It would take a very long time to classify all the varieties of good talk, elevated or merely colloquial. Dr. Johnson was a good talker in one way, and Coleridge in another. Their styles are wide as the poles asunder. But each has characteristic merit in his style, and between them lie all sorts of shades and degrees.

A man ought to be quite catholic in his views about good conversation, only this does not prevent him from seeing that in society there is a great deal of dull, stupid, or pert mimicry of talk. Against display of vanity in this shape everybody should earnestly set his face. It is one of the most annoying of the minor social sins.

THE OPERATIONS OF LAWRENCE REEVE.

CHAPTER I.

NOBODY WILL LOOK AT CONSOLS.

If romance alone were interesting, it is certain there would be little chance of this story finding readers. But it happens that in this matter-of-fact planet, where we at present find ourselves, we are bound every day to give very serious heed to matters that are not in the slightest degree romantic, and to concern ourselves very closely with most prosaic affairs. As commonplace people, living in a commonplace way, we find ourselves chiefly thinking commonplace thoughts, troubled with commonplace cares, and thrilled with commonplace pleasures. It is for such people, therefore, that the writer, thoroughly commonplace himself, as he well knows, now begins to write. If the reader reads another line, he admits, by so doing, that he is commonplace himself.

This, in fact, is to be a very sordid story, filled full of sordid cares and sordid pleasures. It is to have no hero in it, for the action is not heroic. It is to have no love in it (*nisi sceleratus amor habendi*); for the unheroic man, who is its subject, is married long before the tale begins, and the beginning of marriage is, as all novelists are agreed, the end of love. It is to have no hair-breadth 'scapes nor moving accidents,—no murder, no suicide, no forgery, no quadrigamy, trigamy, or even bigamy. We are afraid we must even add there is to be no villain in it, at least no one worth calling a villain, and that we can give hardly a perceptible spice of envy, hatred, malice, or any uncharitableness; for the truth is, that he of whom we write cared for none of these things.

In Lawrence Reeve we do unfeignedly believe the milk of human kindness was as little soured as in any man living. But even sugar itself is well known to contain always some slight acidity latent. When therefore he, on stepping into his morning omnibus, thinking ruefully of sundry bills which that day's post had brought him, with the senders' compliments, was greeted noisily by his city friend Tom Edwards with the inquiry if he did not think that he, Edwards, had somebody's own luck; and when Edwards explained that his reason for making the inquiry was that he saw by that morning's paper (which he held up in high glee) he had just had two more of his Turkish bonds drawn for redemption at par, and would by and by have the pleasure of stepping down to the Bank and receiving two hundred pounds for what had cost him a bare hundred and twenty;—when Reeve heard this, we say, he may be excused if he could not help heaving a gentle sigh; if he congratulated his fortunate friend with a lukewarmness almost approaching to sulkiness; and had to check himself in a rising wish to recommend Tom Edwards to betake himself forthwith to that patron whose luck he thought was his.

It has indeed been said cynically that there is nothing we are so slow to forgive as success. If our good friend fails to make his way in the world we smile down upon him very graciously, and may even go so far as to treat him to a ride in our own carriage. But let him only make headway enough to distance us by ever so little,—let there seem to be any prospect of his being presently in a position to give us a lift in his carriage,—we straightway resent his success as a personal injury. We will hope, for the credit of our common humanity, that this is

put too strongly, and needs qualification; but probably there are few things more aggravating, even to the least envious of us, than to see some one, palpably second to us both in application, ability, and prudence, prospering a good deal better than we ourselves. And if to this be added the fact that this second-rate fellow is single, while we ourselves have a wife and family to provide for, our feelings, not unnaturally, are wounded in the quick still more acutely.

Now this, unfortunately, was exactly the position of Lawrence Reeve. No man, as we explained, was naturally less envious; but he could not help feeling a little sore at hearing, as he did, not once nor twice, but week after week and month after month, with a wearisome iteration, of the way in which Fortune shed her favors on Tom Edwards; for it was well known that you could hardly, in a walk from Temple Bar to Whitechapel, meet a more imprudent, reckless fellow than Tom. How he managed to keep his place with Swankey and Nephew was a puzzle, unless you accepted the usual interpretation, that that firm, being itself more fast than firm, rather inclined to be represented by a fast man, and paid their managing clerk rather for his skill at billiards and his reputed good judgment in horseflesh than for his knowledge of the grocery trade. Be this as it may, he flourished like the green bay-tree; and Lawrence Reeve looking on, and seeing that whatever Tom put his hands to prospered, could not help feeling some little irritation, not considering the end predicted for those who are likened to trees of that particular species.

Reeve himself was a man as different from Edwards as Dowson Brothers were from Swankey and Nephew. Many people said they had no doubt he was really a partner with Dowson Brothers instead of being, as he was styled, merely chief clerk. But those who knew Walter Dowson laughed, and said they knew well enough that his business was too good, and he himself too shrewd, to allow of any one coming in as partner as long as he could keep them out. And unfortunately for Lawrence Reeve the laughers were right. He was not a partner; he was, as he was called, only the chief clerk. Dowson gave him four hundred a year, and confessed that he was cheap at the money; confessed, indeed, to himself, that he could have got no one else to do as well for him as Reeve did at double the price.

At the same time Reeve was by no means a discontented man, or prone to think himself hardly used. He had, at any rate, all the power of a partner if he had not quite all the profits. He had been chief clerk now for ten years and upwards, until he had come to be as well known in Mincing Lane and through all the City as old Dowson himself, and quite as much, or perhaps a little more, respected. (There is but one Dowson, of course, the elder brother being dead these seventeen years.) His word, in fact, was taken for Dowson's word. What he agreed to Dowson never failed to carry out, and what he approved Dowson never discountenanced. Besides, all wealth is of course comparative, and the clever fellow who has lived for years on two hundred a year finds himself rich on four hundred; while the noodle who has once had five hundred finds himself awfully pinched on four hundred and fifty. And Lawrence Reeve could remember the time when he had lived, not on two hundred, but on that sum abbreviated of one of its ciphers.

He remembered the time, thirty years ago, when he first went to Dowson's as office-boy at seven shil-

lings and sixpence a week. At least he knew, from the sheer fact of his being himself and not another person, that there once had been such a time, though, perhaps, to say that he remembered it was to say too much; for often when he looked back through the dim vista of the years that were gone, his memories seemed rather dreams than recollections. He had, as it were, to pause in his thoughts and ask himself, Am I really that Larry who ran at everybody's call and was cuffed at everybody's pleasure? Has the old master, Palmer Dowson, really been dead all these years? Is the present master, with his cautious, plodding ways, really the Walker Dowson of whom so much evil and so little good was then predicted? Is the present business really the growth of that little retail trade? Does my good old mother, where she is, still know of and care for earthly things? Does she see through the roof and walls of Dowson's outer office, notice the clatter of stools, and the sudden hush, and the swift scraping of pens, when the door opens, and say, "That is my Larry walking through into his own private office; that is my Larry whom I died blessing, whom I died praying for;—happy that he who had none to help him had at least seven and sixpence a week, and did n't care for pastry; and he has been a steady lad, and now he has four hundred a year, and a wife and two girls and a boy, and a good house and a piano, and a stereoscope, and a lot of beautiful views; and there he is, walking through into his own private office?"

These and many more such questions did Lawrence ask and answer in his own mind often as he sat and looked back into his past, and thanked the Lord for the measure of prosperity that had been given him.

But a growing family implies growing wants, and only those who have grown-up girls know what a luxurious growth of wants may safely be counted on as their attendants. Reeve had been a cautious man, and a careful, and, with long-continued prudence and self-denial, had managed to save two thousand pounds. It brought him in a little less than seventy pounds a year, he having bought his Consols, on the average, at ninety or thereabouts. With this interest-money and his salary, he, for his own part, could have rested quietly content, and still thought himself rich. But there were times when he did undoubtedly long for more, not for himself, but for his own. Such longings, too, not unnaturally, were most irrepressible at those times of the year when bills are delivered,—which coincide with those times when dividends are paid. And when Edwards, who rode down with him in the 'bus every morning, mentioned, as he generally did at dividend time, that he had just sent in his coupons and got his interest on his Turkish bonds, Reeve, at such times, was compelled to think that the "elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents" had been somewhat overpraised.

Not that he would have ever consented to shape his own course of conduct in general matters by that of Tom Edwards, any more than he would have shaped the policy of Dowson Brothers by the policy of Swankey and Nephew (for whom he had, speaking from a business point of view, the most absolute contempt); but in this matter it was palpable that Edwards had the advantage. Four years ago he had invested a legacy that came to him, of twelve hundred pounds, in Turkish bonds at sixty. Twenty of them had he got for his money, each bringing him in six pounds per annum, and the interest had been

paid with the regularity of the Bank of England. So that his twelve hundred had brought him in from the first a hundred and twenty pounds a year, while Reeve's two thousand, as we said, yielded something short of seventy. Nay, further, Turkish bonds had gone up in these four years, and what Edwards bought at sixty he could any day sell at seventy. Lastly, during the time he had held them, already no fewer than six of his bonds had been drawn for redemption at par. He had been paid six hundred pounds for what had cost him three hundred and sixty, and had at once invested the money in new bonds, at the market price of the day. The end of it all was that he now held twenty-four bonds, which brought him in a hundred and forty-four pounds a year, and that he could, if he liked, realize, by the sale of them, about seventeen hundred. He was loud, however, in declaring that he had no intention of realizing, but meant to hold them and live long enough to see them all drawn for payment at par. And now this morning there actually were other two of them drawn!

Can we wonder that from this time Reeve began to ponder seriously in what way he could best increase the income he derived from his two thousand pounds? Shall we call him avaricious or discontented because he thought of it as he sat at his desk, because he thought of it as he rode home, because he thought of it when Mrs. Reeve believed him to be fast asleep, because he filled his nightcap with interminable calculations, and went to sleep while working out a sum which was to tell him how much two thousand pounds would grow to if invested for ten years at fifteen per cent compound interest?

Nor did he succeed in putting away all thoughts with his nightcap. He went on mentally doing his little sums and rubbing them out again, by daylight, too. Turkish bonds were at seventy, and to get six pounds a year for seventy was certainly a good deal better than to get three pounds a year for ninety. But then all he knew about the Ottoman Empire was pretty nearly comprised in the fact that it was governed by a sultan who called himself a Sublime Porte, and whom he suspected must be in reality a Sublime Bankrupt, if not, indeed, a Sublime Humbug. Then, too, there was another fatal objection to Turkish bonds. If he bought them he would seem to be not only following too closely the lead of Edwards, but he would have to buy at seventy what Edwards bought at sixty, and this would always be an irritating thing to think about. So he decided against the Sublime Porte, and, to strengthen himself in his decision, lent a ready ear to all animadversions on things Turkish, and shook his head ominously at any mention of the Ottoman Empire.

Why should he not buy Venezuelas? Venezuelas, he saw from the paper, had just been "done" at forty-two; and he set to work to calculate how much would be brought in per annum by two thousand pounds invested in the bonds of this republic, bearing interest at six pounds each and bought at forty-two. He made it out that instead of a meagre seventy pounds derived from Consols, he might thus get at least two hundred and eighty pounds a year. Unfortunately, however, when he began to study the condition of Venezuela and the Colombian republics — whether it was that he had a bad memory for foreign names or whatever might be the cause — he soon found himself fairly lost; and entirely failed to make out how the last revolution ended. He thought that it was General Pedro de Dulcamar who had, at latest advices, succeeded in dispersing

the hordes of San Queretaro and assumed the supreme power. But how soon General Pedro's own army might become a mere horde, and General Pedro be himself dispersed, was doubtful. To be sure, the customs' revenue was offered as security at present; but who was to guarantee the guarantor? Money, over and above enough, was, he saw from the official documents, "hypothecated for the benefit of the bondholders," — and hypothecated certainly was a most seductive word; but then, again, the necessities of the citizen charged with the presidency of the republic were known to be always very urgent, and his tenure of office being so extremely uncertain, it seemed not at all unlikely that the bondholders would only enjoy this money hypothetically, while that citizen disbursed it practically nearer home.

All things considered, he had to give up the idea of investing his two thousand pounds in this way at fourteen per cent, and decided that he must leave the Venezuelan Republic, as he had already left the Ottoman Empire, to its own devices.

During that day it would be hard to say how many different schemes he weighed in the balance of his own mind, only to find them all wanting. At the last, he decided that when he left his office he would betake himself to the rooms of one of the established doctors of finance who make the wants of "the investing classes" their especial care, and there have his doubts resolved. And as he was on speaking terms with Mr. Abraham Harper, and as no more respectable stockbrokers exist than Harper and Morris, it was to their place, in Threadneedle Passage, that he addressed his steps. Resplendent he found their offices in brass and plate glass and polished mahogany, and the baldest and cleanest of clerks. It was clear that, however Messrs. Harper and Morris's clients fared, the firm itself had good pickings. Mr. Harper was himself within, and glad to see Mr. Reeve. What could he do for Mr. Reeve? "What could he suggest as a desirable investment just now?" Well, that was rather a wide question. Mr. Reeve would excuse him. His firm made it a rule never to give advice. They gave prospectuses. They took orders and executed them. But they found it more satisfactory always to leave their clients to exercise their own judgment as to when they should buy and when they should sell, — what they should purchase and what they should leave alone. He might say, however, that banks were decidedly looking up; — that finance companies were remarkably lively; — that some of the new joint-stock trading and manufacturing companies (limited) were promising; — that railways were for the most part somewhat depressed, and nobody could be got to look at Consols. But Mr. Reeve had better take this week's number of "The Capitalist, and Investor's Manual," and a few of the newest prospectuses, and look them over at home. By the way, what a shocking affair that was on the East Shropshire. It was to be hoped they would bring in the directors guilty of manslaughter. He thought it was likely for more rain, and he wished Mr. Reeve a very good evening.

Prospectuses were lying in tall piles all along the counter. One of the clean bald-headed clerks made an assortment of about a dozen of them, one from each pile, and put them up along with the "Manual" and that day's share list. And so provided, Mr. Lawrence Reeve bowed himself out and wended his way back to Hammersmith.

CHAPTER II.

LARGE PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS.

LAWRENCE REEVE was not a reading man, and generally, it is to be confessed, turned with more interest to the City Article of "The Times" than to the newest number of Dickens or Trollope which might happen to have found its way to his table. Mrs. Reeve, always busy, and to-night busier than usual in some elaborate mystery of needlework, was somewhat surprised, therefore, when at last she noticed that it was not his usual evening paper that absorbed her husband's attention, but that he was poring over certain printed documents, remarkably uniform in appearance, each headed "Prospectus," and each having appended a "Form of Application for Shares." We, of course, who have just been with him to the brokers, and know from what respectable quarter he had those documents, have our own opinion of their value. But it soon became clear that Mrs. Reeve, without waiting for any special information, put but a low estimate on literature of this description.

"The London Bank of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, Limited," she said, reading aloud. "Why, what in the name of Mincing Lane is this, Lawrence?"

Reeve was intent on one of the other prospectuses, and did not reply just then; so she read on:—

"The inconvenience which has long been felt from the want of proper banking facilities in Patagonia and Terra del Fuego having of late years increased to a very serious extent, the Directors of the London Bank of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, Limited, have much pleasure in announcing that they have at last succeeded in obtaining an exclusive concession from the responsible government of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, under which they will be able, without delay, to organize suitable establishments to meet the wants of the merchants and others in the principal seats of commerce in the above extensive and comparatively undeveloped countries. The Directors are not at present in a position to announce the precise terms of this concession, or to set forth in detail the valuable privileges which accompany it. But, to enable themselves to justify the flattering marks of preference which have been shown in their favor, they propose to start the new undertaking on the basis of a capital of one million, to be raised by the issue of a hundred thousand shares of ten pounds each, upwards of fifty thousand of which have already been subscribed by the Directors and their friends in this country and Patagonia. The remainder are now, for a limited time, offered at par to the public," etc., etc., etc.

"And pray what do you think of doing with this, Lawrence?" asked Mrs. Reeve.

"I think of asking you to put it in the fire, my dear," he said; for Reeve himself had only a poor opinion of the banking capacities of Patagonia.

"Decidedly the best place for it," was the answer.

"And what about the others?"

"The others will, some of them, need a little more consideration."

"Is the 'Ghurtnakorra and Middle Amlwch Gold Mining and Slate Company, North Wales, Limited,' one of those which will need a little more consideration?"

"I think not, Carry. I am content to see the Gold of North Wales deposited with the Bank of Patagonia."

"The Patent Crane, Windlass, and Corkscrew Company" followed the Gold Mines; and the "Niagara Waterworks" followed the "Corkscrews." But there were still two prospectuses on which Reeve was inclined to bestow more serious thought. One of the two happened to be that of the "European and General Finance Corporation," which undertaking was being launched just at that time. Every one knows what a tower of strength were its directorate, and how eminently respectable were all its auspices. Every one remembers the furore there was for its shares, and the remarkable excess of applications over and above the number to be allotted. Reeve resolved in his own mind that he would apply for some of those shares; and, having made this first resolution, he made a second one, that he would keep the first to himself; for he suspected that his wife, if told of it, would set her face against it. He put away his prospectuses, therefore, and made believe to be interesting himself as usual in his newspaper. But his thoughts were less easily confined than his eyes, and, as he sat intent, he settled how much of his stock he would sell out from Consols. He would realize to the extent of a thousand pounds, — the half of what he held. And he would do this at once; for the applications for Finance shares must be made within two days. Then he would apply for two hundred of them, the deposit of one pound per share on which, with the four pounds per share on allotment, would just absorb the thousand. He would call on —; but his reverie was interrupted by Mrs. Reeve.

"Would n't you find it easier to read the paper the other way up, Lawrence?" she asked.

And Lawrence, the impostor, pretended to rub his eyes, and tried to get up a yawn, and failed (did anybody ever yet succeed in yawning at will?), and said he thought he would go to bed early, being unusually sleepy; none of which shams in any way blinded that good lady, his wife, who, with true woman's instinct, knew that he had been thinking of those prospectuses, and wished no one to share his thoughts. And so the evening passed away, and the morning came.

Mr. Harper would be most happy to sell out a thousand of Consols, and apply for two hundred Finance shares. He would have been equally happy, no doubt, although he did not say so, to apply for "Patagonian Banks," or "Patent Corkscrews." For all is grist that comes to the broker's mill, and his commission is sure, let the venture turn out well or ill. He thought Mr. Reeve was exercising a wise discretion. These were not days for letting money lie idle in the Consols, when the new undertakings were all bringing in such handsome returns. To Mr. Harper it seemed clear that we were on the threshold of a new era in monetary affairs, and that the time was close at hand when government must raise the rate of interest payable on the stocks, or there would be a universal rush to sell out. A new Act of Parliament would be necessary to authorize the transfer of trust-moneys to more remunerative investments; of this, and of much more, Mr. Harper was quite satisfied. Above all, he was satisfied that Mr. Reeve was doing a very judicious thing. His firm, as he had said, abstained from giving advice. But this did not debar them from expressing their approval when their clients happened to take just the course they would have recommended, had they been free to recommend at all.

Lawrence Reeve himself, to speak truth, was not quite so satisfied of his own discretion as Mr. Harper

was, and needed all that gentleman's smooth speeches to fortify him in his resolution. As he walked on to his office after giving his orders, he was not without many fears and misgivings. He hoped that all would be well, but he was not blind to the risk. He felt that he was not quite so cool over his work that day as usual.

He turned next morning with nervous impatience to the newspaper. "Consols sold yesterday at 89½." And "No"—this could not be—"European and General Finance Corporation shares, three to four premium." How could shares be at a premium before they were allotted? The allotment could not be made till nearly another week had passed. How could any one sell the shares he had not got? In this way Reeve argued the matter in his own mind, and came to the conclusion that this paragraph was a printer's error. But next day, to his amazement, it was there again, a little altered. "European and General Finance shares, four to six premium." And so from day to day, till within a week of the date of his sending in his application, they stood quoted at nine to ten premium. Then he understood, or thought he understood, what it meant. It had become generally known, he inferred, that the number of applications was very greatly in excess of the number of shares to be allotted, and so the public, in despair of getting their applications attended to, were bidding against each other for the possession of such shares as had already been promised by the directors.

In no other way could he explain it. For he was as yet inexperienced, and did not understand that there are more shares sold every day by people who do not possess them than by people who do. This was as yet all a great mystery to him, into which he was in due time to become initiated.

That night, by the merest chance, who should step into the omnibus after Reeve but Harper and Morris's managing clerk, Woodhead. Reeve naturally began to talk to him on the matter which was uppermost in his thoughts.

"How about those European and General Finance shares?" he asked. "What is the meaning of their being already quoted at such a premium? Had they been all allotted, do you think, before my application went in?"

Woodhead laughed. "O no," he said. "They're being bulled, that's all; they'll be beared next."

Reeve, having not the faintest idea what this meant, tried to look his wisest, and asked, "What will be the effect of that, do you suppose?"

"O, then they'll go down again, of course, with a run. I would sell now, if I were you." (Harper and Morris might decline to give advice; but their clerks gave it very freely,—indeed, without waiting to be asked.)

"Sell? but I have got none to sell till the allotment is made,—perhaps not then."

"Try it on," said Woodhead. "How many did you ask for?"

"Two hundred."

"Sell one hundred; you are sure to get them; but if you wait for your allotment letter you will be too late. The bears will be down upon you as soon as ever they are allotted."

"And if it should happen that I don't get a hundred after I have sold them, what then?"

"O, then you buy to make up the deficiency."

And so they parted, Reeve going home and pondering what was to him an entirely new aspect of affairs. To do him justice, he had not embarked in this

business in the spirit of a speculator; much less was he what is known on 'Change as "a premium jumper." He had thought, after making a liberal discount of the promises in the Finance Company's prospectus, that it was really a concern that bade fair to be stable and secure, and to pay him a good annual dividend on his money. But the prospect of realizing so large an immediate profit in the shape of premium on his shares was one he had never counted on, and one which, now it did seem to be within his reach, he could not allow to escape him. He was not so sanguine as Woodhead. He did not think it would be safe to sell a hundred shares, but in the morning he did actually call at Harper's and order them to sell fifty on his account; and in the afternoon he called again, and got a sale note which showed him they were actually sold at ten pounds per share premium.

Still he was by no means elated that night, for he did not know that he had anything to be elated about. He had a terrible dream that he had got, instead of an allotment, a "letter of regret"; that the shares had gone to twenty premium; that he had had to buy at this price to enable himself to deliver what he had sold, and that he was thus five hundred pounds out of pocket. It proved but a dream, but it was sufficient to make him reflect that he had at any rate committed himself to a possible loss of this extent, or more, and his hand fairly trembled with excitement when he broke the seal of a letter at his office, which he saw from the envelope was from the head-quarters of the new company. It informed him that the directors had allotted to him, in accordance with the terms of his application, fifty shares,—the precise number which he had already sold. Even yet, however, he hesitated to believe that he really had in this easy way, and in this short time, cleared five hundred pounds as a net profit on his deposit of two hundred. There were a score of events which might happen, any one of which would prevent him from ever touching the money he had gained. The man who had bought the shares might abscond, or become bankrupt, or repudiate his bargain. At any rate, he would say nothing of the matter to his wife until he had actually got his winnings in hand. Such was the resolution he made and adhered to.

With no little anxiety and misgiving he waited on from day to day, until, all Stock Exchange forms being gone through, the transaction was at last brought to a close by the brokers. From beginning to end it had occupied about a month; but it was wound up at last, and on the night that he went home much excited; with upwards of fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket, he read in the paper that the Finance shares, with which he had done so well, had gone down so far that they were now barely saleable at some little discount.

He felt therefore, that he had had an escape, and beyond the satisfaction arising from his gains, he enjoyed all that most exquisite pleasure which arises out of the sense of having committed an imprudence from which no harm has come to us.

He went home, we say, with fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket. For while this matter had hung, as it were, in the balance, he had not been able to make up his mind what further investment he should seek for the remainder of the money realized by his Consols. He had thought it best to wait until he saw what he really had; and now he could talk with his wife from much higher vantage-ground than he could have taken up a month ago.

LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED.

Cœlum petimus — scientia!

If there be an instance where *instantaneous* modern art, photography, may supply us with new facts, the seizing of the flashes of lightning by the camera will be none of the least. The quickness of the flashes of lightning has been made a form of expression in almost all languages; still, art may be able to arrest and fix them permanently.

To observe, however, and to classify the flashes of atmospheric electricity, *terra firma* does not seem always the most eligible place of observation, as it may be that the nature and configuration of the country may influence their development. It was therefore a fortuitous occurrence that, during a sailing in the Mediterranean, a majestic thunder-storm surprised a party of amateurs, on a fine summer night, when between Sicily and Malta, being probably at a distance of a hundred miles from any land: when, therefore, the flashes of lightning arose through a *uniform medium*, the air and the sea.

Without entering here into a disquisition on the identity of light, electricity, and caloric, in fact, of all dynamic agencies, it is a strange observation that the first-known photographs (light-pictures) were, properly speaking, produced by lightning! The following glaring facts are derived from a late French work:—

In 1689, the lightning having struck the steeple of the Church of St. Sauveur de Logny, there was found impressed on the cloth of the altar the text of the consecration prayer, contained in an open book which lay close by.

In 1847 at Lugano a woman, who had been near a place struck by lightning, had impressed on her leg the image of a flower growing close by.

In the Bay of Zante a sailor, who was killed by lightning while sleeping on the side of a ship, had impressed on his left breast the number 44, which hung engraved on metal close to the place.

In 1853 there was observed in the United States, on the body of a man, the imprint of a tree shattered by lightning.

These are curious facts, not to be explained by any of our hitherto galvano-electric theories. Because, as there is no *menstruum* here, except the air, we are at a loss to know by what substance these imprints have been caused! Under these circumstances, every addition to electric meteorology will be valuable. In reverting to observations and sketches of the flashes of lightning made on the *open sea*, we may state first, that, being on deck, I was at once struck with the beauty and sublimity of the phenomenon before me, and finding that these flashes had such a *variety* of form, whenever one had passed away, I went down into the cabin to make a slight temporary sketch. When these sketches were, a few days afterwards, recopied, I began to have a better insight into and to classify them.

Imagining that part of the horizon where the lightning took place, as on a large theatrical curtain of a dark color, the simplest form of electric meteor which appeared thereon was—

A sort of *light coruscation*, or a glare, illumining that vast portion of the horizon which was dark before. I think that, at times, the entire horizon was not thus illuminated, but there remained a circular segment on the top of the atmosphere in its original darkness. Almost all the species of real flashes did not begin from the upper part of the atmosphere, but all seemed to come from the surface of the sea!

With a few transitions, not yet quite clear to me,—as, for instance, a sort of *electric rain*, as it were, instead of the former merely luminous coruscation,—I arrive now at what is called—

Forked (arrowed) lightning, and this presented several most characteristic and well-defined species. Some of the flashes were:—

A single flash, going up nearly perpendicular.

A single flash, forming a rather flat arc, from one corner of the horizon to the other.

A single flash, ending in an arcuated involution (revolving) into itself.

Two or three distinct flashes, coming from one common centre on the surface of the sea, and taking various directions.

The Electric Fire-works. A number of forked flashes coming from one centre, and diverging in numerous distinct flashes, all tending upwards.

The Electric Mirage. A half dim clearing up of the whole of the atmosphere, so as to make perceptible the sombre chaos of the mountains of Sicily, a hundred miles off. This certainly is a splendid spectacle, reminding one of the words of Byron,—

“Once seen becomes a part of sight.”

Here, therefore, would be the beginning of a classification and philosophy of lightning which, after all, must, as every other scientific subject, be attempted and perfected. Our observations refer, of course, only to one locality, one season, one certain night and thunder-storm. From McClintock's Cape Victory, however, to the South Polar Circle, there are many intermediate localities, and we may say *natures*! Our observations were made during night, and exclude, therefore, the seizing images by present photography. But in reference to day-lightning, it becomes a question whether this *could* or *can* be seized. I think it may, under the following circumstances: Lightning never takes place in glaring sunshine; and in an atmosphere the least dimmed, the electric light is so vivid, that it strikingly *shows*; and then, certainly, it could or can be seized. The difficulties may be overcome in the following way:—

The cases where lightning takes place in several parts of the compass are rare, and even then, the most interesting could be selected. The *New Panoramic Lens* includes an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees,—in fact, an enormous field of view. Thus, the first difficulty, of embracing a sufficient area of electric activity, will be obviated. The next may seem still more serious,—viz. to move the slide of the camera contemporaneous with the electric flash, which may occupy, perhaps, less than a second. An observation, however, made by Goethe on Vesuvius, may smoothen the difficulty. The German philosopher observed, that during the eruption of the volcano which he witnessed, there was a certain well-measurable interval between the single explosions of the crater and the ejaculation of stones and scorise. In the interval between two such volcanic feverish paroxysms, Goethe went quite close to the brim of the crater. We should be much mistaken if, in the generality of cases, a similar rhythm of electric *meteoricity* should not take place as well. But the practical part of this question we leave to professional men.

THE CONFESSIONS OF PUFF.

THERE are few productions so attractive as confessions. In spite of all experience, the word “confessions” has a charm that few can resist. We know

that of all the productions of an author, his confessions are probably the most unreal and the most romantic; and yet, in spite of all this,—possibly because of it,—confessions, although the most deceptive of books, are the most profitable of speculations; and when an author, hard up for material, boldly plunges the knife into his own bosom, and serves himself up with his own sauce, the public generally relishes the dish. A well-known Parisian journalist—if our readers will pardon the expression—has just cooked his own goose in this fashion, and has laid open the secrets of an organization which has flourished for a long time amongst our clever neighbors, but to which the more matter-of-fact British genius has never aspired. The French man of business gives the English credit for being far ahead of his countrymen in the great art of advertising,—just as every nation will readily cede to another the palm of diplomacy, however egotistic it may be on all other questions; and the common, clumsy advertisement, which every one knows to be such, passes in France by the name of *annonce Anglaise*. But the ingenious French mind does not stop there. In addition to the ordinary *annonce*, the French press has its *réclames* and its *faits-divers*; which, put into plain English, mean puffs ordinary and puffs extraordinary; and all the journals, from the official *Moniteur* to the lowest printed sheet, has its graduated tariff of mercenary enthusiasm, varying in price from a few *sous* to six *francs* a line. This system has been in operation for many years, and it may easily be conceived how much it has done for the welfare, if not for the independence, of the French press. One would have thought such a system sufficient to meet the wants of even “the most spiritual people in the world”; but genius cuts out new paths where ordinary mortals imagine nothing more can be done.

M. Villemessant came up to Paris, a young man from the country, a good many years since, and seeing that the edifice of *Réclame* was not quite complete, he invented the crowning stone of the *Courrier*. He started a journal of fashion, called the *Sylphide*; and he tells very naïvely how he worked the new oracle, and who helped him in his labors. He says: “I set about finding a female chronicler of the fashions; not one of those *comtesses* or *marquises* of Carnival, whose titles are derived from the golden book of pseudonyms, but a real lady of the fashionable world; and I was lucky enough to put my hand on one of the true aristocracy of the empire, who signed her articles with the high-sounding name of the Duchesse d’Abrantes.” The *Courrier* was, and still is, a list of the necessities of the fashionable world,—a mosaic of silks, satins, ornaments, and perfumes to be used by the upper ten thousand, cleverly worked up by a female hand, and containing special mention of the wares of those who were willing to pay the piper. M. Villemessant says modestly: “I was unable to put together thirty lines of an article; but I was soon master of all the slides and strings, and no one knew better than I did how to inspire a *réclame*, or to put my finger on the sensitive chord of the advertiser.” And he gives us some amusing specimens of the products of his new workshop. Here we have an example of the *réclame élégiaque*:—“A Grisette’s Legacy.—Last Sunday, the occupants of a house in the Rue Saint-Honoré were in chase of a canary, which was flying about their premises, having come from nobody knew where. The pursuit was all the more eager from the fact that the bird had a piece

of paper attached to its neck by a thread. At length the little creature was made captive, the paper detached, unfolded, and read. Its contents were as follows: ‘Poor, ill, without work or any other resource, I know not what will become of me. I am only twenty; but I will not lead a life of shame! I have decided: all will be ended to-night. The only friend I have in the world is this little bird, which I set at liberty! I implore the person who may catch it to take great care of it. It sings so sweetly, poor little thing! Signed, Marie.’ The bird was taken by M. —, proprietor of the establishment of the Rue —, who gave it asylum, and watches over it with religious care.” This puff was duly exhibited beforehand to the proprietor in question, who was delighted with it; and the success was so great that he was compelled to buy a canary, and hang its cage up in the most prominent part of his shop. The shopkeeper had bought a bird that did not sing; and a sentimental lady who had read the sad story, said, “Poor little thing, it mourns for its mistress!”

M. Villemessant treats us to specimens of the *réclame à double détente*,—in which two birds are killed with one stone,—and other wonderful examples of his new art. He tells us that the perfumers, silkmercers, and *modistes* bit like gudgeons, and that a fortnight after the *Sylphide* was started he had orders on hand for *réclames* to the extent of many thousand francs. But he wanted a little ready money; so he picked out a great house, one of the retail silk and calico lords who had never condescended to the *réclame*. With a bit of draft enthusiasm in his hand he approached the potentate,—whose name, as well as those of his other clients, he gives at full length,—and with a trembling hand he turned the handle of the door which led into the great man’s sanctum. After a few preliminary remarks, the precious bit of copy was read; the great man, who had never advertised in his life, was so struck with the idea, and so charmed with young M. Villemessant, that a bargain was concluded at once, and the journalist departed with twelve hundred francs, twelve piles of five-franc pieces in silver, which M. Villemessant calls the columns of his new temple, safe in the depths of his breeches-pockets,—famous ballast against the lightness of his heart.

M. Villemessant tells some amusing anecdotes of the modesty of some of his clients. One perfumer was indignant at being called in the *Courrier* the “*Demi-dieu* of Perfumes.” “*Demi-dieu*,” said the purveyor of sweet smells, “and pray who is the *dieu* of perfumes,—M. — or M. —?” Another client, a fashionable tailor, said: “I have a horror of a large amount of puffery; when you speak of me, say simply, *Le dieu de la Mode*,—no more!” Could modesty go beyond that? M. Villemessant has started innumerable journals. If the *Sylphide* was his *hors-d’œuvre*, *Figaro* was, and still is, his *pièce de résistance*; while the *Grand Journal* and the *Événement* are recent additions to his bill of fare. He has worked the *réclame* in every possible form, and his *Courrier* has become a feature in almost every publication. He tells us how he introduced the new notion into the great papers; he went to M. de Girardin, whose journal, *La Presse*, was already on the high road of success, and whose device at that time was, “*A new idea every day*.” M. Villemessant’s little proposition struck him at once; it was new, and promised to be fruitful. M. de Girardin closed with the proposal instantly, and said, “I will give you the *feuilleton* of *La Presse* once a week; you will do what you please with it, but you must take care

that the matter is well managed. You shall give me a hundred francs a week, and pay me a month in advance." The money was paid the next morning; and then, says M. Villemessant, the next thing was to sub-let the apartments in the house he had taken. This, too, was soon achieved. One celebrated goldsmith—whose name is given in full—ordered twelve bits of interested enthusiasm, of from five to ten lines in length, at the rate of a hundred francs each; and before long, to quote M. Villemessant's own words, "I found gold on the very surface, and had only, as it were, to stoop—*me baisser*—happy expression!—to pick up orders." Many of these *courriers de modes* are written by ladies.

M. Villemessant has himself told us that his Duchesse was really a member of the *haut monde*, although she borrowed a title that did not quite belong to her; and he tells us how he seduced another lady of title into the business. The latter was, and is, a *marquise*; and was, at the time referred to, living in such state that the pushing young man from the country was quite dazzled when he approached the sanctum of the *grand bas-bleu*. The lady condescended to enter into the business, assuming a title below that which was hers by right, and the *courriers* of the Comtesse—had immense success. The lady is well known and respected by all who move in the literary circles of Paris; she is not so young or so rich as she once was, but she is *spirituelle*, and has written some very clever books. We could name another *comtesse*,—if we thought it polite to snatch the *loup* from a lady's face,—a real, living, breathing, clever, laughing countess, who now wields the *courrier* pen in a well-known daily journal. These things are no secrets in Paris; but when writing in an English journal it is fitting to write as English journalists do, and so we leave to M. Villemessant the amusing task of unmasking the ladies. *Comtesse* has become almost the universal title of those who chronicle the elegances of fashionable life in Paris; but all *comtesses* are not countesses,—all are not even women; many a Comtesse du Carnaval wears a beard behind her mask. M. Villemessant does not hesitate to name at least one well-known journalist who has done, who perhaps still *does*, *courrier* work; who is, or was, not above taking a lease of a literary apartment, and letting it out by the yard. It is an ingenious mode of doing immense service to others without self-sacrifice; and there is, of course, nothing exclusive or unfair in the matter, for the *Courrier des Modes*, like the London Tavern, is open to all the world—who can pay for its advantages. M. Villemessant confesses all these things, and many more, in his last new publication; and mentions in his confessions many names of living individuals and existing firms incidentally. We suppose this is a new form of *réclame*, possibly to become famous under the title of the *Confessional*! We do not think, however, that the new notion is so good as that which made the fortune of the modest young man from the country, who signs himself H. de Villemessant.

CIGARS FROM ELSINORE.

"SHAW! George, my boy, stop a moment! We have been hunting for you high and low!" called out a jovial, good-humored voice, as I passed the open door of Herr Jacobsen's shop, in the middle of the Groetgade, as they call the long straggling high street of Elsinore. Elsinore, like Windsor or

Versailles, is too near to the capital to possess very superb retail establishments; but, such as it is, Jacobsen's, with its supply of books and newspapers, was as valuable to the few foreign residents as Gallani's to the British colony in Paris. And my kind old friend, Mr. Hanbury, who had accosted me as I went by, with a gun over my shoulder, after a foray on the rabbits that abound among the sandhills of the coast, was an English merchant residing in Copenhagen, and who regularly spent his summers in a pretty villa that he possessed close to Elsinore. He and his family, who had known me well in England while I was a schoolboy, and they had not as yet settled in Denmark, had been very kind and hospitable to me during my sojourn at Elsinore.

"Shaw, my boy! you don't mean to leave us to-morrow in real earnest?" said the merchant, flinging down his newspaper, and coming out under the shade of the cool green and white awning,—welcome protection on that sultry day. I shook my head, saying that I was afraid I must keep to my resolution. Mine was a long vacation ramble, and I was then a young barrister by no means overburdened with briefs, but still I had some work to do, and there were papers on the table in my gloomy chambers in Pump Court, Temple, which demanded close study, even out of term-time. I had seen everything of note in and about the Danish capital, had made a hurried trip to Stockholm, and must now go southwards. Besides, I was anxious, if possible, to get a glimpse of the war, the Dano-German conflict of 1848-9, which was then going on. All things considered, I really must leave Elsinore and my kind friends.

"But not in such a hurry, I hope," said Mr. Hanbury, kindly. "You see, George, my wife and the girls are wild for one more picnic in those fine woods above Holgerness. And some very great friends of ours have but just arrived at their summer-quarters,—the Torfes,—very pleasant people,—people to whom I had always wished to introduce you. My poor old friend, the Count, is not as good company as he was ten years since; but Madame Torfe is a charming person, and the young ladies are extremely pretty. So stay till Monday, George, and we will have a happy day to-morrow. Maria will be disappointed if you refuse us, and so will Jane and Carry."

I assented. After all, it was Friday afternoon, and to stay till Monday was no extraordinary sacrifice to make to friendship, the rather that Mr. Hanbury good naturedly insisted that I should dine at his house every day until my final departure, so that I was saved from any apprehension of dull evenings at my inn. I therefore agreed to make one of the party at the picnic on the following day. It was the first link, this change of plan, in a chain of apparently trivial circumstances which, beginning in the most commonplace fashion possible, was very near having a tragic and fatal ending.

The day of the picnic dawned splendidly. The sun was hot, but there was a fresh breeze among the beech-trees and evergreen oaks that grow so luxuriantly in the sandy soil of Denmark, and the blue broad sea smiled and basked, as it were, under the cloudless sky and sunbeams. I joined the party on horseback, and was surprised to see how many carriages, of various sizes and shapes, but all filled with company, and freighted with hampers of good cheer, were stirring the dust of the coast road. It was manifest that the picnic had grown into what might almost be described as a *fête champêtre*, and I was

hardly astonished at last when a van-load of musicians — Decker's well-known quadrille band from Copenhagen — brought up the rear of the procession. I reached Holgerness at last, a pretty spot, where some small ruins of a fort or castle, traditionally attributed to the royal paladin of Zeeland, Holger Danske himself, but which probably formed the stronghold of some nameless viking of later years, stood amid groves of fine timber. The summer was by this time far spent, and the leaves of the slender birch-trees were getting crisp and sere, and those of the stately beech had begun to show tell-tale blotches on their copper-colored surface; but the dark green of the ilex remained unaltered, and the birds still sang as if the sunshine and warmth were to last forever.

"We are here before you, you see," said worthy Mr. Hanbury, who was bustling about and giving directions as to the unpacking of hampers and icing of wines. "We look upon ourselves as the founders of the feast, you know, and we thought it right to be here early; though between ourselves, George," — and here the old gentleman lowered his voice, — "I did not guess what an assembly it would grow into. However, it was the Torfes' wish that so many of their friends should be asked to join us, and we could not well say nay to them. Here are the Torfes, by the by. Let me introduce you; only take care of your heart, my boy, if you see much of Miss Christina, the eldest of the girls."

I was duly presented, and could not help owning that the good merchant's significant warning was not wholly out of place. All three of the other Demoiselles Torfe, like their comely mother, were pretty, amiable-looking girls; but Christina was very beautiful in the national style of pure Danish beauty. She had the true Norse complexion of roses and lilies, the great solemn blue eyes, the fair hair that shone with a golden glint when a stray sunbeam fell upon it, and the broad white forehead, that make up the ideal of Scandinavian loveliness. Count Torfe, a deaf old gentleman with a black wig, an ear-trumpet, and a set of teeth so distressingly artificial as to be always flashing, or rattling, or slipping out of place, whenever their owner opened his mouth, was much older than his wife. He was an infirm old man, and one whose only conversation now was about his ailments. He had come to the picnic attended by his doctor; he was a personage of sufficient wealth to retain the exclusive services of a surgeon, as well as of a chaplain and secretary; and this doctor, a German by birth, had evidently great influence over him.

It was from a talkative old lady, Mr. Hanbury's widowed sister, that I heard some further particulars concerning the head of the Torfe family.

"I see," said Miss Adams, smiling, — "I see you are rather astonished at the Count's ways. Poor old man! I do not believe anything but his own health can interest him now; but he was a beau once, and a lady-killer; yes, and a statesman too. He was an ambassador, and went to St. Petersburg and London. They were glad to employ him, not that he could ever have been clever, you know; but he was quite a grand personage, one of the richest nobles in Denmark, and related to all the ancient houses, — the Lyskes, and Gyldenloves, and Stubbes, and Oxe, and — ah! you are laughing at my list of grand families, Mr. Shaw; but they are proud old names, for all their queer sound in English ears. However, before the Count lost so much by lawsuits he was one of the wealthiest proprietors in Denmark,

and still owns great estates in Jutland and Zeeland, besides half a dozen islets, — *øes*, as they call them, — the inhabitants of which pay their rent in —"

Here my informant was interrupted by an urgent demand for mustard, or a corkscrew, or some other of those minor adjuncts to festivity which are proverbially forgotten at a picnic; and I heard no more concerning Count Torfe, who limped about, leaning on Dr. Blumenbach's arm. A most disagreeable specimen, to my mind, of German medical men, was this cadaverous native of Prussia, with his flat, snake-like head, lipless mouth, and green spectacles. Germans were at that time singularly unpopular in Denmark; but the Doctor had been long in the Count's household, and was a naturalized Dane; however, I noticed that most of the guests seemed to avoid him, though he was a glib talker and a capital linguist. The majority of those present were Danes, good fathers of families, honest-eyed matrons, laughing children, and fair-haired maidens in plenty; but there was a strange lack of young cavaliers. The young men, the brothers and lovers of these Scandinavian beauties, were all away with the army, not necessarily in the regular regiments, but in some of the companies of urban guards and volunteer militia that had been hastily levied to protect the towns and homesteads from the marauding Free Corps of German invaders.

The day passed off merrily enough. There was a good dinner to be eaten on the grass, with sweet music ringing through the groves around, and with the softened sunlight struggling downwards through the interlacing boughs, and forming a gold-flecked pattern on the smooth green turf. There was dancing presently to the strains of the band, and there were songs, and games for the children, and much merriment and laughter. It was difficult to believe that Denmark was at that very time the seat of war, and that foreign troops, victorious over her best and bravest, were encamped upon her soil. And yet I should have erred very much had I pronounced those around me callous or forgetful, in their selfish enjoyment, of the affliction of their country. The forgetfulness was only apparent, as I was presently to experience to my own cost. But the Danes have a remarkable passion for out-of-door pleasures, and love to make the most of their comparatively short summer; and it was wonderful to see how heartily young and old appeared to delight in this little festival.

I can scarcely explain how it was; but the fact remains, that everybody seemed to be in a conspiracy to bring Christina Torfe and myself together. My own inclinations may have had something to do with the matter, for the Count's eldest daughter was unquestionably the belle of the party, more beautiful, more clever, more winning and gracious than the other girls, and by them also her superiority appeared to be frankly recognized. But Mrs. Hanbury and her daughters, and Madame Torfe as well, were perpetually inviting me to render Mademoiselle Christina some trifling service. At one time Carry Hanbury called on me to explain to dear Christina some passage in her favorite poets, Tennyson and Browning, the diction of which puzzled her foreign eyes. At another I was entreated to sing a second to the same high-born damsel's performance of a German ballad. Then I was adjured to cut the pencil with which the young lady was preparing to sketch the merry groups beneath the gnarled bolls of the oak-trees; and in point of fact I was appointed squire to Mademoiselle Christina by universal con-

sent, and spent the greater part of the sunny hours by her side. She was really very accomplished, and not vain of her attainments; and, as she spoke excellent English, while I was a tolerable proficient in German, our conversation flowed on easily and pleasantly.

"I have heard so much of you, Monsieur, from our friends, those good Hanburys," said Christina Torfe as the day wore on, "that I really feel as if we had been long acquainted. I am very sorry you mean to leave us—to leave Elsinore—so soon; for you are about to depart, Mr. Shaw; is it not so?"

There was a slight tone of sadness in her voice, as she said this in the most natural way in the world,—just such a tinge of regret as we must all frequently feel when we are told at the outset of a pleasant acquaintance that it cannot last long enough to ripen into friendship. None but a coxcomb could have assigned any tenderer meaning to the words or the regretful accents; but, such as they were, they were pleasing to me when spoken by one so beautiful and admired. I replied that I was very sorry to go; but that a barrister's time was not always his own; and, further, that I wished to have leisure for at least a hasty view of the scene of war. Then I stopped short, and felt annoyed at my own awkwardness, for I was reluctant to speak to a Danish girl of events that must recall the defeat and sufferings of her country.

"You are going south,—to Flensburg, Schleswig, and so to Hamburg,—are you not? You will, no doubt, explore the battle-fields, and the spots that have become famous of late," she said, in a grave voice, but with no trace of pique or irritation. "You will doubtless obtain a pass from the German military authorities, so as to be able to see all that is worth notice?"

I replied in the affirmative. I was a pretty good German scholar, having received part of my education at Heidelberg; and I had German friends, one of whom had provided me with a letter to a staff-officer of rank, serving with the Prussian force. I had no doubt of receiving permission, as a neutral spectator, to pass freely through the lines of the Schleswig-Holstein army.

Christina Torfe was silent for a moment; then she lifted her head, and turned her blue eyes beseechingly towards me, saying, in a voice that was half playful, half agitated, "Mr. Shaw, you will perhaps have it in your power to do me a great favor,—that is,"—and now she eagerly corrected herself, coloring slightly the while,— "that is, not a great favor, nothing alarming; but I shall thank you as much as though it were a matter of life and death."

And these words were spoken in a voice that was all but irresistible. I had no desire to resist it. I expressed myself only too much flattered at having it in my power to be of service, even in a trifle, to Mademoiselle Torfe; and I envied the ease with which a Frenchman, in my place, would have rattled off a score of glib compliments. However, I made myself understood.

Still the fair young Dane did not appear in a hurry to explain the precise nature of the commission which I stood pledged to execute; and there were a few moments of silence. We had wandered a little apart from the rest, and were standing on the verge of the grove, just where the trees opened so as to give a clear view to seaward, and where the mouldering ruins of the old fort or castle lay gray and stern among the wild-flowers and green brushwood. Christina Torfe's eyes were bent pensively

on the crumbling fragments of wall, draped with foxglove and heather, and through the fissures in which might be seen the blue sea, dotted over with white sails. She stood thus for a while in silence, impatiently beating on the turf with her little foot, and the expression of her face was such as to perplex me. There was, as it were, a cloud over its bright beauty. The sweet blue eyes were thoughtful and almost stern; the red lip quivered. It was only for some few seconds that this lasted, and then the smile came back to the beautiful face beside me; and Christina said, in her pretty, hesitating English, "I was wishing, Mr. Shaw, that Holger Danske would come to our help in the hour of need, or some other hero in his stead. When those old ruins were a strong fortress, Denmark was not, as now, a prey to any spoiler who could bear us down by weight of numbers. But I must tell you what I am going to ask of you. You are sure, I suppose, to visit the German camp at Eckernfjord, where,"—here her voice trembled again,— "where the prisoners are kept?—our Danish prisoners, I mean?"

I replied in the affirmative, with some expression of sympathy for the sorrows of the brave and kindly little nation to which my fair acquaintance belonged.

"One who is very dear to me—my brother—is there, a prisoner of war," said Christina Torfe; and I noticed that she spoke with emotion, for her voice faltered, and her color deepened, and her blue eyes were downcast.

At that moment I heard a slight rustling among the bushes, such as a dog, or even one of those foxes so common in Danish forests, might have caused; but when I turned my head I could see nothing, and my fair companion was too much absorbed in her own thoughts, apparently, even to hear the faint sound. She lifted her eyes to mine at last, and resuming her usual lively manner, though with a visible effort, she explained the commission with which she ventured to beg me to charge myself. It appeared that her brother, Captain Harald Torfe, fond of smoking, as most Danes are, had a very handsome and favorite cigar-case, a present from some old school-fellow, and which was his inseparable companion. This cigar-case had, through the bungling of the stupid soldier-servant who packed the young officer's portmanteau, been unluckily left behind at Copenhagen; and even before he was unfortunately taken prisoner, the young baron—he was a baron as well as a captain—had twice written to request his relatives to send him this missing treasure, but no safe opportunity had occurred. And now that poor Harald was in captivity, and his life monotonously dull, no doubt he was still more desirous of having his pet case restored to him, since he declared that no cigars taken from any other receptacle possessed the same flavor. Would I—I, George Shaw, of the Inner Temple—forgive Mademoiselle Christina's presumption in trespassing on a stranger's good nature, and convey the cigar-case safely to its gallant owner?

"My brother will thank you heartily, I know; and if, when this dreadful war is over, you should revisit Copenhagen, we should all be so glad," said Mademoiselle Torfe, and then suddenly started and turned pale as the broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and snake-like head of Dr. Blumenbach were protruded from a neighboring thicket, and the doctor himself, blandly smiling and bowing, came pushing his way through the fern and brambles to announce to the "hochwohlgebornen fraulein" that

her very noble papa, his illustrious patient, had twice inquired for her. Nothing could be more politely deferential than the doctor's manner, and I could not help blaming Christina in my heart for the haughtiness with which she received his *suave* civilities. It was evident that he was no favorite with her, and the dry "Thank you, Herr Blumenbach; you will oblige me by telling papa that I shall return directly," was made still more cold and repellent by the freezing glance of the blue eyes. The doctor took the hint in good part, however; rubbed his hands together; bowed, smirked, and, assuring the "gnädige fraulein" that he should have the honor of delivering her message, retired at a brisk pace. We followed, more slowly; and as soon as the bony figure of the doctor had vanished among the smooth stems of the beech-trees, my fair companion exclaimed, passionately, "I hate that man. I am sure he is a spy."

This speech was couched in the Danish tongue, and it seemed to be uttered as a soliloquy rather than addressed to me; but the emphasis with which it was uttered almost startled me.

"A spy?" said I, turning in surprise; "surely not. In the first place, he must be known to and esteemed by Count Torfe; and, besides—"

"Had he but just come up at that moment? or had he been listening?" interrupted Christina, anxiously; and then, seeming to shake off her anxiety by a sudden effort, she told me that she was very foolish, that antipathies were beyond our own control, and that she was quite ashamed of her dislike to Dr. Blumenbach, who was, after all, a clever practitioner, and of much service to her father. As for his being a spy, she laughingly said that his being a German, and his wearing tinted spectacles, were the only grounds for such a suspicion; and even if he were the most ubiquitous of eavesdroppers, we had not been talking state secrets, and might afford to take all Berlin into our confidence. And then we rejoined the party, and the rest of that holiday afternoon was spent without the occurrence of anything worth mentioning.

On Monday morning I started from Elsinore, having in my portmanteau the much-valued cigar-case, which had been forwarded to me on the previous evening, along with a tiny pink note, that contained only a very few words of playful entreaty on the part of Christina Torfe, that I would not forget her commission. I examined the cigar-case with some curiosity. It was a large and handsome one, of embossed silver, very splendidly emblazoned with the Torfe coat of arms, and with a baron's coronet, and the letters H. T. in Gothic characters below the heraldic cognizance. It was lined with Russia leather, and contained six cigars, Havannas of a very good quality, to judge by their pale amber tint and the delicate satin-like smoothness of the twisted leaf. I was scarcely surprised that the owner of this costly pocket companion should be attached to it, especially as it was the gift of an old friend. And I anticipated some pleasure in transferring my charge to its proprietor, whose name, with the number of his regiment, I had duly entered in my pocket-book.

I found but little difficulty in obtaining the pass which I required to enable me to come and go freely within the German lines. The Prussian staff-major, to whom I presented my letter of introduction, did not disguise from me, as he handed me the magic slip of paper signed by Marshal — then Lieutenant-General — Wrangel, that the favor was not one

granted every day to amateur sight-seers. However, I was a friend's friend, and he was satisfied with my word of honor that I was not the bearer of any secret despatches or private messages to any of the Danish partisans within the duchies. Furnished with this document I was permitted to wander at will, exploring the sites of such skirmishes, dignified by the name of battles, as had taken place during that irregular war, to inspect the Dannewerk, and to visit the camp near Eckernford, where the Danish prisoners were kept under a strong guard. Little did I conjecture how soon I should find my own fate involved in theirs!

Guided by a peasant, I walked from the little town of Eckernford across the broad flat fields, speckled with cattle and horses, towards the camp. It was a breezeless autumn day, and the German flags that had been set up on every spire and high roof in the town, hung drooping against the staff, and did not show the gaudy hues of the new national tri-color. The air was close and still, and the tree-crickets chirped more shrilly than usual, while the small coasting craft lay becalmed on the blue stretch of water before me, looking, with their useless sails, like so many white-winged butterflies caught by the feet, and unable to escape. My guide was not talkative, and I was myself rather in a mood for meditation than for converse, so that my thoughts were busy as I passed slowly across the great meadows and skirted the huge farm-houses, which, with their long ranges of outbuildings, had the air of rustic fortresses, and in all of which troops were now quartered.

My thoughts were very apt to dwell upon that scene in the wood, on the day of the picnic at Holgerness. It was not alone that I remembered Christina's rare loveliness, and the affection for her brother which had prompted her to seek every opportunity of alleviating the monotonous sadness of his captivity. But there was something strange in the manner in which the request had been preferred.

The more I thought of it, the harder did I find it to account for the marked agitation which Christina Torfe had displayed during the interview. The favor she had asked at my hands was a very petty one, — one of those trifling services which cannot be refused without churlishness, and which would not, under ordinary circumstances, cost the person who should render them a second thought. Why, then, had there been so much excitement, so much hesitation, on the part of the fair petitioner? I instantly dismissed from my mind the idea, however flattering to myself, that Mademoiselle Torfe was not insensible to the personal merits of George Shaw, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Christina, with her thoughtful eyes and her proud mien, was by no means likely, not only to give away her heart unasked, but to betray a preference for an absolute stranger. Besides this, the Danish aristocracy, though affable and unaffected in social intercourse, still retain their feudal prejudices when matrimony is in question. And the junior barrister, tenant of a grim set of chambers in Pump Court, and thankful for a brief, was no fit match for the daughter of the rich Count Torfe. Still, why had the young lady shown signs of such evident emotion, — emotion, too, which she would manifestly have been glad to hide, and which was intensified by the sudden appearance of that green-spectacled German doctor, who had, I could not but own, the very look of a spy?

"Halt! halt there! Give the word!" called out a beardless Prussian sentinel, whose German had a strong Polish twang in it; and he brought his musket to the "present" as he hailed me. I started at my revery being thus roughly broken in upon, and saw the tents of an encampment close before me, clustered around a great old farm-house over which a flag was hoisted, and which was probably the commandant's quarters. I had arrived at the camp I sought, and a young guardsman from Posen was preparing to prove his skill with the newly-invented "needle-gun" on my person, since I had invaded his post without observing him. I gave the word, however, which I fortunately had received from a civil commissariat officer at Eckernförd, exhibited my pass, and was committed to the charge of a corporal and fatigue party who happened just then to pass. My guide was paid and dismissed, since none of the peasantry, without special license, were suffered to enter the camp, and I was at once escorted into the presence of the officer on duty in the nearest guard-house. This gentleman was polite enough. He read my pass carefully over, compared the signature with an autograph that he had by him, and returned it with a bow.

"You will excuse these formalities, I trust," said the Prussian, smiling good-humoredly. "We have our orders, and our commander, Major Rothenthurm, is not the man to permit any laxity in their execution. And only this morning special instructions—But I will not delay you any longer, Meinherr. You are at liberty to visit all parts of the camp, the grand guard and quarter-general excepted."

I was offered the services of an orderly, as it would be hard for me to find my way without guidance; and as the orderly was an intelligent young fellow with a pleasant face and a civil manner, I thankfully accepted the offer. I found the young German very communicative as we walked side by side up the avenue of tents. His name I forget, but he was from Bonn, and was, I think, the son of a professor there, was well educated, and had been forced into the ranks of the army in compliance with the unbending Prussian rule that makes every man of every degree serve out his time as a soldier. He was a trim, neat specimen of the German military, but he spoke of the service with anything but enthusiasm. It would soon be over, he said, his term of enlistment, and then he should be his "own man" again. He seemed to regard the years spent in the army rather as a tax on his time, a wearisome episode in his life, than anything else; but he took it philosophically, as an unpleasant necessity. The prisoners, he said, were well cared for, and tolerably healthy; but they found the life dull, and no wonder. No one was harsh to them, unless when they tried to escape. Two of them had tried to get away last Saturday, but one had been shot dead, and the other was dying in hospital.

Conversing thus, as we passed between the turf hillocks and sandy hollows that intervened between the quarters of the Prussian guard and those of the Danish prisoners, we almost stumbled over an old man in black clothes of clerical cut, with a broad-brimmed hat, from beneath which fell his long iron-gray hair. He was on his knees, carefully digging up some root with his pocket-knife, and a wallet half full of roots, bulbs, and other objects lay on the ground beside him. He took off his hat and bowed politely to me as a stranger, and I returned the bow and the "golden daeg," and passed on.

"That is old Herr Pastor Kruse, the clergyman

of Eppheim," said the orderly; "though he's a Dane he's free of the camp, by special orders from headquarters. He is an odd old man, but a good pastor, though he certainly must be crazy about botany and entomology to hunt beetles and wild-flowers, as he does; in the very middle of our batteries and battalions. But he is a corresponding member of every learned society in Europe, and Wrangel, Berg, and all the generals know all about him, and he goes where he likes without being molested. But here are the Danes, Meinherr. What was the name of the officer you desired to see?"

"Captain Harald Torfe," I answered, "of the regiment of ——" But here the words died away on my lips as a long loud shout came rolling from afar, and immediately afterwards followed the quick menacing rattle of the Prussian drums. My companion started, while even the Danish prisoners lounging in the sunshine clustered together with anxiety depicted in their faces.

"That is the 'alarm,'" observed my guide. "What can be amiss?" This question was soon set at rest. Twenty soldiers, headed by an officer with his sword drawn, came hurrying up at a run, and several voices demanded, "Where was the Engländer?" And before an answer could be returned, the captain at the head of the party laid his hand heavily on my arm and bade me consider myself under arrest, in the names of the König von Preussen and the commandant of Eckernförd. My first impulse was to shake off his grasp, but the futility of resistance was but too plain.

"What is my offence?" I asked, angrily. The sergeant, who had been interrogating my soldierly guide, here broke eagerly in, —

"Herr Captain, the orderly declares that this Engländer openly avowed his wish to speak with Captain the Baron Harald Torfe, to whom he had something to deliver. That will make matters clearer to the honorable court-martial."

"Bring him along," cried the captain. And between a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets I was hurried away. My expostulations were quite unheeded. Indeed, no one listened to a word I said, and I soon desisted from the useless endeavor to explain my own innocence of all designs hostile to the majesty of Prussia and the Germanic Verein.

Meanwhile the camp, lately so quiet, had become a scene of bustle and uproar. Drums were beating and bugles sounding, mounted officers were galloping furiously to and fro, and already a strong body of troops had got under arms, and stood like a wall around their colors, while from tent and hovel emerged numbers of soldiers hastily buckling on their accoutrements, and running to join the company to which they belonged. The word of command was loud and frequent; a detachment of green-coated Jagers passed me in double-quick time, as I was pushed and jostled towards the farm-house which served for a quarter-general, and the clank and rattle of chain-bridles, mingling with the deep roll and jar of gun-carriages in rapid motion, caused me to look around, as two field-pieces went by at a gallop, the direction taken being that in which lay the quarters of the Danish prisoners.

I had, however, but little leisure to perplex myself with trying to account for these proceedings, since I was dragged into a sort of office, formerly, as I should suppose, the room in which the owner of the farm paid wages and transacted business, for on some shelves there still lay account-books, bunches of dried herbs, samples of pulse and corn, and an old wagon-

whip. But these objects had been thrust aside to make room for shakos, swords, sabretasches, and other military gear, and the chamber was apparently transformed into a bureau of Prussian soldier-clerks. Several orderlies and sergeants were busy in writing at desks rudely-formed of casks and chests, while an aide-de-camp walked to and fro, with his sheathed sword under his arm. To this aide-de-camp my captors made their report with martial brevity, and then the captain retired, leaving the sergeant and the two men who stood on each side of me ready, as their watchful attitude denoted, to use their bayonets in case of the slightest resistance on my part.

I addressed myself to the aide-de-camp, demanding, as calmly as I could, the reason of my arrest. But the Prussian was not disposed to be communicative. He merely frowned, and ordered the sergeant to "keep the prisoner quiet"; and I determined to wait until I should be brought before some superior authority, when I could not doubt that the mistake, whatever it was, would at once be cleared up. I waited and waited, in a fever of annoyance and perplexity, while still the drums beat and the word of command resounded without, and still the military automata around me wrote and ciphered, filling up pages and columns with their neat, small handwriting, till the monotonous scratching of their pens upon the paper grew hateful to my ear. At last the door flew open, and I was bidden to "advance, for the court-martial was ready."

In another minute I found myself in a large room, no doubt the state apartment of the farm-house, the parlor in which the family of the unfortunate proprietor, turned out of their dwelling to accommodate a Royal Prussian commandant, had been wont to assemble on days of high festival. The old-fashioned, well-polished furniture had been woefully knocked about, however; the bright-colored square of carpet was dim with the trampling of muddy boots, the piano had been overturned, and the trim paper on the walls was blackened by caricatures executed with a burnt stick. In this once neat apartment, now in a condition of piteous wreck and disorder, six or seven officers were seated at a table littered with papers, while a number of soldiers and one or two nondescript persons, like clerks in uniform, stood in the background. The most prominent figure, however, was a broad-chested old man, wearing several decorations, and whose white moustache and grizzled head, closely cropped, contrasted with his purple and swollen face. All the other officers were young men, and I could not but doubt that this savage-looking veteran was Major Rothen-thurm, who commanded at Eckernfiord, and whom I had incidentally heard described as a tyrannical martinet.

Major Rothen-thurm eyed me very sternly and grimly, much as a tiger might eye the victim lying crushed beneath his cruel paw, and cut short my efforts at remonstrance with almost a roar of angry imperiousness. He then curtly informed the "court" that the proceedings might begin, as the accused was before it; and at a sign from the major, a sergeant, who acted as greffier, dipped his pen in the ink before him, and prepared to write. The "interrogatory" began at once, and I, indignant as I was at the harsh injustice of my treatment, deemed it best to answer the questions. In answer to the president, I told my name and profession, whence I came, and why I had sought an interview with Captain Torfe, of the Danish service. The cigar-case was drawn from my pocket and handed to the

president. The fierce old officer held it in his clutch, and continued to stare at me with the expression with which a cat surveys a half-dead mouse.

"You have nothing to add to your confession, Herr Shaw?—nothing, I mean, that may give you a claim to the mercy of the court?"

"Nothing, Major Rothen-thurm," I answered, with rising indignation. "I want no mercy from you, but simply to be set at liberty. You are either under some strange delusion, or you are—"

Here a hand was pressed upon my mouth so forcibly that my speech was cut short, while the major looked around, and said sternly to the greffier,—

"Write that the 'suspect' Shaw, native of Warwickshire, England, insults the court and rejects its clemency.—And now, sir, what say you to this proof that your artfully devised scheme to convey concealed despatches to the Danish prisoners has failed to hoodwink the Royal Prussian officers?"

So saying, the major deliberately opened the splendid box of embossed silver, drew out a cigar, and carefully untwisting the outside leaf of amber-hued tobacco, disclosed a tightly-folded roll of delicate tissue paper, thickly written over in small characters, that had hitherto lain invisible in the centre of that treacherous Havanna. A second, and third, and so on to the sixth and last, also gave to view, on the process being repeated, a similar roll of paper. The papers were unrolled, and three of the officers present, being acquainted with the Danish language, undertook to translate the contents for the information of the court. As for myself, I was fairly struck dumb, and I cannot wonder that my surprise and confusion were attributed to conscious guilt. But my ideas had not yet had time to clear when one of the interpreters announced that the contents of the documents so cunningly concealed corresponded with the warning Major Rothen-thurm had received. The despatches were, addressed to Captain Harald Torfe, and urged that officer, well known for his daring and address, to organize an outbreak among the prisoners, and to head a rising on a given day, when the guards might be overpowered, and the escape of all the Danes secured. The writer further promised, that on the day in question a flotilla of Danish gunboats and other small vessels would put into the fiord, prepared not only to embark the escaped captives, but to land a force of marines and seamen to their aid; and so well was the affair planned, that, but for treachery, the scheme might probably have been successful. Nor was I long left in doubt as to the name of the spy who had played a traitor's part. One of the younger officers thoughtlessly said that "Dr. Jacob Blumenbach was a useful bloodhound"; and when those beside the careless speaker uttered a warning "Hush!" the president gruffly remarked that the indiscretion mattered little, since the English "suspect" would not have much chance of holding further intercourse with his Danish friends in Copenhagen. Then I was removed, while the court should deliberate on my case; nor was I permitted to speak again. Indeed, it would have been of little use. I had already related the simple truth, which had been received with sneers and incredulity. I was marched away to the kitchen of the farm, then full of soldiers, who stared at me, but did not address me. Most of these men were convalescents not yet fit for duty; but there was a regular guard, and the sentries at the outer door were doubled. In twenty minutes a young officer, a lieutenant, came out of the farm parlor. His face was pale and his manner

nervous, I thought, as he approached me, a written paper in his hand.

"It is my duty, Herr Shaw, to communicate to you the decision of the court-martial. It is a painful duty, but I cannot reject or modify it," said this gentleman, who seemed a kind-hearted young fellow, and who vainly tried to speak with official formalism as he went on, huskily, "You are found guilty on all the charges. The sentence is — death."

"Death!" I repeated, incredulously. "You are trying to frighten me. This is a jest!"

"It is grim, hard earnest," said the lieutenant, shaking his head; "here is the sentence in writing. You can read German, I believe." And I tried to read the writing which he thrust into my hand, but the written words danced before my eyes, and I was unable to decipher one letter. For an instant I was stupefied. Then I spoke out, and to some purpose. Solemnly I protested my innocence; angrily I inveighed against the glaring mockery of my trial. And I bade my hearer remember that I was an Englishman, and that my country was neither slack nor slow in avenging the blood of any of her people unrighteously shed, so that retribution would not fail to overtake those who should murder me under color of law.

To this the lieutenant replied, not unkindly, that the responsibility rested with Major Rothenthurm alone; that what I said might be true, but that the major was the very last man in the Prussian service to attach weight to the displeasure of a foreign power; that he had a strong dislike to England and Englishmen, and that he was thoroughly bent on making a severe example of me, that future attempts of the sort might be checked. Briefly, orders must be obeyed.

"When is it to be?" asked I, in a voice that did not sound like my own.

"At sunset this day," the lieutenant answered, and left me, directing the sergeant to allow me to sit down, and to let me have any refreshments that I might require, but on no account to lose sight of me for an instant. I was thrust into a chair, and there I sat like one who has received a stunning blow. Presently I heard the sound of a voice addressing me kindly, and I looked up and saw Pastor Kruse, the Danish clergyman, standing over me. He was speaking to me in English, but the words had to be twice repeated before I gathered their meaning.

"This is a sad affair," said the old pastor, "but I, for one, am convinced of your innocence. I have been speaking to the major, but he is obdurate. If you will tell me the plain truth I may save you yet." And indeed, on hearing the whole story from my lips, the good old man declared his intention of setting off at once to General Berg, at Schleswig, — an officer whose authority was paramount in the district, — and of soliciting at least a respite of the iniquitous sentence.

"I know him well. We are brother naturalists, and he is a good man," said the pastor; "and old as my nag and I are, we have strength enough left to make light of the leagues on an errand of mercy. Keep a good heart. Your life is safe, or my name is not Ephraim Kruse." But when hour after hour of that long sultry day went by, and no reprieve arrived, I began greatly to doubt whether or no I could depend on the pastor's cheery assurance. The ride to Schleswig was a long one, and I tormented myself by imagining fifty accidents that might delay the kind clergyman on his way. Even

a lost horseshoe might fatally turn the scales of life and death. And how if the general should be absent? how if he should prove unwilling to reverse the sentence of his truculent subordinate? As the great kitchen clock ticked off the minutes and the hours, I could not help feeling that my life was ebbing with the ebb of that autumn day.

Twice I earnestly entreated to be allowed an interview with Major Rothenthurm, in the vain hope of inducing him to hear reason, but this was denied. Otherwise I was not ill-used. Food was repeatedly offered me, and when I refused it, and asked for writing materials, these were supplied, though I was warned that the letters I wrote would be perused by the commandant, and forwarded or not, according to his good pleasure. I was told, too, that the Danish prisoners were now very closely watched, that guns loaded with grape were pointed at their quarters, and that half the troops in camp were kept under arms to frustrate any outbreak; also that Captain Harald Torfe and other captive officers had been placed in confinement, and were to be questioned in the course of the day.

The day wore on. The shadows grew longer and more slanting, and the level yellow rays of the sinking sun streamed through the western window and fell on the brick floor; but still no signs of Pastor Kruse's embassy having been successful. My mind was growing weary. I had thought long and sadly of dear friends at home, whom I should never see again; of my life so rudely cut short; of my day-dreams never to be realized. I thought, too, of Christina's conduct. The trick was a cruel one; but I was convinced by her agitation, well-remembered now, that she was averse to the part she played in the plot, and that others had persuaded her to dissemble thus. And probably but for the treason of that green-spectacled snake of a German doctor the ruse would have succeeded, and —

"It is time, Herr Shaw," said the young lieutenant, coming in, with his sword drawn, and accompanied by three files of soldiers. Quite passive and apathetic, I permitted myself to be led away, followed by a murmur of compassion from the wounded soldiers in the kitchen. At the outer door the rest of the firing party stood in waiting, and I was conducted onward among the grassy mounds to a spot where there was a deep sandy hollow. Here a grave had been dug. The pioneers had just finished this portion of their work, and they waited, leaning on their spades, to fill in the earth that should cover me from men's sight forever. A rude coffin of unpainted deal lay beside the grave. The firing party was hastily drawn up, and as they faced me, the sergeant produced a handkerchief to bind my eyes. As he touched me I seemed at once to become awake to the dreadful nature of my position.

I began, for the fourth time, to protest my absolute innocence of any military offence, but in vain. I was forced down on my knees, and blindfolded. They left me kneeling beside the trench, and I heard the words, "Attention! Order arms!" The muskets rattled. But then there was a shout, the tramp of a horse, and next a hearty cheer from the soldiers.

"Reprieved! A reprieve for the Engländer! Huzza!"

The bandage was torn from my eyes, and I found myself in presence of an aide-de-camp of General Berg, who had ridden hard from Schleswig, as the condition of his reeking charger proved, but who was only just in time. The general had been absent from the city when Pastor Kruse arrived, and had

not returned until it was almost too late to hope that the messenger of mercy should reach Eckernford before sunset. However, I was saved, and having been sent to Schleswig, was there set at liberty, General Berg being sensible enough to perceive that I had been made a mere scapegoat in the matter.

"You will make the best of your way to England, I suppose," said the general, good-humoredly; "and keep out of old Rothenburg's way in future, I advise you. That old man—he won his way up from the ranks in the French war by sheer dogged courage—is a terrible Turk, and might have involved us sadly with your country but for Pastor Kruse. But I see plainly how ill you have been used. Why, Mademoiselle Christina has no brother at all, as I am informed. The captain is a cousin, and the young people have been betrothed from childhood in the old Danish fashion."

And such was the case; for long afterwards I heard from the Hanburys, whom I found it hard to forgive for their share of the plot, that Count Torfe's eldest daughter had, at the conclusion of the war, been married to Baron Harald, her cousin.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

WHEN a boy I had lessons in French of a Frenchwoman, whose husband was confectioner in the grand ducal kitchen at Darmstadt. One of the sons—he became afterwards a brave and distinguished officer—was a great crony of mine, and with him I often paid a visit to the said ducal kitchen, which for me was not merely a source of material enjoyment.

The steaming, roasting, and boiling which were going on there excited in me the greatest interest, and I could uninterruptedly watch the process of roasting a joint from the first, when it was put raw on the spit, till that consummating moment when the fire had imparted to it a rich brown covering and of sweetest savor.

I observed how the roast-veal was sprinkled with salt, the capons wrapped in slices of bacon; nothing escaped my eager boyish attention.

Hence I have retained a taste for cooking, and in leisure hours occupy myself with the mysteries of the kitchen; with the preparation of articles of human food, and all thereto belonging; in which are not unfrequently included matters of which chemistry knows next to nothing.

Young chemists do not devote their attention to such things, inasmuch as they are little fitted to afford proof of their skill and ingenuity, or to found a claim to recognition in the domain of science. It therefore is left for the older ones to do so.

On the best method of preparing our common beverage, coffee, the opinions both of cooks and connoisseurs considerably diverge; and the difficulty of a decision cannot fail to be appreciated by him who knows that our tinmen and other artificers are yearly adding to the improvement of the half-hundreded biggins or coffee-pots which we already possess.

As my recipe for the preparation of coffee threatens to make all these inventions unnecessary, I risk, of course, making all manufacturers as such my adversaries.

I appeal, however, to the impartiality of those who drink my coffee, all of whom I hope to have on my side.

So much has already been written about the mental influence of tea and coffee upon our mod-

ern society and civilization, that it is useless to dwell on it more particularly here.

But this is certain, that Anne Boleyn must have risen from a breakfast of half a pound of bacon and a quart of beer (mentioned by her in one of her letters) with very different sensations as well as sentiments, from those she would have had, if the meal had consisted only of a cup of coffee or tea with some bread and butter and an egg.

I also pass over unnoticed the national economical importance of coffee, and will merely say a few words on the influence which coffee has had on modern warfare.

In the first Schleswig-Holstein and the last Italian campaign the introduction of coffee very materially contributed to improve the general health of the German and French soldier; and I am assured (by Captain Pfeufer, of the Sanitary Commission in the Bavarian Army) that since the use of coffee in the Bavarian army as beverage for the men, the numbers of soldiers on a march unable to proceed has, in comparison with formerly, very considerably diminished,—so much so, indeed, that sometimes not a man is ill; and this too when the distances have been great and the weather unfavorable.

And Julius Froebel relates ("Seven Years in Central America," p. 228), that for the men accompanying the great trading caravans in Central America, coffee is an indispensable necessity:—"Brandy is only taken as a medicine, but coffee, on the contrary, is an indispensable article, and is drunk twice a day, and in large quantities. The refreshing and strengthening effect of the drink under great toil in heat and in cold, in rain or dry, is extraordinary."

As is well known, the English are masters in the preparation of tea. In preparing coffee, the Germans are, so they assert, greater adepts. It is certain that more coffee is drunk in Germany than tea.

The German *savant* especially prefers coffee to tea, which, perhaps, is because of his habits and of the different effect of the two beverages on the body.

Tea acts directly on the stomach, whose movements sometimes can be so much augmented by it, that strong tea, if taken fasting, inclines to vomiting.

Coffee, on the contrary, furthers the peristaltic movement downwards; and, therefore, the German man of letters, more accustomed to a sitting life, looks on a cup of coffee, without milk, and assisted by a cigar, as a very acceptable means of assisting certain organic processes.

For the same reason, so it is said, Russian ladies have become patronesses of coffee and tobacco.

These remarks prove sufficiently that the preparation of a beverage possessing in the highest degree the above valuable qualities cannot be without interest.

I was originally led to my attempts in this matter by the intention to obtain an extract of coffee, which might be useful for travellers and for armies on a march; and on this occasion I became aware of the influence which the atmosphere, or the oxygen in the atmosphere, exercises on coffee, by which its qualities are very materially deteriorated. I have found that a watery hot extract of roasted coffee, which, when fresh, is perfectly enjoyable, if allowed to evaporate, quickly or slowly, in a high or low temperature, loses by degrees its agreeable flavor from coming in contact with the air; a black mass remains that cannot be entirely redissolved in cold

water, and which on account of its bad taste cannot be used.

Be the method of preparing coffee what it may, it is first requisite to sort the berries. Foreign substances are frequently found among them, bits of wood, feathers, and usually a number of black mouldy berries, which must be taken away; for our sense of taste is so delicate that the smallest admixture cannot escape notice.

Berries of dark or green hue are generally dyed; and these must first be washed in a little water and afterwards dried with a warm linen cloth; with those of a pale color this is unnecessary.

The next operation is the *roasting*. On this depends the good quality of the coffee. In reality the berries should only be roasted until they have lost their horny condition, so that they may be ground, or, as is done in the East, pounded to a fine powder.

Coffee contains a crystalline substance, named *caffeine* or *theine*, because it is also a component part of tea.

This matter is volatile, and every care must be taken to retain it in the coffee. For this purpose the berries should be roasted till they are of a pale-brown color; in those which are too dark there is no caffeine; if they are black the essential parts of the berries are entirely destroyed, and the beverage prepared from these does not deserve the name of coffee.

The berries of coffee, once roasted, lose every hour somewhat of their aroma, in consequence of the influence of the oxygen of the air, which, owing to the porosity of the roasted berries, can easily penetrate.

This pernicious change may best be avoided by strewing over the berries, when the roasting is completed, and while the vessel in which it has been done is still hot, some powdered white or brown sugar (half an ounce to one pound of coffee is sufficient). The sugar melts immediately, and by well shaking or turning the roaster quickly, it spreads over all the berries, and gives each one a fine glaze, impervious to the atmosphere. They have then a shining appearance, as though covered with a varnish, and they in consequence lose their smell entirely, which, however, returns in a high degree as soon as they are ground.

After this operation, they are to be shaken out rapidly from the roaster and spread on a cold plate of iron, so that they may cool as soon as possible. If the hot berries are allowed to remain heaped together, they begin to sweat, and when the quantity is large the heating process, by the influence of air, increases to such a degree that at last they take fire spontaneously. The roasted and glazed berries should be kept in a dry place, because the covering of sugar attracts moisture.

If the raw berries are boiled in water, from 23 to 24 per cent of soluble matter is extracted. On being roasted till they assume a pale chestnut color, they lose 15 to 16 per cent, and the extract obtained from these by means of boiling water is 20 to 21 per cent of the weight of the unroasted berries. The loss in weight of the extract is much larger when the roasting process is carried on till the color of the berries is dark-brown or black. At the same time that the berries lose in weight by roasting they gain in volume by swelling; 100 volume of green berries give, after roasting, a volume of 150 to 160; or two pint measures of unroasted berries give three pints when roasted.

The usual methods of preparing coffee are, first, by *filtration*; second, by *infusion*; third, by *boiling*.

Filtration gives often, but not always, a good cup of coffee. When the pouring the boiling water over the ground coffee is done slowly, the drops in passing come in contact with too much air, whose oxygen works a change in the aromatic particles, and often destroys them entirely. The extraction, moreover, is incomplete. Instead of 20 to 21 per cent, the water dissolves only 11 to 15 per cent, and 7 to 10 per cent is lost.

Infusion is accomplished by making the water boil, and then putting in the ground coffee; the vessel being immediately taken off the fire and allowed to stand quietly for about ten minutes. The coffee is ready for use when the powder swimming on the surface falls to the bottom on slightly stirring it. This method gives a very aromatic coffee, but one containing little extract.

Boiling, as is the custom in the East, yields excellent coffee. The powder is put on the fire in cold water, which is allowed merely to boil up a few seconds. The fine particles of coffee are drunk with the beverage. If boiled long, the aromatic parts are volatilized, and the coffee is then rich in extract, but poor in aroma.

As the best method, I adopt the following, which is a union of the second and the third:—

The usual quantities both of coffee and water are to be retained; a tin measure containing half an ounce of green berries, when filled with roasted ones, is generally sufficient for two small cups of coffee of moderate strength, or one, so called, large breakfast-cup (one pound of green berries, equal to 16 ounces, yielding after roasting 24 tin measures [of $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce] for 48 small cups of coffee).

With three fourths of the coffee to be employed, after being ground, the water is made to boil for ten or fifteen minutes. The one quarter of the coffee which has been kept back is then flung in, and the vessel immediately withdrawn from the fire, covered over, and allowed to stand for five or six minutes. In order that the powder on the surface may fall to the bottom, it is stirred round; the deposit takes place, and the coffee poured off is ready for use. In order to separate the dregs more completely, the coffee may be passed through a clean cloth; but generally this is not necessary, and often prejudicial to the pure flavor of the beverage.

The first boiling gives the strength, the second addition the flavor. The water does not dissolve of the aromatic substances more than the fourth part contained in the roasted coffee.

The beverage when ready ought to be of a brown-black color; untransparent it always is, somewhat like chocolate thinned with water; and this want of clearness in coffee so prepared does not come from the fine grounds, but from a peculiar fat resembling butter, about twelve per cent of which the berries contain, and which, if over-roasted, is partly destroyed.

In the other methods of making coffee, more than the half of the valuable parts of the berries remains in the "grounds," and is lost.

To judge as favorably of my coffee as I do myself, its taste is not to be compared with that of the ordinary beverage, but rather the good effects might be taken into consideration which my coffee has on the organism. Many persons, too, who connect the idea of strength or concentration with a dark or black color, fancy my coffee to be thin and weak, but these were at once inclined more favorably

directly I gave it a dark color by means of burnt sugar, or by adding some substitute.

The real flavor of coffee is so little known to most persons, that many who drank my coffee for the first time doubted of its goodness, because it tasted of the berries. A coffee, however, which has not the flavor of the berry is no coffee, but an artificial beverage, for which many other things may be substituted at pleasure. Hence it comes that if to the decoction made from roasted chicory, carrots, or beetroots, the slightest quantity of coffee be added, few persons detect the difference. This accounts for the great diffusion of each such substitute. A dark mixture, with an empyreumatical taste, most people fancy to be coffee. For tea there are no substitutes, because everybody knows what real tea is like.

Heating qualities have generally been attributed to coffee, and for this reason it is avoided by many people: however, these heating qualities belong to the volatile products called forth by the destruction of the soluble parts of the berries in the process of roasting. Coffee prepared in my manner is not heating, and I have found that it may be taken after dinner without disturbing the digestion; a circumstance which, with me at least, always takes place after the enjoyment of strongly-roasted coffee.

For special cases, such as journeys and marches, where it is impossible to be burdened with the necessary machines for roasting and grinding, coffee may be carried in a powdered form, and its aromatic properties preserved by the following process:—One pound of the roasted berries are reduced to powder and immediately wetted with a syrup of sugar, obtained by pouring on three ounces of sugar two ounces of water, and letting them stand a few minutes. When the powder is thoroughly wetted with the syrup, two ounces of finely-powdered sugar are to be added, mixed well with it, and the whole is then to be spread out in the air to dry. The sugar locks up the volatile parts of the coffee, so that when it is dry they cannot escape. If coffee is now to be made, cold water is to be poured over a certain quantity of the powder and made to boil. Ground coffee prepared in this way, and which lay exposed to the air for one month, yielded, on being boiled, as good a beverage as one made of freshly-roasted berries.

A ROYAL POET.

KING OSCAR of Sweden is one of the most accomplished monarchs of Europe. His paintings, principally depicting the fine scenery of his country, are extremely beautiful. From his poems — they now lie before us in three small volumes — we give the two following, translated, at the request of the Queen-Dowager, by Mary Howitt. They were read this last summer before the court, by Herr Alberg, who gave in Stockholm a series of English readings, the English language being at this time greatly admired and studied in Sweden:—

THE HEART'S HOME.

Where is thy home? Thus to my heart appealing I spake. Say thou who hast had part
In all my inmost being's deepest feeling,
Where is thy proper home? Tell me, my heart!
Is it where peaceful groves invite to leisure,
And silvery brooklets lapse in easy measure?
No, no, my heart responded, no!

Where is thy home? Amid the tempests' anger,
And torrents leaping wild from rock to rock,
Where the bold hunter finds delight in danger,
And bleeding victims fall beneath his stroke?
Or is it 'mid the artillery's thundering rattle,
The clash of swords, the roar and rush of battle?
Calmly my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Perchance where tropic
splendor,
In golden luxury of light, calls forth
The purple grape; perchance, 'midst roses tender
Thou revelest in the beauty of the South.
Is that thy home, beneath the palm-tree shadows?
And ever-verdant summer's flowery meadows,
Still, still my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Is it 'mid icebergs hoary,
The crags and snow-fields of the Arctic strand,
Where the midsummer's midnight sees the glory
Of sunset and of sunrise, hand in hand,
Where 'twixt the pine-trees gleams the snow-drift's
whiteness,
And starry night flames with auroral brightness?
But still my whispering heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Is it within her presence,
Whose heart responsive pulses to thy love,
Who taught of suffering the divinest essence,
When hope was dead in life's sweet myrtle grove?
Is that the home in which thy wishes centre?
Yes, of a truth, the shrine which none may enter!
But mournfully again my heart said, No!

Where is thy home? Say if perchance it lieth
In that prefigured land of love and light,
Whither, they say, the soul enfranchised lieth
When earthly bonds no longer check her flight?
Is there thy home? Those unknown realms elysian
Which shine beyond the stars, a heavenly vision?
Then first my heart made answer, Yes!

There is my home, it said, with quick emotion;
My primal home to which I am akin.
Though earthly fires may call forth my devotion,
Yet I forget not Heaven's pure flame within.
Amidst the ashes still a spark surviveth
Which ever yearneth heavenward, ever striveth
To be with God, who is my home!

AUTUMN FAREWELL TO DROTNINGHOLM.*

The glorious summer sun already leaneth
Towards distant lands, and that resplendent glow,
Which, late at eve, flamed upward to the zenith,
No longer now the Norrland fields shall know.
And wood and mead, which, in their vernal glad-
ness,
Laughed out to man beneath the azure sky,
Stand wan and sere, and clouds weep tears of sad-
ness,
And even the little birds sit silent by.

Yet still how gratefully my memory treasures
The lovely peace of each sweet summer day,
When heaven itself brought down to earth its pleas-
ures,
And winds their warfare changed to merry play;
When flowers sent up their offering of sweetness,
As incense to the God of day and night,
And lifted to the sun their fair completeness
Obedient to the holy law of light.
But all, alas! on earth is transitory,
And laughter changes soon to sorrow's tear;

* Drottningholm is the Versailles of Sweden.

As the green herb, anon, foregoes its glory,
 So man advances onward to his bier.
 Yet if the faithful heart have kept in clearness
 The sunny moments of the passing day,
 Still shall they cast amidst autumnal dreariness
 Of the lost summer a surviving ray.

Thus muse I, as my fond farewell is spoken,
 Thou loveliest pearl beside the Mälar coast.
 Nor shall sweet memory's bond 'twixt us be broken,
 Where'er my bark on life's rough sea be tossed !
 To thee my heart will yearn when sorrow shroudeth
 My world of thought, and all is dark as night ;
 And if thick mist the future overcloudeth,
 I will ascend unto the past delight.

Farewell, ye hills and valleys, groves and meadows,
 Where Flora scattered all her pomp abroad,
 And elves amidst the full moon's lights and shadows
 Traced magic rings in dances on the sward ;
 Thou shore, reed-garlanded, where softly stringing
 His harp at eve the Necken charms the scene ;
 Thou wood, made musical with wild birds' singing,
 And waters lapsing through the leafy screen.

Farewell, thou starry eve, so oft reflected
 In the still waters, where my light bark drove
 The downward depth which still my gaze rejected,
 Turning instead unto the heaven above ;
 Have thanks for all the quiet joy supernal,
 Which in my heart's recess by thee was laid,
 The whilst thy azure vault of truth eternal
 Expanded as a blessing, o'er my head !

Farewell, thou lovely scene ! The heart's deep feeling
 Gives forth these accents of my parting song !
 Yet thou in memory wilt be sorrow's healing,
 And speed the mournful winter night along ;
 I'll think of thee when autumn fogs are glooming,
 O Drottningholm ! for still thy sun will shine :
 Thou art to me in every season blooming,
 And peaceful lilies round thy name entwine !

FOREIGN NOTES.

NOT a bad hint is the following : The guards of the trains on the Swedish railways are required to have a knowledge of the elements of surgery, that in case of accidents they may be able to render medical assistance. An ambulance, fitted up with every requisite, forms part of each train.

MR. BRETON, says the London Reader, is a bit of a wag. He has just published in the series of his reprints of American works, Mr. J. Godfrey Saxe's humorous poems, under the title of "The Times, The Telegraph, and other Poems, complete in one volume, and including, in the hope of securing English Copyright, one Note not by the Editor of the Biglow Papers."

A SOMEWHAT noticeable publication has recently been issued, at Peking, in the shape of a translation into Chinese of Wheaton's International Law, which, at the instance of the United States Minister, has been brought out at the expense of the Imperial government. The translation is the work of an American missionary, the Rev. A. P. Martin, whose rough version has been recast into classical Chinese by a commission of four native officials, of high literary rank, under the auspices of the Foreign Board.

RARE fragments of rich old Rome are daily turning up from out of the grave of the Eternal City.

The Mount Palatine is being pierced by Papal authority, and thence have recently come to light new traces of the gorgeous Imperial Palace, — frescoed chambers, superbly adorned with *bassi-rilievi*, marble columns, one or two statues, fine though mutilated, and a bust of Britannicus of the best period of Art. At Ostia discoveries equally interesting have been made ; and among the vines, near the Baths of Caracalla, Monsignore Guidi has come upon a magnificent mosaic, representing a skeleton, life size, with the inscription, in Greek letters, signifying "Know Thyself." This last is supposed to be of the time of the Antonines.

A CURIOUS discovery has just been made at Ferté Bernard, in France. While digging in the Place de la Croix-Buisée, in front of the Church of Cherré, the workmen came upon a number of skeletons buried only a few inches beneath the surface ; one of these had a large iron ring passed between the bones of the leg, and which, consequently, must have been riveted on through the flesh, unless, indeed, it was placed there after death, which is scarcely conceivable. Attached to this ring were several links of a heavy chain. Near the spot where the skeletons were found stood, previous to the year 1200, a gate of the old wall which divided the town of Ferté from the Commune of Cherré. The Place de la Croix-Buisée was outside the wall, and is supposed to have been the place for the execution of criminals. The relics have been sent to the Museum of Mans.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a curious story illustrative of the keen supervision of the French government in regard to the press : — An Englishman living in France was breakfasting with the prefect of his department. Talking of journals, the prefect said, "Vous, Monsieur, qui lisez *Le Nord*," — and was going on, when the Englishman called out, "Mais, M. le Préfet, comment savez-vous que je lis *Le Nord* ?" M. le Préfet was at first rather embarrassed by the unexpected inquiry, but at length gave the following explanation : Every postmaster has to report to the Commissaire de Police the names of the journals which pass through his office, and of the persons to whom they are addressed. This report is transmitted at frequent intervals to the prefect, who is thus kept *au courant* of the political tastes and tendencies of his *administrés*. Among other considerations suggested by this little incident, is the paucity of newspaper readers which such an arrangement implies. Just imagine an English postmaster writing his daily list, or a mayor, justice of the peace, or other functionary studying the returns from every village !

THE Paris correspondent of the London Times tells of the increasing extravagance in the manufacture and decoration of the trinkets and toys sold as *étrennes*. A young lady or gentleman of seven will look with supreme scorn at any toy that costs less than 150*f*. There are effigies of Punch that cost 1,000*f*, and dolls from 3*f*. to 4,000*f*. For the last fortnight you might see crowds stationed before the windows of a well-known confectioner in the Rue de la Paix, admiring the *bonbonnières*, — for it is the box or the *sac*, and not its contents, that is so highly prized — of the latest fashion. This specimen of Parisian ingenuity, this *sac aux bonbons*, is represented by two ladies, one of the First Empire, the other of the Second, — the one of 1806 in grand costume, glittering in gold and precious stones, and with a train of crimson velvet, which she holds up

with one hand; and the one of 1866 in a dress of green velvet, embroidered with escutcheons, and covered over with garlands of flowers. The deficiency in the "body" of the dress is great, but is more than compensated by the vast amplitude of the lower part; and it may be said that never was court train or crinoline turned to better account, for it is in them that the bonbons are contained. These Imperial dolls cost 25,000*f.* apiece! There are others a little cheaper, intended as portraits of the principal actresses of the minor theatres.

BARON BIEDERMANN, of Leipzig, well known as a thorough scholar of the Goethe literature, has published two volumes, — "Goethe and Leipzig: at the Centenary return of the Day on which Goethe became Student at the University of Leipzig (19th October)." The author has succeeded, notwithstanding the careful turning up of every classical stone before him, in throwing some new light on different points, and in obtaining a goodly number of letters by Goethe, hitherto unprinted; among which the most important are the letters to Herr Herrmann, afterwards burgomaster, and to his son, the celebrated philologist; to Consul Küstner, and to the poor student of theology, Goethe's next-room neighbor at Leipzig, and to whom he sent a few *louis-d'or* from Strasburg, because it struck him suddenly that the other might want the money. Through Baron Biedermann's careful inquiries, we find the circle of Goethe's acquaintances at Leipzig enlarged. It is particularly interesting to see J. J. Engel in this circle, who, with Corona Schröter and Goethe, took part in private theatricals. If there is anything to blame in a book which reads pleasantly, and from which the author tried to banish all appearance of learned commentatorship, it is that we do not always find the sources named. It is satisfactory for the friends of the great poet on whom so many are always ready to pass judgment, that, wherever we may follow the young student, through this work, into all the nooks and corners of his student life, he need not fear the scrutiny of the spectator: his life is pure and blameless. On the whole, this work may serve as a supplement to Otto Jahn's meritorious book on Goethe at Leipzig.

SOME injuries are described as sufficient to make the very stones cry out. The stones of Paris have not yet found themselves a voice, but they have found advocates and complainants, on their part, without number. Broad streets instead of miserable alleys, good drainage in place of antique smells, and fresh instead of fetid air, have not reconciled the Bohemians of Paris to the interference with their territories. Antiquaries, and many others, deplore the destruction of streets and houses around which clung crowds of associations, political, literary, and social. Splendid new buildings have not reconciled the world to double rents; and the supply of cheap lodgings in outlying districts is not held by the poorer classes as a satisfactory excuse for the destruction of the beloved, though miserable garrets, in the centre of the town. These feelings represent, as in most such matters, a mixed mass of prejudice, error, and well-founded complaints; but the balance remains in favor of the system, which, at the cost of an enormous outlay and some injustice, has rendered Paris, what she never was before, convenient, clean, and comparatively healthy. But all matters may be pushed to excess; and there is a strong feeling that the energetic Prefect of the Seine has committed a great error in proposing to cut

down that splendid lung of Southern Paris, the Bohemian garden of delight, the famous, well-worn Luxembourg. A considerable portion of these gardens, as well as a number of old streets adjacent, are doomed to fall into the chart of M. Haussmann's improvements, and the Quartier Latin can see nothing in the project but a means of securing a million or so for the city coffers by the sale of ground which has always been looked upon as sacred to the Muses. Another project, said to be under consideration, causes almost as loud and general a protest. It is said that the Rue Castiglione is to be continued through the Tuileries Gardens to the river; and that a new bridge will form with it a direct communication with the other side of the Seine. But this is not all; rumor says that the portion of the now public garden, left between the new street and the Tuileries, is to be added to the private garden of the palace; and that the other part, with its fine old horsechestnut-trees, is to be suppressed. We can scarcely believe that this report is well founded. There has been a talk for some years of a bridge over the river at the spot referred to, for the convenience of pedestrians, especially, and the new project may, after all, be only the old one magnified. We cannot imagine that the Tuileries Gardens, which, with the exception of those of the Palais Royal, form the only place of recreation in the heart of the city, will be seriously interfered with. It would be hurling defiance in the very face of young France, who has made the Tuileries Gardens his special playground. It is said that it is finally decided that the new square, which is being formed in front of the *Théâtre Français*, shall be named after the Maid of Orleans, and thus commemorate the attempt which she made, on that very spot, to wrest the capital of France from the enemy, on the 8th of December, 1429, and in which she was wounded. It is curious that no place or street in Paris has been named after the heroine, and that no statue of her exists in the capital of France.

DEATH has been busy among the *savants*. The ranks of our workers have been sadly thinned during the past year. Natural Science especially has to mourn the loss of some of her most distinguished followers. In the twelve months which have glided by, the spirits of Hooker, Lindley, Fitzroy, Falconer, Woodward, Schomburgh, Remak, Piria, Bakie, Waterton, Malgaigne, Cuming, and Paxton have passed from among us.

Sir William Jackson Hooker was born at Norwich, in 1785, and, although intended by his parents for mercantile pursuits, devoted himself to the study of botany at an early period of his life. Prior to his appointment to the mastership of the gardens at Kew, he held a professorship of botany at Glasgow. He was for sixty years engaged in the cultivation of botanical science, and the various journals bear ample testimony to the value of his labors.

Dr. John Lindley was born in Norfolk, in the year 1799. He had published several treatises upon botany, some of which have become recognized school and college handbooks. As a teacher in his capacity of Professor in University College, he held a high reputation; but as a deep thinker he was not held in much esteem. He observed carefully, and recorded his observations clearly; when he attempted to generalize, he failed, and his systematic arrangement of plants was never regarded as a philosophic one. His "Vegetable Kingdom" articles in the "Penny Cyclopædia," and his editorship

of the Gardener's Chronicle, are evidence of his industry and love of his pursuit.

Dr. Hugh Falconer was born in 1808, and was chiefly remarkable for his several valuable essays upon questions relating to palæontology, especially those concerning the Quaternary deposits. In 1832 he had charge of the Botanic Gardens at Saharunpore, and it was mainly through his exertions that the government was induced to cultivate tea and cinchona in the Himalayas. During the later years of his life he was resident among us, and it will be remembered came under the notice of the general public in connection with the celebrated Abbeville.

Dr. Samuel Woodward, a most distinguished conchologist and enthusiastic student of palæontology, was born at Norwich in the year 1821. In 1845 he was appointed to the Chair of Botany and Geology in the Royal Agricultural College of Cirencester, and in 1848 he received an appointment in the Natural History Department of the British Museum. His contributions to scientific journals were numerous and important; but the work which, more than all his other labors, will tend to immortalize him, is his splendid treatise on "Recent and Fossil Shells."

Sir Joseph Paxton was born in the year 1804, and, although he was less remarkable for his scientific worth than for his artistic taste as a landscape gardener, his Botanical Dictionary and Magazine of Botany entitled him to a certain status in botanical science. His greatest achievement was the plan of the Crystal Palace, and this alone will cause his name to be long remembered both by the public and his profession.

Sir Robert W. Schomburgh was more of a geographer than a botanist, though he distinguished himself in both these capacities. In 1835 he undertook the exploration of Guiana, and discovered the *Victoria regia*, that prince — or shall we say princess? — of aquatic plants. On the completion of his survey of Guiana, he received the order of Knighthood; and the latter portion of his lifetime was spent in Siam, where he held the post of consul.

Admiral Fitzroy, who was born in 1805, reaped many laurels as naturalist and meteorologist. As Captain Fitzroy, he commanded the *Beagle*, and was thus associated with Darwin's celebrated journal. The later portion of his career was devoted to the study of meteorology, which he may be said to have first converted into a practical science. His prediction of storms and his weather signals have made him an authority in the mouths of our sea-faring population.

Sir John Richardson, the great Arctic explorer and naturalist, was born in 1787. His scientific writings, says one of his biographers, fill up some twenty volumes, treating mainly of the zoology of mammals, birds, and fishes, and most instructively of the distribution of species. He made two Arctic expeditions under the command of Sir John Franklin.

The following are the names of some other great men who have died during the year 1865:— Charles Waterton, the naturalist; Balfour Bakie, the African traveller; Hugh Cuming, the conchologist; Professor Malgaigne, the French surgeon; Herr Remak, the Prussian anatomist; Signor Piria, the distinguished Italian chemist; Professor Valenciennes, the great French ichthyologist; Professor Gratiolet, the Dutch anatomist; and Captain William Henry Smyth, the eminent hydrographer.

NAUGHTY NELLY.

So sweet she is, so sweet and fair,
Such glow and glory grace her hair,
I often used to wish she were
A little more divine.

I sadly wished in her to see
A little less of giggling glee,
A little less of coquetry,
And pertness, and design:

I wished that she had learnt at school,
Not, how to win men and to rule
By making wise ones play the fool,
And foolish ones adore;

But, how to use the charms she had
In cheering hearts that else were sad,
And making one heart always glad,
And blest forevermore.

I wished — but wishing is a trade
For boys and simple maidens made;
And, if I tried it, I'm afraid
I could not set her free

From all the tricks and trumperies
That keep her nature in disguise,
And will not let her cast her eyes
On quiet folks like me.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

CIVITAS DEL

THE roads are long and rough, with many a bend,
But always tend

To that Eternal City, and the home
Of all our footsteps, let them haste or creep
That city is not Rome.

Great Rome is but a heap
Of shards and splinters lying in a field
Where children of to-day
Among the fragments play,
And for themselves in turn new cities build.

That City's gates and towers
Know nothing of the earth's all-famous flags;
It hath its own wide region, its own air.
Our kings, our lords, our mighty warriors
Are not known there.
The wily pen, the cannon's fierce report,
Fall very short.

Where is it? Tell who can.
Ask all the best geographers' advice.

'Tis builded in no valley of Japan
Or secret Asia, nor in isle unfound
As yet, nor in a region calm and warm,
Enclosed from every storm,
Within the magical and monstrous bound
Of polar ice.

Where is it? Who can tell?
Yet surely know,
Whatever land or city you may claim
And count as yours,

From elsewhere you came,
Elsewhither must you go;
Ev'n to a City with foundations low
As Hell, with battlements Heaven-high,
Which is eternal; and its place and name
Are mystery.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

[No. 6.

SHADOWS OF THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.*

A BOOK has been written on the fertile subject of what men have said of women. There is room for a companion volume, to be called, "What Authors have said of Publishers." Horace's slight mention of the *Soni* is about our earliest instance, and though Horace's allusion to them is generally taken as a panegyric, we are not certain that it implies more friendly relations between men of letters and men of books in Rome than those which have generally existed. We do not know, Macaulay tells us, what *Bavius* and *Mævius* wrote about *Mæcenas*. We do not know that *Virgil* was well treated by his publisher; that *Juvenal* did not include his in a satire; that *Lucilius* did not give his a kick with the foot which his habits of composition left him at liberty to employ. But we might perhaps infer it from what we know of modern authors. *Dryden* trembled at the thought of *Tonson's* spoken incivilities, and vented himself in written incivilities which produced even more effect. *Pope* satirized some of his publishers and defamed others. *Johnson* knocked one down with a *folio*. In more recent times *Campbell*, when called upon for a toast at a literary dinner, gave the health of *Napoleon* because he had shot a bookseller. One of the wittiest stanzas in *Coleridge's Devil's Walk* is that in which the *Devil* claims kin with a publisher:—

"For I myself sat like a cormorant once
Upon the tree of knowledge."

But we will not multiply instances. These were suggested by the book before us, in which *Mr. Charles Knight*, after having served the public both as author and publisher, revives many pleasant associations of both branches, and gives both branches the benefit of his experience, after having done all he could to promote a good understanding between them by his example.

Years have passed since *Mr. Knight* published the youthful works of *Præd* and *Macaulay*; and he can now speak with all the authority of those years when he tells authors and publishers that if they understood their mutual interests there would be little distinction between them; lean kine and fat kine would both flourish on the same pastures. Unfortunately there is little chance of this hope being realized. Both authors and publishers understand their own interests too well to think of each others' interests.

There are of course some cases in which both have worked in concert, just as there are cases when the publisher has been of the greatest assistance to the

author. *Millar*, whom *Johnson* respected because he raised the price of literature; *Doddsley*, who suggested the English dictionary to the "great lexicographer"; *Elmsley*, whom *Gibbon* honored as a friend and companion, may be taken as fair types of the ideal publisher.

But how many such occur in the list of old booksellers, and how many more have succeeded them since publishing has risen to its present rank? The price of literature has risen very much since *Millar* gave *Fielding* £ 200 for a novel. The whole system has changed since *Jacob Tonson* wrote to *Pope*: "I remember I have formerly seen you in my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no one shall be more careful in printing it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, sir," &c. All the relations between authors and publishers are different from those in force when few literary bargains were settled without a dinner, and business was discussed in coffee-houses with the prospect of a "whet."

But these changes in the external aspect of things have not been accompanied by a growth of confidence and friendship. Clipped money has been superseded by protested bills. We believe nothing was ever said by an author of any old bookseller as severe as what was said of a modern publisher by a novelist of distinction. And it was a modern author who made the parable of the Good Samaritan run, "A certain man went down to Paternoster Row, and fell among thieves," and the eighteenth chapter of *St. John* end with the words, "Now, *Barabbas* was a — publisher."

The worst of the shadows chosen by *Mr. Knight* for his dissolving views is that of *Curl*, whose life and personal appearance are almost as nauseous as are the things written against him by *Swift* and *Pope*.

One of the pleasantest shadows is that of *Richardson*. *Mr. Knight* has of course a fellow-feeling with the bookseller of *Salisbury Square* and author of *Clarissa*. An interesting fact connected with his works, and one of equal value in a bookselling as in a purely literary point of view, is that *Pamela* sprang from a request made to *Richardson* by two of his trade. "Two booksellers," he says, "my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a little volume of letters in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. 'Will it be any harm,' said I, 'in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as

* *Shadows of the Old Booksellers.* By CHARLES KNIGHT.

indite?' They were the more urgent with me to begin the little volume for this hint. I set about it, and in the progress of it wrote two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue. And hence sprang *Pamela*." And hence, too, sprang *Joseph Andrews*. A request from some booksellers for a polite letter-writer produced two such novels. Mr. Knight alludes briefly to the feud between Richardson and Fielding, and enters a passing protest against Thackeray's contemptuous mention of the "puny Cockney bookseller, pouring out endless volumes of sentimental twaddle." It is certainly some extenuation of Richardson's prejudices that he had been a kind and early friend to Fielding. He might have looked on Fielding's ridicule as deep ingratitude, while to Fielding's broader, heartier nature, such ridicule was perfectly legitimate.

But if on this occasion Richardson met with such treatment at the hands of a brother author, he might have been consoled by the compliment another author paid him in his double capacity. Young wrote to him, "Suppose in the title-page of the *Night Thoughts* you should say, 'Published by the Author of *Clarissa*!'" Judging from another anecdote in Mr. Knight's volume, Young was by no means a blind worshipper of publishers. He was once in correspondence with both Tonson and Lintott about the printing of one of his works, and answering both their letters the same morning, he misdirected them both in his hurry. When Lintott opened the one that was addressed to him, he read, "That Bernard Lintott is so great a soundrel —."

So far we have been considering what authors have said of publishers. But here is another side to the account, — what publishers have said of authors. What Millar said of Johnson when he received the last sheet of the dictionary was, "Thank God, I have done with him!" Griffiths, the hard taskmaster of Goldsmith, accused that author of idleness, threatened him with a jail, and called him sharper and villain. Lintott's views on the subject of authors were clearly stated in his journey to Oxford with Pope. He thought Pope might translate the *Odes* of Horace in his leisure hours, but he was generally hard on translators, and shut the mouths of critics with a piece of beef and a slice of pudding. Translators, he said, were the saddest pack of rogues in the world; they would take up a Greek book and say it was Hebrew; and would pretend to a knowledge of all the Patristic literature, when they could not tell in reality whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ.

Naturally enough a bookseller's judgment of any book turned on its success or failure. In an account of the Chapter Coffee-house and the booksellers who frequented it, quoted by Mr. Knight from the *Connoisseur* where George Colman began his literary career, we read that "the conversation turns upon the newest publications, but the criticisms are somewhat singular. When the booksellers say a good book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. A few nights ago I saw one of these gentlemen take up a sermon, and after seeming to peruse it for some time with great attention, he declared it was very good English. The reader will judge whether I was most surprised or diverted when I discovered that he was not commending the purity and elegance of the diction, but the beauty of the type which, it seems, is known among the printers by that appellation." On these

principles the booksellers would have been great admirers of Gibbon, the first volume of whose *Decline and Fall* passed through three editions in two years. Mr. Knight gives us the account presented to Gibbon by Messrs. Strahan and Cadell after the third edition. The expense of publication amounted to £310, the sale of one thousand copies to £800, and of the £490 of profit Gibbon received two thirds, namely, £326 13s. 4d., and the publishers the remainder. Hume's *History* was not so fortunate, and did not answer the bookseller's test so well as Gibbon's *History*. There were only forty-five copies sold in the first twelve months. Mr. Knight takes occasion from this to aim a rather misplaced and not more deserved hit at the *Student's Hume*, which may be "the cruellest of devices for assailing the reputation of Hume," as it corrects his inaccuracy, but is perhaps none the less useful to the student. The charms of Hume's style have never been disputed, but style is not the first thing in history. If Mr. Knight values it so highly he should have avoided one or two blemishes in his own work, especially the habit of always mentioning Johnson as "rolling," — "a gigantic figure, with a huge face scarred by disease, rolled into his shop," — "a burly man was rolling along the labyrinth of dirty streets and alleys that then separated Oxford Market from Pall Mall." One touch of this nature lights up a page, but the repetition of it has just the contrary effect.

We do not wish to part from Mr. Knight on bad terms, as we owe him too many obligations for past works as well as for this collection of shadows. His pages abound in anecdote and illustration, and fill up clearly and pleasantly an important chapter in the annals of English literature.

A NIGHT IN A WORKHOUSE.

AT about nine o'clock on the evening of Monday the — instant, a neat but unpretentious carriage might have been seen turning cautiously from the Kennington-road into Princes-road, Lambeth. The curtains were closely drawn, and the coachman wore an unusually responsible air. Approaching a public house, which retreated a little from the street, he pulled up; but not so close that the lights should fall upon the carriage door, not so distant as to unsettle the mind of any one who chose to imagine that he had halted to drink beer before proceeding to call for the children at a juvenile party. He did not dismount, nor did any one alight in the usual way; but any keen observer who happened to watch his intelligent countenance might have seen a furtive glance directed to the wrong door, — that is to say, to the door of the carriage which opened into the dark and muddy road. From that door emerged a sly and ruffianly figure, marked with every sign of squalor. He was dressed in what had once been a snuff-brown coat, but which had faded to the hue of bricks imperfectly baked. It was not strictly a ragged coat, though it had lost its cuffs, — a bereavement which obliged the wearer's arms to project through the sleeves two long inelegant inches. The coat altogether was too small, and was only made to meet over the chest by means of a bit of twine. This wretched garment was surmounted by a "bird's-eye" pocket-handkerchief of cotton, wisped about the throat hangman fashion; above all was a battered billy-cock hat, with a discoloured drooping brim. Between the neckerchief and the lowering brim of the hat appeared part of a face, unshaven, and not scrupulously clean. The

man's hands were plunged into his pockets, and he shuffled hastily along in boots, which were the boots of a tramp indifferent to miry ways. In a moment he was out of sight, and the brougham, after waiting a little while, turned about and comfortably departed.

This mysterious figure was that of the present writer. He was bound for Lambeth Workhouse, there to learn by actual experience how casual paupers are lodged and fed, and what the "casual" is like, and what the porter who admits him, and the master who rules over him; and how the night passes with the outcasts whom we have all seen crowding about workhouse doors on cold and rainy nights. Much has been said on the subject,—on behalf of the paupers, on behalf of the officials; but nothing by any one who, with no motive but to learn and make known the truth, had ventured the experiment of passing a night in a workhouse and trying what it actually is to be a "casual."

The day had been windy and chill,—the night was cold; and therefore I fully expected to begin my experiences among a dozen of ragged wretches squatting about the steps and waiting for admission. But my only companion at the door was a decently dressed woman, whom, as I afterwards learnt, they declined to admit until she had recovered from a fit of intoxication from which she had the misfortune to be still suffering. I lifted the big knocker, and knocked; the door was promptly opened, and I entered. Just within, a comfortable-looking clerk sat at a comfortable desk, ledger before him. Indeed, the spacious hall in every way was as comfortable as cleanliness and great mats and plenty of gaslight could make it.

"What do you want?" asked the man who opened the door.

"I want a lodging."

"Go and stand before the desk," said the porter; and I obeyed.

"You are late," said the clerk.

"Am I, sir?"

"Yes. If you come in you'll have a bath, and you'll have to sleep in the shed."

"Very well, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Joshua Mason, sir."

"What are you?"

"An engraver." (This taradiddle I invented to account for the look of my hands.)

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"Hammersmith," I answered—as I hope to be forgiven.

"How many times have you been here?"

"Never before, sir."

"Where do you mean to go to when you are turned out in the morning?"

"Back to Hammersmith, sir."

These humble answers being entered in a book, the clerk called to the porter, saying, "Take him through. You may as well take his bread with you."

Near the clerk stood a basket containing some pieces of bread of equal size. Taking one of these, and unhitching a bunch of keys from the wall, the porter led me through some passages all so scrupulously clean that my most serious misgivings were laid to rest. Then we passed into a dismal yard. Crossing this, my guide led me to a door, calling out, "Hillo! Daddy, I've brought you another!" Whereupon Daddy opened unto us, and let a little of his gaslight stream into the dark where we stood.

"Come in," said Daddy, very hospitably. "There's enough of you to-night, anyhow! What made you so late?"

"I did n't like to come in earlier."

"Ah! that's a pity, now, because you've missed your skilley (gruel). It's the first night of skilley, don't you know, under the new Act?"

"Just like my luck!" I muttered dolefully.

The porter went his way, and I followed Daddy into another apartment, where were ranged three great baths, each one containing a liquid so disgustingly like weak mutton broth that my worst apprehensions crowded back. "Come on, there's a dry place to stand on up at this end," said Daddy, kindly. "Take off your clothes, tie 'em up in your hank'sher, and I'll lock 'em up till the morning." Accordingly I took off my coat and waistcoat, and was about to tie them together, when Daddy cried, "That ain't enough; I mean everything." "Not my shirt, sir, I suppose?" "Yea, shirt and all; but there, I'll lend you a shirt," said Daddy. "Whatever you take in of your own will be nailed, you know. You might take in your boots, though,—they'd be handy if you happened to want to leave the shed for anything; but don't blame me if you lose 'em."

With a fortitude for which I hope some day to be rewarded, I made up my bundle (boots and all), and the moment Daddy's face was turned away shut my eyes and plunged desperately into the mutton broth. I wish from the bottom of my heart my courage had been less hasty, for hearing the splash, Daddy looked round and said, "Lor, now! there was no occasion for that; you look a clean and decent sort of man. It's them filthy beggars" (only he used a word more specific than "filthy") "that want washing. Don't use that towel: here's a clean one! That's the sort! and now here's your shirt" (handing me a blue striped one from a heap), "and here's your ticket. No. 34 you are, and a ticket to match is tied to your bundle. Mind you don't lose it. They'll nail it from you if they get a chance. Put it under your head. This is your rug: take it with you."

"Where am I to sleep, please, sir?"

"I'll show you."

And so he did. With no other rag but the checked shirt to cover me, and with my rug over my shoulder, he accompanied me to the door at which I entered, and, opening it, kept me standing with naked feet on the stone threshold, full in the draught of the frosty air, while he pointed out the way I should go. It was not a long way, but I would have given much not to have trodden it. It was open as the highway,—with flag-stones below and the stars overhead, and, as I said before, and cannot help saying again, a frosty wind was blowing.

"Straight across," said Daddy, "to where you see the light shining through. Go in there, and turn to the left, and you'll find the beds in a heap. Take one of 'em and make yourself comfortable." And straight across I went, my naked feet seeming to cling to the stones as though they were burning hot instead of icy cold (they had just stepped out of a bath you should remember), till I reached the space through which the light was shining, and I entered in.

No language with which I am acquainted is capable of conveying an adequate conception of the spectacle I then encountered. Imagine a space of about thirty feet by thirty feet enclosed on three sides

by a dingy whitewashed wall, and roofed with naked tiles, which were furred with the damp and filth that reeked within. As for the fourth side of the shed, it was boarded in for (say) a third of its breadth; the remaining space being hung with flimsy canvas, in which was a gap two feet wide at top, widening to at least four feet at bottom. This far too airy shed was paved with stone, the flags so thickly incrustated with filth that I mistook it first for a floor of natural earth. Extending from one end of my bedroom to the other, in three rows, were certain iron "cranks" (of which I subsequently learnt the use), with their many arms raised in various attitudes, as the stiffened arms of men are on a battle-field. My bedfellows lay among the cranks, distributed over the flagstones in a double row, on narrow bags scantily stuffed with hay. At one glance my appalled vision took in thirty of them, — thirty men and boys stretched upon shallow pallets, with but only six inches of comfortable hay between them and the stony floor. These beds were placed close together, every occupant being provided with a rug like that which I was fain to hug across my shoulders. In not a few cases two gentlemen had clubbed beds and rugs and slept together. In one case (to be further mentioned presently) four gentlemen had so clubbed together. Many of my fellow-casuals were awake, — others asleep or pretending to sleep; and, shocking as were the waking ones to look upon, they were quite pleasant when compared with the sleepers. For this reason, the practised and well-seasoned casual seems to have a peculiar way of putting himself to bed. He rolls himself in his rug, tucking himself in, head and feet, so that he is completely enveloped; and, lying quite still on his pallet, he looks precisely like a corpse covered because of its hideousness. Some were stretched out at full length; some lay nose and knees together; some with an arm or a leg showing crooked through the coverlet. It was like the result of a railway accident; these ghastly figures were awaiting the coroner.

From the moral point of view, however, the wakeful ones were more dreadful still. Towzled, dirty, villanous, they squatted up in their beds, and smoked foul pipes, and sang snatches of horrible songs, and bandied jokes so obscene as to be absolutely appalling. Eight or ten were so enjoying themselves, — the majority with the check shirt on, and the frowzy rug pulled about their legs; but two or three wore no shirts at all, squatting naked to the waist, their bodies fully exposed in the light of the single flaring jet of gas fixed high up on the wall.

My entrance excited very little attention. There was a horse-pail three parts full of water standing by a post in the middle of the shed, with a little tin pot beside it. Addressing me as "old pal," one of the naked ruffians begged me to "hand him a swig," as he was "werry nigh garspin." Such an appeal of course no "old pal" could withstand, and I gave him a potful of water. He showed himself grateful for the attention. "I should lay over there, if I was you," he said, pointing to the left side of the shed; "it's more out of the wind than this 'ere side is." I took the good-natured advice, and (by this time shivering with cold) stepped over the stones to where the beds of straw bags were heaped, and dragged one of them to the spot suggested by my naked comrade. But I had no more idea of how to arrange it than of making an apple-pudding; and a certain little discovery added much to my embarrassment. In the middle of the bed I had selected was a stain of blood

bigger than a man's hand! I did not know what to do now. To lie on such a horrid thing seemed impossible; yet to carry back the bed and exchange it for another might betray a degree of fastidiousness repugnant to the feelings of my fellow-lodgers, and possibly excite suspicion that I was not what I seemed. Just in the nick of time in came that good man Daddy.

"What! not pitched yet?" he exclaimed; "here, I'll show you. Hallo! somebody's been a bleedin'! Never mind; let's turn him over. There you are, you see! Now lay down, and cover your rug over you."

There was no help for it. It was too late to go back. Down I lay, and spread the rug over me. I should have mentioned that I brought in with me a cotton handkerchief, and this I tied round my head by way of a nightcap; but not daring to pull the rug as high as my face. Before I could in any way settle my mind to reflection, in came Daddy once more to do me a further kindness and point out a stupid blunder I had committed.

"Why, you are a rummy chap!" said Daddy. "You forgot your bread! Lay hold. And look here, I've brought you another rug; it's perishing cold to-night." So saying, he spread the rug over my legs and went away. I was very thankful for the extra covering, but I was in a dilemma about the bread. I could n't possibly eat it; what then was to be done with it? I broke it, however, and in view of such of the company as might happen to be looking made a ferocious bite at a bit as large as a bean, and munched violently. By good luck, however, I presently got half-way over my difficulty very neatly. Just behind me, so close indeed that their feet came within half a yard of my head, three lads were sleeping together.

"Did you hear that, Punch?" one of them asked.

"'Ear what?" answered Punch, sleepy and snappish.

"Why, a cove forgot his toke! Gordstruth! you would n't ketch me a forgettin' mine."

"You may have half of it, old pal, if you're hungry," I observed, leaning up on my elbows.

"Chuck it here, good luck to yer!" replied my young friend, starting up with an eager clap of his dirty hands.

I "chucked it here," and, slipping the other half under the side of my bed, lay my head on my folded arms.

It was about half past nine when, having made myself as comfortable as circumstances permitted, I closed my eyes in the desperate hope that I might fall asleep, and so escape from the horrors with which I was surrounded. "At seven to-morrow morning the bell will ring," Daddy had informed me, "and then you will give up your ticket and get back your bundle." Between that time and the present full nine long hours had to wear away.

But I was speedily convinced that, at least for the present, sleep was impossible. The young fellow (one of the three who lay in one bed, with their feet to my head) whom my bread had refreshed, presently swore with frightful imprecations that he was now going to have a smoke; and immediately put his threat into execution. Thereupon his bedfellows sat up and lit their pipes too. But oh! if they had only smoked, — if they had not taken such, an unfortunate fancy to spit at the leg of a crank distant a few inches from my head, how much misery and apprehension would have been spared

me. To make matters worse, they united with this American practice an Eastern one; as they smoked they related little autobiographical anecdotes,—so abominable that three or four decent men who lay at the further end of the shed were so provoked that they threatened, unless the talk abated in filthiness, to get up and stop it by main force. Instantly, the voice of every blackguard in the room was raised against the decent ones. They were accused of loathsome afflictions, stigmatized “as fighting men out of work” (which must be something very humiliating, I suppose), and invited to “a round” by boys young enough to be their grandsons. For several minutes there was such a storm of oaths, threats, and taunts,—such a deluge of foul words raged in the room,—that I could not help thinking of the fate of Sodom; as, indeed, I did several times during the night. Little by little the riot died out, without any the slightest interference on the part of the officers.

Soon afterwards the ruffian majority was strengthened by the arrival of a lanky boy of about fifteen, who evidently recognized many acquaintances, and was recognized by them as “Kay,” or perhaps I should write it “K.” He was a very remarkable-looking lad, and his appearance pleased me much. Short as his hair was cropped, it still looked soft and silky; he had large blue eyes, set wide apart, and a mouth that would have been faultless but for its great width; and his voice was as soft and sweet as any woman’s. Lightly as a woman, too, he picked his way over the stones towards the place where the beds lay, carefully hugging his cap beneath his arm.

“What cheer, Kay?” “Out again, then, old son!” “What yer got in yer cap, Kay?” cried his friends; to which the sweet voice replied, “Who’ll give me a part of his doss (bed)? — my — eyes and limbs if I ain’t perishin’! Who’ll let me turn in with him for half my ‘toke’ (bread)? I feared how it would be! The hungry young fellow who had so readily availed himself of half my “toke” snapped at Kay’s offer, and after a little rearrangement and bed-making four young fellows instead of three reposed upon the hay-bags at my head.

“You was too late for skilley, Kay. There’s skilley now, nights as well as mornin’s.”

“Don’t you tell no bleeding lies,” Kay answered, incredulously.

“Blind me, it’s true. Ain’t it, Punch?”

“Right you are!” said Punch, “and spoons to eat it with, that’s more! There used to be spoons at all the houses, one time. Poplar used to have ‘em; but one at a time they was all nicked, don’t you know.” (“Nicked” means “stolen,” obviously.)

“Well, I don’t want no skilley, leastways not to-night,” said Kay. “I’ve had some rum. Two glasses of it; and a blow out of puddin’,—reglar Christmas plum-puddin’.” You don’t know the cove as give it me, but, thinks I this mornin’ when I come out, blessed if I don’t go and see my old chum. Lordstruth! he was struck! ‘Come along,’ he ses, ‘I saved you some puddin’ from Christmas.’ ‘Whereabouts is it?’ I ses. ‘In that box under my bed,’ he ses, and he forks it out. That’s the sort of pal to have! And he stood a quarten, and half a ounce of hard-up (tobacco). That was n’t all, neither; when I come away, ses he, ‘How about your break-fus?’ ‘O, I shall do,’ ses I. ‘You take some of my bread and butter,’ he ses, and he cuts me off four chunks buttered thick. I eat two on ‘em comin’ along.”

“What’s in your cap, Kay?” repeated the devourer of “toke.”

“Them other two slices,” said Kay; generously adding, “There, share ‘em amongst yer, and somebody give us a whiff of ‘bacca.”

Kay showed himself a pleasant companion,—what in a higher grade of society is called “quite an acquisition.” He told stories of thieves and thieving, and of a certain “silver cup” he had been “put up to,” and that he meant to nick it afore the end of the week, if he got seven stretch (? seven years) for it. The cup was worth ten quid (? pounds), and he knew where to melt it within ten minutes of nicking it. He made this statement without any moderation of his sweet voice; and the others received it as serious fact. Nor was there any affectation of secrecy in another gentleman, who announced, with great applause, that he had stolen a towel from the bath-room; “And s’help me, it’s as good as new; never been washed more’n once!”

“Tell us a ‘rummy’ story, Kay,” said somebody; and Kay did. He told stories of so “rummy” a character that the decent men at the further end of the room (some of whom had their own little boys sleeping with them) must have lain in a sweat of horror as they listened. Indeed, when Kay broke into a “rummy” song with a roaring chorus, one of the decent men rose in his bed and swore that he would smash Kay’s head if he did n’t desist. But Kay sang on till he and his admirers were tired of the entertainment. “Now,” said he, “let’s have a swearing club! you’ll all be in it?”

The principle of this game seemed to rest on the impossibility of either of the young gentlemen making half a dozen observations without introducing a blasphemous or obscene word; and either the basis is a very sound one, or for the sake of keeping the “club” alive the members purposely made slips. The penalty for “swearing” was a punch on any part of the body, except a few which the club rules protected. The game was highly successful. Warming with the sport, and indifferent to punches, the members vied with each other in audacity; and in a few minutes Bedlam in its prime could scarcely have produced such a spectacle as was to be seen on the beds behind me. One rule of the club was that any word to be found in the Bible might be used with impunity, and if one member “punched” another for using such a word the error was to be visited upon him with a double punching all round. This naturally led to much argument; for in vindicating the Bible as his authority a member became sometimes so much heated as to launch into a flood of “real swearing,” which brought the fists of the club upon his naked carcass as quick as hail.

These and other pastimes beguiled the time until, to my delight, the church chimes audibly tolled twelve. After this the noise gradually subsided, and it seemed as though everybody was going to sleep at last. I should have mentioned that during the story-telling and song-singing a few “casuals” had dropped in, but they were not *habituals*, and cuddled down with their rugs over their heads without a word to any one.

In a little while all was quiet, save for the flapping of the canvas curtain in the night breeze, the snoring, and the horrible, indescribable sound of impatient hands scratching skins that itch. There was another sound of very frequent occurrence, and that was the clanking of the tin pannikin against the water pail. Whether it is in the nature of work-

house bread or skilley to provoke thirst is more than my limited experience entitles me to say, but it may be truthfully asserted that once at least in the course of five minutes might be heard a rustling of straw, pattering of feet, and then the noise of water dipping, and then was to be seen at the pail the figure of a man (sometimes stark naked) gulping down the icy water as he stood upon the icy stones.

And here I may remark that I can furnish no solution to this mystery of the shirt. I only know that some of my comrades were provided with a shirt, and that to some the luxury was denied. I may say this, however, that none of the little boys were allowed one.

Nearly one o'clock. Still quiet and no fresh arrival for an hour or more. Then suddenly a loud noise of hobnailed boots kicked at a wooden gate, and soon after a tramping of feet and a rapping at Daddy's door, which, it will be remembered, was only separated from our bedroom by an open paved court.

"Hallo!" cried Daddy.

"Here 's some more of 'em for you, — ten of 'em!" answered the porter, whose voice I recognized at once.

"They 'll have to find beds, then," Daddy grumbled, as he opened his door. "I don't believe there are four beds empty. They must sleep double, or something."

This was terrible news for me. Bad enough, in all conscience, was it to lie as I was lying; but the prospect of sharing my straw with some dirty scoundrel of the Kay breed was altogether unendurable. Perhaps, however, they were not dirty scoundrels, but peaceable and decent men, like those in the farther corner.

Alas for my hopes! In the space of five minutes in they came at the rent in the canvas, — great hulking ruffians, some with rugs and nothing else, and some with shirts and nothing else, and all madly swearing because, coming in after eleven o'clock, there was no "toke" for them. As soon as these wrathful men had advanced to the middle of the shed they made the discovery that there was an insufficient number of beds, — only three, indeed, for ten competitors.

"Where 's the beds? D' ye hear, Daddy? You blessed, truth-telling old person, where 's the beds?"

"You 'll find 'em. Some of 'em is lying on two, or got 'em as pillows. You 'll find 'em."

With a sudden rush our new friends plunged among the sleepers, trampling over them, cursing their eyes and limbs, dragging away their rugs; and if by chance they found some poor wretch who had been tempted to take two beds (or bags) instead of one, they coolly hauled him out and took possession. There was no denying them and no use in remonstrating. They evidently knew that they were at liberty to do just as they liked, and they took full advantage of the privilege.

One of them came up to me, and, shouting, "I want that, you —," snatched at my "birdseye" nightcap and carried it off. There was a bed close to mine which contained only one occupant, and into this one of the new-comers slipped without a word of warning, driving its lawful owner against the wall to make room. Then he sat up in bed for a moment, savagely venting his disappointment as to "toke," and declaring that never before in his life had he felt the need of it so much. This was my opportunity. Slipping my hand under my bed, I withdrew that judiciously hoarded piece of bread

and respectfully offered it to him. He snapped at it with thanks.

By the time the churches were chiming two, matters had once more adjusted themselves, and silence reigned, to be disturbed only by drinkers at the pail, or such as, otherwise prompted, stalked into the open yard. Kay, for one, visited it. I mention this unhappy young wretch particularly, because he went out without a single rag to his back. I looked out at the rent in the canvas, and saw the frosty moon shining on him. When he returned, and crept down between Punch and another, he muttered to himself, "Warm again! O my G—d! warm again!"

I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will not think me too prodigal of these reminiscences, and that your readers will understand that, if I write rather boldly, it is not done as a matter of taste. To me it seems quite worth while to relate with tolerable accuracy every particular of an adventure which you persuaded me ("ah! woful when!") to undertake for the public good.

Whether there is a rule which closes the casual wards after a certain hour I do not know; but before one o'clock our number was made up, the last comer signalizing his appearance with a grotesque *pas seul*. His rug over his shoulders, he waltzed into the shed, waving his hands, and singing in an affected voice, as he sidled along, —

"I like to be a swell, a-roaming down Pall-mall,

Or anywhere, I don't much care, so I can be a swell," —

a couplet which had an intensely comical effect. This gentleman had just come from a pantomime (where he had learnt his song, probably). Too poor to pay for a lodging, he could only muster means for a seat in the gallery of "the Vic," where he was well entertained, judging from the flattering manner in which he spoke of the clown. The columbine was less fortunate in his opinion. "She 's werry dickey! — ain't got what I call 'move' about her." However, the wretched young woman was respited now from the scourge of his criticism; for the critic and his listeners were fast asleep; and yet I doubt whether any one of the company slept very soundly. Every moment some one shifted uneasily; and as the night wore on the silence was more and more irritated by the sound of coughing. This was one of the most distressing things in the whole adventure. The conversation was horrible, the tales that were told more horrible still, and worse than either (though not by any means the most infamous things to be heard — I dare not even hint at them) was that song, with its bestial chorus shouted from a dozen throats; but at any rate they kept the blood warm with constant hot flushes of anger; while as for the coughing, to lie on the flagstones in what was nothing better than an open shed, and listen to that, hour after hour, chilled one's very heart with pity. Every variety of cough that ever I heard was to be heard there: the hollow cough; the short cough; the hysterical cough; the bark that comes at regular intervals, like the quarter-chime of a clock, as if to mark off the progress of decay; coughing from vast hollow chests, coughing from little narrow ones, — now one, now another, now two or three together, and then a minute's interval of silence in which to think of it all and wonder who would begin next. One of the young reprobates above me coughed so grotesquely like the chopping of wood that I named him in my mind the Woodcutter. Now and then I found myself coughing too, which may have added

just a little to the poignant distress these awfully constant and various sounds occasioned me. They were good in one way; they made one forget what wretches they were who, to all appearances, were so rapidly "chopping" their way to a pauper's graveyard. I did not care about the more matured ruffians so much; but though the youngest, the boys like Kay, were unquestionably among the most infamous of my comrades, to hear what cold and hunger and vice had done for them at fifteen was almost enough to make a man cry; and there were boys there even younger than these.

At half past two, every one being asleep, or at least lying still, Daddy came in and counted us,—one, two, three, four, and so on, in a whisper. Then, finding the pail empty (it was nearly full at half past nine, when I entered), he considerably went and refilled it, and even took much trouble in searching for the tin pot which served as a drinking-cup, and which the last comer had playfully thrown to the further end of the shed. I ought to have mentioned that the pail stood close to my head; so that I had peculiar opportunities of study as one after another of my comrades came to the fountain to drink; just as the brutes do in those books of African travel. The pail refilled, Daddy returned, and was seen no more till morning.

It still wanted four hours and a half to seven o'clock,—the hour of rising,—and never before in my life did time appear to creep so slowly. I could hear the chimes of a parish church and of the Parliament Houses, as well as those of a wretched tinkling Dutch clock somewhere on the premises. The parish church was the first to announce the hour (an act of kindness I feel bound to acknowledge), Westminster came next, the lazy Dutchman declining his consent to the time o' day till fully sixty seconds afterwards. And I declare I thought that difference of sixty seconds an injury,—if the officers of the house took their time from the Dutchman. It may seem a trifle, but a minute is something when a man is lying on a cold flagstone, and the wind of a winter night is blowing in your hair. Three o'clock, four o'clock struck, and still there was nothing to beguile the time but observation, under the one flaring gaslight, of the little heaps of out-cast humanity strewn about the floor; and after a while, I find, one may even become accustomed to the sight of one's fellow-creatures lying around you like covered corpses in a railway shed. For most of the company were now bundled under the rugs in the ghastly way I have already described,—though here and there a cropped head appeared, surmounted by a billy-cock like my own or by a greasy cloth cap. Five o'clock, six o'clock chimed, and then I had news—most welcome—of the world without, and of the real beginning of day. Half a dozen factory bells announced that it was time for workmen to go to labor; but my companions were not workmen, and so snored on. Out through the gap in the canvas the stars were still to be seen shining on the black sky, but that did not alter the fact that it was six o'clock in the morning. I snapped my fingers at the Dutchman, with his sixty seconds slow, for in another hour I fondly hoped to be relieved from duty. A little while, and doors were heard to open and shut; yet a little while, and the voice of Daddy was audible in conversation with another early bird; and then I distinctly caught the word "bundles." Blessed sound! I longed for my bundle,—for my pleasing brown coat, for the warm, if unsightly "jersey,"

which I adopted as a judicious substitute for a waistcoat,—for my corduroys and liberty.

"Clang!" went the workhouse clock. "Now, then, wake 'em up!" cried Daddy. I was already up,—sitting up, that is,—being anxious to witness the resurrection of the ghastly figures rolled in their rugs. But nobody but myself rose at the summons. They knew what it meant well enough, and in sleepy voices cursed the bell, and wished it in several dreadful places; but they did not move until there came in at the hole in the canvas two of the pauper inhabitants of the house, bearing bundles. "Thirty-two," "Twenty-eight!" they bawled, but not my number, which was thirty-four. Neither thirty-two nor twenty-eight, however, seemed eager to accept his good fortune in being first called. They were called upon three several times before they would answer; and then they replied with a savage "Chuck it here, can't you!" "Not before you chuck over your shirt and ticket," the bundle-holder answered, whereon "Twenty-eight" sat up, and, divesting himself of his borrowed shirt, flung it with his wooden ticket; and his bundle was flung back in return.

It was some time before bundle No. 34 turned up, so that I had fair opportunity to observe my neighbors. The decent men slipped into their rags as soon as they got them, but the blackguards were in no hurry. Some indulged in a morning pipe to prepare themselves for the fatigue of dressing, while others, loosening their bundles as they squatted naked, commenced an investigation for certain little animals which shall be nameless.

At last my turn came; and "chucking over" my shirt and ticket, I quickly attired myself in clothes which, ragged as they were, were cleaner than they looked. In less than two minutes I was out of the shed, and in the yard; where a few of the more decent poor fellows were crowding round a pail of water, and scrambling after something that might pass for a "wash,"—finding their own soap, as far as I could observe, and drying their faces on any bit of rag they might happen to have about them, or upon the canvas curtain of the shed.

By this time it was about half past seven, and the majority of the casuals were up and dressed. I observed, however, that none of the younger boys were as yet up, and it presently appeared that there existed some rule against their dressing in the shed; for Daddy came out of the bath-room, where the bundles were deposited, and called out, "Now four boys!" and instantly four poor little wretches, some with their rugs trailing about their shoulders and some quite bare, came shivering over the stones and across the bleak yard, and were admitted to the bath-room to dress. "Now, four more boys," cried Daddy; and so on.

When all were up and dressed, the boys carried the bed rugs into Daddy's room, and the pauper inmates made a heap of the "beds," stacking them against the wall. As before mentioned, the shed served the treble purpose of bed-chamber, work-room, and breakfast room; it was impossible to get fairly at the cranks and set them going until the bedding was stowed away.

Breakfast before work, however; but it was a weary while to some of us before it made its appearance. For my own part, I had little appetite, but about me were a dozen poor wretches who obviously had a very great one. They had come in over night too late for bread, and perhaps may not have broken fast since the morning of the previous day. The decent ones suffered most. The black-

guard majority were quite cheerful, smoking, swearing, and playing their pretty horse play, the prime end of which was pain or discomfiture for somebody else. One casual there was with only one leg. When he came in overnight he wore a black hat, which added a certain look of respectability to a worn suit of black. All together his clothes had been delivered up to him by Daddy; but now he was seen hopping disconsolately about the place on his crutch, for the hat was missing. He was a timid man, with a mild voice; and whenever he asked some ruffian "whether he had seen such a thing as a black hat," and got his answer, he invariably said, "Thank you," which was regarded as very amusing. At last one sidled up to him with a grin, and showing about three square inches of some fluffy substance, said, "Is this anything like wot you're lost, guv'ner?" The cripple inspected it. "That's the rim of it!" he said. "What a shame!" and hobbled off with tears in his eyes.

Full three quarters of an hour of loitering and shivering, and then came the taskmaster,—a soldierly-looking man over six feet high, with quick, gray eyes, in which "No trifling" appeared as distinctly as a notice against trespassing on a wayside board. He came in among us, and the gray eyes made out our number in a moment. "Out into the yard, all of you!" he cried; and we went out in a mob. There we shivered for some twenty minutes longer, and then a baker's man appeared with a great wooden tray piled up with just such slices of bread as we had received overnight. The tray was consigned to an able-bodied casual who took his place with the taskmaster at the shed-door, and then in single file we re-entered the shed, each man and boy receiving a slice as he passed in. Pitying, as I suppose, my unaccustomed look, Mr. Taskmaster gave me a slice and a large piece over.

The bread devoured, a clamor for "skilley" began. The rumor had got abroad that this morning, and on all future mornings, there would be skilley at breakfast, and "Skilley! skilley!" resounded through the shed. No one had hinted that it was not forthcoming, but skilley seems to be thought an extraordinary concession, and after waiting only a few minutes for it they attacked the taskmaster in the fiercest manner. They called him thief, sneak, and "crawler." Little boys blackguarded him in gutter language, and looking him in the face, consigned him to hell without flinching. He never uttered a word in reply, or showed a sign of impatience; and whenever he was obliged to speak it was quite without temper.

There was a loud "hooray!" when the longed-for skilley appeared in two pails, in one of which floated a small tin saucepan, with a stick thrust into its handle, by way of a ladle. Yellow pint basins were provided for our use, and large iron spoons. "Range round the walls!" the taskmaster shouted. We obeyed with the utmost alacrity; and then what I should judge to be about three fourths of a pint of gruel was handed to each of us as we stood. I was glad to get mine, because the basin that contained it was warm and my hands were numb with cold. I tasted a spoonful, as in duty bound, and wondered more than ever at the esteem in which it was held by my *confères*. It was a weak decoction of oatmeal and water, bitter, and without even a pinch of salt to flavor it—that I could discover. But it was hot; and on that account, perhaps, was so highly relished that I had no difficulty in persuading one of the decent men to accept my share.

It was now past eight o'clock, and, as I knew that a certain quantity of labor had to be performed by each man before he was allowed to go his way, I was anxious to begin. The labor was to be "crank" labor. The "cranks" are a series of iron bars extending across the width of the shed, penetrating through the wall, and working a flour-mill on the other side. Turning the "crank" is like turning a windlass. The task is not a severe one. Four measures of corn (bushels they were called—but that is doubtful) have to be ground every morning by the night's batch of casuals. Close up by the ceiling hangs a bell connected with the machinery; and as each measure is ground the bell rings, so that the grinders may know how they are going on. But the grinders are as lazy as obscene. We were no sooner set to work than the taskmaster left us to our own sweet will, with nothing to restrain its exercise but an occasional visit from the miller, a weakly expostulating man. Once or twice he came in and said mildly, "Now, then, my men, why don't you stick to it?" and so went out again.

The result of this laxity of overseeing would have disgusted me at any time, and was intensely disgusting then. At least one half the gang kept their hands from the crank whenever the miller was absent, and betook themselves to their private amusements and pursuits. Some sprawled upon the beds and smoked; some engaged themselves and their friends in tailoring, and one turned hair-cutter for the benefit of a gentleman who, unlike Kay, had not just come out of prison. There were three tailors; two of them on the beds mending their coats, and the other operating on a recumbent friend in the rearward part of his clothing. Where the needles came from I do not know; but for thread they used a strand of the oakum (evidently easy to deal with) which the boys were picking in the corners. Other loungers strolled about with their hands in their pockets, discussing the topics of the day, and playing practical jokes on the industrious few; a favorite joke being to take a bit of rag, anoint it with grease from the crank axes, and clap it unexpectedly over somebody's eye.

The consequence of all this was that the cranks went round at a very slow rate, and now and then stopped altogether. Then the miller came in; the loungers rose from their couches, the tailors ceased stitching, the smokers dropped their pipes, and every fellow was at his post. The cranks spun round furiously again, the miller's expostulation being drowned amid a shout of "Slap bang, here we are again!" or this extemporized chorus—

"We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple-tree,
We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple-tree,
We'll hang up the miller on a sour apple-tree,
And then go grinding on.
Glory, glory Hallelujah," &c. .

By such ditties the ruffians enlivened their short spell of work. Short indeed! The miller departed, and within a minute afterwards beds were reoccupied, pipes lit, and tailoring resumed. So the game continued,—the honest fellows sweating at the cranks, and anxious to get the work done and go out to look for more profitable labor, and the paupers by profession taking matters quite easy. I am convinced that had the work been properly superintended the four measures of corn might have been ground in the space of an hour and a half. As it was, when the little bell had tinkled for the fourth time, and the yard-gate was opened,

and we were free to depart, the clock had struck eleven.

I had seen the show; gladly I escaped into the open streets. The sun shone brightly on my ragged, disreputable figure, and showed its squalor with startling distinctness; but within all was rejoicing. A few yards, and then I was blessed with the sight of that same vehicle, — waiting for me in the spot where I had parted from it fourteen weary hours before. Did you observe, Mr. Editor, with what alacrity I jumped in? I have a vivid recollection of you, sir, — sitting there with an easy patience, lounging through your *Times*, and oh! so detestably clean to look at! But though I resented your collar, I was grateful for the sight of a familiar face, and for that draught of sherry which you considerably brought for me, a welcome refreshment after so many weary, waking hours of fasting.

And now I have come to the end I remember many little incidents which until this moment had escaped me. I ought to have told you of two quiet elderly gentlemen who, amid all the blackguardism that went on around, held a discussion on the merits of the English language, — one of the disputants showing an especial admiration for the word "kindle," — "fine old Saxon word as ever was coined." Then there were some childish games of "first and last letters," to vary such entertainments as that of the Swearing Club. I should also have mentioned that on the dissolution of the Swearing Club a game at "dumb motions" was started, which presently led to some talk concerning deaf and dumb people, and their method of conversing with each other by means of finger-signs; as well as to a little story that sounded strangely enough coming from the mouth of the most efficient member of the club. A good memory for details enables me to repeat this story almost, if not quite, exactly. "They are a rummy lot, them deaf and dumb," said the story-teller. "I was at the workhouse at Stepney when I was a young 'un, don't you know; and when I got a holiday I used to go and see my old woman as lived in the Borough. Well, one day a woman as was in the house ses to me, ses she, 'Don't you go past the Deaf and Dumb School as you goes home?' So I ses, 'Yea.' So ses she, 'Would you mind callin' there and takin' a message to my little gal as is in there deaf and dumb?' So I ses, 'No.' Well, I goes, and they lets me in, and I tells the message, and they shows me the kid what it was for. Pooty little gal! So they tells her the message, and then she begins making orts and crosses like on her hands. 'What's she a doin' that for?' I ses. 'She's a talkin' to you,' ses they. 'O,' I ses, 'what's she talkin' about?' 'She says you're a good boy for comin' and tellin' her about her mother, and she loves you.' Blessed if I could help laughin'! So I ses, 'There ain't no call for her to say that.' Pooty little kid she was! I stayed there a goodish bit, and walked about the garden with her, and what d'ye think? Presently she takes a fancy for some of my jacket buttons, — brass uns they was, with the name of the 'house' on 'em, — and I cuts four on 'em off and gives her. Well, when I gave her them, blow me if she didn't want one of the brass buckles off my shoes. Well, you might n't think it, but I gave her that too." "Did n't yer get into a row when you got back?" some listener asked. "Rather! Got kep without dinner and walloped as well, as I would n't tell what I'd done with 'em. Then they was goin' to wallop me again, so I thought I'd cheek it out; so I up and told the master all

about it." "And got it wuss?" "No, I did n't. The master give me new buttons and a buckle without saying another word, and my dinner along with my supper as well."

The moral of all this I leave to you.* It seems necessary to say something about it, for the report which Mr. Farnall made after visiting Lambeth Workhouse on Saturday seems meant to suggest an idea that what has been described here is merely an irregularity. So it may be, but an irregularity which consigned some *forty men* to such a den on the night when somebody happened to be there to see, is probably a frequent one; and it certainly is infamous. And then as to the other workhouses? Mr. Farnall was in ignorance of what was done at Lambeth in this way, and I selected it for a visit quite at random. Does he know what goes on in other workhouses? If he is inclined to inquire, I may, perhaps, be able to assist the investigation by this hint: my companions had a discussion during the night as to the respective merits of the various workhouses; and the general verdict was that those of Tottenham and Poplar were the worst in London. Is it true, as I heard it stated, that at one of these workhouses the casual sleeps on bare boards, without a bed of any sort?

One word in conclusion. I have some horrors for Mr. Farnall's private ear (should he like to learn about them) infinitely more revolting than anything that appears in these papers.

POPULAR TOYS.

It has been justly observed by Lord Macaulay that of all people children are the most imaginative. A little girl playing with her doll knows quite as well as her mother that it can neither speak nor hear; that the face she so fondly gazes on is executed in wax or porcelain; that its limbs are stuffed with sawdust, and that when she lays her darling down to rest, those beady eyes would never close but for a mechanical contrivance which can be more easily guessed than described. Of all this the child is perfectly aware, and yet she continues day by day to treat the puppet as if it were flesh and blood, — to kiss it, to talk to it, to lavish upon it in her childish way, but with perfect sincerity, the same endearing expressions and maternal caresses

* *Note from the Times.* — A rather pretentious and lively amateur description of the sort of refugees provided for the houseless poor having appeared in the columns of a contemporary on Friday, Mr. Farnall, the Poor Law Inspector, visited the place on Saturday, and wrote the minute which is subjoined, and which explains better than we could be enabled to do the real facts of the case. The narrative was continued on Saturday, but the explanation of the Poor Law Inspector is no less necessary, and, in fact, seems all the more so to set things right. It appears that the "Swell" who went in his brougham, "with all appliances and means to boot," was shown, not into the regular wards of the establishment, but into a shed which was irregularly used when the wards were full, against the provisions of the law and the express directions of the Poor Law Board issued several months ago. This is Mr. Farnall's report: —

"I have to-day inspected the wards provided for the houseless poor in this workhouse, and which I have some time since certified as good and sufficient wards, and which I still consider to be so. I have, however, to direct the attention of the guardians to the fact that the master, when the wards adverted to are full, is in the habit of warding men in the pump shed, and this shed is wholly unfit for the purpose to which the master has thus dedicated it, and I therefore request the guardians to instruct the master to immediately relinquish the practice. If the certified wards are full, it is the duty of the guardians, through their officers, to find lodgings for an excess of applicants in lodging-houses, or in some room in the workhouse, or for the master to send such applicants to the relieving officers. And this duty has been clearly pointed out to the guardians by Mr. Villiers, the President of the Poor Law Board, in a circular issued by him, and signed by him, many months ago.

"H. B. FARNALL, P. L. I.

"Lambeth Workhouse Visitors' Book, Jan. 13."

which experience has taught herself to prize. This, we repeat, is not the result of delusion, but of active fancy. If the young lady should in after life adopt the stage as a profession, she might act her part, indeed, with an effect more subtle, but with a far less earnest purpose. The origin and use of toys may be referred to that lively imagination which is the peculiar characteristic of the infant mind. Their tendency is not only to amuse children, but to make them think.

We cannot imagine a gloomier room in the house than a nursery in which playthings are even temporarily interdicted, and we lament the mistaken piety which induces some doubtless well-meaning people to debar their little ones from bricks and ninepins on a Sunday. But even strict Sabbatarians make an exception in favor of "Noah's Ark." They may well do so, for unquestionably the history of the Deluge and that portion of the sacred narrative in which it forms an incident, have been more vividly realized in the minds of children by this venerable and favorite toy than by whole shelves full of Bible story-books. Yet, what a queer old piece of conventional absurdity it is!—the model of a barn let bodily down into a flat-bottomed boat, and filled with Liliputian figures of men, birds, beasts, and reptiles, all huddled together like a huge game of "spillicans!" It has always been a pleasing task to extricate them from this state of confusion,—to set them out by pairs in sinuous procession on the nursery table or along the floor. The anatomical development of some of the animals is, perhaps, not altogether that which Professor Owen would confirm, and it is much to be regretted that the scale on which Noah's arks are usually constructed does not permit a stricter observance of the laws of proportion. The frog, for instance, is not uncommonly represented as large as the elephant's head, and the disparity of height between the giraffe and the polar bear is not so remarkable in toy-shops as it is in the Zoological Gardens. But it must be remembered that the Flood dates from at least four thousand years ago, and if Mr. Darwin's theories are correct, who can say what modifications the animal kingdom has sustained within that period?

The same argument may be used in defence of that peculiar dress and physical appearance with which the nursery tradition has identified the Noachian family.

We cannot, indeed, affirm that the patriarch or his descendants were in the habit of wearing low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, and long buttoned-up coats reaching to their heels; but, on the other hand, who is to prove that they were not? The figure of Noah is usually made a head taller than that of his sons; and Shem, Ham, and Japhet, who all bear a wonderful resemblance to their father, are distinguished from each other by the color of their coats. The ladies may easily be recognized by the shortness of their waists, and from the fact that they are unprovided with walking-sticks, which all the rest of the party carry. An attempt was made some years ago to treat the animals after a more naturalistic fashion in representation. Thus, the bear was covered with real fur, and the cat provided with actual whiskers. But these innovations, we are glad to say, did not extend to Noah or his family. We respect in these matters the taste of our forefathers. Flaxman's chessmen may have been works of art in their way; but no real lover of the game would like to play with them. He would prefer the

old conventional king and queen, twice as tall as their own castles, and the nag's head, which does duty for a knight. And so, in a Noah's ark, we like cylindrical patriarchs better than any which could be devised in appropriate costume.

Perhaps the most popular of old-fashioned toys, next to the one we have just described, is the rocking-horse. It may be recommended for various reasons. It promotes healthy exercise and encourages pluck on the part of youthful riders. It is easily adapted for the use of children of either sex. It is large and strong, and will therefore stand a good deal of knocking about before it shares the inevitable fate of all nursery furniture. There are few pleasanter sights for an old Nimrod than to see his grandson of six or seven galloping across an imaginary country, putting his horse at phantom fences, and keeping his saddle with as much zest as if his hobby was a real hunter and the rider wore "pink" instead of petticoats.

The toys of the last generation came chiefly from Holland and Germany,—Nuremberg for centuries has made, and still makes, a *spécialité* of their manufacture. They betray their native origin to any traveller at a glance. The bright and often picturesque appearance of the little model houses, the character of fortifications and soldiers' uniforms in military toys, the sleek yet sturdy look of the tiny conventionalisms which pass for men and women, remind us unmistakably of the external aspect of Dutch life and many a familiar scene in Bavaria. Even those wonderful types of trees, with tall red trunks and conical masses of foliage, become intelligible when we remember the pines and poplars which they symbolize. There are few children "of a larger growth" who do not remember the delight with which, in their pinafore days, they were wont to unpack whole regiments of leaden infantry which lay between layers of *papier gris*, and release troops of cavalry smelling strongly of fresh paint from their narrow quarters in an oval bandbox. Who can say what influence such toys may not have on youthful minds?—how many gallant soldiers have toddled across the nursery floor shouldering their mimic guns, how many naval heroes first learned to love their calling as they rigged a model frigate?

Within the last quarter of a century, toys, like everything else, have undergone a change. There is a tendency towards naturalism in their manufacture. The blind toy-maker in one of Dickens's Christmas stories—"The Cricket on the Hearth"—asks some one to pinch the tail of Boxer (the carrier's dog) that he may hear it bark. He is himself engaged in fabricating a barking poodle, and laudably wishes to "go as near natur as he can for sixpence." We confess we have not yet detected much difference in the sound which proceeds from canine automata of the present day and that which satisfied us twenty years ago. Indeed, it seems to us that mechanical dogs, ducks, goats, beeves, and babies (of the ordinary kind), all utter the same cry, which is more suggestive of a penny trumpet than of any living thing upon the face of this earth. Still it is an incontrovertible fact that there are modern dolls of a superior class which walk with ease, move their heads and arms energetically, cry out "Mamma" when they are pinched, and even wink in a very knowing manner. At a well-known establishment in Regent Street may be seen a cat, which looks as lifelike as a real skin and glass eyes can make it. This

animal performs upon the harp with singular grace, touching the instrument with wondrous delicacy, and wagging its head in proper time with an air of affectation which must be seen to be appreciated. At the same shop there is the seated figure of a monkey, which not only plays the violin in a most energetic and creditable manner, but chatters an accompaniment with such a mobile upper lip that it would be a fortune to any organ-grinder.

A whole volume might be written on the subject of street toys and the ingenuity and characteristic eloquence of the itinerant merchants who sell them. There is a little humble stand behind some railings at the top of Cheapside which has been in existence ever since the oldest city man can recollect. Here may be bought for a trifling sum the prettiest little kitchen utensils which could be made for a doll's house. Copper kettles, saucepans, coal-scuttles, fire-irons, &c., all as bright as a new pin, perfectly correct in shape, but made on such a tiny scale that one might almost imagine they were imported direct from Liliput. The man who owns them seems to hold the right of a monopolist, for you can get them nowhere else. Yet in that busy, crowded thoroughfare, who can stop to buy these knick-knacks, or think of nurseries on his way to the Exchange?

Hopping-frogs, "transformation cards," acrobatic spiders, Jacks-in-the-box, and snakes of restless activity may all in turn be bought for a penny on the *trottoirs* of Oxford Street. But decidedly the most successful hit in this line has been the india-rubber imp which is pulled about by an ingenious showman who contrives, with a sort of ventriloquism, to make the figure shriek every time he touches it. The illusion is so perfect that many a passer-by has bought the toy under an impression that the sound actually proceeds from the figure itself. There is an anecdote illustrating this fallacy which we cannot refrain from quoting. Not long ago a youthful cockney, who flattered himself on his astuteness, conceived an idea that although the india-rubber dolls bought by the general public uttered no cry, however much they were distorted, there was yet some "bright particular" doll endowed with this remarkable property. He therefore came suddenly upon the street-conjuror just as he was delighting an audience, and having pounced upon the puppet in the man's hand declared that he would have that very one and no other for his penny. The fellow gave it up with a show of some reluctance, and our hero hurried triumphantly away under an impression that he had rather "done" the dealer in animated caoutchouc. He turned down a by-street, and getting into a quiet corner where he thought he could conduct his experiment unobserved, produced the figure from his pocket and quietly pulled its leg. To his great surprise no sound issued from the body. He pulled the other leg, but it was still silent; then the arms, head, and trunk with no better result. At last he flung the whole thing away in despair, and walked home a wiser man.

ABOARD THE PROMISED LAND.

THE "good ship" Promised Land really deserved that praise. She was new, had made only one voyage, in a remarkably short space of time, was copper-fastened, two hundred tons burden, was of course registered A 1 at Lloyd's, and was now loading at the St. Winifred's Docks. Many had read the enticing and almost appetizing advertisement, which had been in the Times for many days, under

heading of "Steam to the Brazils," of the "spacious poop and after-decks," the "airy and well-ventilated saloons," and the decks "flush from end to end, and offering an agreeable and unobstructed promenade," of the surgeon, who was "experienced," of the "fire-annihilator," which was infallible, of the "water-condensing apparatus," and, above all, of that "Favorite" Captain, Robert Magregor, who was "so well known on the American station." This collection of nautical blessings irresistibly induced me, when appointed engineer for surveying a new line of railway in the Brazils, to choose the new "barque-rigged liner," the Promised Land, and her Favorite Captain, Robert Magregor.

It was a long time, however, before the loading was done, and the ship ready to drop down the river. Meanwhile, the collected inducements had had a favorable impression on others besides myself, and on making some last inquiries at the office before sailing, I found that nearly all the berths had been taken up, and that we were to sail with a full complement of passengers and cargo. This was a very agreeable prospect; for to a good sailor, and before the novelty has worn off, a voyage is one of the pleasantest incidents in life. At last a sort of intimidating notice appeared, quite different from the alluring tone of previous invitations; all must be on board by a certain Thursday, and by a certain hour, otherwise deposit, passage-money, everything, would be forfeited. When I punctually obeyed this mandate, sailors were getting in casks of water, putting last touches to the rigging, and shipping new sails that looked like nautical table-linen. The sun was shining, and there were Lascars and foreign sailors in red jackets. The chatter of tongues was very loud, and the whole had a Neapolitan air. Above, on the paddle-box, was Captain Magregor, that Favorite Captain, a surprisingly young man for a Favorite Captain, but of a stout bluff build, with sandy hair, and large fair face, and a very Scotch accent, in which he gave his orders. He seemed a good man of business. We knew nothing of his seamanship then. Firm, steady, and with a practical roughness, by his exertions everybody and everything was got on board; and by ten o'clock, a passenger, who had already become nautical, came into the saloon to announce that we were going to "haul out" of dock. In half an hour we had hauled out and were going down the river.

That was rather a dismal first meeting of all the passengers in the saloon. There was an air of trouble on most faces, and every one was coming in and out uneasily of the little cellars, which were called state-rooms, "blocking" their hats as they did so. The lamps were lighted, and looked yellow and sickly enough, and were already swinging and "turning" as the vessel moved. I looked round and saw a good many of the passengers. There was a Spanish-looking actress, a wife or two of a consul, two or three commercial travellers, a couple of officers and their wives, some Frenchmen, some Germans — with, in fact, the almost unvarying elements which make up the complement of a packet bound on a long voyage. One gentleman I particularly noticed, who was taking supper with great relish by himself. He had come on board early, had established himself early in one of the best cabins, and had put everything he wanted in its "proper place." When nearly every one was like a moody and troubled spirit, going up on deck and coming down again, and poking into wrong cabins, and

lurching over unseen trunks and packages, he was perfectly and calmly at home. By eleven o'clock he had finished his supper, had read the evening paper through by a wax-candle, as he would have done at his club, and had gone comfortably to bed. This gentleman's name I was curious enough to inquire, and found it was Colter, a chancery barrister in fair practice, who had been ordered a long sea-voyage to strengthen his chest, and enable him the better to direct his voice at their "L'dships."

I was a fair sailor too, and had done many long voyages; but was not so much at home as the chancery barrister. I was painfully sensible of the discomforts of this way of travelling from the first, and awoke several times; once indeed by the vessel's stopping, and by that pattering of feet which follows on a vessel stopping, and with some shouting. After a few minutes, however, we moved on again, and I fell asleep.

In the morning we were tossing about in the Channel. The sea was like melted aluminium, dull and angry, and the "barque-rigged liner" rode heaving and lurching. Already the bulk of the passengers were in their misery, to the music of the "hish" of the waters, and the straining and creaking of the inside timbers. It was a dark day too, was raining on deck, and only a bare half-dozen appeared at breakfast. Captain Robert Magregor came down himself, and sat at the head. "Stiff bit of weather to begin with," he said, cheerfully; "always the better, though, for my passengers; they get into it at once, and have it all over. I wish we had a good storm at once, to try this vessel. She'd stand anything, sir. Go anywhere. Built under my own eye."

The chancery barrister was of course there, picking out the best bits of broiled ham and eggs with his fork. I saw him well. Tall, thin, with a yellowish face, and "thin hair besprinkled spare." "Captain," he said, abruptly, "what was the stoppage last night? It awoke me. Somewhere off Gravesend, eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, "off Gravesend it was, — a small hooker came alongside with two passengers. We nearly ran 'em down; serve 'em right, too. Pretty thing, stopping a vessel in her course! And only the agent would have been making a row, and talking of the company, and perhaps stop the passage-money out of my salary, I'd have let 'em shout till they were hoarse."

"And now, captain," said the barrister, buttering toast, with a rasping, crackling sound, "what were they like, — men, women, or children?"

"A woman, sir, — a lady, I suppose we must call her," the captain said, with disgust. "Nice thing, is n't it, ladies coming out in hookers to stop mail-packets on the high seas?"

"And where is she now?" said the barrister, eating a fresh egg. "Breakfast in berth, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Captain Magregor, angrily. "Of course, she's sick. By Jove, the wind's freshening again," he said, rising; "this is the style of thing. It looks like a good storm before night."

I was left with Mr. Colter, who said: "What we would call, in an address to a jury, a rude son of Neptune, a hardy son of Ocean, eh, sir?"

"That man," I said, "does n't care for a single thing else in the world but his profession, — a true mariner."

"I don't know that at all. I want him to contradict me. I should say he is undeveloped, — that he has not had opportunity. For he is surprisingly

young, you remark, though built upon old lines. The fact is, we can't say that he might not break out in any new direction, if the opening came. Now for a cigar upon deck."

All that day the weather freshened; by dinner-time it was almost a storm, and we had less company at the table than even at breakfast. Captain Magregor was in great delight. His eye kindled. "After all," he said, "what is there in the world to the sea! It is everything to me: father, mother, wife, and lover. Here's her health, gentlemen! Would you say as much for your professions?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Colter, shortly. "Even if I felt it, I would not."

This all went on for a couple of days, when things began to mend. The storm abated altogether; and one morning we arose to the smoothest and most lovely weather that could be conceived. The sea was as blue and smooth as the Mediterranean at Genoa. The passengers came crawling out of their burrows, with miserable faces, but with some hope. They plucked up wonderfully, as some one remarked. In fact, at the breakfast-table, all but some children were assembled. The captain was at the head, a little down at the loss of his stormy weather, and I and Mr. Colter near him.

"We are all here?" said the barrister; "a difference to the first day, eh? By the way, where's the Gravesend lady? She that woke us up out of our sleep, — eh, captain?"

The captain answered gruffly that he did not know.

"You should have all your passengers here, captain. No excuse such a morning as this. No breakfasting in bed — in berth, I mean: it's bad for the morale of the ship."

The Scotch captain shook himself at this.

"We'll have none o' that aboard. No favor or exceptions. Here, steward! You're not to take in breakfast to any one, — d'ye hear?"

"No, sir. Only that lady in No. 20."

"Has she been ill?"

"No, sir, the stewardess says. She had dinner yesterday there, and tea and breakfast ever since she came aboard."

The captain almost leaped up with anger.

"This is outrageous. My orders defied by any woman. Lady or woman, it's all one. I'll have the same discipline for all. That's logic, Mr. Colter."

"And good logic, too," said that gentleman.

"Ay, ay. The ship before everything. And see, steward. Tell that lady — what's her name? —"

"Mrs. Arlington, sir."

Mr. Colter, at hearing this name, started.

"Arlington!" he said. "Are you sure?"

"Why," said the captain, "what's there in it?"

Mr. Colter seemed to be ashamed of having started or shown surprise.

"Nothing," he said. "There's a leading case, you know, — Arlington and Hooker; very nearly the same point as the rule in Shelley's case, but cut down a good deal, you know."

"Well, tell Mrs. Arlington she must be here for dinner or go without any. That's blunt; but it's the fact and truth."

The captain went on deck.

"Now," said Mr. Colter to me, "why should that lady, who has come on board in an exceptional manner, and who has not been in the least ill (as, indeed, I found out in a very odd way, for I saw her reflected in the little skylight of my berth, and reading and working all through the storm), — why

shouldn't she come in and take her meals with us,—eh?"

"Well, I never thought of it in that way," I said.

At dinner that day—the fine weather still continuing—all the passengers were assembled, except one. Just as the covers were taken off, a little rustle was heard, and a tall, graceful lady stood at the door, looking down the long table as if for a place. She was very neatly cut out of the great human material,—slight,—was in a purple silk,—had a very small face and features,—soft hair, with a tiny cap. She seemed almost as shy as a girl, and about two-and-thirty years of age. The lawyer got up, and, with much bustle, caused room to be made for her opposite,—near the captain,—who shook himself angrily like a Newfoundland dog.

"Expect every one to be in time on board the *Promised Land*," he said, roughly. "Can't allow any eating and drinking in the cabins. So I hope, in future, ma'am—"

She was quite composed, and answered him with a soft voice: "I beg pardon, indeed, Captain Magregor. I did not know the rules,—indeed, no. But in future you will find me the most obedient of all your passengers."

"Well, I hope so," he said. "Get this lady some soup."

The barrister, who had his eye on her all this time, said to her graciously, "Hope you have not suffered during the rough weather."

She answered softly, and with an expression of pain, "I always suffer. I am almost always a martyr."

"Why," said the Scotch captain, "we know that you were n't ill during the storm; for you had your meals in regularly, and this gentleman here saw you sitting up, reflected in some way on his skylight, reading away when it was blowing great guns. Now?"

She raised her eyes from her plate, and turned them steadily on the barrister. He helped himself to wine,—very coolly.

"You are determined to be hard on poor me, Captain Magregor," she said. "I did not say that I was sick, but that I was *almost always* sick. I will even appeal to that gentleman who used reflectors to see how I employed my time."

The barrister laughed. "That's putting it very strongly against me. But if I had had such a reflector the other night, when our vessel was stopped, and mysterious passengers came on board, that would be worth something. What do you say, captain?"

"I say it was a thing I wouldn't do again, for this lady or for any lady."

Again her eyes were studying the barrister very carefully. Then she turned to the captain:—

"Must I beg pardon again? My offences seem to be increasing every moment. I was always told that ladies on board were turned into goddesses,—could rule and dictate,—and that gallant seamen were only too proud to put their heads at their feet. When we made a voyage from India, in a Queen's ship, we found it so. But I suppose there is a difference in the service. The captain was like a knight of King Arthur's, and yet one of the bravest and best seamen in the navy."

Our captain colored up, but could not say anything. The barrister said, suddenly, as if putting a question: "You were coming home from foreign service,—you and your husband?"

She almost started, looked at him, then answered

steadily with her wonderful eyes on him: "Well, yes; supposing we were?"

"O, certainly," said he, with great politeness; "I have no right to put inquisitive questions."

"No more," she said, with a firm smile, "than you have to construct those reflectors of yours. Even my enemy here, Captain Magregor, would n't resort to that."

The captain was moody.

"You should say, ma'am, a captain of a Queen's ship; which, thank God, this is not. We have our own ways here; we don't want to take pattern by Queen's ships. A Queen's ship, ma'am, I can tell you, would not stop as I was fool enough to do the other night."

"No, indeed," said she, softly; "such kindness could not be expected every day."

"It must have been very perilous," continued the barrister, addressing her, "that coming on board in an open boat on a rough night. It required great courage," he said, looking round with a smile, "or great pressure and necessity. From Gravesend, I think you said," he repeated.

"Suppose it were Gravesend," she answered, with a smile which was not a smile of pleasure. "Would you like to hear," she went on, calmly, "my birth-place, names of relations, age next birthday, and other particulars according to a census paper?"

The barrister put up his hands to his face.

"Serve me right," he said; "a capital hit,—well sent home, too."

"Ah!" said she, laughing, "I wish to hit nobody, provided they do not hit me."

"At any rate," said the barrister, "I have got a lesson."

But I don't think he had. For at tea that night he came up to the table laughing. "Look here," he said, "I am incorrigible. I belong to the law. So that is my excuse. You know the challenge you gave me about a census paper? Well, I have been working my head ever since, as I should do at a brief for the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow morning. May I tell you what I have found, provided I tell you how?"

The faintest flush of uneasiness passed over that piquant face, but she hid it by setting back the little cap. "Do as you please," she said, with a smile. "You know I am helpless. Captain Magregor here, who I thought would be my protector, is turned against me; so everybody is privileged."

"No, no," said he, vaguely. "It is you who went against me about the Queen's ship."

"The dirtiest, ugliest thing that ever sailed," she said; "badly managed,—badly handled, I think you call it."

"Yes," said he, "that's the word. Not kept so clean as this, I'll swear."

"No, no, indeed," she said.

"Well, that's something," he said. "Now, what are this gentleman's discoveries?"

"First," said Mr. Colter, "you are married, madam, or were married, and your husband's name is Charles H. Arlington,—a captain in her Majesty's 90th Regiment of Foot, now stationed at Chatham."

She almost started out of her seat, a strange wildness came into her eyes, with a dash of fury, as she bent over to the barrister.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a thick voice. Every one had been listening, and now turned to each other with surprise and wonder. In a moment her face had changed. She had burst into tears,

and with her handkerchief to her face, she just uttered the words, "He is dead! how unkind!" and floated away out of the saloon.

Many reproachful eyes were turned on the barrister.

"Come, I say, Mr. Colter," said the captain, who had looked after her with much compassion, "this is going a little too far, I think. A helpless woman is no match for a clever lawyer. It ain't equal, you know. Poor soul!"

"Pon my word," said the eager barrister, "I meant nothing,—I really did not. It was a mere chance shot. I knew her name was Arlington. So I looked in an Army List."

The next morning when the wind had again freshened, I went very early upon deck. It was a cool, delicious morning, and the vessel was bending through the waves with a sharp breezy decision that is always very acceptable. It was about seven, and I was sure I should have the deck all to myself; but, to my surprise, there was the captain leaning against the mainmast, with a lady in a little hood talking to him. I knew both hood and lady. Presently they began to walk about, and the captain pointed out this "stay" and that rope. In all these things she seemed to take an eager interest, and, I could see, was asking all sorts of questions, which he answered very readily, and with great alacrity and pleasure. Then he came towards me and explained the compasses, and then she went to the very end of the vessel, where she stood up on the forecabin in the breeze, and looked down on the hissing waters with more courage than, perhaps, I could have done, and looked like a statue. I was leaning on the side of the vessel, looking at her in this attitude, when I heard a voice close at my ear: "A fine morning." It was Mr. Colter, the barrister.

"I thought we should have the deck nearly to ourselves," he said, and walked down towards the pair at the end. When the lady saw him coming, she jumped down. She said nothing to him beyond "Good morning"; but that was said with an air of defiance.

That day the luggage "wanted on the voyage" was to be got up,—a grand ceremonial of unpacking for passengers, and a remarkably busy and amusing scene. Every one got up his trunk, and got out things which he could not or would not want. Still it was an amusement, and even playthings are welcome upon a voyage. Every one was unlocking and unpacking, even the great Chancery barrister, Mr. Colter, Q. C.

At dinner we were all in great spirits. The captain had given champagne, which was much enjoyed by the lady who sat near him. Her eyes began to sparkle, and she talked very pleasantly and with great animation. I noticed that Captain Magregor listened with extraordinary attention to everything she said, spoke very little himself, not even a word about his beloved ship.

"We deserve this," said the barrister, gayly, "after our hard work to-day. Excellent wine it is."

"You should drink, Mr. Colter, to our full and perfect reconciliation; and promise, over Captain Magregor's capital champagne, so kindly given, never to offend me any more. You must get rid of your animosity to me. Will you promise?"

"Certainly," he answered, merrily, "with all my heart. I am deeply penitent. I feel as if I had committed contempt of court, and had been told to attend at the sitting of his lordship to-morrow. In-

deed, how could I feel anything but cordial goodwill to a person about whom I am beginning gradually to know everything?"

"Know everything?" she said, a frown coming on her forehead. "You are beginning again. Now, I warn you!"

"Yea," said he, "but we have not drunk our champagne together yet. It is really the oddest thing. There must be some mysterious relation between us, for these things force themselves on me. Now, to-day, at the luggage, I found out your house and street!"

"Champagne, ma'am?" said the waiter.

"No," she said, fiercely, "I'll not drink with you. I'll have no reconciliation."

"Pray hear me first," he said. "Stay a moment, waiter. I saw a portmanteau swung up rather roughly (by the way, captain, a hint to your fellows would be no harm, they are only too willing), when the side grazed against the hold, and half tore off a card. I saw it would n't stay on a minute, and really with the best intentions, though you won't credit it, took it off. On the face was your name, Mrs. Arlington, written in a very pretty hand. On the back was, 'To be left at Captain Arlington's, Grove Villa, Chatham. Seven and sixpence to pay. 11/6/63.' (You know the odd way they write that.) The very day before our vessel sailed. Obviously the trunk-maker's bill for a lock or repairs."

She almost ground her teeth, and the wine shook in her hand.

"You will not stop till you get a lesson," she said, grimly. "I am not a woman to let myself be persecuted. I can do nothing myself; but if I ask other gentlemen,"—and she looked at Captain Magregor,— "I am sure they will help me. Perhaps the next thing you will tell us at dinner, that you have opened my little trunk, and searched it."

"I think," said Captain Magregor, who had been appealed to, "you might let this lady's affairs alone. If we have barristers aboard, I don't see why we need have barristers' ways. In fact, now, as captain of this craft, I tell you plainly, Mr. Colter, I won't have it. I have authority here, and I must require you to give over prying into this lady's business, or looking into her trunks and that sort of thing."

He looked to her, whose eyes turned to him with speechless gratitude. There was a silence. Half the table heard that speech. Mr. Colter drank a little wine, then called in a clear voice to a gentleman a few paces from him,—

"Mr. Wilson! you were next me to-day when a portmanteau came out of the hold with a card hanging to it. Would that card have dropped off at a touch?"

"At a touch," said Mr. Wilson.

"Did I save it from dropping back into the hold?"

"You did," said Mr. Wilson.

"Who was it first perceived that there was writing on the back?"

"I did, certainly," said Mr. Wilson. "In fact, I remarked it as the trunk came up."

"There!" said Mr. Colter, calmly. "So much for looking into this lady's trunks. As for my remark yesterday about the husband of this lady, I looked, out of the merest idle curiosity, to see his rank and regiment, in an Army List—"

"An Army List!" she repeated, starting.

"Yes," he went on. "An Army List of the present month, and this is only the seventeenth, and I found him there. But that, of course, must be a

printer's error (these things are edited so carelessly), for I think we understood you to say your husband is not alive?"

"Never," she answered, excitedly. "I said I was afraid he might be dead or dying, as I left him very ill."

"Then I mistook," he went on. "Now, that being so, I appeal to the company whether our excellent captain has not travelled a little beyond what is proper, in the way he has spoken to me. Really it seems to me a little unwarrantable! and if I was one of your people with a grievance, and were to bring the matter officially before my friend Sir Charles Robinson, chairman of the company, he might look at it rather seriously. Now, I put it to our captain, a brave man, and one of the best seamen going, whether he has not been a little rough with me to-day."

The captain colored.

"Well," said he, "perhaps I spoke too strongly, and perhaps you are right, Mr. Colter. You know I have great responsibility."

The look of anger and contempt the lady gave him was beyond description. She rose at once.

"I see you have deserted me," she said, in a whisper, to the captain. "Well, so be it. I shall go on deck, and make the wind and the sea my friends. They, indeed, are faithful."

And she passed out. In about ten minutes the captain followed her.

Very soon the curiosity of the passengers had been excited about this lady and her doings; and I could see that the barrister's little speech had produced a marked impression. Some of the gentlemen took her part; but the ladies were, to a lady, against her.

The barrister was very pleasant on the subject.

"I have got so into the habit of putting this and that together," he said, "that really I can't help speculating, and following out my speculations in this way. Now, this lady, though I really may be putting myself in bodily risk, (for who knows how she may turn out? and she gives me such wicked looks,) is really quite like a child's puzzle to me; and positively I must put it together successfully before the voyage is out."

There was a rustle behind us, and she was standing at the top of the table. She had heard him. There was the same twitch of vexation in her mouth.

"No warnings," she said, with a smile, "will do you good. Take care; other people may be fond of puzzles too."

"Nothing can be fairer," he said, laughing.

He was walking on deck that evening, when I saw her come up to him with a very sad and bewitching face. I could hear her low voice almost pleading. As I passed close by I heard her say something about "O, so clever! with such a reputation as you!"

To which he replied, "O, nonsense. You never heard of my name before, unless you had been reading conveyances and deeds all your life. No, no."

The next thing we heard was that the captain had given up his own private cabin to the strange lady. She had come on board late, and had to put up with the worst accommodation. This inflamed all the ladies still more, but more particularly Mr. Colter, who said it was "an instance of singular partiality." That very day we saw an English brig bearing down on us with a signal of distress flying. This was welcome news to the passengers, and

brought every one up from below with glasses, to share in the excitement. We slackened speed and let her come near. It turned out, after all, that she was only "short of water," which created quite an ill feeling against the brig, and sent down most of the passengers in disgust. The captain came aboard our vessel in his long-boat, and was presently surrounded by a group asking him all manner of questions, which provided a great subject of discussion at dinner that day. After dinner, Mr. Colter said in his gay way, "While you were all talking to the captain, I got hold of the steward and secured a couple of English newspapers. What do you say to that? I suppose no one ever thought of that; though there is not much news, except—except—indeed—" and he kept looking up and down the columns, searching for his bit of news, "one of the usual dreadful murders," he said. "Where is it?"

As he spoke, I was made to look up by an angry and impatient rustle opposite, and there saw the eyes of the lady fixed on him with such an expression of mixed terror and agony, that I was really startled.

"At Chatham, I think it was," he said: "near to your part of the world. So you had a lucky escape, Mrs. Arlington."

She was growing pale and red by turns, her hands were grasping the table with a clutch, and she half rose to go.

"Ah, here it is!"

"What do you mean by this?" she said.

He did not affect to see her, but I saw him steal a look at her.

"Why, you are not well," said Captain McGregor. "Take my arm, and come on deck."

"You won't wait to hear the exciting details?" said Mr. Colter. "Why, I declare, it's not at Chatham, after all. It was at Portsmouth. Yes, at Portsmouth. How stupid of me."

A curious expression of relief came into her face. "It was only for a moment," she said. "You know my poor husband is lying ill there, and these things happen so often."

"Ah, I see," said the captain.

"Was the murderer a sergeant,—one Ridley?" asked a passenger.

"Yes! God bless me, yes!" said Mr. Colter. "How did you find that out?"

"Why, that all happened before we left England. I read it in the Times a week before. The fellow must be hanged by this time."

"Well, well," said Mr. Colter, laying down his paper, "after that, I give it all up. I am getting stupid. I may retire from the profession."

The correcting passenger laughed and received a step in rank on the spot, in respect, from his fellow-passengers.

Meanwhile our captain never abated in his attentions to the lady, though he grew more gloomy and moody every day. He had lost all his enthusiasm for his ship, and never talked of her in a boastful and affectionate way. On the other hand, carrying out his view of studying everything that came in his way, Mr. Colter had latterly taken great interest in the ship, and all about her, "just to fill in the time," he said. Every day at noon, when the observations were taken, he was careful to assist, and picked up the outlines of navigation in a very short time. Even the mate pronounced that he'd work the reckoning "afore to-morrow next day." This was always his way, Mr. Colter said, "because," he added, "who knows but a navigation

case might be briefed to me? Last year I had a dyeing case, and I made up all the chemicals in a week." By and by the mate's prophecy actually came true, and Mr. Colter worked out the ship's reckoning for himself in a very satisfactory way.

The next day a great dark steamer, homeward-bound, came in sight, which the captain, eagerly getting his glass, and making the lady who stood near him look at, pronounced to be one of the Cunard vessels. As it drew near, all the passengers got out their letters, which, after a short parley, were sent on board; and it steamed away out of sight. This was a real incident, and was talked over eagerly and noisily at dinner. Mr. Colter, to whom the captain was very cool and yet very submissive since their little discussion, quite taking the lead. "Such a mail as went on board," he said; "all of us writing home to our fathers and mothers, daughters, wives, and husbands. By the way," he went on gayly, and with his eye on the lady, "I did n't see you give a contribution, not a line, to that poor husband in the barracks at home, sitting in his bare room, coming back from their dull mess."

She colored, and again that fierce contortion of impatience came into her face. "How do you know?" she said. "Is the next thing to be that I am to show you all my letters before I post them?"

"God forbid," he answered, laughing, "if I had to read or look at ladies' long letters. No, no, Mrs. Arlington, only, as I always tell you, you are quite a study to me." He laughed again. "But come now," he went on, half addressing those near him, "I did remark that Mrs. Arlington missed the post, or did not know there was a mail going, and thus lost such an opportunity of writing to her husband. It was very unlucky."

Some of the passengers looked one at the other, for by this time—and really in part owing to these hints of the barrister—a sort of mystery of suspicion began to get among them about this lady. There was nothing to do, monotony was beginning to set in, so that even a little suspicion was welcome. This little fact, therefore, started so innocently by Mr. Colter, was taken up readily, and speculated over very often. And the looks of fury and secret hostility that naturally came into her face,—as I surprised her often looking at "her persecutor,"—were remarkable. Really he was carrying it all too far. But he never seemed to tire of it. A little passage that took place between them a couple of mornings later "intrigued" us all yet more.

"I am hungry this morning," he began, addressing the company as usual, "and do you know who is the reason? No one would guess, I am sure. Mrs. Arlington, you are the reason I am hungry. What is this, fried collops? Yes, Mrs. A. is the reason." Again she was in great confusion. The ladies' eyes were upon her. "Now for the explanation. Mrs. Arlington spilt some of my chocolate this morning. I think you did it on purpose. The steward was carrying it in (I always have it at home, and I must say the lad makes it nearly as well as my own man), and Mrs. Arlington here ran against him, spilt some of it, and the poor boy brought it in afterwards to my cabin, and wanted to know should he make more. Of course I said no. But I did n't even take what was left."

The public were a little disappointed at this story, which they could not follow. The only thing they enjoyed was her really helpless state of confusion

and terror. And after that morning the impression still more evidently prevailed that there was something very odd about the strange lady. Later we all knew the signification of this chocolate story.

Meanwhile, her conversations with the captain increased. That Scotch young seaman seemed to be losing gradually all his heartiness. To Mr. Colter he was civil, but moody and distant. It was remarked that the lady used to get up very early now, and was sometimes found by a curious passenger sitting, at perhaps seven in the morning, with the captain.

The Promised Land had now been some seven or eight days out, and with fair weather. We were all getting tolerably well shaken down into the ship, as Mr. Colter said. This eighth day was remarkably fine, with a bright sun out, and the one or two always sick passengers came creeping out of their berths to get a little fresh air and sun. Poor souls! Every one was happy, but the only curious thing was the behavior of the captain, who all the day long had his powerful double-glasses to his eyes searching the horizon far and near. This at first was not attended to; but, as he continued anxiously at this all the day, even sending men to the masthead, and keeping a little boy there till he nearly fell off, people began to wonder, and then to ask. The first to take notice was Mr. Colter: "Not looking for land, surely?" he said, with a smile. "I made up a reckoning with the mate, and we are in latitude so and so."

The captain answered him roughly: "I can look through my glasses, I suppose, without having to give an account of myself, Mr. Colter? We leave our witness-boxes at home on board this ship." And walked away down to the cabin to the lady; then came up and spoke to the man at the wheel. It was now about five o'clock, and time for dinner. Mr. Colter, who was very friendly with the mate, and talked a good deal about the ship and her handling, now walked over to take a look at the binnacle before going down. "Why, look here, Cobbett," he said, "we're taking a bend out of our course. Eh? What d'ye say?"

"Yes, we are, sir," said the mate. "What's this, Jim?"

"Cap'en bid me keep a quarter-point or so to nor'ard," said the steersman.

"Very odd," said Mr. Colter.

"I don't know what's coming over the cap'en," said Cobbett, thoughtfully. "I think," he added cautiously, "he's now after one of the Haver liners (so he pronounced it) for New York, which we should meet about here. That's what's at the bottom of it, sir. I suspect he wants news or something."

"O, indeed," said Mr. Colter, and went down to dinner. At this meal the captain and lady were both restless, and spoke little. Mr. Colter was cheerful. When it was nearly done, a steward's boy came in, and whispered to the captain, who got up hastily, and went on deck. This motion excited curiosity. What could it be?

After dessert had been put on, Mr. Colter, wiping his mouth with his napkin, said gayly, "I really must see what it is all about."

"Ah, you may see and see again," said Mrs. Arlington, with extraordinary fierceness, "but you will not find out much, or be able to interfere much now."

"I?" said he, good-humoredly. "Not I, indeed. But a little walk on deck can do no harm." He

went up, and presently many followed, for curiosity is stronger than wine.

The evening and the half darkness had come on. The skylights over the saloon looked like gorgeous illuminated globes. The sea was fresh, and cool, and blue, and the moon, seeming to be out a little before its time, was shining. Many faces were looking out to the one point where there was a black patch, and a twinkling red and green light growing larger every moment. Many fingers pointed it out to each other. "See the Haver packet!" said Cobbett, coming up to Mr. Colter; "we're out of our course by three hours. Nigh on forty mile! Only think! Of course it's his affair, and he'll see what the owners will say."

The captain was on his paddle-box, giving orders.

"We're going at full speed, you see," said the mate. "She's a faster boat, and won't lie by for us. The French skipper knows his dooty to his company."

"O, I see," said Mr. Colter. "Where's Mrs. Arlington?"

She was in her cabin. By and by some boxes were coming up from the hold. Presently she herself came up, dressed in her shawls and cloaks, and with all her baskets and packages. "I see," said Mr. Colter again.

"Perhaps you do," she said; "but not for much longer. I am going at last to be set free from your insolent and unmanly persecutions. This kind captain is going to put me on board that vessel which is bound for New York."

By this time a knot of leading passengers had gathered round, listening with wonder. We were gradually drawing nearer to the vessel. The captain was coming down from his paddle-box with triumph.

"We shall overhaul her yet," he said. "They have seen our signals. They are getting out the boat so as to have it ready. They have stopped at last."

He was turning to go, when Mr. Colter, suddenly changing his habitual jocular manner, said: "Just a word with you, captain, before you move in this matter."

He took him by the arm, and led him away down to the end of the vessel, the captain going sulkily. Mrs. Arlington was very restless during this interview; but she looked very often towards the dark French ship.

In a moment they both came back. The captain was very excited.

"I'll not listen to you, sir. You should be ashamed of yourself. I sha'n't move in the business, or listen to such calumnies."

"Brave and gallant protector," she said, taking the captain's hand. "I knew I had a friend in you who would stand by me."

"Then you force me to appeal to the passengers; and to them I shall appeal."

"You would not be so cowardly, — so cruel," she said, half imploringly.

"I shall tell them what I know and can prove, as soon as we touch land. I shall tell them that this woman —"

"Tell what you like," said the captain, doggedly. "Here's the vessel, and go on board she shall."

In fact we were now drifting up beside the great black figure of the French steamer, breathing and blowing off the steam like a tired horse. The men were in the boat, and the trunks were about being swung over the side.

"Well, then," said Mr. Colter, "if you won't listen to reason, I shall go too. New York will be very pleasant, and we have an extradition treaty with that country."

There was a pause. The two stood looking at each other, the lady trembling and breathing hard. The voice of the French captain was heard through a speaking-trumpet.

"Well, then," said she, with a sort of dreadful smile; "since you are so positive in the matter, I suppose you must have your way. I am very sorry to have given these foreign gentlemen all this trouble; but it is better to submit than to have a scene. I shall never be able, Mr. Colter, to repay you for all your intrusive kindness."

She hurried down again to her cabin, but her last look at the barrister was one no one could forget.

The vessel was put on her old course.

For some days more the voyage continued. Still the lady did not come into the cabin for meals. "I have given her leave," said the captain, ferociously. "I suppose I have that power aboard my own ship, and I'd like to see the man that will dispute it."

"So should I," said Mr. Colter, smiling. "Poor Jack would be laid in irons, and properly so. The law gives you full power, cap'n, to a certain extent. We must all support the law, cap'n. The legal theory is, that the deck of every English vessel is a portion of the British soil."

The captain answered nothing. It was the last day. We were to be off the coast by evening. By evening we were off the coast, near a tongue of land and a lighthouse. But it was nearly dark. Passengers were all in excitement. A splash of oars was heard alongside, and the Customs officers, some green-looking men in brigand hats, came on board. They went through the usual business. To our surprise we heard Mr. Colter talking, in what was apparently excellent Spanish, with the leader of the party. The leader was very obsequious, and touched his hat often. Mr. Colter gave him a letter as the boat went away, — two were left behind in charge of the vessel.

Mr. Colter was literally now regarded as a being of mysterious power.

About nine that night (we were all to land in the morning) another boat was heard coming alongside, and a gentleman came up the side, who in English asked the captain to see Mr. Colter. The captain asked his business a little gruffly. "I am the consul here," said the other.

Mr. Colter, who was smoking, came up. The consul took off his hat. "I hope Lord Boxminster is well," he said, obsequiously. "His lordship wrote to me by the last mail. We shall do everything we can for you, Mr. Colter. Would you like to come ashore to-night and sleep on dry land, — at an hotel? I can manage that."

"Well then, do you know, I should," said Mr. Colter, gayly. "I have, however, a few little things to put together first."

"Hope you enjoyed the voyage," said the consul.

"Well I did, since you ask me," he answered. "It has really been like Westminster Hall all the way. I suppose you can give me half an hour?"

Half an hour after that he came into the saloon muffled up to go. I and the captain were the only people there. "Good by," said Mr. Colter, good-humoredly, "for the present. It seems a little invidious my being the only one allowed to go ashore, but I shall be back in the morning. Good by."

"And what legacy do you leave behind?" said a woman's voice close by. We looked up, and saw flashing eyes, and distorted features, and a quivering lip.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Colter.

"What legacy? I say," she repeated; "a noble, manly, and chivalrous one! You a gentleman? No; I will tell you what you are,—a miserable spy, a common detective! God forgive you."

"What strange language!" said Mr. Colter, looking round.

"If I was a low creature I would curse you," she went on, in a fury; "I would pray—as I will pray to-night—that the boat which takes you to shore may open, and sink to the bottom. You mean, unworthy spy, you! You mouchard, you! You crawling, creeping, sneaking spy; this is the dirty work you love! Curse you, I say!"

"What language!" said Mr. Colter, not in the least disturbed.

"What have I done to you? Why did you fasten on me from the beginning of the voyage,—a poor woman that did you no harm,—tell me that,—eh?"

Mr. Colter suddenly became grave. (It was a curious and most exciting scene; the yellow oil lamps of the saloon playing on her face.)

"Since you ask me," he said, "I shall tell you—something, at least. Young William Arlington, your husband—that was—"

"Was?" she repeated, faltering.

"—was the son of a very dear friend of mine. I knew something of his history,—how the foolish boy had been entrapped into a marriage at Boulogne with a sort of half French woman, that no one knew anything of, and about whom there were strange rumors. Now, Mrs. Arlington?"

"False, false,—every word of it," she said, furiously.

"We shall see," he said, gathering up his coats and shawls. "I shall not appear much more in this business. Others will look after it. Sorry no one else is allowed on shore. Good night all."

She gave a half shriek, and shook her hand at him.

"May that boat of yours sink you, sink you, sink—"

She stopped herself, and rushed back into her cabin; for stray passengers were looking out in wonder. I could not for a long while get rid of the dreadful idea of her appearance as I saw her then.

In the morning,—a beautiful bright morning,—we saw the fine, gorgeous coast quite clear. But to my astonishment there were police in the Spanish dress on the deck, talking with the captain, who was very excited. And the English consul was there too. The passengers were all gathered on the deck, and whispering.

At last the captain went down, and two of the officers. He came up in a moment, with a wild, scared face.

She was in her cabin; but it was fast locked. No one had seen her. No one could see her, or ever did see her again. That deadly look given to Mr. Colter proved to be the last look she gave to mortal man. When the anxious captain had at last her cabin door forced, she was found lying in her berth quite dead and cold; and the ship's doctor pronounced that she had died of poison.

When the English newspapers got out to the Brazils, we all heard of the dreadful Chatham mur-

der of a young officer who had married a half French milliner against the wishes of his family.

The murderer, the papers said, had got away,—it was believed in a Brazilian packet;—but hoped, according to their favorite phrase, that "the officers of justice would soon be on her track."

Mr. Colter made the return voyage successfully, and much improved in his health, and is now the well-known Sergeant Colter, who stands next for Solicitor-General.

AN OLD GRAVEYARD.

AMONG the historic sites of London there are not many which can lay claim to more venerable associations than the Bunhill-fields Burial-ground in Finsbury. It was first used for interment at the time of the Great Plague, and is the site of the "great pit in Finsbury," spoken of in Defoe's narrative. At that time, instead of being surrounded by one of the gloomiest neighborhoods of brick and mortar that are characteristic of London, it lay quite open to the country.

Since then it has been one of the principal places of interment for the great sects of Nonconformists who objected to the Burial Service in the Book of Common Prayer. It has, in fact, been called "the Campo Santo of the Dissenters," and it well deserves the name.

Here are interred Dr. Goodwin, the Independent preacher who attended Cromwell on his death-bed; Dr. John Owen, the famous Puritan Vice-Chancellor of Oxford; and General Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law. Here, above all, lie the remains of the greatest but one of Puritan writers,—the man who, perhaps, has done more than any other author to perpetuate among Englishmen the best parts of the Puritan theology. In other words, to a vault in these grounds have been intrusted the remains of John Bunyan.

Here, too, lie the bodies of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, of the mother of the Wesleys, and of Isaac Watts. Here lies Defoe himself, amid one of the scenes which his pen has immortalized. Stothard, the artist, was buried here as late as 1884; and, in short, for nearly two centuries the ground has been a chosen resting-place of the Nonconformists. Such a place deserves to be treated with no less reverence than if it were legally consecrated ground. The mere respect for two centuries of the dead should alone insure its preservation; but to a spot which contains such names as we have mentioned, religious associations, no less than English memories, should combine to lend a peculiar sanctity.

It is with the greatest regret, therefore, we learn that any occasion has arisen for fear lest this almost consecrated ground should be abandoned to the common uses of bricks and mortar. That there is any serious danger of such a desecration we do not believe, but a difficulty has been raised on the subject which would be sufficient to provoke some ill-feeling unless it be promptly met in a proper spirit. The burial-ground in question is part of the great estate of the Finsbury Prebend, which, in consequence of recent legislation, is now vested in the Ecclesiastical Commission. The whole estate has been leased to the Corporation of London for a term of ninety-nine years, dating from 1768, and it will revert, therefore, with its enormous revenues, to the Ecclesiastical Commission in 1867. With the rest of the estate, the Commission will, of course, enter

into absolute possession of Bunhill-fields Burial-ground, and the Nonconformists appear to be in considerable alarm lest the appetite of the Commissioners for an increased income should prove too strong for their respect to the memory of Dissenters. At all events, in December, 1863, a Mr. Ivimey, acting on behalf of the representatives of the persons buried in the ground, proposed to the Commissioners to purchase the freehold of the land on the expiration of the lease in 1867. The Commissioners expressed their willingness to agree to the sale for about a tenth of the present value of the land, on condition that it should be kept forever as a burial-ground, and should revert to them if it were ever appropriated to any other purpose. If this arrangement had been observed, the matter would have been settled; but it seems afterwards to have occurred to the Dissenters that they were already entitled to the permanent possession of the ground, without making any further payment for it. The vaults and graves had been paid for just as at other burial-grounds; and it certainly seemed somewhat unreasonable that the representatives of the deceased persons should be called upon, long after the death of their friends, to pay a further sum in order to insure their quiet possession of graves which had in the first instance been duly purchased. . . .

The Dissenters are anxious to preserve the ground; the Commissioners by their offer to Mr. Ivimey show that they are equally averse from desecrating it, and the Corporation allege that they would have no right to do so. However the dispute may be decided, therefore, we may rest assured that Bunhill-fields will be treated with as much respect as if it had been legally consecrated; and every one will rejoice that there is no danger of a contrary result. There are always ample reasons on sanitary grounds for preserving these open burial-places from interference; but in a spot appropriated to the use of so celebrated a body of men any desecration would be more than usually unpardonable. England owes to the great Nonconformists a debt only less than that which she owes to her Churchmen; and the Ecclesiastical Commission should be the last body, and we believe they would be the last, to offer any disrespect to such splendid and venerable memories.

RECENT ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THAT Italy has arrived at an epoch fraught with consequences to her future life is sufficiently known and acknowledged; but it may be doubted whether those at a distance can fully appreciate the nature of the movement now agitating this country, the extent or depth of its significance. The great exponent, literature, might be expected to reveal the secret of the desires and aims of so many minds; but it is singular how little Italy's literature conveys the true expression of her intellectual condition. Neither the Novel nor the Drama reflects her domestic life; and much that is deeply seated in public conviction finds no vent in utterance understood at a distance.

The struggle between superstition and free inquiry, credulity on the one hand, scepticism on the other, traditional reverence for the old and impatient desire for the new, indifference to theologic discussion, coupled with an ultra-protestant spirit of railery and sarcasm against irrational observances of devotion, — all these are characteristics of the present Italian temper, which, though indicated, are far from being formulated in a distinct or adequate

manner. I know of nothing in the whole range of this country's recent productions to be compared with those anonymous works, *Le Maudii* and *La Religieuse*, in the incisive and definite expression of reactionary movement, the earnest requirement for renovation as an indispensable condition of the future ascendancy of Christianity; yet nothing could more faithfully correspond to the convictions that prevail among reflective Italians than the arguments of those remarkable volumes. We find a near approach to similar conclusions in one incomplete work compiled from the manuscripts of Gioberti, *La Riforma Cattolica*; but that posthumous publication is sketchy, comparatively incoherent, little more than the vague suggestion of a great theory in its first stage of appropriation by a great mind.

The literature that may be called the offspring of the present revolutionary era in this land, and may with that era be dated, in its present phase, from the year 1848, is inconsistent, inasmuch as, while ideas in the political order find their manifestation with sufficient clearness, those which refer to higher interests in the moral and religious order remain without utterance, or are incidentally and incoherently expressed. The overstraining of theoretic pretensions is met by no well-reasoned plan of resistance in the intellectual sphere (I am not considering the political); the hierarchic hostility is not alone undefeated, but it is opposed by no array of disciplined forces. Such facts as the refusal of sacraments to the dying save on terms of political recantation, as the virtual expulsion from the Church of those who have voted for annexation in the ex-Papal States, and other proceedings continuing to present the scandalous spectacle of holy ordinances perverted to mundane interests, to reactionary intrigue, are still possible and even frequent. The urgent question of reforming without overthrowing (a catastrophe beyond the thoughts, I believe, of the rationally reflective in this country) a Church whose ministers thus shamelessly abuse the sanctities of office, and offend against the spirit of all Christian teaching, remains unsolved, is scarcely proposed to consideration.

In what degree has Italy's literature aided her great modern movement? and in which of its walks is the character of the time best reflected? are other interesting, if less solemn questions. Activity has within late years chiefly displayed itself in the direction of historic literature, dealing with recent vicissitudes, and their results. Early in this century Botta and Colletta contributed to the disseminating of liberal ideas by their bold and original treatment of national themes; and at a later period, Balbo, as well as Uzeglio, gave an impulse to the patriotic feeling which has since animated historic writing. Cattaui, Cibrario, Ranalli, La Farina, Tosti, Zobi, Sclopis, are living writers of history all raised to classic eminence, and all of course decidedly liberal and progressist in the worthiest sense, with individual modifications.

In recent historical literature our attention is first claimed by countless narratives of recent events, in many instances supplied by actors in them, whose testimony will be more appreciated by posterity than by contemporaries. Among such works perhaps those of Farini and Gualterio referring to the Roman States, and that by Montanelli concerning Tuscany, hold the foremost place. Among compilations (not strictly histories) those of Gennarolli, exhibiting the abuses and disastrous results of ecclesiastical rule, especially in the Legations, with

crushing weight of evidence, are most curious; and Zobi's "History of the Year 1859," and Ranalli's of Italian events between 1846-53, rank with the most entertaining and trustworthy in the language.

Respect for the republican and municipal *fatti* of the Middle Ages, for the pride of monuments and the splendid developments of art, has preserved Italian historians, in the main, from the error of concentrating attention on princes and politicians to the neglect of the people and their larger interests. But there is a wide difference between Guicciardini and Cesare Cantà; and the thoughtful attention to the aspects of popular life, the accurate study applied to movements of the intellectual world, which distinguish the works of the latter, are more or less prominent in all the recent Italian historic publications. Among the ablest is Antonio Zobi's "Civil History of Tuscany from 1737 to 1848," which treats of the best aspects of the Lorraine government,—of that dynasty which had its origin in foreign intrigue, and expired in the disgrace of treachery to its own cause, but which did much to promote the moral and material welfare of its subjects;—which, having found Tuscany with a population of little more than 800,000, ruled over more than a million and a half at the time of its adopting constitutional forms in 1848, and had wisely reduced the class of ecclesiastics from 27,108 (its numerical amount under the last Medici) to 15,660, the number of secular and regular clergy when the first Tuscan Parliament began its sessions.

Zobi, though no courtier, does justice to the fallen dynasty, and the philosophic calmness of his narrative is reflected in a quiet and lucid style, an example of the improvement in vigor and terseness now manifest in Italian prose, ascribable no doubt to the influence of great national trials and absorbing public interests. "The Republic of Genoa from its origin to 1797," by Canale, already a voluminous work, is not yet completed, though in several volumes: its author wants the easy flow of narrative we admire in Zobi, but is conscientious and diligent. He is actuated by a patriot's pride in the honors of that once powerful state, the splendid rival of Venice in the day of her triumph, which had her succession of appointed annalists, beginning with Caffaro, who, in 1163, commenced his first Genoese Chronicle, to Egidio Boccanera, brother of the first Doge, and admiral of the Genoese fleet in 1840.

This new historian of the Ligurian Republic adopts a system of classification which places under different headings the several aspects of his subject; and by the sterling merits of trustworthiness, careful regard to authorities, and simplicity of style, claims our respect. The majority of writers of this class are agreed upon national questions, and animated by similar views of the cause and interests of Italy at this day; the few exceptions are little entitled to regard; but one subject, very important in its claims on historic science—the origin of the temporal power of the popes—is approached from different points of view and discussed with different conclusions. In one of the few noticeable works lately produced at Rome, the "Origin of the Temporal Sovereignty," &c., by Brunengo, a Jesuit, it is treated with some ability. The writer illustrates the eighth century in its Roman vicissitudes, so as to interest, if not to convince, his readers. In the same line with Brunengo, though very far above him as to literary merits, stands the learned and indefatigable Milanese Count, Tullio Dandolo, author of several volumes entitled "The Story of

Thought," and a declared advocate of the Papacy in his "Rome of the Popes," and the "Age of Leo X."

In no other literature, I believe, is to be found such a mass of strictly local illustration, dedicated to the honor of particular provinces or cities,—even to decayed old towns among the Apennines or Calabrian mountains, scarce known to the tourist-world by name. This is often mere waste of erudition. Antiquarian taste might indeed induce readers to spend hours over the annals and monuments of Perugia, Ravenna, or Amalfi; but who cares to read about the dreary Civita Vecchia, the insignificant Crema or Bergamo? Yet I find recently produced annals of all these on the shelves of public libraries, besides a long list of other towns and districts; in the majority unserviceable publications save to the archæologic circle whence they proceed, but in such examples as the histories of Turin and Milan by Cibrario and Verri, of Naples by Capicelatro, not to be overlooked for some higher claims. Earnest and patient study of all that concerns *la patria*, laborious effort in illustrating the memories of local centres, in reviving things destroyed or forgotten, of which Italy has supplied the most striking examples in the exhaustless writers of the last century,—Muratori, Tiraboschi, Maffei,—have been reproduced by the editors of the *Archivio Storico Italiano*. This work was commenced in 1842 as a compilation of hitherto inedited or lost writings referring exclusively to Tuscan story, was brought to a close in its first series in 1845, but eventually revived in 1855 as the *nuova serie*, with more largeness of scope and treatment, admission of original matter in reviews, essays on historic or biographic themes, and notices of foreign publications bearing on Italian interests. The undertaking somewhat languished, after the death of the meritorious founder and director Vicussense, but continued to thrive with the support of such assistants as Cantà, Villari, Sclopis, Amari, and Cibrario.

The "Secret History (*Storia Intima*) of Tuscany from the 1st of January, 1859, to the 30th of April, 1860," by Rubieri, an actor in the absolutely pacific revolution that overthrew the late government, is an accurate critical investigation of a recent period of internal conflict hitherto little known except in its final issues; a struggle gallantly maintained by an illustrious and unfriended people, often thwarted by predominant rank, and surrounded by adverse intrigues. No flatterer, but a severe critic of men and measures, is this historian, who calls the provisional administration to account for having left Tuscany with a deficit of about fourteen million and a half of francs, and enormously involved her financial circumstances by too ambitious an undertaking of public works, &c. Dramatic, sometimes comical, details of the intrigues carried on by agents from Paris in the clubs and even the fashionable saloons of Florence during the interregnum enliven these pages. Yet the government so heavily censured led the country through a momentous crisis, and enabled her to work out a destiny in accordance with the popular idea, and the general aim of Italian patriotic effort. It was a government generous even in its errors,—eager to promote public works, to record events connected with the story of national successes and emancipation by public monuments, to remodel the higher schools of public education, and to enlarge the means of instruction for the working-classes.

From the perusal of Rubieri's volume an impres-

sion is created of something higher than political parties or individual agency, — the sense of a power overruling and determining the purposes of the life of nations; and the picture of a false and feeble prince, flying rather from his own conscience than from any actual danger, marks the first stage in the Florentine story, whose final result is recorded on the time-worn walls of the grand old *Palazzo della Signoria*, telling how, on the 15th of March, 1860, Tuscany became, by national plebiscit, annexed to the kingdom of United Italy. The Provisional Government gave commissions for a History of these States, and for a History of Lucca; the former was consigned to Signor Canestrini, a writer in repute, whose performance of his task I cannot report on, — unless we are to accept as its first instalment a volume of purely statistical contents, "The Science and Art of State," bearing on the finances and taxation of Tuscany in the last period of her republican existence.

The illustration of the remoter Past has been less the aim of recent Italian historic works than that of the critical epochs through which Italy has been struggling and advancing in late years; except such truly monumental achievements as Cantà's "History of the Italians," the Abbate Coppi's continuation of Muratori's *Annali*, and the "Memoirs of Distinguished Families," left incomplete by Count Pompeo Litta, but subsequently prosecuted on the same plan, mainly indeed from the Count's manuscripts, by his son, and another able writer. The "Origin of Civilization in Europe," by Gabriele Rosa, is a lately finished work of great merit, affording evidence of thought and research dedicated with genuine enthusiasm to a great object. Setting before himself the story of the world, as well as that of its inhabitants in their gradual progress to civilized life, the author treats in a masterly style the systems of geology and the theories of science respecting the origin of man, the cataclysms of our earth, and the analogies of language. In the chapter entitled "Europe on the first appearance of Man," he concludes that the first phases of primeval story on this continent must be sought, not in the records of Greece or Rome, but in Scandinavia, Ireland, and Scotland. He treats the ethnologic in their relation to the geologic questions; and regards the antiquity of the human race as one of the problems yet to be solved; he assumes the Noachian deluge to have been a partial, not a total submersion; in short, he gives such license to scientific speculation as would have exposed him to the fate of Galileo, had he written in the seventeenth century.

"The History of Europe, and especially of Italy," is the title of a recent work, which affords a proof of the absorbing interest that now attaches, for the Italian mind, to all that concerns the fatherland. The "History of Charles V. in relation with the Affairs of Italy," by Professor de Leva (Venice), is the first volume of what promises to be an exhaustive treatment of the subject. Accurate and searching, but rather too diffuse, this writer acquits himself most successfully in his investigation into the origin of the Reformation; there is true moral dignity in the impartial spirit with which he traces that movement to its first causes in the birth of new, and return to old ideas, the revival of the primitive elements of Christianity, as well as the reaction against corruption. His pages lead us to regard the period he discusses as one of absolutely climacteric depravities, when all men were venal; nor did any one turn this evil to better account than the Emperor, who,

for bribery to the archbishops and the first princes of the realm (his electors), pledged himself to the annual payment of 545,650 florins in pensions, besides countless presents to placemen relied upon in the affair of the imperial election.

"Sicily under the Emperor Charles V.," by Isidoro la Lumia, is one of the last contributions from that island, whose literature has hitherto shared the adverse fate of her noble and unfortunate people; and the writer tells us he owes the power of publishing a volume written before the change of government to the revolution which has emancipated the press with the nation. In the mournful story of letters in Sicily, we find the record of many a reputation stifled, or strangled in the birth; many a promise of thought and learning blighted by cold neglect, — and yet a brave activity in the intellectual sphere, that even Bourbon despotism could not suppress. This work contains striking pictures of the mediæval condition of Sicily, and of her social state until the end of the fifteenth century, under a crushing feudalism, whose fruits were decline, discord, and severance from the influences of advancing civilization. The Emperor Charles is not in favor among Italian writers, — "half soldier, half friar," as a contributor to the *Archivio* calls him; and lately produced memoirs, hitherto secret, from fifteenth or sixteenth century archives, confirm the tendency in the national mind to dethrone the idols of the past, to effect that rupture with the Middle Ages so fervently counselled by Michelet in his *Bible de l'Humanité*. The Sicilian literature of this period is worthily represented by Amari, La Farina, Giudici, and others.

Venice, whose nobly sustained sufferings in the siege of '49 supply perhaps the most splendid page even to her annals, — Venice, left to be consoled by the memory of a martyrdom as yet unrewarded by its crown, has found only one voice of adequate eloquence to plead her claims and tell her wrongs. Among her own men of letters, Tommaseo has alone done justice to the grand and mournful realities of her recent story and her actual position; and that versatile, high-minded writer is understood to be now afflicted with blindness. Another Venetian, who has done much to reveal the *past* history of that state, is Romanin, author of the "Venetian Inquisitor of State"; and, more recently, of a "History of Venice, with Documents," not yet complete, though already carried as far as the ninth volume and twentieth book. His task has been undertaken *con amore*; and with amazing research he supplies elaborate pictures, minute details of private and public life — occasionally in excess, but often entertaining — among the people, high and low, governing and governed, whose existence he describes. That the morals of Venetian society have been calumniated we must own, in admitting this writer's advocacy; but much that he himself adduces contributes to the picture of a nationality, regarded at its *worst* phase, in which the rule was an habitual violation of every precept of morality and the observance of every ceremonial of religion. Brilliant and amusing descriptions are given of the sumptuous fêtes and dramatic pageantries, sacred and profane, in which the Venice of the past far surpassed the Rome of to-day; and by which appeal to national vanity the once-potent Republic acted upon the popular mind, stimulated the emotions of patriotism, and riveted the attachment to her rule among a spirited, gay, impulsive, lovable, and honest-hearted race.

Two other classes of recent Italian literature may

also be regarded as the offspring of political life, if not first brought into existence by national events, elevated through their influence into a position of importance and sustained power. These are the "Popular Novel, or Romance of Modern Story," and the "Political Biography," or rather monograph, presenting an individual as the centre of some impressive picture, the representative man of an eventful epoch. Not *new*, indeed, is the employment of the biographic sketch as a weapon of attack against those in high places, or against patent abuses; for the entertaining, but not very reliable, Gregorio Leti, in his *Memoirs of Caesar Borgia, of Sixtus V.*, and Donna Olimpia, exerted himself with some effect to throw odium on the Vatican; and Clement XIV. has been made a medium of assault upon the Jesuits by grave as well as by trivial writers. The finest of these monographs, and the one that best illustrates an epoch pregnant with solemn interests and momentous changes, is the "Savonarola" of Professor Villari; beside which we may place, not as equal, but as approximating in merit, the "Dante" of Fraticelli, a picture of Italy in the fourteenth century that surpasses the well-known "Storia di Dante" of Balbo. The "Countess Matilda" of Tosti, the "St. Peter Damian" of Capicciaturo, are also recent productions of this class which acquaint us with the moral features of an epoch, as well as with those of an individual.

We are promised a work from the pen of a Florentine *savant* on a well-chosen subject, "Scipione Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia," — that prelate who anticipated, but failed to effect, the actual religious movement of Italy, who attempted Catholic reform, with enlightened energies appreciated by few, vehemently opposed by many, and finally crushed by Rome; a high-aimed effort, which at the present day would undoubtedly succeed. Bianca Cappello has lately been shown in the light of calumniated innocence* by a young writer — Saltini — who has diligently ransacked the Medici documents in the vast collection of the *Archivio*, classified and laid open to the student at Florence. Carlo Dalbano has reproduced "Beatrice Cenci and her Times," actuated, it seems, by the desire to set the facts in a true light, opposed to their fictitious treatment by Guerrazzi in his revolting romance. Dalbano has taken pains to sift all attainable evidence, and the ghastly tale stands out with sickening reality in his pages, set off by various episodes; the most curious portions of his work, taken from the domestic records of Roman aristocracy, show how profound was the corruption at the core of society, under Roman and Neapolitan governments, in the sixteenth century.

"Before the time of Sixtus V.," he observes, "it may be said that the crimes of the Roman aristocracy were never otherwise punished than by mulcts, so that capital sentences were annulled by pecuniary penalties"; and he proceeds to indicate the results of such administration — miscalled justice — in numerous records of terrible tragedies. From so brilliant a romancist as Guerrazzi we might have expected a vivid and entertaining work on such a subject as the "Life of Andria Doria"; but his two volumes are heavy and tediously rhetorical; the complicated events, in which the Genoese admiral played a part, are wearisome to the reader, lacking the light of noble aims and patriotic purpose. In the hands of Guerrazzi this hero loses in the claim

to that moral lustre with which tradition has invested him: an able soldier of fortune, a sagacious speculator in the game of life, but animated by no spark of the high-souled patriotism for which he has been given credit; he makes a sorry figure in these pages, where we are reminded only by an occasional episode — such as those of the Borgias, the sack of Rome, the dramatic pageants got up at Genoa to compliment Charles V. — of the talent of this versatile writer. But if he has served the cause of truth, at the cost of a disillusionment, in his life of the Doria, by all means let him be thanked for an achievement only too rare amid the exaggerating hero-worship and pseudo-patriotic complacency of most Italian works on national subjects.

The philosophic Benedictine, Tosti, has contributed admirable examples of biographical composition, which rather records phases in the human mind than merely portrays an individual, — formerly in his "Boniface VIII." and "Countess Matilda"; again in his "Life and Times of Abelard," whom he considers the great representative of the mediæval intellect; "that unfortunate but mighty spirit" (I quote his words), — "a man marvellous in qualities of mind and heart, terrible in power of reason, who not only excited others to disputation, but descended into the arena to combat against all, — who arose between Nominalists and Realists like one of Homer's warriors, protected by an invisible deity, — the true image of his epoch, because the true knight-champion of philosophy." It is a descent from high to low to turn from such claimants as Tosti, Capicciaturo, and others who may be grouped together, to the biographic sketches of living celebrities, statesmen, *litterati*, even crowned heads, which have from time to time appeared, during several years, in the *Contemporanei Italiani*, an entertaining miniature series that has not scrupled to introduce sovereigns so little likely to meet favor as Pius IX., Leopold II., Francis of Naples, as well as the soldier-king of Italy; together with a long list of the public men who have played conspicuous parts on the historic stage in the recent vicissitudes of Italy. Many of these sketches are above the average of occasional writing or journalism; some are well-drawn pictures of different periods; and the name of Dell' Ongaro among contributors is calculated to prepossess the reader of the series in its favor.

The Italian novel, raised to a rank among classics so early as the fourteenth century, has not kept pace with the rapid developments and successes of competition in other countries; and no doubt the absence of the domestic element in social life, the difference of habits and ideas associated with that sacred centre, whose name of *home* can only be expressed by a circumlocution in this language, to a great degree accounts for this inferiority. Where, as I know from experience to be the case, many families are accustomed to meet only at the dinner-table, and winter evenings are spent by ladies in their bedrooms, while gentlemen are at the *café*, it is natural that the interior of family life should seldom be chosen as a subject for imaginative composition. Italian literature never has, perhaps never could possess a Miss Austen or a Miss Edgeworth; and the measure of the immense difference between its novels and those of France, England, and Germany is found in the fact that women have scarcely in any instance become celebrated among writers in the sphere of fiction. It would be unjust, however, to deny that naturalness and truth in tone and sentiment have appeared among other unmistakable

* Saltini's treatise on this subject, in the eighteenth volume of the *Archivio Storico*, is the first instalment of a promised work on the lives of the Grand Duke Francis and Bianca Cappello.

signs of improvement; and I speak here in reference, not to the high-aimed and deservedly classic school, of which the *Promessi Sposi* is the most illustrious example, but to the more familiar *novelle*, the tales of modern life or quiet every-day incident. Tommaseo's "Faith and Beauty," Balbo's tales generally (e.g. the "Two Spaniards" and the "Marchesina"), may be cited as examples of simplicity of style and healthfulness of morals. But no living writer in this language has succeeded so admirably, or touched these home-pictures with such affecting truthfulness, as Carcano. Wordsworth's words,

"Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie,"

occur to us in reading the tales of private, and usually humble life by this poet-novelist. The Alpine valley, the solitary cottage, the picturesque scenes of majestic nature, attract in his pages; but less constitute their peculiar charm than the tender light of religious resignation and hope, the all-embracing and artless sympathies which illumine his creations. The Catholic Church, here introduced in its maternal character amid mountain villagers or other scenes of quiet beauty, as teacher of the poor, consoler of neglected sorrows, shines more resplendently than amid the pomps of the Vatican or in the person of the Pontiff-king. Carcano's testimony, unintentionally perhaps, accords with the national conviction. In no walk has Italy's modern genius more completely turned aside from her own classic models than in the romance. Boccaccio, Sacchetti, Bandello, Giralaldi, Firenzuola, have no imitator, at the present day, either in their graces or licentiousness; and the shameless indelicacy chargeable against old writers,—several of whom were ecclesiastics,—is not less opposed to all features now conspicuous than the aimless character, the absence alike of patriotic and social purpose, which is observable in Italian novels anterior to the last century.

Gasparo Gozzi, called the Addison of Italy, and deemed the first prose-writer of his day, gave an example only of the lighter sort of composition, reserving his higher powers for essays, letters, and satiric poetry. Verri by his *Noti Romane*, Ugo Foscolo by his *Jacopo Ortis*, obtained signal success, but did not found a school. The strong impulse supplied by Manzoni brought into existence a school which promised, but did not maintain permanence, represented with much ability by Grossi, Azzoglio, Rosini, also by Guerrazzi, taking its subjects from mediæval Italian story, or from the disastrous period of the Spanish dominion in Lombardy and Naples. At last arrived the stirring events of 1848-9, which gave birth to new energies, and determined a new bias, the fruit being that class of romances which naturally keeps within the compass of modern interests, and becomes the index of existing ideas on vital questions,—moral or political,—preferring themes which bear upon recent vicissitudes, or advocate a cause at the heart of public life.

It is curious that the first example of romance presenting the idealized story of a late revolutionary period was given by a Jesuit, and produced from a convent at Rome,—the "Jew of Verona,"—in which Padre Bresciani aimed at branding with eternal infamy the revolt against the Papal government in '48, followed in rapid succession by several other political novels,—at the rate of about one per annum,—till the decease of that talented *padre*, whose life-studies had ranged far beyond the cloister.

the Jesuits' well-known periodical at Rome, since Bresciani's death, has not scrupled to claim sympathy for the Neapolitan political brigandage through a similar medium of partisan romance. At the head of the now popular school, first in imaginative power and fertility, Guerrazzi again stands, and claims generally accorded honor. Versatile enough to succeed more or less in all branches of literature,—even sermon-writing,—for I have read a sermon of his inditing, intended as a token of gratitude for the chance hospitality of a country curate, who would have added to his reputation by preaching it,—his capacities have full play in the romance; and beyond question the author of the "Siege of Florence" and "Battle of Benevento" is entitled to rank high among those who have dressed up history in attractive garb. Grave charges are justly brought against this prolific genius for want of reverence and love, for the vehement bitterness of the disappointed demagogue, the gloom of the moody sceptic, which throw a shade over his creations. His heroes are forever at war with the world. In his eagerness to convince us that kings and popes are fallible mortals he forgets that the lesson is no longer needed; that it is not by attacks on the false, but by exposition of the true, that the interests of truth are efficiently served.

As to Guerrazzi's last, *Paolo Pellicione*, styled a historic narrative, I can only say, that if such a person ever lived,—so revolting is this tale of a brigand and assassin, the betrayer and executioner of his comrades, the seducer and murderer of the woman who loves him,—better he should be forgotten as soon as possible. Some well-wrought scenes, in which Sixtus V., cardinals, and Roman magnates play a part, offer attraction to the reader; some touches of the picturesque in episodes of adventure; but the hideous catastrophe, where the mangled body of the victim wife is exposed to view in a cabinet instead of the bridal dowry of a patrician lady just saved from the misery of wedlock with the hero, so far from possessing anything like tragic grandeur, reminds us of a vulgar *dénoûment* in a third-rate melodrama. "A Hero of Rome" (*Un Prode di Roma*, 1849-1862), by Sebreghondi, is not (as its title seems to promise) a picture of political events in that city between those dates, though it begins with a spirited scene at the close of the siege in July, '49; its author's object being to espouse the cause of the suffering and laborious class, to vindicate the dignity of the poor as well as of the rich, and the essential equality of all men. The only episode of historic character, besides the opening, is a striking description of the ill-starred attempt at insurrection urged on by Mazzini, which broke out—to be soon quenched in blood—on the 6th February, '53, at Milan; otherwise the sole noticeable feature of Sebreghondi's romance is its testimony of the democratic philanthropy prevalent in the Italian mind, announcing itself in many ways not tending to excess, but conveying much promise for the future.

Italian critics have ascribed to a successful novelist—Ranieri—the merit of founding the school of social romance in this language, by his pathetic story of *Ginevra*, or "Orphan of the Nunziata," a revelation of sufferings and abuses within a great institution at Naples destined to be the asylum of the bereaved and necessitous. It has been even asserted, that from this source Eugene Sue imbibed the inspiration that eventually raised him high among the advocates of the *prolétaire* class. A more healthful morality,

pages of the French novelist are characteristic of the present Italian school; and there is reason to rejoice at the abandonment of the glare and tumult revived with mediæval memories, for the lowlier and more affecting themes, or for the realities of our own eventful epoch now preferred.

Never perhaps was philosophic imagining more felicitously introduced in form of fiction than that in which Mamiani—the illustrious philosopher, poet, statesman, and reformer—has embodied his ideal of a regenerate Catholic Church in the Rome of the future; picturing the seven-hilled city as the capital at once of Italy's constitutional king, and of a pontificate too enlightened, too evangelically minded to desire or regret mundane royalty; surviving after having “shuffled off the mortal coil” of its baser nature, to return to its native element of apostolic simplicity, the exemplification of its own doctrines, reconciled and full of blessings for the generous nation that has suffered so much in the struggle to emancipate, to exalt itself. But alas! where else than in the world of fiction can this *summum bonum* be sought with hope?

The “Mysteries of the Neapolitan Cloister”—a publication that has given no little scandal, but, if true, need not be condemned or regretted—is exceeded, in respect to mortal hostility against priests and monks, by the “Daughter of a Profligate” (*Figliuola d'un Dissoluto*), a picture of manners in the ex-kingdom of Naples during the last years of Bourbon government by Rappolla, who writes with spirit, supplying many curious and some revolting details of private life, and making such an *exposé* of the immorality of the clergy in those southern provinces as may prove the punishment of the offences here charged against them. “The nobles of the wealthier class” (this is the sketch he gives of Neapolitan society under the last Bourbon) “formed a circle of grantees around the king, resembling the barons of the Middle Ages in the enjoyment of the amplest feudal privileges, and enabled to trample on the people precisely according to their pleasure; while in the provinces feudalism was in full force; nor was it even necessary to be noble for the exercise of its rights, the mere fact of superior wealth sufficing, in any small town or village, to authorize the practice of every possible tyranny.”

One consequence of the earnestness imparted through the lessons of experience—in this instance perhaps also through the quickening of a passionate patriotism—is the severe morality, the hostility against vice, though evil be often represented, and a certain careless tone of gay indifference, forming the prominent features in this novel literature of the day. It is singular, though not inexplicable, that this ethical character allies itself almost invariably with that species of religious freedom which finds vent, not in assault against the fortress of dogma, but in unsparring attacks upon the clergy, the monastic orders, and, above all, against the position of the Papacy,—the *delenda est* being perpetually reiterated, in direct or indirect terms, wherever that power is referred to. I find this tone in a novel not otherwise political or revolutionary, and almost the sole recent example of Italian adherence to a French school by no means the highest or healthiest: “The Heart of a Beguine” (*Cuore di una Beguina*,—a term taken simply in the sense of “hypocrite”) by Michele Uda, whose pictures of vice and folly in the high life of Milan are worked up with skill, and with a rapid succession of effectively contrasted scenes. There is a stifling atmosphere in this work, a with-

ering predominance of evil, wearying us before we reach the end, and exciting regret at this direction given to talent; for in the power of vividly-sustained dialogue this writer surpasses most novelists in his language.

The future Macaulay who shall undertake to ransack the stores of occasional Italian publications, the literature of the million, in pamphlets, caricature journals, satiric sketches, pasquinades, broadsides, &c., will find an immense mass of testimony bearing on the drama of events, and on their actors, from 1848 to 1861. In the caricature department perhaps no country or period ever produced such exuberance of witty malice and *aplomb* inventiveness allied with artistic skill; and if we reprobate the choice of subjects, the introduction of persons and allusions far too sacred, in many pictorial satires daily appearing at Turin and Florence, it is to be observed that the doctrines of Christianity, or the claims of that religion to Divine origin, are not attacked, only the political situation of the Church in Italy, the individualities of the Court of Rome and Cardinals' College, and especially, at the present period, the monastic orders.

From the legion of pamphlets relating to these questions and institutions much may be culled that deserves rescue; and amidst the usual amount of useless declamation and rhetoric display, we are constrained to admit the evidence of deep and earnest feeling, a prevalent moderation of spirit, and a desire for progress in the worthiest, the most rational sense. On the Roman question especially all the assaults of eloquence and sarcasm, all the weight of well-grounded testimony, are brought to bear. Among noticeable contributions of this class, I may mention “The Afflictions of the Roman States and the Future of the Court of Rome,” the “Letters of His Holiness and of the Tuscan Bishops, with Notes and Observations by one of their Brethren,” the “Court of Rome and the Gospel,” “Napoleon III. and the Clergy,” &c. “The Clergy and their Morality in Relation to the Civil Power,” by the Abbate Fiorenza, is a pamphlet of graver character, directed to the establishment of the writer's proposition, that the teaching of the Catholic clergy, as expressed by their best-accredited representatives, has always been in accordance with true political liberalism. The first-named in the above list, by Gennarelli, consists of contributions by that writer founded upon documents that fell into the hands of the new government after the downfall of the old in the Legations: an appreciation of ecclesiastical rule fully justified by official evidence, logical in severity, and backed by proofs that, whatever else its characteristics, *inhumanity* was a distinguishing feature of its procedure in that unfortunate country.

Contemporaneously with the great revolution in Italy, her Literature has been evolving into vitality, and has corresponded to the great realities of the present in a spirit of earnestness that deserves thoughtful attention. It has kept pace with the rapid march of events, by discussing, commenting upon, or recording them in all their aspects and tendencies. It may fall short of expectation in respect of some high requirements; it has not yet conveyed in universally intelligible accents the announcement of fixed purpose, or nationally adopted conviction in the sphere of some of the grandest interests. But what should we expect from any literature more than the reflex of existing temper, impulse, or belief? The deficiency observable in

Italian literature may be explained by the very fact that its heart and conscience have been stirred so profoundly, that the questions at issue are of such vast bearings, that the fruits must be waited for, the produce left to mature itself for years yet to come. A certain vagueness and hesitation is perhaps the truest testimony to a state of mind consequent upon such transitional, such momentous conditions of the nation's life. The enthusiastic patriotism that used to find vent in Italian sonnets or canzoni has now its positive and more rational utterance. Next among prominent features of this literary movement is the absolutely startling impetus of the hostility against an ecclesiastical system which, still potent and sincerely accepted as it is by millions on this side of the Alps, no longer corresponds to the developments of civil life or intelligence among the reflective or active-minded.

And yet this literature, considered as a whole, cannot be called irreligious; rather indeed is it imbued with an under-current of reverence, in the spirit of indignant protestation for the honor of Divine Truth. In imaginative literature we perceive a purer moral than ever announced itself in the *novelle* or *romanzi* of earlier time; in the historic, a wider sympathy for the human; in the aggregate we find sufficient in its attributes to claim a heart-felt welcome for Italian literature as pre-eminently that of Hope.

VICTOR HUGO'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

[We translate from the Paris journal *Le Temps* the following notice of Victor Hugo's new volume, "*Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois*."]

A VOLUME by Victor Hugo, whether it be verse or prose, always causes a great disturbance when it appears, and disappoints the foresight of curiosity. We are surprised, before we comprehend, and we first wonder at the inexhaustible variety of the master, his knowledge of the picturesque, his novel resources, before admiring the sentiment. He never suffers the artist to be subdued in him by the feeling of the man. He offers his tears in a chased cup. The tears often lose nothing thereby, and the artistic worth serves at least to engage those who cannot attain the height of his ideal confidence.

In the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, the tears are rare; so much the more we see shining at the point of a verse, as at the extremity of a grass-blade, a little dew, which the poet has left there in coquetry of tenderness. But his predominating humor is gay, lively, I will not say young, for the calmness of its expression indicates maturity, but puissant and virile. It is the smiling out, among flowers, meadows, woods, and the noise of cities, of an energetic temperament, that no struggle has wearied, no bitterness withered, that no disillusion, although they may be all enumerated, has been able to disenchant.

For my part, I am dazzled by this serenity, and reanimated by this power. I find in this gayety which flows over deeps of melancholy the true condition of poetic genius, I should say of human genius, taken in its absolute sense. Alas for those who laugh too loud and too proudly in their twentieth year! They deprive themselves of the necessary fogs of the morning; they begin with the noonday sun; they exhaust the sap; they dry the soil; they reserve sadness, ennui, disgust of nature and themselves, for the age when they should give counsel, and serve as teachers and models. Laughter is not

precisely a virtue of youth, since it provokes the irony of comparison.

Happy are they who have wept in the season of enthusiasm and love! who have followed their phantoms of purity through the clouds of morning, who have wished to kill themselves like Werther, who have dreamed on the border of the lake, who have experienced the griefs of Olympus. They have steeped their souls in a spring-tide humidity which, in exhaling during the remainder of their life, will incessantly renew the sap, and will not be dissipated until the late hour when the sun of autumn shall illumine the harmony of the dead leaves and despoiled branches of ripened nature. Laughter arises then, no longer provoking and assaulting, but, like the hymn of the unconquered spirit, remaining faithful to the love of good and of virtue and to healthful ideas of life, notwithstanding cowardice, shame, tempest, winter.

Discouragement and the sterility of egotism are found at the end of the poets' career who were happy in their *début*; but hope is engraven at the summit by poets who have begun in despair.

Victor Hugo no longer requires ode, elegy, or even satire. Sublime appeals, touching tears, bitter sarcasm, he has expressed, has experienced all; but his valiant heart is steeped in these trials, and has conquered youth in these conflicts. Implacable and smiling, he knows well that nothing relating to him will be forgotten, any more than he can forget himself; and to show that exile and grief have neither darkened nor fatigued him, he walks abroad in the woodland, saluting Nature gayly, who never deceives, and Love, who deceives always!

The key-note of this book is, indulgence! The poet gathers his harvest, and extends a few bunches to the austere Muses, urging them not to refuse to recognize the sky, the flowers, and the fruit, because men are ungrateful and wicked. Laughter under these conditions must be as free as it is necessary. Beside, how can we hinder a poet essentially French, who goes into the woods of Meudon, from thinking of Rabelais? I should be shocked by reticences, second meanings, subdued and mouse-like gayety, which could combine a spice of academic modesty with the solicitation of this fine, frank, large, and human laughter. We must either sing or weep. The snivelling which is neither grief nor joy fits only the hypocrites and the weak.

The *Chansons des Rues et des Bois* are the joyous trumpeting of a powerful nature.

"Je m'enivre des harmonies
Qui, de l'azur à chaque pas,
M'arrivent claires, infinies,
Joyeuses, et je ne crois pas

"Que l'amour trompe nos attentes,
Qu'un bien-aimé soit un martyr,
Et que toutes ces voix chantantes
Descendent du ciel pour mentir?"

But this confidence constitutes also a portion of the deceptions. . . . In the piece entitled *L'Oubli* we feel something like an effort to rise above grief, which gives a dreamful attraction to these striking verses. They should all be read. . . .

To those who need to recall the *Feuilles d'Automne*, in order to pardon Victor Hugo for this sincere laughter, I would like to recite, for the sake of knowing if they could read it without tears, the piece entitled *Lettre*. The sentiment, young and petulant in the beginning, is subdued at length, and ends in vague contemplation. The poet, abandoned, does not wish to condemn her who forsakes

him, and turns to observe a picture, a view of Venice, that he may forget to be jealous. He sees a smile there, and something like a vision of love in the beautiful lovers whom their bark brings towards the Lido. There is in this *pièce moqueuse* a finesse and exquisite grace as touching as an elegy.

The philosophy of this volume may be contested, I know; but the artistic care with which it is composed and written seems to me incontestable. The little pictures, always perfect in Victor Hugo, are *chefs-d'œuvre*. *Un Jour de Fête aux Environs de Paris*, the little piece beginning, "Quand les guignes furent mangées," *Chelles*, the *Doigt de la Femme*, *Fête de Village en plein Air*, an *Alcôve au Soleil levant*, *Souvenir des Vieilles Guerres*, and other sketches, have a careful and free touch in handling, which would suffice for the glory of this volume.

Two of those little outlines have as much light and depth as the greatest pictures. Especially the *Soir dans la Saison des Semailles*: I know nothing of the kind grander than these eight stanzas. The idea which the contemplation of the sower awakens finds a sublime formula in these verses:—

"Il marche dans la plaine immense
Va, vient, lance la graine au loin,
Rouvre sa main et recommence
Et je médite, obscur temoin,

"Pendant que, déployant ses voiles,
L'ombre où se mêle une rumeur,
Semble élargir jusqu'aux étoiles
Le geste auguste du sémour."

The *Meridienne du Lion* is the second small piece which it appears to me succeeds, by its noble sentiment, in extending itself beyond the limits of the framework. Victor Hugo has always been incomparable in the art of concise works, the brevity of which astonishes while it awakens the soul to infinite reveries. His nervous genius does not wander in them, and he cannot be reproached, with any plausible pretext, for those abundant enumerations which overflow and exhibit too fully the virtuosity of the artist, the talent of the carver. I will acknowledge that this proud fault of abundance is found in some of the pieces in this new collection. *Junior est Senior*, *Au Cheval*, *Chêne du Parc*, would certainly gain by the sacrifice of some beauties.

This is the only criticism which I wish to make. I am not of those who are alarmed by certain epithets, the unexpected advent of which disturbs the idleness of commonplace. These striking expressions are usually justified by observation. Nor am I scandalized by certain familiarities: Victor Hugo cannot see nature and life through the glasses of ordinary *lunettes*. His artistic temperament seeks first the picturesque side of things, and he usually discovers eccentricity to be simply the violent accumulation of truths.

I have said what I thought of the sentiment in which this volume was conceived. I do not insist upon its execution. The master has attained a richness of rhymes and a suppleness of rhythm, beyond which there is only the abyss of verse-making for the sake of using old rhymes. In fine, the glory of the great lyrist takes one ray more, instead of contracting itself, in this publication.

I repeat, finally: after his sighs, his struggles, his sorrows, his angers, the poet, by the evolution natural to strong souls, attains that happy serenity which is not egotistic satisfaction, but a smiling challenge. Mediocre thinkers, who, either by temperament or

accident, have been brought to melancholy, never rise above it. If the awakening of a vanished voice penetrates their crape, they hide themselves to enjoy the gayety which seems impious, and complicate this escapade by hypocrisy and sacrilegious intention. Chateaubriand surrendered himself to this wrong and folly. If I am angry with poets who have never wept, I am more so with the eternal weepers. The melancholy of young beginners is like the fog of the morning: it promises sunshine as well as rain. Victor Hugo, a long time ago, at the happy age when everything smiled for him,—family, occupation, country,—wrote the elegy, *Sunt Lacrymæ Rerum*. It is only consequent with him, that to-day, speaking to us from the depths of exile and solitude, *things* have also their smiles. And this fine laughter is always an exhortation, a counsel, a hope.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MADAME SAND, who had been announced to lecture at the hall *Valentine*, has addressed to Baron Taylor the following letter, which we translate from the *Paris Temps*:—

MONSIEUR: You have obtained a promise from me which I cannot keep. You, and the eminent writers who seconded you, were persuasive, affecting, indulgent, irresistible; but I have presumed too much upon my powers in the face of a duty to fulfil. There are duties also towards the public, who should not be lured by an attraction one feels incapable of offering.

You would be obliged to regret having convoked the assembly for the purpose of introducing a timid and awkward person, who must fail in her part. My children and my friends were shocked at the announcement of this lecture. They oppose it with all their power. They know that I have never in any circumstance been able to surmount my embarrassment, my absolute defiance of myself. Ask, demand anything else where I shall not be obliged to pay in person.

Believe, Monsieur, you and the members of the committee who have honored me with their visit, that I can only console myself for my powerlessness and my failure by the memory of the kindnesses you have shown me, and by the gratitude they inspire.

GEORGE SAND.

At a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society, Mr. De La Rue, the President, stated that his hopes with regard to the use of photography in astronomical observations had been confirmed, and that the Lunar Committee of the British Association had resolved to make use of photographs to prepare an accurate outline map of the moon. Sections of these photographs are to be distributed among observers, who will occupy themselves with filling in the details of the several parts of the lunar surface. A series of zones being agreed on, each observer will have a zone assigned him, at which he will be expected to work whenever it may be visible. The mention of Mr. De La Rue's photographs reminds us that Mr. De La Rue now generously confesses himself beaten by Mr. Rutherford in the matter of lunar photography, a night of surpassing definition having enabled the American physicist to secure a faultless negative.

THE COUNTESS MILLEFIORI, known by the name of Rosina, is dead. Some years ago the newspapers announced the moribund marriage

of Victor Emmanuel with the Countess Millefiori. This news was not contradicted. The Countess Millefiori leaves two children, — a son and daughter. They have received the title of count and countess. No one in Italy is ignorant of the influence exercised by the Countess Millefiori over the mind of the King. She had for a long time hesitated to go to Tuscany; she, however, decided to do so, and a splendid residence was being prepared for her. She died aged forty-two. It was for the purpose of being present at her death-bed that Victor Emmanuel left, in the height of the Ministerial crisis, for Mandria. The Countess was the daughter of a drum-major, who became an officer in the corps of the King's Guards.

An ingenious method for registering the electric earth-currents is now employed at the Greenwich Observatory. Paper sensitive to light is fastened round a cylinder of polished ebonite, which withstands chemical action. This being placed horizontally in a dark box, is made by clockwork to revolve once in the twenty-four hours. A ray of gas-light which has passed through naphtha shines through a hole in the lid of the box upon the centre of the slowly-moving cylinder. Two wires, running the one to Croydon and the other to Dartford, are brought into this box and connected with an astatic galvanometer. The one wire hangs as nearly as possible in the magnetic meridian, and the other at right angles to it. The earth-currents cause the needle to move, and thereby they photograph themselves on the sensitized paper. The photograph is effected by means of a small mirror, which is attached to the needle, and which, in moving with it, reflects a ray of light from side to side of the paper, and thus registers the intensity of the currents.

TWENTY-TWO years have elapsed since Mrs. Howitt's translation of "The Neighbors" introduced to us the distinguished Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, whose death has just been announced. She was born at Abo, in Finland, a contemporary assures us, in 1802; and the same authority mentions that, like our own Hannah More and Mrs. Jameson, she had some years of experience in the training of youth in Norway and Stockholm before she presented herself to the public as an author. Her success we believe to have been instant: it spread the more rapidly because of her tales having been translated into German as fast as they appeared. And well was the success merited, by the deep and tender human feeling, the sly and quaint humor, the delicate discrimination of character, the pictures of unfamiliar manners, which her best novels contain: these being "The Neighbors," "The Home," "The Diary," and "Strife and Peace"; most of these, however, it must be added, are marred for the English taste by the introduction of violent incidents and sentimental passages of over-strained feeling, which do not consort well with the simple, every-day life which it was Miss Bremer's object to paint, and which she painted so well. Had it not been for such discrepancy, she might have been called the Miss Austen of the North. Her best novels have been named; besides these, however, she wrote books of travels, having visited Germany, England, America, Greece, Italy, and (like Mrs. Jameson) always with the philanthropic purpose of improving the condition of her sex; not seldom confused in its views, often pragmatical in her setting forth of the same. This be-

nevolent peculiarity, this disposition to systematize and theorize, apparently interfered with her powers of observation as a tourist. Her travels, at all events, exhibit more of self-occupation than that freedom which receives every kind of impression, and that brightness and skill which can bring what has been seen before the eyes of others.

THE *Paris Temps* last week remarked: "Joseph Mazzini is at this moment ill in a humble dwelling in the Brompton-road. The man who for so long was the incarnation of Italian unity expires in the fogs of the North and in a climate which kills him. Now that the old conspirator is no longer in a position to terrify any one, why does not the King of Italy allow him to breathe his last on his native soil?" To this a reply has been given by a friend, from which we learn that the great Italian has been ill, — seriously ill, — for the last three weeks; but he is now better, and the doctors pronounced him out of all danger some days ago. His illness has been "nervous gastritis." With regard to the expression "humble," the reply is made that the extriumvir stands in no need of pecuniary assistance, and that his few and simple wants are more than supplied by those trusty friends who have "steadfastly clung to him through all his troubles, and who have loved him only the more dearly as ignorant and unthinking men have slandered and assailed him."

IN a recent number of the *Zoologist* Mr. Maurice describes his observations respecting the Greater Spotted Woodpecker, which had attracted my notice when in Oaxaca forty years ago; and as I consider woodpeckers exceedingly clever birds, and capable of performing acts that would seem to denote, or require something more than instinct, I have been surprised not to find any explanation or suggestion regarding the wonderful provision made by the Great Spotted Woodpeckers for storing their winter food.

It is in the higher regions of the Cordilleras that the habits of the numerous species of woodpecker may be advantageously studied. In some such localities a large and very beautiful woodpecker exhibits the most marvellous indications of forethought and design. The acorn is its principal food, the storing of which is performed, I suppose, by the woodpecker taking the precise measurement of an acorn, and then making a hole in the bark of the pitch- (or candle-) pine so exactly the size and shape of the acorn that it must cost some trouble to pack it the narrow end foremost (which it invariably does), and the part that was attached to the cup, outside, but not protruding from the bark. I have seen trees in Oaxaca upwards of one hundred feet high, so completely stuffed with acorns, that it seemed impossible to find a place for an additional one. Trees thus treated have a very singular appearance. Some years ago I saw in the *Athenæum* a similar description to my own by a traveller in California, who considered that his observations were something quite new. But I have never seen any reason given, any guess hazarded, as to why the woodpecker acts so wisely as he does in selecting the pitch-pine alone for storing his food. Why not take the white-fir, the cedar, alder, or hundreds of other trees that to an unobservant person would appear equally, if not better adapted to the purpose? The question remains still unanswered as to why the woodpecker prefers the pitch-pine. I therefore venture to offer my own explanation.

In the forests the woodpeckers inhabit there is scarcely an oak-tree without a squirrel skipping along its branches. When the acorns are shed, or rotting, or producing young oaks, the squirrels have to look for food elsewhere. If the woodpeckers stored their food in the bark of the cedar, white-pine, or almost any other tree, the squirrels would find no difficulty in gnawing their way to the woodpecker's dinner. But they are too wise to attempt to extract a single acorn from the bark of the pitch-pine, for they would have to gnaw into turpentine, and would be laughed at by the woodpeckers for their pains.

An interesting account of M. Du Chaillu's second journey into Western Equatorial Africa was lately read before the Geographical Society, London. M. Du Chaillu stated that he left London on the 5th of August, 1863, and on the 9th of October in the same year he reached the mouth of the Fernand Vaz River, on the African coast, immediately to the south of the equator. The ship in which he had sailed had to land its cargo in native canoes, and in going ashore himself with his scientific instruments he was capsize, and the most valuable part of the instruments lost. A new set from England was ordered, but it did not reach him till August in the following year, — a delay which he employed by making collections of Natural History, and transmitting them to England. He then advanced eastwards to the Ashira country, where he had been on his former journey, and where he was well remembered and kindly received. The country from the coast eastwards rises by successive steps. First, there is the belt of low land near the sea, then a succession of hilly ranges running northwest and southeast, with valleys between, the ranges increasing in altitude towards the interior, and the passes over them ranging (by aneroid and boiling-point) between 1,864 and 2,400 feet. The greater part of the country is covered with dense forest, through which are narrow paths leading from village to village; but from the Ashira country eastward there are three, main lines of path, — one to the northeast, another to the east, and the third to the southeast. The tribes are divided into clans, and each village has its own chief, the inhabitants always belonging to the clan of the mother. The villages are more populous and larger than those near the coast. In reading the works of Grant, Speke, and Burton, he observed many words identical with or closely resembling words used in the district he had traversed, and he had no doubt that the tribes of Western and Eastern Africa had formed originally one people.

After he and his party had been about three weeks in Ashira, a visitation of small-pox ravaged the country. Misery and destruction were spread on every side, and he was himself reduced to a most dejected and prostrate condition. To increase his difficulties, the chief, Olenda, his old and tried friend, died of the disease, and the traveller was accused of causing his death by witchcraft. He was, moreover, prohibited from continuing his march eastward through the Apingi country (the route which he had followed on his former journey), owing to the Apingi king having died soon after his visit, and his death being attributed to the white traveller, who was believed to have wished to carry the spirit of the chief back with him to his own country. He was ultimately enabled to continue his journey eastward by the Otando country. In the course of the journey he met with a singular diminutive wan-

dering tribe, a kind of negro gypsies, of lighter color than the negroes, and having shorter hair on the head and hairy bodies. The average height of the women, a few individuals of whom he measured, was only from four feet four inches to four feet five inches. After he had advanced two hundred miles farther than any European had yet penetrated, his undertaking was brought to an unexpected termination by an accident. This was at the village of Mooao Kombo, two hundred and seventy miles from the mouth of the Fernand Vaz. One of his men fired off a gun accidentally, and two of the natives — a man and a woman — were unfortunately killed. The villagers became at once excited and attacked himself and his party with their spears and poisoned arrows. He could not blame them for the suspicion and irritation under which they acted, and he, therefore, forbade his men to fire on them. He then ordered his followers to retire, which they did, at first in good order, while he himself remained in their rear, as he believed he was in a less degree than they an object of resentment to the excited natives. A panic, however, soon seized his party; he found it impossible to check them: they threw away all the articles which they carried; he himself felt compelled to join them in their flight and to part with many of the most valuable things which he had in his possession. The result was that, although his men energetically rallied, he lost all his instruments as well as his ammunition, and all that could have enabled him to continue his journey with advantage. He lost also the whole of the Natural History collections he had made in the interior, and a fine series of photographs of the scenery and natives. He saved, however, his chronometers, which he himself carried, and his journals, with one set of his astronomical observations. He at once, therefore, retraced his steps westwards, and immediately afterwards made his way back to England.

SYMBOLS OF VICTORY.

[The subjoined verses by the late Mr. W. C. Roscoe occur in a volume entitled "Poems of the Inner Life," selected chiefly from modern authors. *The Spectator*, in introducing the poem to the reader, says: "Here is one little known to the English public, and with a dash of mysticism in it, but which has always struck us as worthy of a poet of the first order."]

YELLOW leaves on the ash-tree,
Soft glory in the air,
And the streaming radiance of sunshine,
On the leaden clouds over there.
At a window a child's mouth smiling,
Overhung with tearful eyes
At the flying rainy landscape
And the sudden opening skies.
Angels hanging from heaven,
A whisper in dying ears,
And the promise of great salvation
Shining on mortal fears.
A dying man on his pillow
Whose white soul fled to his face,
Puts on her garment of joyfulness
And stretches to Death's embrace.
Passion, rapture, and blindness,
Yearning, aching, and fears,
And faith and duty gazing
With steadfast eyes upon tears.
I see, or the glory blinds me
Of a soul divinely fair,
Peace after great tribulation,
And victory hung in the air.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

[No. 7.

A SHAKESPEARE ANNUAL IN GERMANY.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*.]

On the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare there was founded at Weimar an association in commemoration of the British dramatist, for the purpose of fostering the study of his works by every literary and artistic means. The society had two objects in immediate view: one, to establish a library of books illustrating the poet, and the other, to publish annually a volume to be made up of contributions from the German Shakespeareans. The library has already made considerable advances, and the initial volume of the *Jahrbuch* is now before us, published at Berlin, and edited by Friedrich Bodenstedt, who opens the book with a dedication to the Grand Duchess of Saxony.

The first paper is a discourse by Kobenstein upon "Shakespeare in Germany," which is a general treatment of the subject, with sharp outlines, based upon Leasing's declaration, so well carried out by Herder in his articles on Shakespeare, that the English dramatist evinces as much mastery of the dramatic art as the greatest of the Greek tragedians; and that no dramatic poet can attain to the highest conditions of his art without commensurate power and durability in his countrymen, himself being but the outgrowth of his time and nation. This is a position often maintained in this journal, and now opportunely fortified by distinguished authority, and illustrated by the examples of Shakespeare and Sophocles.

The second paper is by Delius, upon the "Sonnets of Shakespeare," and it is well adapted to set their æsthetical value before us in a clear light. He concerns himself only with such—giving the proper analyses of them—as seem to have an autobiographical import, and which many commentators have been led to interpret often boldly and sometimes oddly,—the scope of the whole article being, in fact, a further elucidation of the position taken in the same writer's earlier volume, "The Myth of William Shakespeare." Here as there he certainly recognizes Shakespeare and his times in his lyrical products; but fails to see any contribution to his biography, or consistent confession of his own passions, whether of love or friendship, but simply scattered leaves showing merely the poetic aspect of his inner being. The same ability to delve into all passions, and comprehend all situations, and to lose self in his work, which raises our wonder in his plays, is very clear in his sonnets; and in this respect, despite their lyrical form, they exhibit a spirit essentially dramatic.

They picture to us the love, jealousy, friendship, repentance, and all the emotions of their manly heart, in their directest truth, but not the love, jealousy, and so forth, of the particular William Shakespeare. As for ourselves, we take sides unreservedly in this controversy with Delius.

The third section, "Upon Christopher Marlowe, and his Relation to Shakespeare," is by Ulrich, in which that writer decides that it was Shakespeare's pen, and not Marlowe's, that produced the older plays than those ordinarily ascribed to Shakespeare upon the subjects treated in the second and third parts of Henry VI. He thinks them Shakespeare's initial attempt at the historical drama,—wholly his work, and not "in considerable part," as has been usually thought. He happily adduces proofs that Marlowe could not have written them, and takes occasion to institute a very interesting comparison of the dramatic art of those two contemporary facts. He charges Marlowe with an entire want of humor, while in those old plays this faculty manifests itself infrequently in some of the scenes. For us, however, it is not enough that Ulrich would make it evident, for sufficient chronological reasons, that if they were the work of Marlowe, the writing of them must have been coincident with his "Massacre at Paris"; and that for the same poet at the same period, and in the same sphere of dramatic development, to have brought forth so similar productions, were something strange in the history of literature. We cannot certainly agree with him, when we remember how many similar pieces must Sophocles and Euripides, and even Lope de Vega, have written in one and the same year, as would be evident from the chronological ordering of their plays. So in the last years of Schiller's productivity, his historical tragedies have close resemblances; and although he may never have completed two in one year, he not unusually began one and ended another.

Carl Elze's interesting paper on "Hamlet in France" shows us how doggedly the French character has resisted the influence of the greatest of Britons. Voltaire, shrugging his shoulders, is the very spirit of Gallic sympathy for Shakespeare. Lamartine, whose Shakespearean contributions our author has failed to mention, has been the representative of it at a later period. Chateaubriand did not put a much better face upon the matter in his day. Even so warm an admirer of the Briton as Duport (who places the genius of Shakespeare next to that of Homer) is of the opinion that even bookish people can hardly endure the tediousness of Shakespeare's plays, so completely does a crowd of words in them bear down the elevating essence.

The travesties of Ducis, as well as the later reproductions of Dumas, are only proofs that the views of Voltaire are those of his nation, and that all attempts to adapt Shakespeare to the French stage are too much imbued with this same shrug of the shoulders. The only proper exception to this rule is Victor Hugo. That Elze in this paper joins the most of our educated countrymen in underestimating Victor Hugo's book, only shows that we do not, one and all, comprehend the value of that volume to France. It is a merest prejudice that makes Elze put Victor Hugo down at once, without any particular criticism or analysis, as a most vicious translator; while at the same time he gives place to the affected Chatelain, with all his crudest stuff, — passing it off as the genuine vernacular. Victor Hugo's judgment upon some of Shakespeare's characters is certainly at times far from fitting, and some of that which is a mere echo of German tones is not the better for it. Contrary to our usual manner of minute detail in the exposition, we find in Victor Hugo a far broader treatment and more general view of the matter. The criticism of Guizot, Villemain, and Barante is much nearer our own method, if indeed it is not largely prompted by the influence of our German literature. Elze points out that it is always as the author of Hamlet that Shakespeare is thought of in France; and it is with a critique or exposition of that play that every French Shakespearian seems to think it incumbent on him to begin his career. It is in France the oft-est translated and the fullest annotated of the plays. A comparison of the various versions of the well-known soliloquy in Hamlet, of which Elze presents several, is one of the best ways of discovering the different merits of the sundry French translators. To us, that of Alexander Dumas is the most satisfactory; and, indeed, in some respects there is no small resemblance in this genuine romancer to the famous Briton. Despite our failure to agree with him, we have found this article of Elze's both learned and attractive.

The next paper, upon "Shakespeare and Sophocles," written by Adolf Schöll, is the only one in the volume which takes the broader views from a stand-point of universal literature. It is, moreover, a bold and thoughtful sketch.

Hans Köster's "Marginalia to Othello and Macbeth" covers some disputed points in those plays.

Some cursory remarks upon Shakespeare's authorship of "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," follow.

Then we have "The Modern English Critics of Shakespeare's Text," by F. A. Leo, in which the three classes of later adjusters of the text are characterized as the conservative, the democratic, and the liberal, and the German reader is made acquainted with the merits of Walker, Halliwell, Singer, Knight, Payne Collier, Dyce, and White.

The Essay called "Shakespeare a Catholic Poet" is by Michael Bernay, and takes ground against Rio's assumption of Shakespeare's fanatical adherence to popery.

Bodenstedt, deeply versed as he is in all the lore of the Elizabethan era, comes next with a critique upon Chapman, giving an analysis of two of his plays. He also furnishes a "Biography and Characteristics of Mrs. Siddons," which is not only an attractive paper, but is also the only article in the volume devoted to the acting qualities of the Shakespearian drama.

Ludwig Eckardt, in "The English Histories of

Shakespeare on the Weimar Stage," discusses the German adaptations for the theatre, and in a fresh and lively manner sets forth the merits and demerits of Dingelstedt's acting versions.

Finally we have Reinhold Köhler's meritorious annotations and additions to Albert Cohn's "Shakespeare in Germany," while the latter's "Life of Shakespeare," now in progress, promises to leave nothing wanting to be desired in that way.

MY NILE BOAT.

My redoubtable one-eyed dragoman, Abool Hoo-sayn, an astute Cairene, is in the height of his enjoyment. I hear from the innermost cabin of that snug Nile boat, the "Isis," of one hundred and fifty *ardebs* burden, the purring, soothing gurgle of his cocoanut narghileh, or water pipe, through which he inhales the purified essence of the best Syrian tobacco, as with a sallow, thin, and rather vultury face, he sits cross-legged on his sacred canteen chest, and watches with stealthy craft the doings of our Arab crew.

We are ten days already out from Cairo, and our boat's head is pointed to Thebes, the hundred-gated. It was sunset an hour ago; and that great orb of day slipped down into darkness in the space of exactly three minutes by my watch. Exactly two minutes after this remarkable but not unusual occurrence, my Nubian cook, Abdallah, prostrated himself on the deck in the Mussulman manner, and repeated his prayers; pressing his forehead to the well-worn planks. In three minutes after he was up and at me with a smoking tureen of orange-colored lentil soup in his nimble hands.

But let me describe the Isis, her captain, and her eight sailors. The vessel is one of those known as a *dahabeyeh*, such as are generally employed by voyagers on the Nile. It has a raised quarter-deck at one end, under which are the cabins, three in number; while the rest of the boat is low and flat, with a gunwale reaching no higher than one's ankle. It has a small swallow-winged sail aft, and another larger one in the fore part, supported by the mainmast, which is short and stumpy; just in front of this is a large square box full of earth and open at the top, which contains our ovens and fireplace. The crew's cooking and coffee-making goes on in a small open chest, containing a large clay bowl full of fire. Here at most hours of the day you may see Achmed, the ship's boy, making coffee, feeding the exhausted fire with short choppings of old rope, or breaking rye bread into a large wooden bowl, a leak in which has years ago been dexterously patched with tin.

It is pleasant now that Canopus shines with the brilliancy of a diamond on fire, and the wild-geese fly creaking over our heads, piercing the solid dark in arrowy phalanxes, to hear the barking of the dogs of Beni Ammon, that sugar-growing village in the "crocodilyest" portion of the Ocean River. The sounds grow louder and louder; that is a sign we are near land, and are going to moor for the night, for the wind is puffing and stormy. I fear I must confess there are better places than the Nile to rest one's bones on. "Chump-thump!" Do you hear those dull sounds? The sailors are knocking in the mooring-stump, in the way the Egyptians have done for thousands of years, — in fact, ever since the time of Joseph, or before. We are to glide past no more mounds of gourds to-day, no more acres of giant-bunched millet, no more groves of feathery palm, no more patches of leeks and onions, the grandchildren

of those that fed the pyramid builders, no more miles of calcined cliff squared out into cellared tombs. Do you hear that rattling bang which sounds like premeditated assassination? That is the village watchman's friendly greeting. He is in glee, he of the long silver-bound watch-lock, for the one-eyed dragoman will bestow on him fourpence-halfpenny for going to sleep all night on the bank near our boat, — a ceremony which is supposed to be effectual against thieves.

The great tawny swallows' wings of sails are folded to rest; the huge glass lantern is duly hung outside our cabin; our candles are lit inside the enclosure where we sing, read and discuss the events of the day; the lentil soup simmers over the fire, its lid jumps up and down as if in excitement and delight; the men shout, "Allah! the great, — the merciful!" and squat in a ring round the wide wooden bowl that steams under their grabbing brown fingers.

The captain — a solemn, black-bearded, and sullen man — collects himself into a heap in the head of the vessel, and supe in private after many ablutions. The brown waves may lip and wash below him, the heads of froth may float down, the great fish may blunder and tumble, — still he eats and smokes, indifferent to all natural phenomena; and, smoking, meditates after the manner of the Moslem. Half an hour more and he will be a brown snoring bundle on the quarter-deck, happily wrapt in oblivion, for "sleep makes us all Fashas," as the Bedouin proverb runs.

But, after all, I have not described the internal economy of the boat. It consists of three small low rooms; one of them is devoted to our small netted-in beds, and under them are provision cupboards, gunpowder, and other harmless trifles. The second is our sitting-room; along each side of which are four small windows, and below them long cushioned seats, sacred to dozing, reading, and meditation. The third is our store-room; there our trunks and our wrappers are, our courier bags, our sacks of shot, our boxes of percussion caps, our warm coats and plaids for the cold nights and mornings, our sticks and umbrellas, our gun cleaners, our cases of wadding, our wine, our medicine-chests, and other necessities and luxuries; for we want more than Adam wanted, now that the best of us have grown so sophisticated.

Of our bedrooms little need be said, except that under each of our flinty pillows, which custom has rendered softer than the thrice-driven down, lurks nightly a revolver, — for the villagers about some parts of the river have a bad habit of visiting Nile boats, beating the passengers, and stripping the cabins; a loaded double-barrel for wild duck rests against the wall. Nothing disturbs us at night but the perpetual noise of naval tactics, if we are under way; and if we are at rest, the barking of the village dogs, and the perpetual cough of Mohammed, the boy who sleeps outside the cabin under the deck, all among the eggs, cabbages, dates, and flour-casks, where, as he tells me daily, he is much disturbed by the rats, who are as large as cats, and were certainly sent on board for the express torment of true believers.

Our sitting-room, which has yellow panels, is adorned with red and green cushions, red curtains, and green Venetian blinds; that old tarnished square-looking glass is as old as the childhood of Mohammed Ali, at least; the little leather pillow-case that swings from the nail of the glass folding-door leading to the dressing cupboard is full of fine

Syrian tobacco, and that black seal on it is the seal of some Damascus merchant.

At the door of our cabin is Abool Hoosayn's great canteen chest, containing a large plated soup-ladle, glasses, brass egg-cups, and Abool Hoosayn of the one eye, and that a very indifferent one, only knows what else. This box is his joy and pride; he rummages in it, he prowls about it, he lifts out trays, he lets the lid down on his chopped fingers; and when he is tired — and he is easily tired, is our dragoman, — he sits on it cross-legged with a clumsy crooked chibouk, the meanest of all slaves that was ever made, like the gold demon in Eastern stories, to guard hoarded treasures, yes, there he sits and snaps at the noble captain. Near this chest at the one side are the stairs leading up to the quarter-deck, on the other is the square cage that contains the great filter, the water-god of the vessel, beneath whose cool exudations repose the white pots of buffalo milk, the butter, and our tin can of goats' milk.

And talking of goats, that reminds me that half a kid hangs from the rigging, ready for to-morrow's dinner, cheek by jowl with a large bird-cage containing two cold fowls of a lean and ascetic conformation, some flaccid herbs, and some chocolate-colored dates. In another cage on the quarter-deck are our oranges, limes, and pomegranates, near two rude sofas for our majesties' use, evening and morning. In a rude vermilion chest, inlaid with tawdry brass-work, and close to the fireplace, rest the crew's pipes, coffee-cups, and extra cloaks.

From the ambush of the cabin window, while we are dressing, my enthusiastic sporting friend Badger nearly every morning gets a shot at great pelicans, who with their aldermanic pouch come sailing along within reach. He seldom drops one but he gives me glowing accounts of how the shot splashed all over the vast creature, or how it fluttered in a peculiar manner to express surprise at the excellence of the noble sportsman's aim. Not that Badger is a bad shot, but he fires at seldom less than two hundred yards' distance, and with shot three sizes too small; the consequence is, that he furries wild geese, chips pieces out of crows' wings, staggers vultures, frightens cormorants, but brings little to the bag, though the Nile shores are lined with cranes, purple geese, pelicans, and herons, ranged as if drawn up to be drilled by the king of the birds.

As for our sailors, they are good-humored drudges enough, but sad sluggish chattering, fussy old women in the hour of danger, — if the Isis gets wound about in a whirlpool eddy, and the tow-rope breaks, or if sudden fierce blasts of wind were to come raging down from the Libyan Mountains or the Birds Hill. They are lean brown fellows, wearing, when on duty, little but long blue night-gowns and tawny felt skull-caps. Often I awake and see them up to their armpits in the Nile, putting their strong backs to ease us off a crocodile-haunted sand-bar; often I see them tie their gowns upon their head, and splashing in a quarter of a mile to shore, to take their turn at dragging at the sacred boat, the Isis, for a burning four hours' spell. Once round their supper bowl, beating the drum-head strained over the earthen jar, or sounding the double pipe, and they are happy and free from care as children. Their chief peculiarity is their love of joking, and their extreme proclivity to sleep.

Their captain is a sullen stately man, in a red turban, and a coarse black cloak, who stalks with

bare feet about the deck like an Othello, and whom, for the first three weeks, I honored as a patriarch and a born monarch of the Nile; but who, on a subsequent misunderstanding about a shirt of mine and a fishing-line, never quite accounted for, sank sadly in my opinion, and whom subsequent lubberly hugging the shore, dread of darkness, and fear of wind have completely deposed from all claim to my admiration. Indeed, a pyramid of gold would never induce me to cross the Red Sea with such a captain. Yet to see him touch his breast, lips, and forehead, and with sullen bashfulness not unseemly murmur to me his morning salutations, you would think him Aaron of Rosetta, the commander of the Faithful himself; but then, after all, the Oriental lubber is, it must be confessed, a grander being than the lubber of our colder and less favored clime.

The Reis shouts, commands "emsig" and "rooha," and such hoarse guttural Arabic exhortations, but he does nothing else himself but occasionally pull the boat from the muddy bank in moments of emergency; and this he does with the regal condescension of a Scæstris, though I dare say he would haggle for the last para in a bargain. Achmed, his second in command, is a fine handsome Misraimite. With jaunty green turban,—for he is a descendant of the Prophet, and quite as great a rascal,—he has sly half-shut black eyes, rather peering, from the habit of often looking at the sun in steering; crisp, shining black beard, and full liberal features; he holds the long helm with the dignity of a Ptolemy, but I have ceased to regard him with the respect of earlier days, since I find he sits down to steer, smokes his chibouk while at the helm, holds guttural discussions with the crew as to the whereabouts of the vessel, dozes while at his post, and breaks his firewood over his own head. He has a blameable tendency, too, of always bumping the vessel on land, just as we get into our first sleep.

But let me describe an average day in a Nile boat, say from near Gibbel Tayr or the Birds Hill to Minieh.

At about six o'clock, a noise as of a wagon-load of firewood and a ton of rope being tumbled about the deck (which means, being interpreted, that some naval manoeuvre is taking place), awakes me and Badger, and we leap simultaneously out of bed like two unanimous harlequins. The boat is generally just on or just off a sand-bar. The crew are on shore towing, all in a row, with halters round their necks, as if they were prisoners of war doomed to the gallows, or are putting their brawny backs to it and heaving the Isis out of some difficulty, or they are swimming across a creek, or perhaps wading in the fat Nile mud up to their knees, or even a trifle higher.

A cry from Badger, who is struggling with a sliding window-shutter, makes me turn round. There is an enormous pelican, with big pouch parchmenty and flaccid, floating by gravely, a hundred yards or so off. Bang goes Badger's gun, tearing up the water with a scratching splash ten yards or so from the pompous emblem of charity, who gives a semi-comic hop, and then flaps his great gray and white-tipped wings and is away; or, it may be, there is a long, quivering cord of chattering wild geese that Badger scatters and utterly routs; or, perhaps, a little dark fleet of wild duck. You may be sure he always "stops" them, or "turns" them, or "knocks some feathers out," and they are as pleased as Badger; doubtless he hits them hard, but yet he does

not bring them to bag. Badger loads again and is happy. Aboul Hoosayn, the crafty dragoman, says, "too far up stairs"; by which he means that the birds were out of reach; at which Badger scoffs, curls the lip of pride, and puts on a copper cap on the blackened nipple of the gun, which is smoking like a little fairy chimney.

I look out then, hearing a grinding sound, and see the ship's boy grinding coffee, and the mate roasting some in a little frying-pan over the fire.

Gracious! how he grinds it in a small mortar, with a huge wooden pestle five feet long and thicker than a bed-post. No wonder the brown seeds crackle and crush helplessly under this tremendous instrument.

And the river, of what color is it, and the bank, of what aspect? The great river, or "the ocean" as the Arabs call it, is of a muddy brown color, holding perpetual mud in solution, but it washes past in pretty, glittering waves this breezy morning, when the wind ruffles it. And the bank is now a green wave of sugar-canes,—now a strip of desert sand,—now a patch of millet,—now a mile of acacia groves.

That mud fort is the village of Golosany, and those mud pillars are used for supporting the Arab water-raiser's counterpoise. That intensely green strip of ribbon is clover; that endless black margin is Nile mud. Those half-naked brown men, with short and heavy shipwright adzes, are fellaheen, or peasants, hoeing up the ground for a new crop. Those net wigwams are hung up there by fishermen, and those big-headed fish, with long heads, are their finny spoil. Those long knotted purple batons the children carry on their shoulders, and which are three times as long as themselves, are ripe sugar-canes, which all young Egypt seems now to be munching, munching.

Here, too, broadside down the river, driven by three boughs instead of oars, comes one of the wonders of Egypt, read of by me in school-books so many long years ago. It is a square raft from Balass, and contains some thousand water-jars for the use of the women of Cairo; but why do I say water-jars? for these are huge amphoræ. That one, stopped in the Roman manner with adhesive earth, will be used to hold oil, treacle, butter, rice, and other cohesive fluids and meltable solids. How bran-new from the potter's fire they look, with their rough-green whiteness and their tinges of creamy white and red! They are bound together firmly with palm-cord, are packed neatly with dry palm-leaves, and are driven bravely down the current by the strong arms of those men of Balass, who strain at the branches which they use as oars. To fill those jars is the chief work of the blue-clad Egyptian women in town or village.

Breakfast now. The smoking curry, the granular rice, the "mish-mish" or stewed apricots, the conserve of vegetable marrow, the oven-hatched eggs, the pomegranates, the buffalo's milk-butter in flat cakes, are pleasant after the smart walk on deck,—Badger's gun is silent, and he is absorbed in the great and mysterious process of digestion. The meal safely over, we burn votive cigarettes in gratitude to its memory.

Then comes another stroll on deck, a shot at an ibis, a crack with a revolver at a hovering vulture or a sacred hawk. Then a long read aloud from Herodotus, who always knows more than he will tell, and who narrates such pleasant fables about the thief in the trap, and the helmet cup, and the

sandal of Perseus, and the fair but indiscreet Rhodope, and the blind king, and the two pyramid builders, and other old friends of our boyhood; or we read the "Arabian Nights," that some think were written in Egypt; with the six hundred thousand Israelites, we fly before the wrathful chariots of Pharaoh; we entangle ourselves in hieroglyphics, or knock our heads against the graven stone of Rosetta. Sometimes we forget ourselves pleasantly in a novel, or, growing tired of truth, we read history.

Fifteen miles of cliff already passed, calcined rock, vitreous barren stone, where nothing having life grows; carious bones of the old earth, mere honey-combed pumice-stone, with every gorge, cleft, and hollow sifted up with drifted desert sand, fine as that which fills an hour-glass.

Do you see that mud wall, rising fort-like on the very edge of that tremendous precipice? That is the Copt convent of Mariam el Adra, or "Our Lady Mary the Virgin." Those perilous perpendicular steps along the face of the rock lead down to the water.

Badger will fire to arouse the monks in their mud nest! Bang! go the twin barrels; a silence of two long seconds, then comes the bursting echo as of a Cyclops hammer falling on the anvil. Instantly two or three dark figures, no larger than those in a Noah's ark, appear on the ramparted cliff; those are two Coptic brothers of our Lady Mary's convent. Lucky for us the wind is high and the water cold and stormy, or we should have those unclean men swimming off to us on swollen goat-skins, and hear them screaming out,—

"I also am a Christian, O Howagee. Alms, alms, O Howagee!"

No mud villages here, surrounded by white flocks of doves; no more bossy palm-trees tufted with leaves, as Arab lances are with ostrich feathers; no more egg ovens, or wavering green sugarcane patches; no more tracts of bunched millet; but now miles of calcined cliff, honey-combed with square burial-vaults, the doors of which look from here no larger than the doors of dog-kennels. No more lizard-haunted sands, or net wigwams of fishermen, but miles of rock graves,—dens where only the horned snake creeps, or the vulture stores its carrion.

Dinner is ready; a fizzing arises in the kitchen,—sure sign of commencing sunset. A pretty-crested bird falls under Badger's terrible and far-resounding gun; a great glory burns out from the west; the eastern cliffs change from a pale dust color to a luminous rose; the green cloudy gray shroud of the martyr day turns to burning gold.

The cloud-crocodiles, vapor-dragons, and mystic monsters that point and gibber round the sunset are suddenly drawn into the whirlpool of flame, and shrivel away to shreds of glittering tinsel,—rays from the rising orb fan upwards as from a martyr's crown.

A moment more and the eastern cliffs are ashy gray, the rich clouds have dropped like angels' offerings into a martyr's grave. The sky is now of a ghostly green, melting into cold purple; the after-glow is upon us for a moment, the palm-trees are dark against it; then night drops like the portcullis of an Egyptian vault, and God speaks to us in starry hieroglyphics.

As Badger fires the dinner gun, Aboul Hoosayn bears in in triumph a soup tureen, that smokes like an Arabian censor.

But what was that strange object that shone for

a moment under the last gleam of sunset? I saw it on that long wet strip of ribby sand where the greedy pelican sat and sulked, because he could not keep his pouch perpetually full.

It was a ghastly creature, with scaly back, long and terrible jaws, and small treacherous eyes. It shone as if it was coated with gold-leaf, and it waddled back to the brown tide, honored by a royal salute from Badger's double-barrel. That was the first crocodile we had seen, but it never came into Badger's bag.

THE PATERNITY OF ANECDOTES.

It has frequently been suggested that an asylum should be provided for aged and decayed anecdotes, to which they might retire after their many years of active service, when they were maimed, misshapen, disabled, or too weak to serve their original convivial purpose of setting the table in a roar. Such an institution would be useful in relieving society of the task of maintaining or countenancing chronic invalids for whom they had no further need, and of whom they were heartily tired, but on whose public appearances they were compelled, by the usages of the world, to smile a ghastly smile.

Foundling hospitals for wit have also been named, in the which might be received the merry bandlings that were cast adrift by Archie Armstrong, Somers, Pasquil, Peele, Tarleton, Skelton, Scoggin, Spiller, Aston, Haines, Pinkethman, and all those other professional jokers and jesters who preceded that Jack Mottley the dramatist who, in 1739, published his "Collection of the most brilliant Jests, the politest Repartees, the most elegant Bon-mots, and most pleasant short Stories in the English Language," under the now world-famed title of "Joe Miller's Jests, or the Wits' Vade-mecum." But although much has been done for the collection of ana, little has been accomplished for their proper collocation; and we are disposed to think that a benefit might be conferred upon society by the establishment of an office for the identification and registration of Anecdotes, something between a lost-luggage office and the bureau of the Registrar of Births. A public pound, in which stray jokes might be detained until claimed by their rightful owners, might partly meet the social want; but the institution that we have now suggested appears to us to be more comprehensive and better adapted for the public service. By its means the *jeu d'esprit* that has been fathered upon more than one person might be traced to its true parent, instead of, as is now so frequently the case, leading a precarious existence by being laid at the several doors of its reputed fathers. If the paternity of the anecdote was properly registered and attested in a trustworthy quarter, there would then be an end to those chance children of Momus who court our attention on grounds which, however plausible, we can scarcely allow to be legitimate. The institution would also be available for the reclamation of that large class of facetiæ which have hitherto passed the greater portion of their existence as the borrowed brats of professional beggars, or the stolen children whose faces have been stained by their gypsy owners; and in many ways it would be of service for the detection of literary thieves and poachers, and for the restoration of stolen goods to their proper owners.

It has always been a favorite device of the diner-out to secure attention and respect for his *bon-mot* by prefacing it with some such formula as "Sheri-

fan very wittily said"; or "It was well observed by Dean Swift." It scarcely signified which name was used; so that, to paraphrase the well-known couplet, "The joke a double duty had to pay; 't was Swift's by night, and Sheridan's by day." Thus Lord Chesterfield, Selwyn, Wilkes, Foote, Quin, Theodore Hook, Sydney Smith, and all other persons of position who have been known to say good things, have, in their turn, been the reputed parents of a ricketty progeny of jokes with whose existence they had had nothing to do. In many instances such facetiæ were the offspring of their speaker, who preferred to ascribe their parentage to a more illustrious wit, in order to obtain for his bantlings a heartier recognition. Just as the face of Liston was sufficient of itself to excite the risible faculties of his audience, so, the mere announcement that the anecdote you were about to relate emanated from the brilliant intellects of Sheridan or Sydney Smith, would be enough to claim for it an appreciative hearing. The presumption of its paternity would secure its favorable reception; and the professional diner-out, who makes a study of *bon-mots* and *ana* as a portion of his stock in trade, acts shrewdly in ascribing his joke to some world-renowned jester, when he does not deem it prudent, by a violent figure of speech, to make himself his own hero, and transfer the good thing from another's mouth to his own. And although, on this side the Channel, society has wellnigh shaken itself free from the incubus of the would-be wit, who gets up his separate jokes for each course and every pause in the entertainment, yet retailers of facetiæ are more than ever welcomed on the printed page, and, to all appearance, are becoming less scrupulous as to the paternity of their anecdotes; so that, what is recorded in one book as the witticism of A, may be encountered in another work as the merry jest of Z.

We are chiefly led to make the remarks from having read in the *Cornhill Magazine* for the present month an article on "American Humor," in which "the familiar use of Scriptural language," so "characteristic of American humor," is instanced by the example of "a certain Mr. Lorenzo Dow," who preached from the words, "I can do all things"; and then said, "No, Paul, you are wrong for once. I'll bet you five dollars you can't"; and then laid down a five-dollar bill on the desk, and read the remaining words of the verse; upon which he said, "Ah, Paul, that's a very different thing,—the bet's off." The *Cornhill* writer remarks, "This decidedly beats any anecdote we ever heard of Mr. Spurgeon"; and we therefore conclude that he is not aware that the paternity of this anecdote must be assigned to the English preacher, Rowland Hill, and not to the American stump-orator, Lorenzo Dow. The incident, however, of the wager is supposed to have been the addition of some foolish imitator of Rowland Hill; and we see that Professor Christmas, in his "Preachers and Preaching" (1858, p. 240), takes this view of the case. But the anecdote altogether belongs to England and not to America, though we might be well content to make that country a present of it.

The large class of clerical *ana* are, indeed, peculiarly unfortunate in establishing their paternity on a sure foundation. The well-known anecdote of the preacher asking the player how it was that he, when speaking of things imaginary, could affect his audience as though he spoke of realities, whilst the preacher's discourse upon realities was received by

his congregation as though he dealt in fictions, has been variously ascribed to Betterton and Archbishop Tillotson, Betterton and Archbishop Sancroft, and Garrick and "a celebrated divine." Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences,"—that admirable storehouse of old Scottish "weet,"—tells us of the minister of Lunan, who, when his audience were drowsing off during his sermon, endeavored to rouse them with an oburgation that terminated with this pointed fact, "You see, even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep as many of you are doing." Jamie, who was in the front gallery, immediately cried out, "An' I hadna' been an edeot, I wad ha' been sleeping, too." Now, despite the locality and names that are given with this anecdote, we must doubt its Scotch paternity, because the anecdote in its English dress, and merely ascribed to "a country clergyman," had already been in print many years, and may be found at p. 139 of Orr's "Family Jo: Miller" (1848); at p. 362 of R. Phillips's "Encyclopædia of Wit," published in 1801, and perhaps in still earlier jest-books, if it were worth while to make the search.

Similarly, the Rev. C. Rogers, in his "Illustrations of Scottish Character,"—a book little inferior to that of Dean Ramsay's,—transfers to Scotland the paternity of the old English anecdote of the countryman who slept under his own parson, but kept awake when a stranger preached, in order "to watch 'un." Certainly, Mr. Rogers's Scotch beadle gives a new flavor to the old anecdote with his explanation to his minister,— "When you are in the poopit yersel' I ken that it's a' richt; but when a stranger preaches I like to watch his doctrine a wee." It was the witty Dr. South who, when preaching, desired Lord Lauderdale not to snore so loud lest he should wake the king; and, although this anecdote is correctly given at p. 247 of "The Jest-Book" in Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series," yet at p. 155 a similar thing is told of "a country parson" and "the chief of his parishioners." The same work also repeats another jest, in somewhat different words, on pp. 260, 340, and another at pp. 127, 154, ascribing it in the former place to Jerrold,—though it was really told by Albert Smith in his "Mont Blanc" entertainment; but it gives the paternity of the wooden-pavement joke to Douglas Jerrold, and not to Sydney Smith, who is its reputed father (p. 161). It also (p. 209) takes from the latter wit, and transfers to Quin, the remark made to that parson who played whist with dirty hands, "I see that you keep your glebe on your own hands." Other jest-books, too, variously assign to Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb the paternity of that kindred joke, "If dirt were trumps, what a hand you would hold."

Authors frequently remind us of the preacher who could make his hearers weep by the affecting manner in which he pronounced the word *Mesopotamia*. Some writers boldly credit Whitefield with this anecdote; others are content by referring it to the mythical and anonymous "celebrated divine"; while Mr. T. A. Trollope, in his "Lindisfarne Chase," gives it an air of novelty by assigning it to "a great tragedian." The preacher on the eleventh commandment is said, in the "Life of Rutherford," to have been Archbishop Usher, the sermon having been preached at Anworth in Scotland; but the compilers of the "Percy Anecdotes" transferred the incident to Quebec, and made the preacher to be "a chaplain to the garrison." During the residence of the Prince of Wales in Oxford, a para-

graph went the rounds of the provincial press, stating that a sermon had been preached before him (in allusion to his church patronage) from the text, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves," &c. Of course, this was but a new dress put upon the old anecdote, that Archdeacon Paley had preached from this text, at Cambridge, before Pitt, the youthful Premier; and although this anecdote has gained admittance into jest-books, yet we have Paley's authority for saying that its true version is, that he had only said that if he had been called upon to preach before Pitt, and if he had thereupon chosen that particular text, it might not have been inappropriate. It was only the other day, too, that provincial newspapers, in their "Facetiae" corner, assured us that "the pulpit of a church in Scotland being vacant," two candidates, named Adam and Low, applied for it; the latter preaching in the morning from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" and the former replying, in the afternoon, with the text, "Lo! here am I!" and thereby "gaining the appointment from the impromptu." But in the "Scripscrapologia" of Collins (author of the song "To-morrow"), published in 1804, are some verses on this very subject, changing the scene to the diocese of Salisbury, in the days of "old Sherlock," who entertains the candidates, "two curates," at his own bounteous table.

There is an anecdote told of Sir James Thornhill's preservation from falling from a scaffold when painting the dome of St. Paul's, — or, according to another version, Greenwich Hospital; but a similar anecdote is told of a Romanist painter, one Daniel Assam, with the characteristic addition that the figure of the saint, on which he was painting, stretched forth its arm and held him up until assistance arrived. Mr. Roebuck, in a speech at Salisbury, in 1862, asserted, that when he told to "a shrewd, clever" Hampshire laborer that the Duke of Wellington was dead, the man replied, "Ah, sir! I be very sorry for he; but who was he?" and this anecdote was especially dwelt upon in an article shortly afterwards in the *Cornhill Magazine*; the writer deducing from it that the Hampshire laborer was a true gentleman in being above the meanness of pretending to know a thing of which he was ignorant. And this brings us back to that *Cornhill* point from which we started on our exploration into the paternity of anecdotes. Therefore, not to be tedious in adducing more examples, we will content ourselves by saying that this conversation between Mr. Roebuck and the Hampshire laborer wonderfully resembles an anecdote that is to be found in most jest-books, touching an old lady, "in a retired village in the West of England," who, when it was told her that Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was dead, exclaimed, "Is a', is a' the King o' Prussia! and who may he be?"

Truly, there is nothing new under the sun; and from the sway of this axiom, anecdotes and their paternity are not exempt.

BOULTON AND WATT.

In the calendars of every industrial nation should be noted the happy Sunday when Watt, in his quiet stroll across Glasgow-green, conceived the fruitful idea of the separate condenser for the "fire-engine." That moment he received as by inspiration the thought which was destined to advance the human race a thousand years in its onward course, — with-

out which, in fact, we question if any material progress at all of importance could have been made, and the ages, materially speaking, would have gone on stagnating as they did of old. The time was, indeed, just ripe for the invention. The Newcomen engines then at work in Cornwall consumed so much coal that it was very questionable whether horse-power was not cheaper. The two engines of Wheal Rose and Wheal Busy, of sixty-six and seventy-two inches in diameter, consumed each about thirteen tons of coal a day. This would have been of no consequence in a coal district, but the expense of land and water carriage to the Cornish mines was so great that the proprietors were very nearly in a state of insolvency, and the mines themselves were on the point of being drowned out. At this critical moment the demand for an engine that economized fuel was answered theoretically by the discovery of the separate condenser, which abolished the great waste of heat caused by the injection of cold water into the cylinder at every stroke. But great inventions are not so speedily put in practice. Although Watt hit upon the idea of the separate condenser in 1765, and in two or three days worked out in his mind the leading points of the modern steam-engine, yet it was not until the end of 1774 that his first model was brought to work satisfactorily. He had, indeed, conquered nature by "finding out her weak side," but the practical means necessary to put his ideas in force were scarcely obtainable.

The machine tools of the present day were not in existence; he could not even obtain a cylinder that was true in the bore, and his bitter lament over the decease of his "white-iron man" gives a measure of the mechanical aptitude of the period. Again, the financial difficulty was almost as great a difficulty to conquer as the mechanical one. His connection with Dr. Roebuck soon after his discovery of the separate condenser was very nearly proving fatal to the idea; and it was not until Mr. Boulton, of the Soho works, was induced to take Roebuck's two-thirds share of the patent of 1769 as a bad debt that the practical application of the ingenious labors of Watt can be said to have commenced. It has been happily said, that without Boulton there would have been no Watt. That "the damned engine would have slept in quiet," as Watt expressed it, when writing one of his dolorous letters to Dr. Black, and but too soundly, for an indefinite time, unless the princely Boulton, with his untiring energy, foresight, and cheerful spirit, had come to the rescue, there can be little doubt. Mr. Smiles has, therefore, done wisely to link their two names together in the volume before us.* The more we read of the correspondence between the two great men during the birth of the new motive power, the more we feel convinced that the world has to be thankful for their happy partnership. Boulton seemed by some happy chance to possess all the qualities of mind that were wanting in Watt.

Mr. Smiles gives a most exciting picture of the first introduction of the new engine into Cornwall. The very life of the mining interest depended upon its success. Lest there should be any mishance in the setting up of the first engines ordered, Watt himself proceeded to the spot to superintend their erection. The great trial was to be made at Chace-water, and upon the success of this experiment the

* Lives of Boulton and Watt, principally from the Original Soho MSS.; comprising also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Steam-Engine. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "Industrial Biography," "Self-Help," &c.

chance of superseding all the old pumping engines depended. As might have been supposed, all the adventurers were in attendance, when the engine was set in motion, and all the engineers of the old Newcomen engines were there to sneer and predict its failure. But it was to be a great success. "It made eleven eight-foot strokes per minute, and it worked with greater power, went more steadily, and 'forked' more water than any of the ordinary engines, with only about one third the consumption of coal." But, strange to say, the smooth working of the engine, which was the true test of its perfection, was its fault, in the eyes of the gaping crowd collected to look at the performance of the new wonder. Watt, writing to his partner, describing the manner of its working, says, "The velocity, violence, magnitude, and the horrible noise of the engine give universal satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not." They seemed to look upon it as some wild beast that was expected to roar as part of the entertainment, and upon Watt attempting to trim the engine to work a little more quietly, the engineer of the mine was quite disconcerted.

The success of Chacewater, however, was the commencement of poor Watt's troubles; other pumping-engines for the various mines were immediately ordered, and he was of course obliged to be present and superintend their erection, riding about the country with his wife behind him on a pillion. Watt could engineer materials, but he could not engineer men, and his account of the Cornish men of the day was certainly not flattering. Their rough, not to say brutal nature, gave a shock to the retiring and undemonstrative nature of Watt, and he was perpetually writing to Boulton to come down and take the business arrangements with the miners off his hands. Whilst, however, Watt was pumping out the almost submerged Cornish mines, poor Boulton was on the very verge of financial ruin at Soho. The expense he had been at in perfecting the engine, together with the difficulties of the time, pressed him to the earth; he was obliged to sell the estate his wife had brought him, to borrow from his friends, and even to run about to borrow money to pay his workmen on the Saturday night. Yet the brave old man kept a bright face, and in answer to the doleful letters of his partner, ventured to reprove him after the following gentle fashion for thinking only of himself. "I am obliged," he wrote, "to smile, to laugh, to be good-humored, sometimes to be merry, and even to go to the play! O that I were at the Land's End!" There is something so cheery in the tone of this noble old man that it is really imparted to the reader, even at this distance of time, when reading his correspondence. The difference between the two men is shown in their letters in the most marked manner. It was clear that every one loved Boulton; but Watt, with his perpetual headache, his sorrowful grumbling, and his cold manner, was respected, but nothing more. In Cornwall he was clearly the right man in the wrong place, and when he was succeeded by the right-hand man of the firm, William Murdock, all things went right.

But there was a change of measures as well as of men. Murdock, instead of shrinking from the engineers and the stokers when they would have bullied him, picked out the biggest, gave him a sound thrashing in the engine-house, and was the sworn friend of the rest for the remainder of his stay in the country. But the territory of Cornwall, after all, was but a small field for the labors of the

new-born Hercules, although Watt, strangely enough, did not seem to see it. By the year 1780 there was but one Newcomen engine pumping in the district, and Boulton urged him to prepare his invention for the more general work of the country,—corn grinding, metal rolling, and the thousand purposes to which the new labor-saving machine was applicable. But to fit it for its new labors the rotative arrangement had to be perfected. The Cornish pumping action did not need the transmutation of a perpendicular to a circular motion, but this had now to be accomplished. Watt had at an early date used the crank for this purpose, but had failed to patent the application of this simple invention, and while the model of the new engine was being constructed at Soho, one of his workmen, tattling about it at a public house, was overheard by a stranger present, who immediately posted to London and patented the idea. The patent was taken out by a man named Pickard, a Birmingham button-maker, but Mathew Washborough, of Bristol, was the first to apply it to the steam-engine. Watt was greatly incensed at this piracy, but in fact Washborough had quite as much right to use it as any one else, and that he was a very ingenious mechanic there can be little doubt, as he was the first to adopt the fly-wheel which Watt after deriding finally adopted. Watt disdained to dispute the patent, so he set to work to solve the difficulty in another manner, and he invented five different methods of securing a rotative motion. The models of these inventions are still hanging up in Watt's old workshop in the garret at Heathfield. Watt at the time of the piracy was very sore about the matter, and we are told that when Dick Cartwright, the pattern-maker, who so indiscreetly divulged the secret, was hung for some other matter, he was somewhat comforted.

It is certainly a singular proof either of the want of wit, or of the jealousy of rival engineers, that when the question of employing the steam-engine for the grinding of corn in the Deptford-yard was submitted by the Navy Board to the celebrated Mr. Smeaton, he should have given it as his opinion that it was not so suitable for the purpose as the old water-wheel. Watt ultimately threw aside his own inventions to produce circular motion for that of William Murdock, termed "the sun and planet motion," an arrangement which may be seen in the "old Bess engine," now in the South Kensington Museum, which is a venerable relic of the Soho factory, where it commenced work in 1779, being the very first constructed by Watt on the expansion principle. It was the great show engine in the last century, and was at work in that establishment until a few years ago, when it was removed to its present resting-place. The completion of the rotative engine which placed the whole industry of the country at the feet of the firm, should have given Watt unbounded satisfaction; but it seemed, on the contrary, to annoy him. So far from using any effort to push them in the market,—that was "steam-mill mad,"—he actually attempted to dissuade Boulton from taking any orders for them in Manchester, as he thought that they would not be able to compete with the powerful streams in the North of England. Watt seemed to be entirely wanting in the foresight which so eminently distinguished his partner, who in this matter wisely ignored his advice. We are told that the first rotative engine was erected for Mr. Reynolds, at Ketley, in 1782, and was used to drive a corn-mill, and the third engine is still work-

ing, though in a modified form, at Messrs. Whitbread's, in this metropolis.

One reason, perhaps, why Watt discountenanced seeking orders for rotative engines was because the drawings for them were all furnished by his own hand, and he evidently liked inventing better than plan-making. At the time he was dissuading his partner from taking any more orders, he was perfecting the inventions embodied in his patent of 1784, which included the beautiful parallel motion, of which he said: "Though I am not over anxious after fame, yet I am more proud of the parallel motion than of any other mechanical invention I have ever made." That the very obvious application of steam power as a moving agent on land and water should have escaped the attention of Watt must have struck every engineer with astonishment. That he made some feeble efforts towards solving the problem of applying the new agent as a locomotive power is undoubted; but that he never crowned his labors with a working model is equally indisputable; and indeed he seems to have had some little jealousy of William Murdock's efforts in this direction, as we find him complaining to Boulton that Murdock was wasting his time on a fruitless errand; yet that errand was a more momentous one (the steam-engine itself excepted) than any other of the last or present century. William Murdock's locomotive model, the first ever constructed, was exhibited, it will be remembered, at the Exhibition of 1851 on the gigantic screw-shaft of the James Watt, ninety-one gun ship, executed just three quarters of a century afterwards by the firm of the Messrs. Watt.

After innumerable difficulties,—among which may be mentioned the fight the Cornishmen made against paying the royalty of one third of the fuel saved by the new engine,—towards the end of 1787 Watt began to reap the fruits of his invention; he had £4,000 at his banker's, and a promise of further instalments. To the frugal engineer this was, indeed, wealth. He was relieved of the responsibility of the debt of the firm to the bankers, and was now in expectation of a rapid fortune, as orders for engines were coming in with great rapidity. It was otherwise with his partner. His speculative mind led him into profitless undertakings, many of which were entered into for the purpose mainly of forwarding the interests of the steam-engine branch of the business,—such, for instance, as the famous Albion Mill Association; but the burden of these failures fell upon him, and he became seriously involved. It was his turn now to seek assistance from the partner he had for years sustained; but Watt, when called upon, "had remitted all his money to Scotland." There can be no doubt that Boulton felt Watt's closeness, and there is a tone of bitterness in his letters to a mutual friend on the subject, which indicates that he felt his partner knew how to take care of himself. Boulton, in fact, had acted with the greatest generosity to him with respect to the partnership arrangements, as he had agreed to give up the original contract by which two thirds of the profits of the engine were secured to him, and to be satisfied with an equal division.

The connection of the partners with the famous Lunar Society, which is briefly touched upon by Mr. Smiles, brings us to a matter which has created some curiosity, among scientific persons at the present time. It has been suggested that the question of photography was a matter of discussion at the monthly meetings of the society, and the discovery of a photograph in Mr. Boulton's library at Soho,

which it was asserted had not been opened for about fifty years, gave rise to the rumor that some of its members had actually practised the art at that early date. The plate is still in the possession of Mr. Pettitt Smith, of the Patent Office Museum, but there seems to be little doubt it is of modern production. The "Lunatics," as they were called, did not hide their lights under a bushel, as we well know from the dispute among its members as to the question of the discoverer of the composition of water, and not one word with reference to the art is to be found in any of their familiar letters to each other.

As Soho prospered Watt became a changed man, the racking headaches which disturbed his early life disappeared, and as the profits of his engine came in he forgot to curse it. He became more cheerful and contented, and we feel assured that it is from this period of his life that his more favorable social qualities have been drawn by those who came in contact with him. We are told that he was passionately addicted to novel-reading, and that he and his wife cried like children over a touching novel. To the world, this gives a picture of the great mechanical genius it could little have expected; but to the psychologist, who knows that the mind delights in sudden contrasts, it will not appear strange.

Upon the dissolution of the original partnership in 1800, Watt, although only sixty-two, retired from the active duties of Soho, but the indomitable Boulton, who lived in the excitement of business, not only remained, but in his old years set about no less a project than the reform of the coinage, then in a very low condition. The application of the steam-engine to the presses, and his own love of art, enabled him to pursue this new branch of industry with a success in which not only this, but other nations participated. It might be said that he died in harness; for although suffering from a cruel disease, he was as active as ever in his great establishment at Soho to within a year of his death, which occurred in 1809. Watt, towards the latter years of his life, indulged in all the pleasures of being a landed proprietor; the Englishman's love of adding acre to acre seized him, but he still remained true to his old instincts. Upon his retirement to Heathfield in the neighborhood of Birmingham, he fitted up a room next his bedroom as a workshop, where he fought over again the battle of his life. In this retirement he occupied himself with many curious inventions, among the best known of which was the famous copying machine. With this ingenious instrument, which reproduces with mathematical accuracy pieces of sculpture, &c., he amused himself almost up to the day of his death.

Singularly enough, this contrivance, which he applied to one of the most elevated of the fine arts, our neighbors across the Atlantic have twisted to the deadly trade of war. The only practical use, in fact, to which the machine is now put being the manufacture of gunstocks in the arsenal of Springfield, United States, and in our own government establishment at Enfield. Watt lived in this little garret, and it was fitted up with appliances for cooking his meals. The great inventor, who may be said to have moved the world, would seem to have lived in a wholesome fear of his wife, who detested dirt, and hated the sight of his leathern apron and soiled hands, and he was obliged to go through a cleansing process before he dared to enter her apartments. If we are to believe Mrs. Schemmel-

penninck, she treated him as she did her pug dog, whom she forced to wipe his feet upon the mat before venturing to cross the hall. No wonder that he stuck to his garret. It is, we believe, in contemplation to take accurate photographs of this sanctuary, hallowed by so many associations, and by their aid to remove the entire fittings of the room, together with their contents, as they now stand, and as Watt left them, to the Museum of the Patent Office, where, indeed, the model engine constructed by himself, and used for the purpose of turning his lathe, is now to be found.

As Mr. Smiles has long since conquered the field of industrial biography, our commendation of this interesting volume will be almost needless. Nevertheless we cannot but congratulate him upon the interesting picture he has given us of the public life of the two men who have been instrumental in giving to the world its great moving power. From the heaps of dusty ledgers in the counting-house of Soho he has drawn the materials for these deeply-interesting lives, and has so handled them as to produce a volume which most worthily crowns his efforts in this most interesting because before untrodden walk in literature.

A COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

WHEN Dr. Livingstone was sleeping out one night, in the course of his explorations, a lion seized and shook him, with a view to further proceedings. It is not many men who can say with Miss Pecksniff that they have "lived to be shook" in such a style as this. The Doctor records it as his experience that the result of this shaking was to superinduce a sort of comatose state, a feeling half of numbness, half of contented repose, in which he disregarded pain, and had no considerable dread of the tearing of flesh and limbs which was to precede his death. Thereupon he suggests the idea that perhaps the practice of shaking their prey which is observed in all feline animals, as well as in dogs and in some of the more violent fishes, is a Providential arrangement to spare the necessary victim pain.

If we look into tales of death by violence, we shall see in very many cases some such preparation for a comparatively easy death, — easy, that is to say, as compared with the horror which the account excites in those who hear or read of them. This would appear to be notably the case in some kinds of railway accident. The shock and jar of a collision has something peculiarly numbing about it. Passengers who escape unhurt from such a catastrophe relate that they suddenly became conscious of something happening or being about to happen, and knew nothing more till they found themselves faced round the other way, or heels uppermost, or contorted in some of the many strange ways in which the human body is found to be contorted after accidents of this kind. There has been no blow to account for a loss of consciousness; there is no bruise to show, no outward injury done, and yet locomotion of a very complicated and difficult nature has been achieved, and a space of time has passed which cannot by any means be called instantaneous, for it has sufficed for the crash and tumult of the collision to come to an end, and the transported passenger finds himself settled and stationary. A Scotch physician who was in a bad railway accident some years ago discovered himself sitting at the top of the cutting in which the accident occurred, externally unhurt, as if he could not have been thrown there; indeed, from the nature

of the case he could not have been. How he had got there he had no conception; and it seemed quite certain that he had not been carried or in any way helped there. His nervous system was so completely thrown out of gearing that he never recovered from the shock.

It can scarcely be doubted that had death come upon him in any form whatever during the interval which elapsed between his leaving the carriage and his finding himself quietly seated on the cutting, many yards away from the ruined train, he would have met it without conscious suffering. And, without going through such a hazardous ordeal as this, large numbers of persons have had experience which points in the same direction.

A man who is a bad sailor, and has crossed the Channel in really dirty weather, sitting on the deck, knows what it is to be suddenly lifted as it were from his seat by some strange power, such as that which carried the prince and princess in the *Arabian Nights* backwards and forwards through the air, and deposited ever so far off in a heap, among ruinous *débris* of umbrella and cloak, and other impediment of a sick passenger on a stormy day. At the moment of his deposit, and for some moments after, no imminence of death in any form could have much effect in rousing him even to a struggle to evade it. And much the same result follows sometimes from what the Irish call a gentle tap on the head; so that in many very horrible accidents resulting in prolonged "agonies of death," which make every nerve of one's body quiver at the bare recital, there are great chances in favor of the victim's having received just some preparatory jerk, or shock, or blow which paralyzes that part of his system to whose sensitiveness pain is due, and so render him unable to feel the lengthened pangs.

And this may very well hold in the case of those who struggle on and cry aloud in their apparent torture, even as the "subject" under the surgeon's knife makes signs of pain when his nerves are under the blessed influence of anesthetics.

It is a comfort to think of such things in these days, when steam locomotion and steam machinery bring to so many households the horrors of a dreadful death to enhance the usual sorrow for death. And, in face of the terrible catastrophe in the Bay of Biscay, it is a great comfort to think that a similar effect is often produced, though perhaps not to so high a degree, by fatigue, by exposure to wet and cold, by prolonged and anxious doubt. Sea-sickness has especially and to a very high degree this effect. A man under its influence will constantly say, "Do with me what you will." If he were to fall overboard, he is sure he should make no effort to save himself. If he is told that the ship is sinking, the announcement has but little interest for him. In that storm in which the London went down, long before a tenth part of the passengers could have become accustomed to the motion of the vessel, we may be sure that there were many whose ordinary sufferings rendered it impossible for them to have that keen perception of the horrors of the situation which each fresh detail brings to us on land. And of the rest large numbers must have been tired into resignation, tired by the efforts at self-preservation and the preservation of others they had so spiritedly and so nobly made, tired by exertions the very intentness of which precluded the possibility of much agony of anticipation while such exertions lasted. Many again of those whose sex or age or infirmities forced them to be somewhat in-

active spectators of all that went on were doubtless only half alive to their trials. The discomforts of a vessel on which the sea was making clear breaches, the numbness of cold and the results of exposure to wind and spray, the deafening noise of the elements and the confusion of all within the ship, — all these and many more influences would be at work to reduce persons of weak constitution to a half-regardless state, some time before death was known to be inevitable.

FORM-SICKNESS.

THERE is a mysterious disease which the doctors find difficult of diagnosis, and from which foreign conscripts are said to suffer. They call it *nostalgia*, or *le mal du pays*, — in plainer English, homesickness. We have all read how the band-masters of the Swiss regiments in the French service were forbidden to play the *Ranz des Vaches*, lest the melancholy children of the mountains, inspired by the national melody, should run home too quickly to their cows, — that is to say, desert. That dogs will pine and fret to death for love of the masters they have lost is an ascertained fact, and I have been told that the intelligent and graceful animal, the South American llama, if you beat or overload or even insult him, will, after one glance of tearful reproach from his fine eyes, and one meek wail of expostulation, literally lie himself down and die. Hence the legend that the bat-men, ere they load a llama, cover his head with a poncho, or a grego, or other drapery, in order that his susceptibilities may not be wounded by a sight of the burden he is to endure, — a pretty conceit, vilely transposed into English in a story about a cab-horse whose eyes were bandaged by his driver, lest he should be ashamed of the shabbiness of the fare who paid but sixpence for under a mile's drive. I was never south of the Isthmus, and never saw a llama, save in connection with an overcoat in a cheap tailor's show-card; but I am given to understand that what I have related is strictly true.

If the lower animals, then, be subject to *nostalgia*, and if they be as easily killed by moral as by physical ailments, why should humanity be made of sterner stuff? After all, there may be such things as broken hearts. With regard to homesickness, however, I hold that, as a rule, that malady is caused less by absence from home than by the deprivations of the comforts and enjoyments which home affords. Scotchmen and Irishmen are to be found all over the world, and get on pretty well wherever they are; but a Scot without porridge to sup, or an Irishman without buttermilk to drink at breakfast, is always more or less miserable. The Englishman, accustomed to command, to compel, and to trample difficulties under his feet, carries his home divinities with him, and has no sooner set up his tent in Kedar than he establishes one supplementary booth for making up prescriptions in accordance with the ritual of the London Pharmacopœia, another for the sale of pickles, pale ale, and green tea, and a third for the circulation of tracts intended to convert the foreigners among whom he is to abide. He suffers less, perhaps, from homesickness than any other wanderer on the face of the earth; for he sternly refuses to look upon his absence from his own country as anything but a temporary exile; he demands incessant postal communication with home, or he will fill the English newspapers with the most vehement complaints; he will often — through these

or religious, with adversaries ten thousand miles away; and after an absence from England of twenty years he will suddenly turn up at a railway meeting, or in the chair at a public dinner; bully the board; move the previous question; or, in proposing the toast of the evening, quote the statistics of the Cowcross Infirmary for Calves, as though he had never been out of Middlesex. In short, he no more actually expatriates himself than does an attaché to an English embassy abroad, who packs up Pall-Mall in his portmanteau, parts his hair down the middle, and carries a slender umbrella — never under any circumstances unfurled — in the streets of Teheran.

But are you aware that there is another form of *nostalgia* which afflicts only Europeans, and, so far as I know, is felt only in one part of the world? Its symptoms have not hitherto been described, and I may christen it *Form-sickness*. I should wish to have Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Stirling, and Mr. Beresford Hope on the medical board to whom I submitted my views on this disease; for it is one architecturally and æsthetically occult.

This *Form-sickness* begins to attack you after you have resided some time — say a couple of months — in the United States of America. Its attacks are more keenly felt in the North than in the South; for in the last-named parts of the Union there are fig and orange trees, and wild jungles and canebrake, — some of the elements of *Form*, in fact. It is the monotony of form, and its deficiencies in certain conditions; that is to say, curvature, irregularity, and light and shade, that make you sick in the North. I believe that half the discomfort and the uneasiness which most educated Englishmen experience from a protracted residence in the States, springs from the outrage offered to their eye in the shape of perpetual flat surfaces, straight perspectives, and violent contrasts of color. There are no middle tints in an American landscape. In winter, it is white and blue; in spring, blue and green; in summer, blue and brown; in autumn, all the colors of the rainbow, but without a single neutral tint. The magnificent October hues of the foliage on the Hudson and in Vermont simply dazzle and confound you. You would give the world for an instant of repose, — for a gray tower, a broken wall, a morsel of dun thatch. The immensity of the views is too much for a single spectator. Don't you remember how Banvard's gigantic panorama of the Mississippi used to make us first wonder and then yawn? Banvard is everywhere in the States; and so enormous is the scale of the scenery in this colossal theatre, that the sparse dramatic personæ are all but invisible.

An English landscape painter would scarcely dream of producing a picture, even of cabinet size, without a group of peasants, or children, or a cow or two, or a horse, or at least a flock of geese, in some part of the work. You shall hardly look half a dozen times out of the window of a carriage of an express-train in England, without seeing something that is alive. In America the desolation of Emptiness pervades even the longest settled and the most thickly populated States. How should it be otherwise? How should you wonder at it when, as in a score of instances, not more people than inhabit Hertfordshire are scattered over a territory as large as France? One of the first things that struck me when I saw the admirable works of the American landscape painters, — of such men as Church and Kensett, Bierstadt and Cropsey and Hart, — was the absence of animal life from their scenes. They

seemed to have been making sketches of the earth before the birth of Adam.

This vacuous vastness is one of the provocatives of Form-sickness. To the European, and especially to the Englishman, a country without plenty of people, pigs, poultry, haystacks, barns, and cottages, is as intolerable as the stage of the grand opera would be if it remained a whole evening with a sumptuously set scene displayed, but not a single actor. New England is the state in which, perhaps, the accessories of life are most closely concentrated; but even in New England you traverse walks into which it appears to you that the whole of Old England might be dropped with no more chance of being found again than has a needle in a pottle of hay.

But it is when you come to dwell in towns that Form-sickness gets its firmest grip of you. In a city of three or four hundred thousand-inhabitants, you see nothing but mere flat surfaces, straight lines, right angles, parallel rows of boards and perpendicular paling. The very trees lining the streets are as straight as walking-sticks. Straight rows of rails cut up the roadway of the straight streets. The hotels are marble packing-cases, uniformly square, and pierced with many windows; the railway cars and street omnibuses are exact parallelopipeds; and, to crown all, the national flag is ruled in parallel crimson stripes, with a blue quadrangle in one corner, sown with stars in parallel rows. Philadelphia, from its rectangularity, has been called the "chess-board city"; Washington has been laid out on a plan quite as distressingly geometrical; and nine tenths of the other towns and villages are built on gridiron lines. There are some crooked streets in Boston, and that is why Europeans usually show a preference for Boston over other American cities; while in the lower part of New York a few of the thoroughfares are narrow, and deviate a little from the inexorable straight line. In most cases there is no relaxation of the cord of tension. There are no corners, nooks, archways, alleys; no refuges, in fact, for light and shade.

In the State of Virginia there is one of the largest natural arches in the world; but in American architecture a curved vault is one of the rarest of structures. The very bridges are on piers without arches. Sign-boards and trade effigies, it is true, project from the houses, but always at right angles. This rigidity of outline makes its mark on the nomenclature and on the manners of the people. The names of the streets are taken from the letters of the alphabet and the numerals in the Ready Reckoner. I have lived in G Street. I have lived in West Fourteenth, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Mathematical calculation is the basis of daily life. You are fed at the hotels at stated hours; and the doors of the dining-room are kept locked until within a moment of the gong's sounding. At some tables d'hôte, fifty negro waiters stand mute and immobile behind the chairs of two hundred and fifty guests, and at a given signal uncover, with the precision of clock-work, one hundred dishes. These are not matters of opinion; they are matters of fact. Routine pursues you everywhere: from the theatre to the church; from the fancy fair to the public meeting. In the meanest village inn, as in the most palatial hotel, there is a travellers' book, in which you are bound to enter your name. You may assume an alias; but you must be Mr. Somebody. You cannot be, as in England, the "stout party in Number Six," or the "tall gent in the Sun." You must shake hands with every one to whom you are

introduced; you must drink when you are asked, and then ask the asker to drink,—though I am bound to say that this strictly mathematical custom has, owing to the piteous protests of Europeans, somewhat declined of late.

If you enter a barber's shop to be shaved, a negro hands you a check bearing a number, and you must await your turn. When your turn arrives, you must sit in a certain position in a velvet-covered fauteuil with high legs, and must put your feet up on a stool on a level therewith. The barber shaves you, not as *you* like, but as *he* likes, powders you, strains a napkin over your face, sponges you, shampoos you, pours bay rum and eau-de-Cologne on your head, greases, combs you out, and "fixes" you generally. The first time I was ever under the hands of an American barber, I rose as soon as he had laid down his razor and made a move in the direction of the washhand basin. He stared at me as though I had gone mad. "Hold on!" he cried, in an authoritative accent. "Hold on! Guess I'll have to wash you up." That I should be washed up, or "fixed," was in accordance with the mathematical code.

This all but utter absence of variety of form, of divergence of detail, of play of light and shade, are productive in the end of that petulant, discontented frame of mind — of that soreness of spirit — with which almost every tourist who has visited the Great Republic has come at last to regard its civilization. As a rule, the coarser the traveller's organization, — the less he cares about art or literature, — the better he will get on in America. I met a fellow-countryman once, the son of an English earl, at one of the biggest, most mathematical, and most comfortless of the New York hotels, who told me that he should be very well content to live there for ten years. "Why," he said, "you can have five meals a day if you like." This is the kind of traveller, the robust, hardy, strong-stomached youth, fresh from a public school, who goes to America and does not grumble.

But do you take, not a travelled Englishman, but a travelled American, — one who has been long in Europe, and has appreciated the artistic glories of the Continent, — and you will discover that he finds it almost impossible to live in his own country, or "board" at an American hotel. Every continental city has its colony of cultivated Americans, good patriots and stanch republicans, but who are absolutely afraid to go back to their native land. They dread the mathematical system. Those who, for their families' or their interests' sake, are compelled to return, live at hotels conducted, not on the American, but on the European system, — that is to say, where they can dine, breakfast, or sup, not as the landlord likes, but as they themselves like. Those who are wealthy, shut themselves up in country-houses, or splendid town mansions, surrounded by books, and pictures, and statues, and tapestry, and coins from Europe, until their existence is almost ignored by their countrymen. In no country in the world are so many men of shining talents, of noble mind, of refined tastes, buried alive as in the United States.

That which I call the mathematical system is only another name for a very stringent and offensive social tyranny; and, did we not remember that humanity is one mass of inconsistencies and contradictions, it would be difficult to understand how this social despotism could be made compatible with the existence of an amount of political liberty never before equalled in this world.

Until 1861 the American citizen was wholly and entirely free; and now that the only pretext for the curtailment of his liberties has disappeared, he will enter upon, it is to be hoped, a fresh lease of freedom as whole and entire as of yore. How far the social tyranny spoken of has extended would be almost incredible to those who have not resided in America. "Whatever you do," said an American to me on the first day of my landing in the States, "don't live in a boarding-house where you are treated as one of the family. They'll worry you to death by wanting to take care of your morals." To have one's morals taken care of is a very excellent thing; but, as a rule, you prefer to place the curatorship thereof in the hands of your parents and guardians, or of your spiritual director, or, being of mature age, of yourself. "Taking care of morals" is apt to degenerate into petty impertinence and espionage.

One of the most eminent of living sculptors in New York told me that for many years he experienced the greatest difficulty in pursuing the studies incidental to, and indeed essential to, his attaining excellence in his profession, owing to the persistent care taken of his morals by the lady who officiated as housekeeper in the chambers where he lived. It must be premised that these chambers formed part of a building specially erected for the accommodation of artists, and with a view to their professional requirements. Our sculptor had frequent need of the assistance of female models, and the "Janitress," as the lady housekeeper was called, had a virtuously indignant objection to young persons who posed as Venuses or Hebes, in the costume of the period, for a dollar an hour. She could only be induced, by the threat of dismissal from the proprietor of the studio building, to grant admission to the models at all; and even then she would await their exit at her lodge gate, and abuse them as they came down stairs. Much more acclimatized to models was the good sister of William Etty, who used to seek out his Venuses for him; but a transition state of feeling was that of the wife of Nollekens, the sculptor, who, whenever her husband had a professional sitter, and the day was very cold, used to burst into the studio with a basin in her hand, crying, "You nasty, good-for-nothing hussy, here's some hot mutton broth for you."

To recapitulate a little. Form-sickness is the unsatisfied yearning for those broken lines, irregular forms, and infinite gradations of color—reacting as those conditions of form invariably do on the manners and characteristics of the people—which are only to be met with in very old countries. However expensively and elegantly dressed a man may be, he is apt to feel uncomfortable in a bran-new hat, a bran-new coat and continuations, and bran-new boots and gloves; and I believe that if he were compelled to put on a bran-new suit every morning, he would cut his throat before a month was over.

The sensation of entire novelty is one inseparable from the outward aspect of America. You can smell the paint and varnish; the glue is hardly dry. The reasons for this are very obvious. American civilization is an independent, self-reliant entity. It has no connections, or ties, or foregatherings with any predecessors on its own soil. It is not the heir of long entailed patrimony. It is, like Rodolph of Hapsburg, the first of its race. It has slain and taken possession. In Great Britain we have yet Stonehenge and some cairns and cromlechs to remind us of the ancient Britons.

settled parts of the United States, apart from the Indian names of some towns and rivers, there remains not the remotest vestige to recall the existence of the former possessors of the soil. There are yet outlying districts, millions of acres square, where Red Indians hunt, and fight, and steal, and scalp; but American civilization marches up, kills or deports them,—at all events, entirely "improves" them off the face of the land. They leave no trace behind, and the bran-new civilization starts up in a night, like a mushroom. Where yesterday was a wigwam, to-day is a Doric meeting-house, also a bank, and a grand piano-forte; where yesterday the medicine-man wove his incantations, to-morrow an advertising corn-cutter opens his shop; and in place of a squaw, embroidering moccasins, and cudgelled by the drunken brave her spouse, we have a tight-laced young lady, with a chignon and a hooped skirt, taking academical degrees, and talking shrilly about woman's rights.

A few years since, the trapper and pioneer race formed a transition stage between the cessation of barbarism and the advent of civilization. The pioneer was a simple-minded man, and so soon as a clearing grew too civilized for him, he would shoulder his hatchet and rifle, and move farther out into the wilds. I have heard of one whose signal for departure was the setting up of a printing-press in his settlement. "Those damned newspapers," he remarked, "made one's cattle stray so." But railway extension, and the organization in the Atlantic cities of enormous caravans of emigrants, are gradually thinning the ranks of the pioneers. In a few years, Natty Bumppo, Leatherstocking, the Deer-slayer, the Pathfinder, will be legendary. Civilization moves now in block. There is scarcely any advanced guard. Few skirmishers are thrown out. The main body swoops down on the place to be occupied, and civilizes it in one decided charge.

It may be advantageous to compare such a sudden substitution of a settled community for a howling wilderness with the slow and tentative growth of our home surroundings. European civilization resembles the church of St. Eustache at Paris, in whose exterior Gothic niches and pinnacles, Byzantine arches, Corinthian columns, Composite cornices, and Renaissance doorways, are all jumbled together. Every canon of architectural taste is violated; but the parts still cohere; a very solid façade still rears its head; and, at a certain distance, its appearance is not inharmonious.

At Cologne, in Germany, they will point out to you an ancient building, here a bit of Lombard, here a morsel of florid Gothic, here some unmistakable Italian, and here ten feet of genuine old Roman wall. There are many Christian churches in Italy whose walls are supported by columns taken from Pagan temples. The entire system, physical as well as moral, has been the result of growth upon growth, of gradual intercalation and emendation, of perpetual cobbling and piecing and patching; and although at last, like Sir John Cutler's silk stockings, which his maid darned so often with worsted that no part of the original fabric remained, the ancient foundations may have become all but invisible; they are still latent, and give solidity to the superstructure. We look upon the edifice, indeed, as we would on something that has taken root, that has something to rest upon. We regard it as we would that hoary old dome of St. Peter's at Rome. We know how long it took to build, and we trust that it will endure forever.

are apt to look at more in the light of a balloon. It is very astonishing. We wonder, however, it contrived to rise so high, and how long it will be before it comes down again; and we earnestly hope that it will not burst.

It is not necessary to avow any partisan kind of predilection for one phase of civilization against another. It is sufficient to note the fact: that Europeans the least prejudiced, and the most ardent admirers of the political institutions of the United States, very soon grow fretful and uneasy there, and are unable to deny, when they come back, that the country is not an elegant or a comfortable one to look upon. I attribute this solely to æsthetic causes. I do not believe that Englishmen grumble at America because the people are given to expectoration or guessing or calculating, or trivialities of that kind. Continental Europeans expectorate quite as freely as the Americans, and for rude cross-questioning of strangers, I will back a German against the most inquisitive of New-Englanders. It is in the eye that the mischief lies. It is the bran-new mathematical outline of Columbia that drives the Englishman into Form-sickness, and ultimately to the disparagement and misrepresentation of a very noble country. In many little matters of detail, American manners differ from ours; but in the aggregate we are still one family. They speak our language,—very frequently with far greater purity and felicity of expression than we ourselves do,—they read our books, and we are very often glad and proud to read theirs. They have a common inheritance with us in the historic memories we most prize. If they would only round off their corners a little! If they would only give us a few crescents and ovals in lieu of “blocks”! If they would only remember that the circle as well as the rectangle is a figure in mathematics, and that the curvilinear is, after all, the line of beauty!

SIR HENRY MULLORY'S STORY.

“THE story must be told, Sir Henry, here, and at once, without delay or omission, or you will exchange Windsor for the Tower. On your allegiance! tell me something to make me forget these Scots, I pray you, of your love.”

“But, sire!”

“Je ne moi parle pas de ça. Go on, sweet Sir Henry; I want to hear much how you saw this man, and what he was like. Why do you delay?”

“The story is dull.”

“Then both Mortimer and Despencer were liars. Go on, old friend. Such modesty does not become an old ambassador. *Seneschal, y’ut il un armée du ours, a bas la. Assurez ces gentilhommes que nous ne sommes pas sourds. Je ne veux pas, silence, mais le tapage est abominable. Altogether villainous. If the men below the salt can’t take their Christmas liquor without that noise they must have no more. If they are quarrelling, send a herald to them. Now, Sir Henry, as soon as you can hear yourself speak, go on. Drink from my cup first, finish the wine, and put that ring on your finger which you shall find at the bottom. Hey, Sir Henry, we have a jewel or two. Got you such a ring as that from your wondrous Venetian friends for the telling of a tale?”*

“Your Majesty’s generosity surpasses theirs, as their splendor surpasses yours. Well turned, but not true. I must unsay it. The men I speak of were as generous as they were splendid.”

“And we, poor King of England, are nobody. Go on. I cannot buy you to speak aught but truth, not with a hundred rings.”

“When I come to compare Windsor,” said the sturdy old gentleman, “with the palace of those two merchants at Venice, your Grace, this dear old palace where I have lived so long, and where I hope, by your Grace’s mercy, to die, seems to me like a mean barn. I am no minstrel,—so little a one that my old tongue cannot tell all the magnificence of what I saw at the house of those two venerable men, still less can I invent aught. When I arrived at their house, the night I was bidden to supper, and stepped from the boat, I told my name and titles. There were some forty servants about the door, and when they caught my name, two beautiful youths, of a courtliness and a grace which—”

“What are you looking at?” asked the King. “Herald,” he roared, “tell those young bears’ whelps, Percy and Seymour, to be still. It is monstrous, one’s pages fighting before one’s eyes. Two such beautiful and graceful youths, whose courtliness and grace my pages (Satan couple the young hounds, a thirsty ill-scenting day, on the top of Bagshot Heath!) had as well imitate. Yee, Sir Henry, I follow you. What said these youths to you?”

“They told me that they were detached for my service the whole of that evening, by Signor Nicolo and Senior Mathio, and they begged me to follow them to the banquet-hall. I, seeing by their manner that they were gentle, begged of them to walk slowly, that I might admire the wonders in the great galleries through which we passed. They pointed them out to me, but I did not notice them so closely as I might have done, for the largest part of my mind was given up to counting the paces which I stepped, so that I might gain, on my own authority, some idea of the length of the vast corridors which we were traversing. This puzzled my two youths considerably, for they ran on before me, and placed themselves before the most remarkable objects, to wait my coming; and they evidently wondered why I walked with my head down, and counted as I went. One of them thought I was doing my devotions, and seeing I was without a rosary, offered me his, which was of large pearls; but the other said in a low voice, in his musical tongue, ‘He is an Englishman, he is only mad,’ and after that they wondered no more.”

“Mad, you say!” said the first. “But he is ambassador from the King of England.”

“My sweetest Antonio,” said the other, “what should a madman, King of Madmen, do with a sane ambassador? What fearful political complications would arise if he were to send us any one but a lunatic; or even a lunatic whose lunacy does not exhibit itself openly, as this one’s madness does. We might think him a sane man, and believe what he said. And what then?”

“I heard every word of this, though they did not think it. I amused myself with them.”

“But,” interposed the King, “can you tell me anything of the galleries which you passed through? Was your whole soul taken up with counting your steps?”

“I can tell your Grace this. I passed through three corridors, each one hundred and twenty feet long, before I came to the last and fourth, in which the supper was laid, and in which the guests were assembled. These three galleries, three hundred and sixty feet in length, were all lined with mirrors in golden frames, which reached to the richly-fretted

ceiling? excepting, of course, the windows, which, now it being night, were draped with crimson satin. Thus much I observed; but the other wonders,—the statues, the tall vases of glass, banded and twisted of various colors, the great picture of the proud Cimabue, of Michael slaying the Dragon,—many other things I hurried by, or only had them shown to me by my two guides, lest I should miss my counting. The floor was covered with the richest cloths."

The King's fool had assumed, at the beginning of the story, a look of respectful attention, which by degrees he had developed into a look of deep wonder, which now had become an expression of the most dumbfounded astonishment caricatured to the uttermost. Of course every one had been watching, knowing that he would be doing something soon, and at this point young Percy the page found that he could not help it any longer, and giggled. The spark had fallen on gunpowder. The whole of the party burst into such a roar of laughter at once, that the people down the table looked towards the royal chair. The King was very angry, but when he saw the fool's face, he was forced to grin.

"Prythee, gossip," said the fool to Sir Henry, "pass on and come to the dragons."

"There be no dragons, fool."

"Marry, thou shouldst have had dragons. Thou art a poor jongleur. Thou wilt mar the tale without a dragon or two. I pray let us have them."

"Wilt thou peace, thou ape?" said the King, angrily; and Sir Henry went on.

"The floors were covered with the richest fabrics, and the galleries were grander than anything your Majesty can fancy, and yet the banquetting-hall infinitely surpassed the galleries in beauty. My tongue fails to describe the richness of the plate, and still more the wondrous splendor of the flowers which covered the supper-table in great profusion, and all of which were utterly unknown to me, as they were from roots and seeds which Signor Nicolo had procured from the uttermost limits of the East.

"They tarried for me, it appeared, and, after their form of politeness, came forward in a body to greet me, each presenting himself by name. I prayed their forgiveness. They, on their part, abused themselves before me for having assembled too soon. All were Venetians, sire, except myself, and a Genoese prisoner, to whom these true gentlemen gave the precedence, as a prisoner of war, before every one else, myself included. He insisted on waiving his claim in my favor, and so I sat on the left of Signor Mathio, and he below me. The conversation, as supper went on, was mainly addressed to us two, and I supposed at first it was only politeness; but after a little conversation with me, the Genoese prisoner raised his forefinger slightly, and the conversation became general, Signor Mathio even turning from us and talking to the infirm Signor Nicolo, his brother. I began to see, sire (otherwise I had been a poor ambassador to your Majesty), that there was a plot, a good-natured plot abroad, and that I was to act in it.

"I now turned and looked at my fellow-conspirator, the Genoese gentleman prisoner. He was a young gentleman of singular beauty, and dressed with extreme richness and elegance. His manners were as charming as his appearance.

"Dear English signor," he said, as soon as the others were talking freely, 'I want your help. Let us drink together

"We did so. 'There is a play, a plot, a conspiracy to be acted here, and you must play the principal part in it. Do you consent?'

"The players in mysteries have their written parts given them,' I said, 'and even the mummers rehearse their nonsense in a dark barn. I consent, but I must know my part.'

"It is only this. When I nudge you,—so,—speak out to Signor Nicolo, and ask him to show you his magic amulet. When he has handed it to you, pass it to me, instead of giving it to him.'

"Is that all I have to do?'

"That is all. You were late for supper, and I was waiting to explain more to you. We are too close to the old man to explain now.'

"Can you explain nothing, sweet sir?'

"I fear being overheard, but I will say thus much. Signor Mathio is talking loud to his brother. Signor Nicolo is infirm, and any agitation will make his heart beat dangerously. The leeches dread his death in case of any news being conveyed to him suddenly. Now a most unexpected and joyful event has occurred, and we wish to break it to him. The only thing which will make the old man speak of his son is that talisman. He never speaks of his son but when he is telling the story of that talisman, and we want him to tell it to-night. It is our only chance of breaking the glorious news to him without killing him.'

"I understood him now, and grasped him by the arm. 'Do you mean to say that he is free?' I asked.

"Sweet sir, he is in Venice. You did not catch my name, as I saw, when I introduced myself.'

"Who are you, dear gentleman?'

"I am Giovanni Doria, and he is exchanged for me.'

"I brought my hand heavily down upon the table, and as I committed that breach of good manners, I perceived that the Venetian gentlemen who were supping with us had for once in a way, in their eagerness, forgotten theirs. I saw in a moment that every man in the room was in the plot, for they had all ceased talking and were looking eagerly at me and Doria. I smiled, so as to show them that I was in their secret, and the general conversation buzzed up louder than before.

"But the sudden silence, and the smiting of my fist upon the table, had aroused Signor Nicolo, and he turned and spoke to me. 'Has anything irritated you, my English friend?' he said. 'Doria is a sacred person, but if it were any other, I will answer for it in my own body, my boy being away, old as I am.'

"No one has irritated me, dear sir,' I said. 'Only the spiders spun a cobweb between me and my goblet, and in breaking it through I hit the table.'

"The old man was puzzled, but contented. Doria laughed at me.

"It was not so bad,' he said; 'but your English humor will never stand comparison with our Italian wit. I should have said I was contented to think that I should never have words to make our poor islanders believe in the splendor of the Venetian merchants, and in my vexation at that thought I committed this breach of manners.'

"That would have been rather clumsier, and much more untrue than the explanation which I gave,' I answered. 'Let be: he believes neither the one nor the other. Let us talk sense. Why did you select me for your fellow-conspirator on this most joyful occasion?'

"For the first reason," he answered, "because he is very jealous of showing his talisman to any one but foreigners, and he never shows it twice to any man; and, as I told you before, never speaks of his son unless he shows it. I have seen it once, and you were the only available foreigner. That is the first reason. For the second, we felt sure that you would come kindly into the plot. Your gentle demeanor, and your beautiful and amiable face—"

At this point the King's fool was taken with an obstinate fit of coughing. The King looked up. "Sir Hubert Venables," he said. "Sweet friend, smite me my poor fool upon the back, I pray thee." "He hath a cough, and the phlegm will kill him. I should be wood were my poor fool to die."

Sir Hubert, nineteen stone of strength and good-humor, moved towards the fool: but the fool was not fool enough to bide a slap from that terrible hand. He dived under the table and passed below the salt, where he revenged himself by telling a story very like Sir Henry's, but with a few utterly incredible incidents, caricaturing that most excellent old pedant's voice and manner in a way which made necessary the presence of the seneschal, a herald, and lastly the order of royalty itself, to silence the uproarious laughter.

"Twenty years ago, Sir Fool, I was handsomer than any man in this room, except, of course, your Majesty."

"Exactly," said the King. "Now go on."

"It was, it appeared," continued Sir Henry, "to take my opportunity to ask for Signor Nicolo's amulet, and to request him to tell me the story about it. To lead up to this result, Giovanni Doria left off speaking to me, and left me sitting silent. It was a long time before the dulled faculties of Signor Nicolo took notice of this. The main part of the supper had been cleared away, and nothing had been left on the table for some time but the fruits and the wine, but yet I sat still and silent, acting my part the best way I could."

"Signor Mathio was not in the secret, and he and his brother remained talking very eagerly together. The general buzz of conversation which went on along each side of the table made them think, I suppose, that their guests were well entertained, and that they might speak together without breach of manners. At last, Mathio, who sat next to me, turned and saw me silent, and saw also that Doria was deeply engaged in conversation with the man beside him. He instantly nudged his brother, and said, 'Nicolo, we are poor hosts. I thought, Signor Mullory, you were in talk with Signor Doria.'"

"I have been silent this half-hour," I said. "I have not spoken to a soul since Signor Doria entered into talk with yon Florentine gentleman."

"They used great civility towards me at once, these two old gentlemen, asking my pardon many times. But I answered that I had been well entertained looking at the admirable beauty of their riches; but I said I had a favor to ask. If they thought they had erred in any way in courtesy to me, the granting of that favor would throw the balance of debt on my side. I asked, would Signor Nicolo show me the great talisman, and tell me the story about it."

"He willingly acquiesced. He put back the collar of his dark-blue velvet and gold gown, and took from his neck, from underneath his clothes, the chain on which the talisman hung, and handed it to me. Your Majesty, it took away my breath. In

my wonder and excitement, I dropped the whole thing rattling into my plate, to the great amusement of the brothers; but none of the other gentlemen at table took notice of the rattle, but only talked the louder, almost as though they were brawling."

"The chain on which the talisman hung was the handsomest and the thickest I have ever seen; but it was the talisman itself which struck me with such amazement. It was an oblong sapphire, close on three inches in length, which was attached to the chain by the slender thread of gold which went round it, and which could scarcely be called a setting. It was a water-worn sapphire, having over nearly the whole of its surface a frosted pale-blue color; in one place only had it been touched by the jeweller's wheel. On one side only of it, a space of some half an inch, had been cut flat and polished, and through this shining surface you could look down into the wine-dark depths of the greatest jewel which the world has ever seen."

"This is a good tale," said the King, "a wondrous good tale. I like much these great jewels in a tale. They cost the teller nothing, and the hearer feels as though they belonged to him, or, at least, that he had seen them. Give me jewels in a tale. They are better than dragons."

"But this is every word of it true, your Majesty," said Sir Henry.

"Did ever any one assure *thee* of being able to invent a tale for thyself? Thou hast no talent that way. My grandsire sent no minstrels or jongleurs on his errands. That diamond on thy finger would show that these Venetians have jewels such as we have never seen. The story is a good story, but the worse for being true. Canst thou not invent aught? Go on."

"I asked him, then," continued Sir Henry, "his tale about this jewel, and he told it to me. I will pass by that tale, and come to the end of mine."

"At thy peril," said the King. "It may be a better tale than thine own for aught I know. Tell it."

Sir Henry Mullory put his hands slightly abroad, and bowed his head gently, as though he would say, "If you choose to be bored, it is not my fault," and after this courtier-like protest, went on to tell Signor Nicolo's story.

"It is a mistake to suppose, dear Englishman," said Signor Nicolo, "that my friend, Kublai Khan, was the son of his predecessor, Hanlu. On the contrary, he was his youngest nephew."

"Mangu was son of Kheri Khan, and was left young with an only sister, to whom he was deeply attached; gave her in marriage to the Emperor of India, Conon the First, and took his, the Emperor's, sister, as his bride in exchange."

"He had never seen this lady until she arrived at Campion, the day before their nuptials. Mangu became deeply in love with her, and from all I could gather from those old men, who in my time were still about the court of Kublai Khan, and who remembered her, there was no wonder at it. She was a most peerless body. But beauty does not save from death, and before they had been married seven months this beautiful lady died."

"Mangu was inconsolable. He made a vow before the small household idol, an idol which corresponds among the Tartars to the Lares or Penates of the Romans, Signor Mullory, that he would never look on the face of woman again. He kept his vow religiously, as religiously as any of our churchmen, with the hope of immortality before them, keep it."

He was a heathen, and had no such hopes; but he kept his vow, and he died without issue.

"When he felt death was creeping on him he began to feel anxious about his successors. The wife of Conon, the elder King of India, had now three beautiful sons, Ganlu, Camul, and Kublai. Mangu wrote a letter to Conon, begging that in brotherly love he would send him his three youths, and that he would give him the one he should choose to fill the throne of Tartary.

"The King Conon wrote, saying, 'Choose between them'; and the three princes were started on their journey with the greatest magnificence. What need to dwell on the elephants and the camels, the horses, the rich presents which were sent? Read any Eastern tale, Sir Henry, and fill up the gap according to your own imagination.

"The great procession which accompanied these three princes took a year in reaching Mangu's capital. Many delays took place from flooded rivers, from snow-storms, and other accidents of travel, such as I have related to my friends in this hall in recounting my own travels until my tongue has grown weary. Many lives were lost, the camels most of them died, but the elephants and the horses arrived, towards the end of the year, within a day's walk of the capital of Mangu. There, for the first time, they met with his emissaries. Hitherto, since coming into the dominions of the Khan, they had had no credentials save the golden plate which he had sent with his ambassador. This had been enough; the mere showing of it had been sufficient for each governor of every province through which they had passed. The whole resources of each province had been put at their disposal, but they had hitherto had no personal recognition. At this point, with the towers of the capital in sight, they were met by ten thousand cavalry on white horses, each common man clothed in cloth of silver and blue velvet, and the officers clothed in cloth of gold and crimson satin."

"Beat me that fool," cried the King, in extreme anger. "Bang me that fool on his pate, with a flagon. Cut me his ears. Percy, spawn of the Devil, why laughest thou? Can I not hear my tale without this indecent laughter? It comes from the incoyable babil of that fool there. What said he, Percy? I will know by—(go to Chaucer for an oath). Speak, sir."

"He said only," replied that mischievous young rascal, Percy, who ought to have been a midshipman, by the by, and who was very much frightened at the King's manner,—“he said only that this Signor Nicolo of Venice was a better story-teller than Sir Henry Mullory: that we should have dragons anon now, and mayhap some unicorns and a phoenix if we gave Sir Henry time."

"Turn the fool out," cried the King; and the fool went out by one door, ran down the lower ward to the curfew tower with a face of dismay, told a drunken old warder that the castle was on fire, and persuaded him to ring the alarm bell, aroused all the townsfolk of Windsor, who came swarming into the middle ward to render assistance; and long before Sir Henry's story was finished stepped back again by a door behind the dais, and, with a sanctimonious air, quietly took a chair behind the King, beside his confessor, as he did so passing his finger three or four times round the crown of his head in an impertinent allusion to the reverend gentleman's tonsure.

"The three princes," continued Sir Henry, "were

met by this splendid cavalcade, the commander of which, clothed in—"

"Let that pass," said the King. "Let us have no more tailors' bills, sweet Sir Henry."

"—told them that they were to be conducted into the town the next morning in the greatest state, but that Mangu Khan desired that they would house where they were for the night. The apartments set aside for them were very homely, after what they had been accustomed to in India, but they all three acquiesced with a good grace.

"At twelve o'clock that night," said Signor Mathio, "Ganlu, the oldest prince, sitting alone in his room, among his books, heard a knock at his door. His servant, timidly appearing, announced that an old priest would speak to him.

"A Nestorian, I doubt, or a Mohammedan," said Ganlu, looking up from his books.

"A priest of our own faith," said the servant.

"The priest was shown in, humbly dressed, but a noble-looking old man.

"What wouldst thou, my father?" said Prince Ganlu.

"I have here a talisman," said the priest (showing him the talisman which you hold in your hand, Signor Mullory), which will enable you to win the love of your uncle, and to succeed to the throne of Tartary. I would know what you would offer me for it."

"Dost thou believe, dear father," said Ganlu, "in commandment xc.?"

"Not I," said the old priest.

"Dost thou then believe," retorted Ganlu, "that any man can come to salvation, save through our faith?"

"I most certainly believe it," said the old priest. "But what wilt thou give me for my talisman?"

"The curse of Kehama* fall on thee and thy talisman, thou heretic! Depart!"

"So he departed from the prig Ganlu, and went on to the drunkard, Camul. Camul had not only gotten himself disguised in liquor, but his servants also. The old priest found them all uproarious, and was hustled in before the presence of the Prince by a dozen grooms and courtesans, somewhat more drunk than the Prince himself, who was drunk enough. He delivered his message.

"I bring you here a talisman which shall secure your succession to the throne of Tartary. What will you give me for it?"

"Sit down and drink, you old fool," cried Prince Camul. "Make me this old fool drunk, you fellows," cried Camul. "We will bargain afterwards."

"But the old fellow escaped them, and went to the lodgings of Kublai, to see what mart he could get there for his talisman.

"The whole building was wrapped in darkness; but the old man passed quietly in, picking his way through the sleeping attendants by the light of a few dim lamps, which were still left burning, until he came to the chamber of the sleeping Kublai, whom he shook by the shoulder, saying once more, 'Prince,

* "I say!" (Printer's devil). "Not at all. The limits of historical fiction are not yet fixed. How about the dates in Kenilworth? where Shakespeare, at twelve years old, is asked if he has written any more plays; and where Amy Robsart, eleven years after the famous coroner's inquest on her, pathetically states her case to Queen Elizabeth. No; let us make hay while the sun shines. Good old Pettigrew is dead, and the Saturday Review don't notice small papers of this kind. Let us have our fling with our betters. And for that matter, writers of historical fiction, getting carefully their dates from the best authorities, seem on the whole to come out of the fight better than the writers of history themselves."—H. K.

arise! I have here a talisman which shall give thee the Khanate of Tartary.'

"May the great fiend seize the Khanate of Tartary! I had as lief you made me whipster to the madmen in India. Avaunt!"

"Yet, see my talisman."

"Thou and thy talisman! Thou prating old knave, is there not a time for all things; and is not this the time for sleep? Harow! Wala! there! Push me forth this old fool; yet use him gently, youths. If the gods bless you, your curls will some day be gray and thin as his locks are now. Good night, thou foolish old person. Here is money for thee."

"The old priest was gently and kindly pushed out by the young warriors in attendance, and disappeared. The next day the cavalcade moved on into the town, and at the palace the three youths were brought into the great hall of council, and among fifteen hundred warriors, sitting in all his awful magnificence, was Mangū, mightiest sovereign of the earth, great-grandson of the mightier Gīnghis.

"And when they saw that he was none other than the old priest, their hearts failed them. Here was a to-do indeed! The eldest had consigned him to condemnation as a heretic; the second had insulted him, and had wanted to make him drunk; and the third had called him an old fool and turned him out of the house. India was a year's journey away. Was there no hope? They looked round; the serried ranks had closed in on all sides, and the infuriated Khan had descended from the throne and was advancing towards them.

"Face it out like men," Kublai had time to say, when the Khan was upon them. He smiled sweetly to them and held out his hands. 'I see three pairs of my sweet sister's eyes,' he said; 'Ganlu, thou art scholarly and wise. Camul, thou art a merry companion. You two shall stay with us a time, and carry presents back to our brother. Kublai, you know that there is a time and a season for all things. You know the reverence due to gray hairs; you go home no more. Henceforth thou art Khan of Tartary.'

"And immediately he had spoken these words," continued the fool, behind Sir Henry Mullory, with the most perfectly absurd imitation of his voice and manner, "four thousand three hundred and seventy-six golden trumpets began to play, each one a different tune, and played until dark, so that the day was spent in harmony. This Cubley Khan, your Grace, and my very sweet and gentle masters all" (here came a grin and a bow even more ridiculously like Sir Henry's than the voice in which the fool spoke), "was own brother to Cubley, the bear warden of Southwark, who last year, coming home disguised in drink, was refused entry by his wife, and went me to bed with his bears; since when naught has been seen of him. Gallant and noble knights, this is all my tale."

"T is a merry fool," said the King, laughing; "you must forgive him, Sir Henry."

"I will when I have done laughing at the knave," said Sir Henry, good-humoredly. "Now I come to the more serious part of my story."

"Now hath Sir Henry finished fooling, and beginning to be serious," shouted the fool with the voice of a herald.

"Quiet, dear gossip," said Sir Henry. "I will make thee weep ere I've done, even now," and there were no more interruptions.

"Such was the story of Signor Nicolo, your Grace, about the talisman which I still held in my hand. It was, he went on to tell me, the very talisman which Mangū Khan had carried in his hand, as an excuse, when he went at night in the disguise of a priest, to see his three nephews as they really were. At this moment the talisman was gently taken from my hand by Giovanni Doria, the Genoese gentleman prisoner who sat on my left. I saw that my part in the play was done, and I sat back, while Doria leant over me and Signor Mathio, and entered into eager conversation with old Signor Nicolo. I wondered much what was to follow, and I looked round. All the guests were sitting perfectly silent looking steadily at us; and I noticed, moreover, that a great crimson silk curtain had been let down in the arch which divided the banqueting-hall from the first of the great galleries which I have described, and which now blocked the view of the first gallery from us. We were shut in together by that curtain which filled the arch. What was to come from behind that curtain I could not guess. I had ears for the conversation of Signor Doria and Signor Nicolo; but my eyes were on the curtain.

"Signor Doria, leaning over me, began a sharp, eager conversation with Signor Nicolo. I could see now that whatever of a secret there was, Signor Mathio was not in it; he was as puzzled as I was. And I may now remark, your Grace, that the whole of these Venetian gentlemen, on that night, and on every other occasion, showed a fineness of breeding, a giving up of themselves to others, a consideration of other's wishes and hopes, such as one never sees in this dear England of ours. But of all the gentlemen, Signor Doria of Genoa was the finest. If he had been the old man's son, instead of a prisoner of war, he could not have shown a finer courtesy. He, with the talisman in his hand, began the conversation across me. I leant back watching all parties.

"You have not told us yet," said Signor Doria, 'how you become possessed of this talisman, my dear father.'

"It is not mine," said the old man, with a sigh. 'It is my glorious son's. Kublai Khan gave it to him after his return from his mission to Caracan. When your uncle Lampa took him prisoner, I wore it myself as a relic of my poor boy, whom I am never to see again. Your uncle Lampa was my dear friend when we were boys at Genoa, before this weary wandering began. Why has he not sent me my boy back, dear Giovanni?'

"This talisman has magical properties, has it not?" said Doria. 'May I look into it?'

"Fools say that it will show the past and the present, but not the future," said Signor Nicolo. 'Any talisman would do that, I think. I only want my boy. I am a-weary of waiting. Let me look upon his face and die.'

"Doria had got the sapphire between his face and Signor Nicolo's, and was looking over it at the old man with his great gray eyes. A more beautiful face or more beautiful eyes I shall never see again, your Grace, until I see Doria's in heaven. 'I will look into this jewel, dear father,' he said, 'and I will tell you what I see. The past and the present, saidst thou? I will tell thee what I see.'

"Go on, then, if the humor takes thee," said the old man smiling. 'Canst thou see my boy's face? That were the bravest sight of all.'

"I see," said Doria, who was not looking into the jewel at all, but watching the old man, — 'I

see two gentlemen, wandering on through woods, mountains, towns of people, so strange that I know not of their nation, — year after year towards the east. And with them I see a youth, with whose beauty none living may compare; and they have wandered so long that the youth has grown into a man. At first into a young man, whose laughing eyes sparkle at each new wonder on his wondrous wayside; but at last, before his journey is ended, into a solemn man, a statesman, a king among all the kings of the earth, — a man before whose gentle and wise counsels wild war dies into silence, and treason and anarchy give way to loyalty and peace. "Thou readest truly enough," said the old man, weeping. "Who could not read this of my son? But ah! the bitter present!"

"I follow this young man, now middle-aged, on his glorious career. I have seen in this stone twenty-six years of his life. I see him wearying of his noble work among the nations who know not God, and pining for his own beautiful Venice. I see him persuading the two old gentlemen, who are with him, to return, and I see them return."

"Ah, weary day!" said Signor Nicolo.

"Now I see a sea-fight, in shallow waters. And I hear the cries of the victorious Genoese galleys, and they cry, 'Doria! Doria!' and then they sail away, and two old men are left wailing on the shore."

"Signor Nicolo bowed his head.

"Then I see the palaces at Genoa, my own dear home. And I see the man we speak of courted, caressed, loved by high and low. A prisoner, truly, such a prisoner as am I, but with the court of a prince. That is what I see."

"That is all the past and the present," interposed solemn Signor Mathio. "I could see that. Thou canst not see the future, dear Doria. They who said that that talisman could show the future, lied. What more dost thou see of the present?"

"I see nothing more," cried Doria, casting the noble jewel down with a dash, "but I hear. I hear footsteps. I hear them coming towards us. Up the staircase, through the corridor, through gallery after gallery towards us. And those footsteps are the footsteps of the Arbiter of Cathay, and he is here!"

"I, your Grace," said Sir Henry Mullory to Edward the Third, "had begun to guess what was coming, but very dimly. I, therefore, bearing every word which Doria spoke, looked steadily at the crimson curtain which filled the arch, knowing by instinct that the secret would be read by that curtain. Not another Venetian gentleman looked towards it, though some of them were young, and, of course, curious. As I said before, your Grace, their manners are better than ours."

"But at a certain point in Signor Doria's conversation, I saw that I had not looked in vain. The curtain was raised at one corner, and a man came in and stood perfectly silent and still before it, looking towards us, who were at the upper end of the table. He was a very tall man, with a large brown beard, not shaved according to the Venetian fashion of the time, but growing large and loose. He was clothed entirely from head to foot in white satin, with a few slashes of amber-colored velvet here and there; and from his left shoulder hung a short amber-colored velvet cloak. One could, in these colors, see him well with the crimson satin curtain behind him, he stood perfectly still and silent, as I

said, and I knew in a moment that I was looking on the immortal MARCO POLO!

"I left feasting my eyes on him at once. I had seen him. My grandchildren could say now: 'Our grandsire saw Marco Polo at Venice, after his return from captivity at Genoa.' I turned to the group on my right. Doria sank back in his chair, saying, 'I hope it has not killed him!' Dandolo, who had been talking ship-talk all the evening, on the left side of the Paolos, came up and said, 'What ho! Signor Nicolo, thy son is come back!' But we could not rouse the old man for some time. We brought up Marco Polo himself, but the old gentleman did not know him at first. When he did, he kissed him, and asked him where he had been. The whole plot was a failure, as it seemed to us, after all the pains we had taken. Marco Polo knelt at his father's knees, and took his head on his shoulder. There was the brown beard of the one and the white beard of the other intermingling, and the blue velvet and gold of Signor Mathio's dress was intermixed with the white satin and amber of Signor Marco (a strange picture, your Grace), with all the brilliant dress and jewelry of Venice crowding round. Every one stood perfectly silent: Mathio alone weeping. Since the world began, your Grace, I doubt if a nobler company was ever assembled; there were twenty-nine of the most richly-dressed men in Europe crowding round the old man and his son, who were in one another's arms after their weary separation, and whilst we looked on, we were joined by another."

"And who was he?" said King Edward the Third.

"Death, your Majesty. Marco Polo, after a time, half rose, and looked into his father's face, and then gently laid him back in his chair, and closed his eyes. He turned his noble presence round on us, and said, 'Gentlemen, I have been bravely welcomed back to Venice. The conqueror of all conquerors has come to greet me.'"

"And that was the only time you ever saw him," said the King. "Now describe to us what manner of man he was."

"He was," said the fool, with his former imitation of Sir Henry, "as like my Lord Mortimer as two peas. I mean as my Lord Mortimer was fifty years ago, when he was younger, and not so ill-looking. I —"

At this moment a grave old gentleman approached the King.

"May it please your Grace, my Lord Mortimer, humbly, and of his duty, prayeth you incontinent to send him your fool, to answer certain matters."

"Thou lunatic!" said the King, "what hast thou been doing?"

"Your Grace's fool has roused the townsfolk," said the old gentleman.

"Bid them go to bed again," said the King.

"But the townsfolk have aroused your Grace's mother, the Queen Isabella," said the old gentleman.

"The devil!" said the King. "Thou unlucky fool! what hast thou been doing?"

"I did but tell a mournful story, like Sir Henry Mullory," said the fool, fairly aghast at having aroused the "she wolf of France from her lair." "I did but tell the warder that the castle was afire, and bid him ring the bell. I am lost," continued the reckless man, "unless with your Grace's protection. It will be a worse business than Berkeley's."

For one moment after these terrible words the poor young King stood ghastly white, licking his dry lips, and making as though he would swallow something down his choking throat. But he was a king, and he swallowed it. In less than a minute he spoke again.

"Fly, fool, fly! Get sanctuary at Eton. Tell my mother that my fool is not here. I will be with her directly. To bed, gentlemen, to bed. Sir Henry Mullory, I thank you for your story."

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF COMUS.

To the county of Salop commend us for the loveliest of English scenery; and where can anybody point out a prettier town than the ancient borough of Ludlow? Planted on the heights of a steep line of rocks which form the western extremity of the extensive knoll on which the town is built, in a position which at one time must have been all but impregnable, the towers of Ludlow Castle present to us from their summits, in a grand sweep of country from west to east, one of the noblest and richest of panoramas. In the latter direction rises the bold mass of the Titterstone Cleve Hill. More to the north we look over Corve Dale and the picturesque mixture of wood and bank which conceals from our view the pleasant village of Stanton Lacy, while our eyes wander over hill after hill which form its background, until they are almost lost in the distance.

More directly north, the valley of the beautiful Teme lies before us, and we see beyond into that of the Oney, with their no less picturesque villages of Bromfield and Onybury, and a still more hilly background, ending in the Stretton mountains. Westwardly, immediately on our left, the distance is more restricted, and the prospect is bounded by the wooded hill of Whitcliff and the other line of hill and forest which stretches through the sylvan wilds of Bingewood to the lovely scenery of Downton. Behind us, to the south, the Teme suddenly enters a deep and narrow ravine, formed by some convulsion of the ancient world, which cut off the knoll on which now stand castle and town, and gave it its picturesque character. Truly, with such attractions, and, I may add, many others of varying character, Ludlow ought to be the queen of our inland visiting-places.

We will not on the present occasion loiter in the town, but let us for a moment look into the castle. A dark, stern, and not lofty or very shapely tower, fronting the open place of the town called Castle Street, and approached under the shade of a few trees, forms the portal to this noble ruin, and introduces us to the outer court, — a vast space, surrounded on the northeast by a line of wall supported by towers, which joins the gateway tower just mentioned, and in its continuation round the southern side is lined by the ruins of buildings which are said to have formed stables, barracks, and other offices; while the northwestern side of the court is formed by the line of the outer walls of the great mass of buildings which formed the Castle more properly so named.

The walls are separated from the outer court by a wide and deep fosse, which was formerly crossed by a drawbridge, now superseded by a bridge of stone with two arches. We no sooner enter this great court by the outer gateway, than we behold opposite us a striking mass of buildings to which this bridge leads. Most conspicuous is the ancient Norman keep, rising in massive solidity above all the

other towers of the castle. Adjoining to it, and opening upon the bridge, is the entrance to the interior of the castle, a gateway of much later date than the keep, and having over it windows of that style of architectural construction which points to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In fact, this portion was built, or rebuilt, by one of the most distinguished of the English gentry of her reign, Sir Henry Sydney of Penshurst, who held the high office of Lord President of Wales and the Marches, in which capacity he resided and held his court in Ludlow Castle, and who has told posterity, in a Latin inscription placed over the gateway arch, of querulous feelings, excited no doubt by popular ingratitude.

It is hardly necessary to say that Sir Henry was the father of Sir Philip Sydney, the *preux chevalier* of his age, the poet, and lover of letters and men of letters, who was no doubt a frequent resident in Ludlow Castle, and probably there collected at times around him the Spensers, and the Raleighs, and the other literary stars of his day. This building appears to have been subsequently connected with English literature through another of its celebrated names. Sir Henry Sydney held the presidency of Wales from 1559 to 1581; during the Commonwealth period the court of Wales ceased virtually to exist; but it was revived at the Restoration, when the Earl of Carbery, the friend and patron of Butler, obtained the appointment. The Earl took Butler with him as his secretary, and subsequently gave him the office of steward of Ludlow Castle, which he is known to have held in 1661. It was an old tradition that "Hudibras" was partly written in the room over the gateway of Ludlow Castle, as the residence allotted to the poet; and it seems to have been taken for granted that this meant the outward entrance by which we have just entered from Castle Street.

But this must be a mere mistake. It is hardly probable that a room like that of the outer gateway tower, which is barely good enough for a porter, should have been given to a man who, besides his reputation as a poet and scholar, held the important office of secretary to the Lord President; and it is much more reasonable to suppose that the room "over the gateway" inhabited by Butler, was that over the gateway into the inner court in the buildings for which the castle was indebted to Sir Henry Sydney, a view of which we present to thee, gentle reader, in the accompanying sketch.*

The gate is opened to us, and we pass through it into the inner court. Our first impression is that of being confounded with the view of the noble masses of ruins which surround us; but we will not stay to examine these in detail, or to mount the great keep tower on our left to contemplate from its summit the glorious panorama of plain and mountain which I have described above, or even to visit the beautiful and interesting Norman circular chapel in the middle of the court.

Right in face of us we see a vast pile of buildings, consisting of what we may perhaps call two great agglomerations of towers, joined together by a curtain-wall, all exhibiting a high excellence of building

* In the inventory of furniture found in Ludlow Castle, when it was in the hands of the Parliament, in 1650, printed in my "History of Ludlow," pp. 422-434, the steward's chamber is evidently spoken of as within the castle, and is described as so full of furniture that it must have been rather a large room. Adjoining to it were a closet, the steward's man's chamber, and the secretary's man's chamber, meaning, probably, what we should now call the assistant or under-steward and the assistant-secretary. This would quite exclude all question of the outer gate-tower being Butler's residence.

and architectural ornamentation,—probably built under the great and notorious Roger de Mortimer, the paramour of the queen of Edward II., who was lord of this castle. They constituted the state apartments of the Edwardian castle; and the apartments, which they contain are all connected traditionally with names of princes and princesses, and lords and ladies of high degree in the olden time. And that curtain-wall, with its handsome polished windows, and its no less handsome doorway, approached by a long flight of steps, attracts us even more than the other parts of this pile of buildings, and we will visit it. As we approach it, we perceive that all the steps have been taken away,—they are said to have been made of marble. Through the arch of the doorway, singularly elegant in its forms and mouldings, you see the bare walls, floorless and roofless, of the grand hall of Ludlow Castle, the stage on which was originally performed the most beautiful masque in our language, the “Comus” of Milton.

We have no evidence whether Milton was or was not at Ludlow when the Masque of “Comus” was performed, but we know certainly from the title in the original edition, that it was “presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales.” The occasion is said to have been to celebrate the appointment of that nobleman to his high office. The opposite wall of the hall of Ludlow Castle now remains only as a curtain wall between the two masses of towers; it stands upon the edge of the rock, and forms a very characteristic feature of the castle itself in the views taken from the outside, and especially taken from a distance. Now descend to the present floor, which is that, not of the Hall of Comus, but of the cellar beneath it; cross it, and clamber into one of the windows of the outer wall; and you will then see below and before you another scene, so lovely that it will hardly fail to snatch from you the exclamation that this was indeed, when in its glory, a hall worth assembling in. Their nearer proximity than when seen from the keep tower, makes the features of the landscape look richer and fairer as you trace Teme winding his course from Oakley Park down to the spot where he is going to throw himself into the ravine between the town and the hill of Whitcliff, before continuing his wanderings towards Worcestershire.

We get a glimpse, too, of a part of the hill itself, and especially of that fine old fragment of a primeval forest which still conceals at some distance within its deepest recesses a spot more to be hallowed than the tower of “Hudibras,” or the reminiscences of Sydneys and Spensers, or even than the Hall of Comus itself,—I mean the scene of the incident on which the plot of “Comus” was formed. We will, for the present, leave behind us castle and town, and pay a visit to this spot: it was my intention to lead my reader thither when I began writing this paper.

It was early in the past autumn that I last visited this spot, in company with that which makes all such excursions pleasant, a small party of agreeable friends. It was the time when the leaves begin to change their tints, and when a country like this, so covered with woodlands, is perhaps seen to most advantage. The nearest way to the wood is by the road which crosses the Teme by the bridge under the castle, and instead of going up Whitcliff,—we are of course on foot, the only way to enjoy forest scenery,—we turn along the high road to the

right, which, for a short space, borders upon the river, and then makes a turn by the side of some extensive stone quarries, a favorite point for a distant view of Ludlow Castle.

The quarry is of interest to geological excursionists, for it is one of those Silurian beds of which Sir Roderick Murchison has told us so much, and which give so much interest to the Ludlow district, which are here capped by the Downton sandstone, and it is rather celebrated locally for the shells which are found abundantly in the latter. A few paces further, and we are at the edge of the wood, and we enter it by a gate of a country lane; but instead of pursuing this, we turn short to the left, and mount a steep and rather laborious path, but this is compensated by its shortness, which leads us into the upper road, the high road from Ludlow to Wigmore. We merely cross this road and again strike into the wood, bearing for some time along a much better path, which runs for a considerable distance parallel with the edge of the wood, though almost concealed among the thick bushes which line it on either side.

When we have followed this path for somewhat more than three quarters of a mile, we leave it at an angle to the right, and must trust for the rest to our own knowledge of the ground, or to that of a friendly companion who will be our guide. We are now indeed in the thick of the forest, with no path to guide us in our wanderings, and no prospect beyond the next bushes; and we cannot help experiencing somewhat of that elasticity of spirits, and that feeling of mental and bodily freedom which made our forefathers, in their enthusiasm, give vent to such sentiments as those expressed by the early ballad-writer, in language simple, yet at the same time poetical:—

“In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and longe,
Hit is fulle mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulis songe.
To se the dere drawe to the dale,
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Under the grene wode tre.”

So sung perhaps the earliest ballad-writer of the Robin Hood cycle whose compositions now remain,—he belonged probably to an early part of the fifteenth century. All the ballads of what have been so long popular, under the title of “Robin Hood’s Garland,” belong to a much later date; hardly any of them are older than the seventeenth century, and they have no doubt lost all the poetry which probably gave more grace if not more interest to those of an earlier period, yet for ages they preserved their popularity.

The love of the “grene wode” seems to have continued so deeply planted in the heart of our race, probably since the time when the old Teuton looked upon the wild forest as his only natural place of residence, that even now,—when there are few driven to live in the green forests, and few forests are left for them to live in,—the “grene wode” still seems to convey to all people’s minds those feelings of freedom and happiness which it did ever.

Yes, the shaws were “sheyne” (bright), and “large and long” were the leaves, as we sped on our way through the “grene wode” of Whitcliff on that pleasant September day; and full merrily did the “foulis” sing in every bush. We shall soon, too, see the completion of the old songster’s picture, in the rushing of the wild deer of the forest to “shadow” themselves in the “leves grene.” We meet with few other of the animals which formerly

haunted these wild woods, except when we startle from its rest an occasional squirrel, or one of the smaller animals of prey. Now we cross a little open glade; next we have to push our way through masses of trees and underwood. These groups of trees and underwood, which surrounded and separated the glades, are what our forefathers called "shawes"; in the early romances, especially those which related to the wanderings and exploits of King Arthur's knights, when a knight conceals himself among the trees to withdraw from the view of other adventurers who are strangers to him, until he has had the opportunity of reconnoitring them, he is said to "bide under shawe," or to "stande under shawe."

The tree most abundant in our forest is the oak, which has been termed the weed among trees in this part of the island. The oak-trees in general overtop the shaws, but with them rise a multitude of other trees of less importance, and mostly well known. The sycamore also grows to considerable size. Among others more especially may be seen here the graceful birch, concerning which Gerald, the father of herbalists, has handed down to us from the days of Elizabeth, as forming one of its chiefest "virtues"—for what plant or tree was without its virtues in those days?—"that its branches were then considered to be a very valuable corrective for boys at school"; and the no less elegant mountain-ash, with its clumps of bright red berries, beloved by birds. Hence the Germans call this tree *Vogelbeerbaum*, the bird-berry-tree. Under all these are great masses of trees of lower growth, and most conspicuous of all the hazel. Under our feet we are trampling upon the mass of bilberry bushes, which cover the ground in immense quantities, and look prettiest when they are covered with their small purple berries, of which, when we passed, only a few stragglers were here and there to be seen.

I confess that I enjoy the peculiar feel and sound produced by trampling over the bilberry bushes as we wander through the solitude of the forest. They call them *whimberries* in Shropshire; they are named *blaeberries*, or blueberries, in the North and in Scotland; and they have other names in other parts of the island. They seem, indeed, to have been from early times a favorite shrub among the peasantry. They are supposed to be the *vaccinia* of which Virgil speaks as being prized in spite of their insignificant appearance, while the better-looking *ligustra* were treated with neglect,—

"O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori:
Alba ligustra cadunt, vacinia nigra legantur."

Eclog. II., l. 18.

The word *vaccinium* was certainly interpreted by mediæval writers as meaning a bilberry. The Anglo-Saxons seem to have considered the berries to have been a favorite food of the deer, for they called the fruit *heorot-byrige*, or *heort-byrige*, the hart's berry, and *heorot-crop*, the hart's bunch (the Anglo-Saxon word *crop* meaning a bunch of berries). The later English names of *whorts* and *whortle-berries*, given to the bilberry by the old herbalists, was perhaps a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon name. The name of *whortle-berry* is now given to a species of blackberry, representing perhaps the *heorot-brembel*, or hart's bramble, of the Anglo-Saxon physicians.

The old herbalists recount numerous "virtues" of the bilberry; but two only appear now to be acknowledged: they are useful for making tarts and for giving a fine rich purple tint to the fingers and lips of children. The latter quality is very appar-

ent in the districts where they abound, during the period of their ripeness. Bilberries are not the only edible fruits produced in the wood. Large straggling bramble-bushes, scrambling up the sides of the thickets, are laden with such rich bunches of extremely fine blackberries, that we are tempted frequently to stop and rob them; wild strawberries of delicate flavor are abundant, and, in some of the less frequented corners, are found wild raspberries and barberries.

On we pass, now through wider glades where, in the forests of older times, a party of Robin Hood's men might perhaps have been found enjoying their meal; and now through smaller openings, in which we might almost expect to see Robin Hood himself start out upon us. It must be kept in mind that we have been all this time going up hill, though by a gentle slope. At length, after we have advanced through glade and through thicket, we suddenly emerge from the close wood, and find ourselves at the summit of a lofty and steep bank facing the southwest.

Opposite us rises a much loftier hill, called the Vinnall Hill, the highest point of which, known as the High Vinnall, and celebrated as presenting from its summit one of the most magnificent views in this beautiful country, is just in front of us. Below us is a deep and beautiful valley, very narrow at first, but widening somewhat as it stretches eastward and as thickly covered with wood as the part of the forest from which we have emerged, having a small trickling stream, abounding in trout, running down its bottom. This stream bears the suggestive name of Sunny Gutter; the valley is the scene of "Comus." It may well be called, in the words of Milton, an "ominous wood," in which the enchanter dwelt,

"In thick shelter of black shades imbowered."

And in looking down into it we might imagine that still

"Fairies at bottom trip
By dimpled brook and fountain trim."

We might even suppose that the guardian Shepherd must have occupied the very spot on which we are now standing, when he is made to describe himself as

"Tending on flocks hard by !' th' hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade."

This "brow" continues westward until it becomes a part of the line of hills of Bringewood Chase. Hard by, the high road, which has just emerged from the wood, passes on its way to Wigmore, over a rise of the ground on which there is said to have been placed in former times a small cell with the figure of the Virgin, at which the traveller paid his devotions and made his offering; and hence the spot was called St. Mary's Knoll, corrupted into Maryknoll, the name by which it is still known. The scene of "Comus" is usually spoken of as Maryknoll Valley.

We have ourselves, as just stated, emerged from the wood upon a sufficiently extensive open space, which, as it extends on our right towards the head of the valley, begins to be divided by hedges; while, to the right, it is soon clothed with wood again. Our sudden appearance has roused a small party of wild deer, which dart off till they reach a secure distance, and then turn and scan us with curious eyes. Trees and masses of bush are only scattered here and there over a grassy surface; and this circumstance, the character of the ground, and its significant name

of Sunny Bank, indicate its richness in the wild-flowers with which this locality abounds, and which are no longer concealed by the bilberries. We might well suppose, if we could believe that Milton had visited this scene, that this was the spot frequented by "a certain shepherd lad," who was

"well-skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray."

Among these "virtuous" plants, perhaps the most noticeable at the time of our visit was the agrimony (*Agrimonia eupatoria*), which seems generally believed to be the *hamony* of the poet.

"Among the rest, a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil.

He called it Hamony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition."

I am not aware of any quality of this kind ascribed to the plant agrimony by the early writers on herbs. It was looked upon, from a very early date, as a sovereign remedy against wounds, and hence our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called it *stic-wyrt*, meaning literally, pain-wort (*stic* was the Anglo-Saxon name for a sharp shooting pain, whence our *stitch*—as in the side). This quality it retains to the present day. Among our peasantry on the border they use it "to strengthen the blood," as they say that it is a tonic, and also to stanch wounds. These qualities appear to have been known to animals as well as to mankind. Coles, in his "Adam in Eden" (1657), tells us, "It is said that deer, being wounded, cure themselves by eating hereof."

The Anglo-Saxons had another name for agrimony, and apparently the name more generally in use,—*garclife*, the first part of which appears to be the word *gar*, a spear, and no doubt, therefore, it bore allusion to its form. It is a spiry plant, rising straight up from the root, with small yellow flowers in a spike. The name, *garclive*, continued to be given to it till the fourteenth century; but in the fifteenth it had been already superseded by its modern English name, Agrimony, derived from the French herbalists. Another of the prettiest flowers to be seen in our route was Wood Betony, the queen of all "virtuous plants," the various qualities of which fill the pages of the old herbalist, and in some of them it resembles much more closely Milton's *Hamony* than agrimony. The Anglo-Saxons seem to have had no name of their own for it; they merely used the Latin *betonica*. The oldest of their books on plants, of the tenth century probably, tells us that the plant betony "is good either for a man's soul or for his body"; and adds, that "it shields him against nocturnal apparitions, and against frightful visions and dreams." For this purpose it was to be gathered in the month of August, without the use of iron. It seems to have been considered a safe protector against spirits of another description; for we are informed in the same treatise, that if a man taste of this before he begin drinking strong drinks, he will not become drunk!

The most graceful and fairy-like of all these plants is the *pyrola*, which, a little earlier than our visit, might have been seen about our sunny bank in abundance, though generally a rare plant, with its

drooping bunches of bells like pearls tinged with pink. Though not in blossom at this time, its elegantly-formed leaves retain their glossy green the whole year round (whence its English name of winter-green), and show prettily among the yellow ferns and fallen foliage. Nor must we forget, among rarer plants, the Herb Paris, called in English, True-love, from its one pretty little flower, rising in the midst of its four curiously-placed leaves, set like love, according to rustic sentiment, in the centre of its affections. It is tolerably common in these woods in damp and boggy places.

I must not dwell longer on the various interesting plants which are so abundant in this district, for we must make an effort to reach that lofty summit we see on the other side of the valley,—the High Vinnall. I will not therefore describe the various wild-flowers which are seen climbing over the hedges and bushes; one of the wild-roses, which had still a part of its bloom remaining, had strongly-scented leaves of bluish green, and very deep pink flowers. The wood-pimpernel shows its gem-like yellow flowers and trailing stems hardly rising from the ground.

We are regaled as we pass along with the odors of the wild thyme, of a very large size, and of the wild spikenard. Ferns of the rarest kind, mosses, and lichens, abound on the banks of the valley and by the margin of its diminutive stream. All these plants once had their virtues; some of them have lost them entirely, and there are others which, I am sorry to say, have become mischievous, and will not hesitate, on an occasion, to play their tricks upon travellers. Beware especially, O visitor to the scene of "Comus," of descending incautiously these banks, for their plants, however beautiful they may be to the sight, will sometimes conspire together to trip you over. Even the pretty little bluebells will turn treacherous on occasion, and not hesitate at times to lay their heads together to catch you by the toe. I know somebody who had experience of this, and might have said literally, in the words of Milton's Shepherd,—

"Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste."

But enough. We reach the foot of the bank with safety, push through a hedge, perhaps two, cross the Sunny Gutter by a jump or a stride, and make a turn to the left in order to mount the High Vinnall on the side where it appears to be most easily accessible.

As we labor upwards, and from time to time halt to recover our breath, we cannot but feel the beauty of the scene, looking down, as we do, upon the tops of the trees, which are moving backwards and forwards like the waves of a green sea. At length we reach the top, and are amazed at the view which presents itself. To the north, the long line of Bringe-wood just before us, and over it a distant sweep of Shropshire scenery; to the west and south, some of the richest and most picturesque districts of Herefordshire, stretching out to an extent which seems almost interminable; to the southeast, Shropshire again; even over the wooded hills on the other side of the Gutter, the Clew Hill presents itself to our sight in all its bulk. We remain till evening, and then descend to the ridge of the Vinnall Hill, where a short walk down the side conducts us to the Hay Park, and we meet with a kind reception from excellent Captain Salwey, its proprietor. Hay Park is a very old house, beautifully situated on a considerable elevation, with fine distant prospects nearly all round. The park borders upon the wooded val-

ley of the Sunny Gutter at its farther extremity, the adjoining part of which is commonly called Hay Wood.

The family of Salwey has been settled in this neighborhood, at Richard's Castle and the Moor Park, from a rather remote period, but to whom the Hay Park belonged, at the time when the Earl of Bridgewater was made lord president of Wales, I am not prepared to say. According to the traditional story, as I have heard it told, the Earl's two sons, the Lord Brackley and Sir Thomas Egerton, with their sister, the Lady Alice, were on their way from Herefordshire to their father's court at Ludlow Castle, when they stopped at the Hay Park, and were detained there till night. In crossing through the wood at Ludlow, they lost their way in it, and the lady was for a while separated from her brothers.

We, like them, were belated at the Hay Park, and night was already setting in when we left it. A few steps from the house brought us to the wood, and by dint of following wise directions, we escaped their fate, and found our way through it, in spite of

"Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth."

It was fortunately still too early to expect the appearance of *Comus* and his band of revellers, and we reached the Hereford Road at Ludford, to re-enter Ludlow by a different side from that whence we started, less fatigued than delighted with our day's excursion.

IN JEOPARDY.

I'm a bricklayer, I am; and, what's more, down in the country, where people ain't so particular about keeping trades distinct as they are in the great towns. This may be seen any day in a general shop, where, as one might say, you can get anything, from half a quartern of butter up to a horn lantern; and down again to a hundred of short-cut brads,—well, down in the country I've done a bit of a job now and then as a mason; and not so badly neither, I should suppose, for I got pretty well paid considering, and did n't hear more than the usual amount of growlin' arter it was done,—which is saying a deal. Ours ain't the most agreeable of lives, and if it warn't for recollecting a little about the dignity of labor, and such-like, one would often grumble more than one does.

Some time ago, it don't matter to you, nor me, nor yet anybody else, just when it was, work was precious slack down our way,—all things considered, I ain't a-going to tell you where our way is. A day's work a week had been all I'd been able to get for quite two months; so Mary, that's my wife, used to pinch and screw, and screw and pinch, and keep on squeezing shilling arter shilling out of the long stocking, till at last it got so light, that one morning she lets it fall upon the table, where, instead of coming down with a good hearty spang, it fell softly and jest like a piece of cotton that was empty. And then, poor lass, she hangs on to my neck, and burst out a-crying that pitiful, that I'm blest if I did n't want my nose blowing every quarter of a minute. I had n't minded the screwing and pinching; not a bit of it. First week we went without our puddings. Well, that was n't much. Second week we stopped my half-pints o' beer. Third week I put my pipe out. Mary kep' on saying that things must look up soon, and then I should have an ounce of the best to make up for it. But things did n't look

up; and, in spite of all the screwing, we got down to the bottom of the stocking, as I said jest now.

I had n't much cared for the pinching, but it was my poor lass as got pinched the most, and she was a-getting paler and thinner every day, till I could n't abear to see it. I run out o' the house, and down to Jenkins's yard, where I'd been at work last. I soon found Jenkins; and I says to him, "Governor," I says, "this won't do, you know; a man can't live upon wind."

"True for you, Bill Stock," he says.

"And a man can't keep his wife upon wind," I says.

"Right you are, Bill," he says; and he went on and spoke as fair as a man could speak; and said he had n't a job he could put me on, or he would have done it in a minute. "I'm werry sorry, Bill," he says, "but if times don't mend, I tell you what I'm a-going to do."

"What's that?" I says.

"Go up to London," he says; "and if I was a young man like you, I would n't stop starving down here, when they're giving first-class wages up there, and when there's building going on all round, as thick as thick, and good big jobs too: hotels, and railways, and bridges, and all sorts."

I faces round sharp, and walks off home; for when a feller's hungry and close up, it lays hold on his temper as well as his stummick, more especially when there's somebody belonging to him in the same fix. So I walks off home, where I finds Mary a-lookin' werry red-eyed; and I makes no more ado, but I gets my pipe, and empties the bit o' dust there was in the bottom o' the jar into it, lights up, and sits down aside of Mary, and puts my arm round her, jest as I used in old courting times; and then begins smoking an' thinking. Werry slow as to the fust, and werry fast as to the second; as smokin' costs money, and the dust was dry; whereas thinking came cheap jest then,—and it's sur-prising how yer can think on a empty inside. I suppose it is because there's plenty o' room for the thoughts to work in.

Well, I had n't been settin' above a minute like this, when my lass lays her head on my shoulder, and though she would n't let me see it, I knowed she was a-giving way; but I did n't take no notice. Perhaps I held her a little bit tighter; and there I sat thinking, and watching the thin smoke, till I could see buildings, and scaffolds, and heaps o' bricks, and blocks o' stone, and could almost hear the ring o' the trowels, and the "sar-jar" o' the big stone saws; and there was the men a-running up and down the ladders, and the gangers a-giving their orders, and all seemed so plain, that I began to grow warm. And I keeps on smoking till it seemed as though I was one of a great crowd o' men standing round a little square wooden office place, and being called in one at a time; and there I could see them a-takin' their six-and-thirty shillings and two pounds apiece, as fast as a clerk could book it. And then all at once it seemed to fade away like a fog in the sun; and I kep' on drawing; but nothing come, and I found as my pipe was out, and there was nothing left to light agen. So I knocks the ashes out,—what there was on 'em,—and then I breaks the pipe up, bit by bit, and puts all the pieces in my pocket,—right-hand trousers-pocket.

"What for?" says you.

Nothin' at all, as I knows on; but that's what I did; and I am a-telling you what happened. Perhaps it was because I felt uncomfortable with noth-

ing to rattle in my pocket. Howsomer, my mind was made up; and brightening up, and looking as cheerful as if I'd six-and-thirty shillings to take on Saturday, I says to her as was by my side,—

"Polly, my lass, I'm a-going up to London!"

"Going where?" she says, lifting up her head.

"London," I says; and then I began to think about what going to London meant. For, mind yer, it did n't mean a chap in a rough jacket making up a bundle in a clean blue handkercher, and then shovin' his stick through the knot and sticking it over his shoulder, and then stuffing his hands in his pockets, and taking the road upards, whistlin' like a blackbird. No; it meant something else. It meant breaking up a tidy little home as two young folks—common people, in course—had been a saving up for years, to make snug; it meant half breaking a poor simple lass's heart to part with this little thing and that little thing; tearing up the nest that took so long a-building, and was allus so saug arter a cold day's work. I looked at the clean little winders, and then at the bright kettle on the shiny black hob, and then at the werry small fire as there was, and then fust at one thing, and then at another, all so clean and neat and homely, and all showing how proud my lass was of 'em all, and then I thought a little more of what going up to London really did mean, and I suppose it must have been through feeling low and faint and poorly, and I'm almost ashamed to tell it, for I'm such a big strong chap; but truth's truth.

Well, somehow a blind seemed to come over my eyes, and my head went down upon my knees, and I cried like a school-boy. But it went off, for my lass was kneeling aside me in a minute, and got my thick old head upon her shoulder, and began a-doing all she could to make believe it was all right, and she would n't mind a bit, but we'd get on wonderful well up there; and so we talked it over for long enough, while she made believe to be so cheerful, and knelt at my side, a-ciphering away,—a-putting down naught for herself, and a-carrying I don't know how much for me,—till I glowed up, under the discovery that whether work was plenty, or whether work was slack, I, Bill Stock—christened William—was rich in my good wife.

That was something like a thought, that was, and seemed to stiffen me up, and put bone and muscle into a fellow till he felt strong as a lion; so we set to talking over the arrangements; and two days arter, Polly and I was in a lodging in London.

Nex' morning I was up at five, and made myself smart; not fine, but clean, and looking as if I war n't afraid of work; and I finds my way to one o' the big workshops, where the bell was a-ringing for six o'clock, and the men was a-scuffling in; while a chap with a book was on the look-out to time the late ones, for stopping on pay-day out of their wages,—which is but fair, yer know, for if two hundred men lost a quarter of an hour apiece in a week, it would come to something stiff in a year. Well, there was a couple more chaps like me standing at the gate, come to see if they could get took on; and one of 'em slips in, and comes out again directly a-swearing and growling like anything, and then t'other goes in, and he comes out a-swearing too, and then I feels my heart go sinking down ever so low. So I says to the fust,—

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Go to—" somewhere, he says, cutting up rough; so I asks t'other one.

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Not a ha'porth," he says, turning his back, and going off with the fust one; and I must say as they looked a pretty pair of blacks.

So I stood there for quite five minutes wondering what to do; whether I should go in and ask for myself, or go and try somewheres else. I did n't like to try, arter seeing two men refused. All at once a tall sharp-eyed man comes out of a side place and looks at me quite fierce. "Now, my man," he says, "what's your business? What do you want?"

"Job, sir," says I.

"Then why did n't you come in and ask?" he says.

"Saw two turned back," I says.

"O, we don't want such as them here," he says, "but there's plenty of work for men who mean it"; and then he looks through me a'most. "I suppose you do mean it, eh?"

"Give us hold of a trowel," says I, spitting in both hands.

"Bricklayer?" says he, smiling.

"Right," says I.

"From the country?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"Work slack there?" says he.

"Awful," says I.

"You'll do," says he. "Here, Jones, put this fellow in number four lot."

If you'll believe me, I could have taken hold of him and hugged him; but I did n't, for I kep' it for Polly.

Well,—I wonder how many times I've said well, since I begun!—I was in work now, and I meant to keep it. Did n't I make the bricks and mortar fly! My hodman did his day's work that day, if he never did it afore. Then some of the men began to take it up, and got to chaffing; one says there'd soon be no work left; and another says, I'd better have a couple o' Paddies to keep me going, one for bricks, and another for mortar; while one fellow makes himself precious unpleasant, by keeping on going "puff! puff! puff!" like a steam-ingin', because I worked so fast. But I let them chaff as long as they liked; and bime-by I comes to be working alongside of my steam-ingin' friend, and jest as he'd been going it a little extra, I says to him quietly,—

"Ever been out o' work, matey?"

"Not to signify," he says.

"Cause if ever you are, and come down werry close to ground, you'll be as glad to handle the trowel again as I am." He did n't puff any more that day, not as I heerd.

London work was something fresh to me. I used to think that I'd been about some tidy buildings down our way, but what was the tidiest on 'em to the London jobs I was put on! Jobs where the scaffolding must have cost hundreds upon hundreds of pounds more than the house, land, and everything else put together, of the biggest place I had ever worked upon. I used, too, to think I was pretty strong in the head; but I soon began to sing small here,—specially when I had been up about a week and was put on at a big hotel. Right up so high that one turned quite creepy, and used to get thinking of what would be the consequences if a sharp puff of wind come and upset one's balance. I could never have believed, neither, that such a Jacob's Ladder of scaffold-poles could have been built up to stand without crushing and snapping those at the bottom like so many reeds or tobacco-pipes; but I suppose them as builds them knows best what

should be done, and what they 'll bear. But though I did not like it much, I took good care not to mention it to my lass, for I knew she 'd have been on the fidget all day if I had told her.

By degrees I got to stand it all pretty well, and we began to feel a bit settled in our one room. Not that we much liked it, but then it was werry pleasant to go in the crowd on pay-day and draw your week's wage, — good wage too, jest as I had seen it when settin' in my own place at home. We still called it home, for we couldn't get to feel that we were at home in London, and Polly she said she never should, after having a little house of her own; but, as there was only our two selves, we made things pretty comfortable.

The big hotel was getting on at a tremendous rate, for there was a strong body on us at work, and it used to make me think and think of the loads upon loads of stuff the hotel swallowed up, and how much more it would take before it was finished. One day when I was bricklaying up at the top, — I don't know how many feet from the ground, and I never used to care to look to see, for fear of turning giddy, — one day it came on to blow a regular gale, and blew at last so hard that the scaffold shook and quivered, while wherever there was a loose rope, it rattled and beat against the poles as if it was impatient of being tied there, and wanted to break loose and be off.

It blew at last so werry hard, that I should have been precious glad of an excuse to get down; but I couldn't well leave my work, and the old hands did n't seem to mind it much, so I kep' at it. Whenever the wind blows now, and I shut my eyes, I can call it all back again: the creaking and quivering of the poles, the rattling of the boards, the howling and whistling of the gale as it swept savagely by, in a rage because it could not sweep us away.

A high wind is pretty hard to deal with, sometimes, on the ground; and I have seen folks pretty hard driven to turn a corner. So it may be guessed what sort of fun it is right up on a spidery scaffold, where a man is expected to work with both hands, and hold on by nothing, and that, too, where a single step backwards would be — there, it's a thing as allus makes me nervous to talk about.

It was getting to be somewhere about half past three, and I was working hard, so as to keep from thinking about the storm, when all at once I happened to turn my head, and see that the men was a-scuttling down the ladders as hard as they could go. And then, before I had time to think, there was a loud crash, and a large piece of the scaffolding gave way, and swept with it poles, boards, and bricks, right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which projected from the roof above me, just above my head, caught it, and hung suspended, just as the boards upon which I stood but an instant before gave way, and fell on to the next stage, some twenty feet below. Tightly clasping the rough fir-pole, I clung for life.

Think? I did think. I thought hundreds of things in a few seconds, as I shut my eyes and began to pray, for I felt as I could not hold on long, and I knew as I should fall first on the stage below, when the boards would either give way, or shoot me off again with a spring, and then I knew there would be a crowd round something upon the ground, and the police coming with a stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the rope," cried a voice from below. I turned my head, so that I could just see that the pole I was hanging to had a

block at the end, through which ran a rope for drawing light things up and down to the scaffold. For an instant I dared not move; then, raising myself, I went hand over hand towards the pulley, and in another instant I should have grasped it, when I heard a rushing sound, and the creaking of a wheel, as the rope went spinning through, and was gone: the weight of the longer side having dragged the other through. As I hung, I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I hung there, I could hear a regular shriek from those below; but nobody stirred to my assistance, for I was beyond help then; but I seemed to grow stronger with the danger, though my arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of their sockets, and my nerves as if they were torn with hot irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in again till I was over the stage first; then close into the face of the building; and there I hung. Once I tried to get some hold with my feet, but the smooth bricks let my toes slip over them directly. Then I tried to get a leg over the pole, so as to climb up and sit there; but the time was gone by for that. I had hung too long, and was now growing weaker every moment.

I can't describe what I felt. All I know is, that it was horrible, and that long afterwards I used to jump up in bed with a scream; for so sure as I was a little out o' sorts, came a dream of hanging to that scaffold-pole, expecting every moment to be one's last.

I can't say, either, how long I hung; but feeling at length that I was going, I made one last try for it. I thought of my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-looking at me in a widder's cap; and then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried to get on to where the end of the pole was fastened. I got one hand over the hard bricks, and hooked my fingers, and held on; then I got the other hand over, and tried to climb up, as a cheer from below encouraged me; but my feet and knees slipped over the smooth bricks, and in spite of every effort they hung down straight at last, and I felt a sharp quiver run through me as slowly, slowly, my hands opened, my fingers straightened, and, with eyes blinded and bloodshot, I fell.

— Fell what seemed to be an enormous distance, though it was only to the next stage, where boards, bricks, and tools, shaken by the concussion, went with a crash below. The deal planks upon which I lay, still kep' in their places, but with their ends jolted so near the edge that it seemed to me that the least motion on my part would make them slip, and send me off again. I was too exhausted and frightened to move, and lay there for some time, not knowing whether I was much hurt or not. The first thing as recalled me to myself was the voice of a man who came up a ladder close at hand; and I could see that he had a rope and pulley with him, which he soon had hooked on to the ladder.

"Hold on, mate," he says. "If I throw you the end of the rope, can you tie it round you?"

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a noose, and pulling enough rope through the block, he shies it to me, but it was n't far enough. So he tries again and again, and at last I manages to ketch hold on it. But now, as soon as I tried to move, it seemed as if something stabbed me in the side, and, what was more, the least thing would, I found, send the boards down, and of course me with them.

"Tell them to hold tight by the rope," says I; and he passed the word, while I got both arms through the noose, and told him to tighten it, which

he did by pulling, for I could not have got it over my head without making the boards slip.

"Now then," he says, "are you ready?"

"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as if everything was a-swimming round me; but I heard him give a signal, and felt the snatch of the rope as it cut into my arms above the elbows, and then I swang backwards and forwards in the air; while, with a crash, away went the boards upon which I had been a-lying.

I could n't see any more, nor hear any more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep; but I suppose I was lowered down and took to the hospital, where they put my broken ribs to rights in no time, and it was n't so werry long before I was at work once more; though it took a precious while before I could get on to a high scaffold again without feeling creepy and shivery; but, you know, "use is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking t' other day, and I must say it has improved wonderful, for wages keep good, and work's plenty; and as for those chaps who organize the strikes, it strikes me they don't know what being out o' work is like. But, along o' that stocking, one feels tempted very much to go down in the country again, but don't like to, for fear o' things not turning out well; and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill." So I keeps on, werry well satisfied, and werry comfortable.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Egyptian government has adopted the use of postage-stamps. They came into use on the first of January.

M. FRANTZ, a metallurgist, and M. Henri Faure, editor of the *France Médicale*, announce that they have discovered a method of transmuting silver, copper, and mercury into gold, "which," they say, "are only one and the same metal in different dynamic states."

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Nord*, of Brussels, the ex-King Otho is employing his leisure in translating the works of Homer.

AFTER all the circumstantial penny-a-lining as to Victor Emmanuel's grief for the death of his morganatic spouse, the Countess Millefiori, the report of her demise would appear to have had no foundation. The people of Turin, who had believed her dead, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, were surprised the other morning by her appearance in an opera-box at one of Mdlle. Patti's last performances.

THE gaming tables are, before long, to be suppressed at Baden-Baden, Monaco, and Geneva. An amendment of an article of the Swiss Constitution was lately submitted to the Helvetic Diet, the effect of which will be to prohibit public gambling throughout the Swiss Confederation. A Paris journal, *La Liberté*, says the French government is negotiating with all the governments which tolerate the existing public gambling tables, with a view to their suppression.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON publishes a volume of poems pleasantly designed to reproduce, from Hellenic myths not treated by great poets of antiquity, narratives that should represent what seems to have been the lively dramatic character of the lost Milesian Tales. In his form of verse he attempts, without rhyme, several new combinations of rhythm,

suggested by, not imitated from, the metres in use by the ancients.

A LETTER from Loupoigne, in Belgium, says: "The venerable General Wautier, who, notwithstanding his ninety-five years, went to meet his new sovereign Leopold II. when making his entrance into Brussels, would be perhaps surprised if he knew that there still lives at the village of Viesville, near Goselies, a former cantinière of La Tour's Dragoons, now 102 years of age. She is in the enjoyment of all her intellectual faculties, takes long walks, and even danced the first quadrille at the fête of Thiméon, a village near Viesville, in September last. She is fond of relating her life of adventure, passed in the midst of camps and battles. She was at Fleurus in 1794, and during the battle gave birth to a son. She only quitted the army after the death of her husband, to return to her native village."

At a sale, not long since, in Vienna, small busts of Charles the Bold and the Duchess, his wife, carved in wood, by Holbein, fetched 30,000*f*. An agent of Baron James Rothschild bid 25,000*f*. for them, but eventually they were knocked down to a Vienna dealer in pictures and other objects of art. Seven small tablets, carved in relief, by Holbein, fetched 5,000*f*.; and a little head, not more than an inch high, 500*f*. A wooden figure of Adam, by Albert Durer, fetched 4,000*f*.; a wooden crucifix, 1,200*f*.; and three small figures, all by the last-mentioned master, 2,000*f*. "Christ on the Cross," a small but exquisite painting, was bought by an agent of the Dresden Picture-Gallery for 10,000*f*.

THE *London Review* observes that the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" is at present obtaining popularity in a new field. Dr. O. W. Holmes once prescribed a remedy for asthma to Washington Irving; in the late "Life of Irving," this fact is mentioned by the biographer, and the extract is now being extensively advertised in the American press by a patent-medicine vender, in connection with his remedy. The vender commences his announcement in this fashion: "The last days of ex-President Martin Van Buren were made comfortable by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy." Then follows Dr. Holmes's advice to use the "Asthma Remedy,—a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water, to be taken every four hours."

"YE Historie of ye Pre-Historic Manne," is the title of a facetious pamphlet recently published in Liverpool. A year or more since some discussion took place in certain scientific and quasi-scientific coteries with regard to the antecedents of a human skeleton which was discovered, at the beginning of 1864, in a bed of peat-bog, at Leasowe, Cheshire, on the estate of Sir Edward Cust. The two parties by whom the discussion was mainly carried on fought bravely for their respective views; the one maintaining that the bones had served the purposes of some son of Adam at a comparatively recent date; the other assigning the skeleton to a remote period in the career of our race, and even venturing to assert that it was "pre-historic,"—a term which the editor of this pamphlet explains to the unlearned by observing, "that is to say, that it lived and moved and had its being before the art of writing was found out or printing brought into use"; by which unfortunate arrangement of words the learned editor exposes himself to an imputation of thinking that the invention of printing preceded the discovery of the art of writing. As a man of science, Sir Edward

Cust appears to have warmly supported the pre-historic theory; whilst as a man of property he was no less earnest in asserting that, since the bones were found on his land, they belonged to him as completely and unquestionably as, at a date prior to their interment in his peat-bog, they had belonged to the person for whom nature provided them as the framework of a mortal tabernacle. Resisting Sir Edward's scientific arguments and territorial pretensions, the spirit which formerly animated the skeleton, taking for his motto Hood's lines,

"It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be,"

exclaims against the violation of his discarded body's resting-place, argues that Death has not deprived him of all rights of ownership in the remains of his earthly covering, and assures the curious that, instead of being the ghost of a pre-historic man, he is but the spiritual essence of a luckless sailor, who not many years since was drowned at sea and washed upon the coast of Cheshire. With inconsiderate frankness the artless autobiographer says,—

"Now this is just my origin:—
I was a sort of mate
On board a little Bangor brig,
That carried coals and slate.
We sometimes, when the wind was fair,
Before it gayly ran,
And took in 'bacco, brandy, tea,
When off the Isle of Man."

Further the deponent observes:—

"What's told of me by learned folk
Creates in me disgust,
And really I've no patience with
My friend, Sir E.—
For he declared, when I was found,
That my poor withered phiz
Belonged to him, and that, in fact,
My skeleton was his."

"Was his,—as found upon his land,
But why I cannot see:—
'T is just as though I'd been his hare,—
'T was making game of me.
One would have thought that he, instead
Of paying court to thrones,
Had been a Christy Minstrel,
By his flourish on the bones."

"If these dry bones are my own bones,
I pray what right had he
To hold my leg, without my will,
When not my leg-a-tee?
To him I ne'er said, 'Take my arm
Or hand, I do entreat':—
His right in *to-to* I deny
To walk off with my feet."

A humorous artist has assisted the humorous writer of this ridiculous trifle, which, in sprightliness and piquancy, excels the average of jocular squibs upon the ways and failings of scientific men.

A SHORT time ago a *soirée* which had been given at the Hanover Square Rooms by a certain number of British hair-dressers excited some remark, and since that period an institution has been formed under the title of the British Hair-dressers' Academy, which is intended, however, to be open to all nations. The first *soirée* and the ball since the establishment of this academy took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday evening, on which occasion similar arrangements were carried out to those at the former gathering. The object of the *soirée* was to afford the company an opportunity of witnessing the skill with which the practical coiffeurs of this country are capable of dressing the human hair in every variety of form; and, for this purpose, some forty ladies were led into the large room by

the like number of coiffeurs, and were immediately seated at a long narrow table, on which were placed as many hand-mirrors as were necessary to meet the requirements of the moment. On the former occasion the ladies and the "expositors" (as they were then called) did not amount to twenty; and the increase in the number can scarcely be regarded as presenting any increase of advantages, for the effect was less simple and concentrated; and to make the comparative result still less imposing, a series of handsome looking-glasses, which on the inaugural night decorated the table, were on this occasion dispensed with. The ladies, therefore, sat very demurely, with their eyes fixed on the table, and with nothing to look at but the white cloth which covered it, and the boxes of hair-powder and head decorations with which the aspiring "dressers" (as they are now called) had provided themselves. As each operator completed his task he was greeted with applause, and he stood blushing by the side of the fair damsel whose locks he had been manipulating and adorning.

In some instances the dressers had discharged their responsible duty in a brief space of time, while in many others they were not so rapid at their work; but no signs of impatience were for a moment exhibited; and when at length the last lingering "expositor" had finished his task, the chairman of the academy, Mr. Carter, requested that the ladies might be conducted twice round the table, in order that the spectators might see from all parts of the room what wonders had been wrought. This was a very interesting part of the exhibition; and, as it took place to an accompaniment of music ["Play me that gentle hair again"], it brought the hair-dressing part of the *soirée* to a very agreeable termination. Much satisfaction was expressed at many of the results produced. Each young man adopted a separate and distinct style of creating the effect he desired, so that there were no two heads of hair which, when they escaped from the hands of the decorator, presented the slightest similarity in appearance. The committee of the academy propose to have a general practice night once a week, and a club or general meeting on the following evening, where all novelties in the trade, whether in hair-dressing, new ornaments, or inventions connected with false hair, perfumery, brushes, combs, in short, everything practically beneficial to the trade, will be exhibited and their merits discussed. They also hope that they may be enabled to engage "subjects" for each practice night, as they consider practising upon blocks to be worse than useless; and they further propose a succession of *soirées*, when the operation of "dressing" will be systematically gone through. They trust that by these various means they may realize a large return, to be placed in furtherance of their ultimate object,— "a hair-dressers' club-house of all nations." That the proposed benefits have long been wanted, they contend, is shown by the fact that England has lagged behind her French neighbors in not having an institution devoted to the elevation of this branch of art; and in order to achieve the "lofty aim" in view, the committee confidently appeal to the support of the employers and the employed. That they have made a successful commencement was amply proved by the exhibition of last night, and the ball which followed the *soirée* showed that a spirit of friendship and good feeling, as well as of honorable rivalry, prevails among the members of the Hair-dressers' Academy.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

[No. 8.

AVE MARIA.

I.

THOU that once on earth didst weep!
By a broken heart's complaint,
And a pain that poisons sleep,
Mary, Mother, Queen, and Saint,
Hear me, for my wound is deep!
Aid me, for my soul is faint!

II.

Bid the darkness come and seal
Burning eyes that will not close;
Let me cease awhile to feel;
And the pangs of many woes,
And the heart thou mayst not heal,
Gentle Mother, bid repose!

J. R. CHORLEY.

FRANCE, THE UNITED STATES, AND MEXICO.

THE speech of the Emperor Napoleon at the opening of the French Chambers, and the recently published despatches of Mr. Seward, place in a very clear light the position of the two governments in regard to the much-vexed Mexican question. His Majesty is, and evidently feels himself to be, in a position of great embarrassment. He has proceeded throughout on a series of miscalculations which are now telling upon him with cumulative force. When he originally embarked on the scheme of founding a Mexican empire, he relied confidently upon obtaining the co-operation of England and Spain, which, in truth, he intended to secure by something very like fraud. Unfortunately for him, but fortunately for themselves, those powers discovered in time the design which he concealed under an ostensible purpose of obtaining satisfaction for injuries done to French subjects. They withdrew their forces and left him to proceed by himself. Still, the project appeared not only practicable, but easy of execution. The United States were torn by a civil war which almost every one expected to end in the independence of the South. Dependent as England was supposed to be upon her cotton manufactures, it seemed scarcely within the range of possibility that she should not sooner or later be forced into intervention on behalf of the Confederate States. Both these anticipations were, however, disappointed, and the Emperor now finds himself compelled to face alone the anger and the power of the reunited Northern Republic. That would not be a light matter, if it were all. But it is not.

He must be perfectly conscious that France looks not only with coldness, but with disfavor, on his Transatlantic policy. The idea of restoring the empire of Montezuma in the person of an archduke of the house of Hapsburg never took the slightest hold upon the popular imagination; while every one could see that French blood and French money were being lavished upon an object in which France was but very slightly interested.

At the present moment all intelligent Frenchmen are perfectly aware that the expense of the expeditionary army in Mexico is the main cause of the unsatisfactory condition of their finances, and that its presence on American soil not only involves them in constant danger of collision with the United States, but cripples and hampers their action on many European questions in which they take a deep interest. A war with the United States for the protection of the throne of Maximilian would be so costly and so unpopular, that his Majesty must be anxious to avail himself of any decent mode of escape. He cannot, however, adopt the easy and obvious course of immediately recalling his army without incurring a different but almost equally serious danger. To do this under existing circumstances would amount to a confession of defeat. In the eyes of his own people, and of the whole world, it would be a palpable act of deference to the wishes, if not the commands, of the United States. Frenchmen would feel the tricolor dishonored; and both with them and with other nations the Emperor would suffer a damaging loss of that prestige which he has so laboriously built up, and which forms so large a part of his power and influence. This is a sacrifice which he cannot safely make; but it is not difficult to see that he is heartily tired of the whole business, and that he is sincerely desirous to wash his hands of it, if he can only do so with honor.

In October last M. Drouyn de Lhuys frankly stated that the Imperial government desired to withdraw their forces from Mexico; and that all they wanted was some assurance that, after they had retired, no other foreign power would intervene to impede the consolidation of the order of things which they had tried to establish. The most effectual way in which that assurance could be given, was, in his opinion, the recognition of the Emperor Maximilian by the United States. If his Majesty's throne was not really founded on the assent of the people it would then fall; if, on the other hand, it had their support it would stand. In the former case the United States could not justly take exception to the existence of a government which, not being based on foreign bayonets, could involve no

violation of the Monroe doctrine. In the latter the honor of France would not be concerned in defending a dynasty which she had no idea of forcing upon a reluctant nation.

This offer seems to us a perfectly fair one, and we should have thought the United States well advised in accepting it. It is always a judicious course to build a bridge for a retiring enemy; to waive the appearance, in consideration of obtaining the substantial results of a victory. According to the professed belief of Mr. Seward and of all American writers and speakers, nothing is needed for the overthrow of Maximilian except that he should be left alone with his own subjects. Having gained this object, what more can they seek?

An answer must be found in the nature and character of popular governments. Statesmen appreciate a triumph none the less because it is not immediately perceptible to the general observation. But the mass of mankind wish not only to conquer, but to be seen to conquer. So far from wishing to avoid the humiliation of an antagonist, they regard that humiliation as the invaluable proof of their success. If the President had met the Emperor of France half-way by acknowledging Maximilian, the end in view might have been gained; but it would have been gained without the direct and palpable intervention of the United States. There would have been solid advantage, but no momentary *éclat* in such a policy; and for that reason it would have been unacceptable to a nation which is desirous to signalize its restoration to unity and power by some marked rebuke to "the effete monarchies of the Old World," which are believed to be perpetually plotting the downfall and destruction of the best of all possible republics.

But there is also another reason for their conduct. The United States are not now content to abide by the Monroe doctrine as it was originally promulgated. They not only object to the intervention of European powers in the domestic concerns of an American state, but they regard the establishing of monarchical institutions in any such state as "injurious and menacing to their own chosen and endeared republican institutions." It is true that in his despatch to Mr. Bigelow Mr. Seward expressly disclaims any intention of making a war of propaganda throughout the world, or even on the Western continent, in the republican cause. But he does not affect to conceal, nay, he expressly avows, that his main objection to leaving Maximilian's government to be dealt with by the Mexican people lies in the fact that it is not constructed according to the pattern approved in Washington or New York.

Entertaining such views, Mr. Johnson cannot consistently look with indifference upon the struggle between President Juarez and an Austrian archduke. Nor can we shut our eyes to the existence of other motives which render the statesmen and the people of the United States averse to the consolidation of the present Mexican government. They know as well as any one else that the Mexicans are utterly unsuited to republican institutions, and that a very small section of them care for anything that we understand by the word freedom. But they rely on the continuance of a state of chronic anarchy in the country, as the ultimate means of its annexation to the United States; and they are naturally, although selfishly, averse to anything which tends to frustrate their hopes.

Seeking, as they do, not merely the evacuation of

Mexico by the French troops, but the downfall of the existing *régime*, there is certainly an amount of honesty in the refusal to facilitate the retreat of the Emperor Napoleon by anything which looks like a compromise. But he cannot fail to perceive the real meaning of that refusal. He must be perfectly aware—at all events, every one else is—that in the absence of the recognition asked for, the Mexican empire would have no chance of life, were the people ever so favorable to it. If the government of the United States persists in regarding Juarez as the real and legitimate ruler of the country, they would, of course, not think of preventing any one from going to his assistance. At present the fear of a collision between American citizens and the French troops compels them to maintain an attitude of neutrality. But the moment the tricolor is withdrawn, American sympathizers with the "Mexican Republic" would swarm across the frontier, and neither his native nor his foreign troops would long avail Maximilian against a horde of energetic Anglo-Saxons, commanded by some of the ablest officers trained in the late civil war. The work of the last three years would be overthrown in as many months, and that not by natives, but by foreigners. The enterprise to which the blood and treasure of France have been so long devoted would be rendered abortive by the powerful, although informal, intervention of another state.

Although Napoleon may be arranging with the Emperor Maximilian "to fix the time for the recall of our troops in order that their return may be effected without compromising the French interests which we went to defend in that distant country," neither sovereign can seriously think that such a step can be taken with safety merely because "the malcontents, dispersed and vanquished, have no chief." If the Mexican empire is to stand, the presence of a French army in the country for some time longer is absolutely requisite. But it is by no means clear that the United States will carry forbearance much further. It is evident that public opinion is becoming more and more excited on the subject, and it is understood that the President is himself no longer disposed to hold the nation in check. Any mail may bring to the Tuileries a categorical demand for the withdrawal of Marshal Bazaine and his army; and indeed, so far as we can judge from the recent despatches, such a demand is not likely to be much further delayed. If England, instead of France, had been in question, we have no doubt that it would have been made in no very polite terms long before this. There is, however, on the part of the people of the United States, a genuine dislike to a war with France, and upon that fact some persons rely for the ultimate adoption of a moderate and conciliatory policy. But it is unsafe to depend upon a sentimental feeling of this kind when motives and passions so powerful as those which are now at work prompt a people confident in their strength to grasp at a cherished object which seems within easy reach. The Emperor Napoleon will, we have little doubt, be driven to the wall, and the only question that remains is the probability of his turning again. As we have already said, there is a kind and degree of humiliation which he dares not endure, or ask France to share. But we have no doubt that if he finds the United States really determined to push matters to extremity, he will studiously seek, and will probably discover, some means of escaping without actual dishonor from a conflict in which victory would be

worthless and defeat would be disaster. He knows too well the weakness of his position as an absolute monarch, not to shrink from a war which would inspire his own people, and even his army, with bitter disgust, while it would be supported by America with the patriotic ardor of a free, unanimous, and powerful nation.

A BLUE-COAT BOY'S STORY.

IN the Christmas number of *Chambers's Journal* I read a story of the Lotteries, which brings to my mind a curious personal experience of those old times; for I am an old man myself, and lived in them. Nothing which "Sir Joshua" is made to say in reprobation of the gambling and reckless spirit which the institution of state lotteries engendered among all classes too strongly describes the actual harm they effected. When such enormous prizes as forty thousand pounds were to be got, and the end of the Drawing came near, the town grew almost frantic with excitement. I dare say the business was managed fairly; but it was certainly strange how those enormous prizes did always remain until almost the very last, as though they had been in solid gold, and their very weight had kept them down in the wheel. I cannot cite a single instance of the chief prize being drawn during the first day. In 1798 the *last drawn blank* was entitled, by the conditions of the lottery, to twenty thousand pounds; and during the closing-day tickets could scarcely be got at any price, while even the night before they fetched one hundred and twenty guineas. Once only, thirty years before that, were tickets ever sold at less than the original price (thirteen pounds) paid for them to government.

So thoroughly national had the passion for this sort of gambling long since become, that in 1769 it was held by the government to be a very bad sign of disaffection in the American colonists that they, who had been used to take no less than one eighth of the whole, declined to purchase any lottery-tickets; and their refusal did unquestionably arise from their dislike to the mother country. Even pious folks were bitten by this spirit of gambling; and I remember a lady of great respectability and benevolence, whose husband had made her a present of a lottery-ticket, actually causing prayers to be offered up in a church at Holborn for her good luck. It is to be hoped that when the clergyman read out from his pulpit, "The petitions of this congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking,"—which was the form of words he used,—that he did not know what they were to pray for.

Delivered up, indeed, as people were to this evil spirit of speculation, they wished to secure themselves as much as possible from the consequences of their own folly; nothing, therefore, was more common than to insure a lottery-ticket, and there were a dozen offices of repute and respectability where this could be done. Out of this custom the curious circumstance arose which I have taken up my pen to tell. I dare say that even my younger readers are aware how the public drawing of lotteries was conducted; they have probably seen prints of the great Wheel of Fortune, and of the two Blue-coat boys, one of whom pulled out the numbers, and the other, at the other wheel, the corresponding blanks or prizes. I was Blue-coat boy at that time myself, and although I never was employed in this particular office,—and a very shameful thing it surely was

to make Youth the pander to this shameful national vice,*—I had an acquaintance of the name of Thornhill who was. He was a nice-looking young fellow enough, but had not much brains, and what he had were almost turned by the notoriety of his appointment. He thought himself quite a great man because he had been chosen to draw in the lottery, and enjoyed the publicity of the situation immensely. It was no great task to put your hand in a wheel and bring out a number, which it was his part of the matter to do,—though to bring out the prizes, which was the other boy's work, was exciting enough, since it commanded the deepest attention from all present, and evoked sometimes quite a tempest of feeling,—but Thornhill thought otherwise, and magnified both his office and himself. It was said that I envied him, because he had obtained the situation (which had its little perquisites) instead of myself, but I did nothing of the kind; at all events, nobody envied him what came of it. He was returning home one afternoon at the close of his first day's Drawing, when he was accosted by a person of gentlemanly appearance, who informed him that he was a friend of his father's, and mentioned certain circumstances which induced the boy to believe that such was the case. As he also asked him to dinner, and gave him a very good one, I dare say he did not need much persuasion to credit the assertion; but anyhow, they soon got to be friends. Over their wine they began talking of the lottery, upon which poor Thornie, as we used to call him, was very eloquent, I have no doubt, and did not lack encouragement upon the part of his entertainer.

"I suppose," said his host, "they look very sharp after you at that wheel, so that it would be impossible to take two tickets out at a time?"

"Well, it would be difficult, but not impossible; and besides, what would be the good of it?"

"Very true, my boy," said the gentleman. "No improper use could, of course, be made of it; but still I would very much like to see a lottery-ticket that is now in that great wheel, and before it is drawn. I will give you ten pounds if you will put such a one into my hand to-morrow evening, and I solemnly promise you shall have it back within twenty-four hours."

"It would not be stealing?" returned Thornhill, hesitatingly, to whom ten pounds seemed a prize in itself.

"Certainly not," replied the other, "for its absence cannot possibly hurt anybody, and you have only to put it back just as you pulled it out. Who will ever know anything about it except our two selves?"

The next afternoon, having been persuaded by these arguments, and by the ten golden reasons which this liberal gentleman handed over to him, Thornhill pulled out from the wheel two tickets instead of one, and managed, unobserved, to place the second in his sleeve while the clerk was calling out the number of the other. The ticket secreted was 21,481,—as you may read in the *Annual Register*, for the thing became a public matter afterwards,—and this he presented, according to agreement, to the friend of his father. This occurred on a Wednesday night, and on the ensuing evening he received it back again.

* This was the more singular, as at Oxford and Cambridge notwithstanding that the smaller lotteries were entitled "little goes"—the government would not allow any office for the sale of tickets to exist.

"Now," said his host, "you have not quite earned your money yet; but what I require you to do is not more difficult than what you have already done. I shall be in the gallery to-morrow while the drawing is going on, and when I nod at you, — thus, — but not before, replace this ticket in the wheel, only be sure you do not leave go of it, but draw it forth exactly as if you had just taken it out in the usual way. That is all that I have to ask, and you shall receive five guineas more for your trouble."

On the Friday morning Thornhill kept his eye upon his friend in the gallery, and when he gave the sign agreed upon, after the drawing had gone on for an hour or so, out came No. 21,481, which, I believe, was a blank. It really seemed as if no harm could possibly have been done to anybody, or any object gained by the transaction. But for all that, I well remember how wretchedly ill poor Thornie looked throughout the previous day, and how silent he was concerning his own part in the proceedings, about which he was usually very boastful, telling us how the ladies in the gallery had smiled upon him, and bade him bring them luck, and how the Lord Mayor himself had patted his curly head. He knew that he had done something very wrong, even if no mischief should actually come of it, and, as he afterwards confessed, he was racked by the idea that the friend of his family might not return him the ticket, in which case exposure and disgrace were certain; and they came about, although not quite in that way.

Upon the Thursday, when the ticket was not in the wheel, the man who had given the bribe went about to all the offices insuring the ticket against being drawn on the next day; and it was probably only his greediness which betrayed this promising scheme of fraud, and prevented it from being carried out again and again. The fellow had insured in one office no less than six times over, and his pertinacity so excited the suspicions of the office-keepers, that when the ticket was drawn, as I have stated, both Thornhill and himself were arrested, and the former was easily induced to reveal all the circumstances. Neither he nor his tempter was punished judicially, for as it happened, the particular offence had not been contemplated by the law. But I shall never forget poor Thornie's face when he was publicly expelled from our school, nor the face of his widowed mother, who had come to intercede with the authorities, in vain, on behalf of her only son.

THE BOOK OF PERFUMES.*

WHEN the idealist turns his attention to the human senses, — those inlets that admit the various emanations of the outer world to the sensorium, — he gives them but a secondary place in his regard. To him they are not an end, but a means, — vehicles of thought, or rather of the rude materials whence thought is ultimately elaborated. No doubt as one kind of vehicle or one mode of transit may be better than another in forwarding his ideas to that mysterious laboratory of the mind, he may occasionally prefer their passage through and conveyance to that of another. One kind of sensations may come to him better through the eye than through the ear, as Horace tells us; and another may come handier by touch than by smell; but he does not prepare them in the outer world and send them on: he takes them just as they do come, and passes them through an

alembic of his own, to distil his mental essences. An artist of another kind takes his stand in the outer world, and combines his essences for the solace and gratification of the senses themselves. All the various sounds of nature are combined harmoniously to soothe the ear, her colors blent to please the eye; the food that must be taken is so prepared as to give its passing contribution of pleasure to the palate, and among the nicest, keenest, and most delicate of our sensual gratifications must be reckoned those agreeable feelings impressed upon the olfactories by odoriferous emanations. As, therefore, all the gifts and bounties of nature in their elemental condition are meant for our good, so each artist in his several sphere who combines and arranges them, so as to bestow and express their best influences upon man, is, to that extent, his benefactor.

A work has just now appeared, written by a practical operator in the department of chemistry that concerns itself in the development, analysis, and combination of the various aromas latent in the animal and vegetable world, a perusal of which will afford as much pleasure to the cultivated mind as any of the essences detailed in it may give to the olfactory sense. It is professedly an illustration of the art of perfumery; but the great body of the work, as indeed the author confesses, is more a history of perfumery from the earliest times to the present day, consisting altogether of twelve chapters: nine of them are taken up in tracing the history of odoriferous compounds through the various nations of the Egyptians, Jews, Asiatics, Greeks, Romans, Orientals, and Moderns. The work, however, more properly divides itself into four grand sections: the first containing a short analysis of the physiology of odors; then the principal feature of the work, their history; thirdly, a short description of the various modes in use for extracting the essences of plants and flowers, and concluding with a summary of the principal fragrant materials used in our manufactures.

Among other beneficial influences arising from the contact of sweet odors upon the nervous system, and thence transmitted to the brain, the writer alleges a mental and even a moral benefit to accrue. To make this assertion good, however, would open up too large a field of metaphysical speculation. One may say, in general, that it is not the mere reception of any of the soothing influences, either of nature or art, that necessarily inspires the feeling of gratitude any more than the act of bestowing alms naturally evokes it in the recipient. It is, perhaps, therefore more strictly a poetical than a spiritual influence the author paints in opening his volume, when he says, beautifully enough: —

"Who has not felt revived and cheered by the balmy fragrance of the luxuriant garden or the flowery meadow? Who has not experienced the delightful sensation caused by inhaling a fresh breeze loaded with the spoils of the flowery tribe, — that sweet south so beautifully described by Shakespeare, as

'Breathing upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor'?

An indescribable emotion then invades the whole being: the soul becomes melted in sweet rapture, and silently offers up the homage of its gratitude to the Creator for the blessings showered upon us, whilst the tongue slowly murmurs, with Thomson: —

'Soft roll your incense, herbs and fruits and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.'

* By Eugene Rimmel.

There is, however, less doubt about its power over some of the faculties of the mind, especially the memory, in recalling long past scenes and emotions.

"Jean Jacques Rousseau, Zimmerman, and other authors say that the sense of smell is the sense of imagination. There is no doubt that pleasant perfumes exercise a cheering influence on the mind, and easily become associated with our remembrances. Sounds and scents share alike the property of refreshing the memory and recalling vividly before us the scenes of our past life, an effect which Thomas Moore beautifully illustrates in his *Lalla Rookh*:—

'The young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—
The sweet Eicaya, and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,—
Sees, called up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again.'

Tennyson expresses the same feeling in his *Dream of Fair Women*:—

'The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.'

The art of the perfumer is like that of other arts, an endeavor to copy Nature. "He strives to imitate the fragrance of all flowers which are rebellious to his skill, and refuse to yield up their essence. Is he not, then, entitled to claim the name of Artist, if he approaches, even faintly, the perfections of his charming models?"

In effecting a classification of all the various odors in the art of perfumery, a wonderful example of the power of habit or tracing of a special faculty is given. The late lamented Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, wrote a work on "Color Blindness," proving that many people have eyes but see not, or only see without being able to distinguish between the various tints and hues by which nature is so richly adorned. Our author, as may be inferred from his motto,* seems to think the same thing as to some of our noses, or if we have that useful organ physically appended, it might to all the intents and purposes of perfumery have been as well dispensed with. But it is a good thing that Nature ever makes compensation for any such defect in one individual by its superabundance of possession in another. It is said of Coleridge, the poet, that when passing through the streets of Cologne, he endeavored to reckon up all the different kinds of smell pervading that town, and found, or said he found, them to amount to seventy-two in number. Surely, if he possessed a nasal talent so acute as this he was more naturally intended for a perfumer than a poet. Admitting, however, some poetic license in this enumeration, no doubt a perfumer's nose by constant practice must have its perceptions wonderfully quickened; and as a practical man, our author's new classification, even though running counter to some of the fathers in botany, must be admitted to be good authority.

"Linnaeus, the father of modern botanical science, divided them into seven classes, three of which only were pleasant odors,—the aromatic, the fragrant, and the ambrosial; but however good his general divisions may have been, this classification was far from correct, for he placed carnation with laurel leaves and saffron with jasmine, than which nothing

can be more dissimilar. Fourcroy divided them into five series, and De Haller into three. All these were, however, more theoretical than practical; and none classified odors by their resemblance to each other. I have attempted to make a new classification, comprising only pleasant odors, by adopting the principle that, as there are primary colors from which all secondary shades are composed, there are also primary odors with perfect types, and that all other aromas are connected more or less with them."

It was a very common opinion among some of the ancient doctors, as Creton, Hippocrates, and others, that perfumes had a medicinal effect in curing certain diseases, especially those of a nervous kind. Pliny even ascribes therapeutic properties to various aromatic substances. Our modern doctors, on this, as on so many other points, disagree; some maintaining the curative power of certain medicated perfumes, others denying any such influence. Our author denies both sides of the question in the abstract, but rather, if anything, inclines to the opinion that in "moderation," they are beneficial.

Another popular fallacy he demolishes regarding flowers in a sleeping-room, which many will, no doubt, be pleased to hear.

"It is true that flowers, if left in a sleeping apartment all night, will sometimes cause headache and sickness; but this proceeds, not from the diffusion of their aroma, but from the carbonic acid they evolve during the night. If a perfume extracted from these flowers were left open in the same circumstances, no evil effect would arise from it. All that can be said is, that some delicate people may be affected by certain odors; but the same person to whom a musky scent would give a headache might derive much relief from a perfume with a citrine basis. Imagination has, besides, a great deal to do with the supposed noxious effects of perfumes. Dr. Cloquet, who may be deemed an authority on this subject, of which he made a special study, says in his able Treatise on Olfaction: "We must not forget that there are many effeminated people to be found in the world who imagine that perfumes are injurious to them, but their example cannot be adduced as a proof of the bad effects of odors. Thus Dr. Thomas Capellini relates the story of a lady who fancied she could not bear the smell of a rose, and fainted on receiving the visit of a friend who carried one, and yet the fatal flower was only artificial."

In the historical parts of this work, extending over nine of its longest chapters, there is doubtless much that is far from new. The reader whose classical studies have extended any considerable way into the history of those early nations, must be familiar with most of what is there detailed; but to the non-classical, and to ladies generally, whose educational readings may not have tended in that direction, the representation there given of ancient manners and customs, interspersed with many pleasing anecdotes well fitted in, and the whole so richly redolent of perfume, must have a peculiar charm. The writer's own account of it is, that it is a piece of mosaic work, and we are bound to add that it is well put together, and the colors harmoniously blent. One sometimes wonders, on reading some parts of it, how its author, who has achieved some fame as an operative perfumer and inventor of new compounds, can have found time to travel away so far from his laboratory collecting so much of the lore of antiquity as adheres to his artistic details. The style, too, is

* "Non cuique datum est habere nasum."

that of a practised pen, light and perspicuous; and to say it is readable is not enough, it is most interesting. We learn from these descriptive illustrations, confirmed by the records of ancient writers and the numerous implements found intact in the tombs, that perfumes were extensively consumed in Egypt, and applied to three distinct purposes,—offerings to the gods, embalming the dead, and uses in private life.

"It was, however, in their grand religious processions that they made the most luxurious display of perfumes. In one of those, described as having taken place under one of the Ptolemies, marched one hundred and twenty children bearing incense, myrrh, and saffron in golden basins, followed by a number of camels, some carrying three hundred pounds weight of frankincense, and others a similar quantity of crocus, cassia, cinnamon, orris, and other precious aromatics."

The Egyptian belief in the transmigration of souls is thought to be one of the reasons for the very great care they took in embalming the bodies of their dead; that after having concluded their long journey, the souls might find their original envelopes in a tolerable state of preservation. Looking upon any one of those shrivelled relics stretched out in mournful state in the British Museum, our mind naturally recurs to the lines,—

"And thou hast walked about,—how strange a story!—

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

But we are here also reminded of the account given to Herodotus regarding the mode and operation by which the mummy was made up. "They first extracted the brains through the nostrils by means of a curved iron probe, and filled the head with drugs. Then making an incision in the side with a sharp Ethiopian stone, they drew out the intestines, and inserted into the cavity powdered myrrh, cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted. After sewing up the body, they kept it in natron for seventy days, and then wrapped it up entirely with bands of fine linen smeared with gum, and laid it in a wooden case made in the shape of a man, which they placed upright against the wall.

"The taste for perfumes and cosmetics went on increasing in Egypt until the time of Cleopatra, when it may be said to have reached its climax. This luxurious queen made a lavish use of aromatics, and it was one of the means of seduction she brought into play at her first interview with Mark Antony on the banks of the Cydnus, which is so beautifully described by Shakespeare."

The Jews, from their long captivity in Egypt, brought back with them into their own country a knowledge of perfumery. Long before that time, however, they had probably discovered the aromatic properties of some of their native gums, and, prompted by that natural instinct to which I have already alluded, they had offered those fragrant treasures on the altars raised to their God. Thus we find Noah, on issuing from the Ark, expressing his gratitude to the Almighty for his wonderful preservation by a sacrifice of burnt-offerings composed of every clean beast and every clean fowl. It is true that Genesis does not mention incense as having formed part of the holocaust; but the very words that follow,—“and the Lord smelled a sweet

savor,”—may lead us to assume that such was the case.

The purification of women, as ordained by law, caused also a great consumption of aromatics. It lasted a whole year,—the first six months being accomplished with oil of myrrh, and the rest with other sweet odors. Perfumes were also one of the means of seduction resorted to by Judith when she went forth to seek Holofernes in his tent, and liberate her people from his oppression. But the most complete description of the various aromatics used by the Jews is to be found in the Song of Solomon, in which the frequent mention of perfumes made in it shows that they must have been well known and appreciated at the Jewish court. The common account given of the death of Sardanapalus is perhaps the most striking instance among the Assyrians of their passion for perfumes. This account is, however, disputed by some historians, but the fact of his passion for cosmetics and perfumes is well enough known; and even the account of Dures and other historians given of the manner of his death, agrees with it. They say that “Arbaces, one of his generals, having gone to visit Sardanapalus, found him painted with vermilion and clad in female garb. He was just in the act of pencilling his eyebrows when Arbaces entered, and the general was so indignant at the effeminacy of the monarch that he stabbed him on the spot. The Persians borrowed from the Medes their taste for perfumes and cosmetics. Such was their predilection for perfumes, that they usually wore on their heads crowns made of myrrh and a sweet-smelling plant called labyzus. In the palaces of monarchs and individuals of rank aromatics were constantly burning in richly-wrought vessels,—a custom of which we find an illustration in the sculptures of Persepolis."

The greatest admirer of perfumes among ancient Asiatic monarchs seems to have been Antiochus Epiphanes, or the Illustrious, king of Syria. At all his feasts, games, and processions perfumes held the first place.

"The king was once bathing in the public baths, when some private person, attracted by the fragrant odor which he shed around, accosted him, saying, 'You are a happy man, O king; you smell in a most costly manner.' Antiochus, being much pleased with the remark, replied, 'I will give you as much as you can desire of this perfume.' The king then ordered a large ewer of thick unguent to be poured over his head, and a multitude of poor people soon collected around him to gather what was spilled. This caused the king infinite amusement, but it made the place so greasy that he slipped and fell on his back in a most undignified manner, which put an end to his merriment."

Among the Greeks, who had that peculiar taste for immortalizing and worshipping everything that was pleasing and grateful to the senses, it is not to be wondered at that they ascribed a divine origin to perfumes. In other cases they invested the attributes of their deities with odoriferous attractions. The apparition of a goddess is never mentioned without speaking of the ambrosial fragrance which she shed around her; and as they revelled in nectar and ambrosia,—a kind of food unknown to mortals,—so had they also specially reserved for their use some of the most delicious perfumes.

At all the religious festivals of the Greeks we know that aromatics were consumed in large quantities, and no Mahometan paradise can surpass their elysium. There they were to find a golden aty,

with emerald ramparts, ivory pavement, and cinnamon gates. Around the walls flowed a river of perfumes one hundred cubits in width, and deep enough to swim in. From this river rose an odorous mist, which enveloped the whole place and shed a refreshing and fragrant dew. There were to be besides in this fortunate city three hundred and sixty-five fountains of honey and five hundred of the sweetest essence. A portion of this heavenly fragrance was also sometimes dispensed on earth to some *protégé*, as a mark of great favor. "Thus when Penelope prepares to receive her suitors, Eurynome advises her to dispel her grief and diffuse 'the grace of unction over her cheeks'; but the virtuous matron refused. Pallas, however, visits her during her slumbers, and sheds over her some wonderful perfume, which was probably called in those times 'the Venus bouquet.'" "Phaon, the Lesbian pilot, having once conveyed in his vessel to Cyprus a mysterious passenger, whom he discovers to be Venus, receives from the goddess, as a parting gift, a divine essence, which changes his coarse face into the most beautiful features. Poor Sappho, who sees him after his transformation, becomes smitten with his charms; but finding her love unrequited, is driven to seek a watery grave." This miracle, says our author, beats all the vaunted achievements of modern perfumery, even including the "patent enamelling" process, which if applied to gentlemen, would not, I am afraid, attract many Sapphos. Perfumers' shops in Greece were the resort of loungers, as modern cafés are in the South of Europe. "Even the tattered cynic, Diogenes, did not disdain to enter them now and then, leaving his tub at the door; but with a praiseworthy spirit of economy, he always applied the ointments he bought to his feet; for, as he justly observed to the young sparks, who mocked him for his eccentricity, 'When you anoint your head with perfume it flies away into the air, and the birds only get the benefit of it; whilst I rub it only on my lower limbs it envelops my whole body, and gratefully ascends to my nose.'"

What young Grecian belle, whose radiant beauty might be marred by some disfiguring spot or speckle, could fail to believe in the curative power of sweet odors on hearing of an effect like this on one of her countrywomen? "Mito, a fair young maiden, the daughter of an humble artisan, was in the habit of depositing every morning garlands of fresh flowers in the temple of Venus, her poverty preventing her from indulging in richer offerings. Her splendid beauty was once nearly destroyed by a tumor which grew on her chin; but she saw in a dream the goddess, who told her to apply to it some of the roses from her altar. She did so, and recovered her charms so completely that she eventually sat on the Persian throne as the favorite wife of Cyrus."

Our ladies of the present day would no doubt rebel against any such arbitrary edict as would compel them to wear their garments in one particular manner, or according to a certain legal cut. More arbitrary than the law of fashion, however, it could not be; and were the former to override the latter sometimes in this respect, as in the case of those enormous amplitudes now so prevalent in female attire, it may be a question whether it would not be for the better. Such was the case, at least, at Athens. "The cares and duties of the toilette were deemed of such importance, that a tribunal was instituted to decide on all matters of dress. And a woman whose *péplon* or mantle was not of correct cut, or whose head-dress was neglected, was liable

to a fine which varied according to the offence, and sometimes reached the high sum of a thousand drachmæ."

The Romans, in the art of perfumery, as in almost every other art but that of war, were the copyists of the Greeks. It was long, indeed, before the effeminating and luxurious fashions of the latter made progress among them, and when they did, it was more in the decline of their power than in their rising greatness. Nevertheless, among the upper classes and the refined, their use was largely resorted to. In their baths and dining chambers the richest and most costly perfumes were abundant. Three kinds were principally used,—solid unguents, liquid unguents, and powdered perfumes. One of those most in favor with the Romans was saffron; they had not only their apartments and banquetting-halls strewn with this plant, but they also composed with it unguents and essences, which were highly prized. "Some of the latter were often made to flow in small streams at their entertainments, or to descend in odorous dews over the public from the velarium forming the roof of the amphitheatre." In addition to their liquid essences and unguents, they also made use of an immense variety of cosmetics for improving and preserving the complexion. These, according to Pliny, who describes their preparation, were certain kinds of pastes or poultices, that were kept on the face all night, and part of the day; some, indeed, only removed them for the purpose of going out, alluded to by Juvenal, in one of his Satires, where he says, "A Roman husband seldom sees his wife's face at home, but when she sallies forth." Another device, besides poulticing, was tried by Poppæa, the wife of Nero, "who used to bathe in asses' milk every day, and when she was exiled from Rome, obtained permission to take with her fifty asses to enable her to continue her favorite ablutions."

Our author devotes some pages of his work at the end of each chapter, on the Roman and Greek periods, to detailing the different modes of dressing the hair then prevalent, which may possibly have an interest to some, but seems rather apart from the general object of his work. It does not appear, however, amidst all their elaborations for that purpose, that they had reached our climax in hair-dressing by machinery.

Among the Orientals, in all times of their history, a taste for perfumes has prevailed, and at the present day all classes seek to gratify it to their utmost according to their means. "It is cultivated among ladies, who, caring little or nothing for mental acquirements, and debarred from the pleasures of society, are driven to resort to such sensual enjoyments as their secluded life will afford. They love to be in an atmosphere redolent with fragrant odors, that keep them in a state of dreamy languor, which is for them the nearest approach to happiness. Many are the cosmetics brought into use to enhance their charms, and numerous are the slaves who lend their assistance to perform that important task, some correcting with a whitening paste the over-warm tint of the skin, some replacing with an artificial bloom the faded roses of the complexion." A deduction is here made by Mr. Rimmel, which is perhaps rather ambiguous, and certainly seems to be opposed to most common notions of beautifying the person by artificial means. After describing the "red-tipped fingers" and "darkened eyelids" of these fair creatures, he says: "And it may fairly be presumed that the constant cares which they bestow

upon themselves have the effect of increasing and preserving their beauty." We had thought that all such face adornments spoiled the natural complexion, and it is perhaps hardly what the author means, for an extract is given from the traveller Sonnini, that more alludes to the benefits of "bathing" and "cleanliness," which are doubtless good beauty preservers, than to any other superficial device. The answer given by Beau Brummel to the person who asked him what perfume he used for his linen, showed a good appreciation of Nature's own cosmetics, in the general make-up of his appointments,—"Country air and country washing," said the Beau. These Oriental dames, or any other ladies desirous of arresting the ravages of time, and preserving their charms, would also perhaps find this as good a recipe for that purpose as any other artificial cosmetic. "Good airing" was indeed an especial requisite in many things with Brummel. He never went out in the morning until the day was well aired.

It is a very common but true analogy that is so often drawn between the infancy of man and the infancy of a nation. In both, the faculties are undirected and unexpanded; in the former from their own natural imperfection, and in the latter from the want of suitable objects for their development. The olfactories of children are not nice in their discrimination, and those of any untutored people show equally fantastic preferences, and would perhaps select some of the most rancid smells to the finest productions in the perfumer's laboratory. Such was the case in the early stages of our own history in this country. "The Druids knew, however, and highly prized, the numerous aromatic plants indigenous to the soil. Druidesses crowned their brows with verberna, and composed with fragrant herbs mysterious balms which cured the heroes' wounds, and enhanced the charms of the fair." The Roman conquest introduced the graceful costumes and elaborate cosmetics of Italy, and the provinces soon rivalled the metropolis in elegance and refinement. Barbarism, however, again supervened, and "perfumes did not come into general use in England until the reign of Elizabeth. In the fifteenth year of her reign, the Earl of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things, and that year the Queen had a pair of perfumed gloves. She took such pleasure in these gloves, that she was pictured with them upon her hands, and for many years afterwards it was called the Earl of Oxford's perfume. On another occasion, when visiting the University of Cambridge, she was presented with a pair of perfumed gloves, and was so delighted with them that she put them on at once. She also usually carried with her a pomander, which was a ball composed of ambergris, benzoin, and other perfumes, and with the gift of a "faire gyrdle of pomander," which was a series of pomanders strung together and worn round the neck. These pomanders were supposed to be preservatives from infection.

The manufacture for extracting the aroma of flowers and plants is carried on chiefly in the South of France, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Algeria, India,—in fact, wherever the climate gives to flowers and plants that intensity of odor necessary for a profitable extraction.

The proposal to cultivate flowers in England for perfumery purposes has ever been found impracticable. "However beautiful in form and color they

may be, they do not possess the intensity of odor required for extraction, and the greater part of those used in France for perfumery would only grow here in hot-houses. The only flower which could be had in abundance would be the rose, but the smell of it is faint compared with that of the Southern rose; and the rose-water made in this country can never equal the French in strength. If we add to this the shortness of the flowering season, and the high price of land and labor, we may arrive at the conclusion that such a speculation would be as bad as that of attempting to make wine from English grapes. The only perfumery ingredients in which England really excels are lavender and peppermint; but that is owing to the very cause which would militate against the success of other flowers in this country, for our moist and moderate climate gives those two plants the mildness of fragrance for which they are prized, whilst in France and other warm countries they grow strong and rank."

The four processes in use for extracting the aroma from fragrant substances are, distillation, expression, maceration, and absorption. Grasse, Cannes, and Nice, all in the South of France, are the principal towns where the maceration and absorption processes are carried on, and above a hundred houses are engaged in these operations, and in the distillation of essential oils, giving employment during the flower season to ten thousand people. The manufacture of scents, soaps, cosmetics, and other toilet requisites is carried on chiefly in London and Paris, which may be called the head-quarters of perfumery, and the emporium for all other parts of the world. The products of Germany, Russia, Spain, and the United States are mostly counterparts of the London and Paris manufacturers.

The principal manufactures of toilet-soap are in London, where there are about sixty into which female labor has been introduced for nearly twenty years. The English toilet-soaps are the very best that are made. The French come next, and those of Germany are the worst.

In concluding his chapter on the commerce of perfumes, Mr. Rimmel offers a few words of advice to ladies on the choice of their perfumes and cosmetics, which, coming from so competent an authority, cannot but be thankfully received. "The selection of a perfume is entirely a matter of taste; and I should no more presume to dictate to a lady which scent she should choose than I would to an epicure what wine he is to drink; yet I may say to the nervous, use simple extracts of flowers, which can never hurt you, in preference to compounds which generally contain musk and other ingredients likely to affect the head. Above all, avoid strong, coarse perfumes, and remember, that if a woman's temper may be told from her handwriting, her good taste and good breeding may as easily be ascertained by the perfume she uses. Whilst a lady charms us with the delicate ethereal fragrance she sheds around her, aspiring vulgarity will as surely betray itself by a *mouchoir* redolent of common perfumes.

"Hair preparations are like medicines, and must be varied according to the consumer. For some, pomatum is preferable; for others, oil; whilst some again require neither, and should use hair-washes or lotions. A mixture of lime-juice and glycerine has lately been introduced, and has met with great success, for it clears the hair from pellicles, the usual cause of premature baldness. For all these things, however, personal experience is the best guide.

"Soap is an article of large consumption, and

some people cannot afford to pay much for it; yet I would say avoid *very cheap* soaps, which irritate the skin, owing to the excess of alkali which they contain. Good soaps are now manufactured at a very moderate price by the principal London perfumers, and ought to satisfy the most economical. White, yellow, and brown are the best colors to select. Tooth-powders are preferable to tooth-pastes. The latter may be pleasanter to use; but the former are certainly more beneficial.

"Lotions for the complexion require, of all other cosmetics, to be carefully prepared. Some are composed with mineral poisons, which render them dangerous to use, although they may be effectual in curing certain skin diseases. There ought to be always a distinction made between those intended for healthy skins and those that are to be used for cutaneous imperfections; besides, the latter may be easily removed without having recourse to any violent remedies.

"Paints for the face I cannot conscientiously recommend. Rouge is innocuous in itself, being made of cochineal and safflower; but whites are often made of deadly poisons, such as cost poor Zelgar his life a few months since. The best white ought to be made of mother-of-pearl; but it is not often so prepared. To professional people, who cannot dispense with these, I must only recommend great care in their selection; but to others I would say, cold water, fresh air, and exercise are the best recipes for health and beauty, for no borrowed charms can equal those of

'A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted.'

"The materials of perfumery may be divided, according to their nature, into twelve series,—animal, floral, herbal, andropogon, citrine, spicy, ligneous, radical, seminal, balmy or resinous, fruity, and artificial.

"The animal series comprises only three substances,—musk, civet, and ambergris. Musk is a secretion found in a pocket or pod under the belly of the musk-deer, a ruminant which inhabits the higher mountain ranges of China, Thibet, and Tonquin: the male alone yields the celebrated perfume, the best coming from Tonquin. The odor of musk is also to be found, though in a less degree, in the musk-ox, the musk-rat, and musk-duck. A musky fragrance likewise occurs in some vegetables, as the well-known yellow-flowered musk-plant, but its intensity is not sufficient for extraction.

"Civet is the glandular secretion of an animal of the feline tribe, found in Africa and India.

"Ambergris is now ascertained to be generated by the large-headed spermaceti whale, and is the result of a diseased state of the animal, which either throws up the morbid substance, or dies of the malady and is eaten up by other fishes. In either case it becomes loose, and is picked up floating on the sea or worked ashore.

"The floral series includes all flowers available for perfumery purposes,—hitherto limited to eight,—jasmine, rose, orange, tuberose, cassia, violet, jonquil, and narcissus. Of all these the rose is queen,—the queen of flowers,—but to the perfumer deriving its principal charm from the delicious fragrance with which Nature has endowed it. He obtains from it an essential oil, a distilled water, a perfumed oil, and a pomade. Even its withered leaves are rendered available to form the ground of sachet powder, for they retain their scent for a considerable time.

"The violet is one of the most charming odors in nature. It is a scent which pleases all, even the most delicate and nervous; and it is no wonder that it should be in such universal request.

"Lavender was extensively used by the Romans in their baths, whence its name, from *lavare*, 'to wash.' It is a nice *clean* scent and an old and deserving favorite. The best lavender is grown at Mitcham in Surrey, and at Hitchin in Hertfordshire. Mr. James Bridges, the largest English distiller of lavender and peppermint, has three gigantic stills in operation at Mitcham, each able to contain about one thousand gallons."

The "Book of Perfumes" is a work that owes its existence to the Society of Arts and the Great Exhibition. Mr. Rimmel was called upon by the former to prepare a paper on the Art of Perfumery, its History and Commercial Development; and to qualify himself for the task, he says he had to devour a huge pile of big books, in order to see how the ancients ministered to the gratification of the olfactory senses. Then two years later, being called upon by the jury at the Exhibition to draw up the official report of the perfumery class, he thus gained so complete an insight into the world of sweet smells that he was induced to publish in the "Englishwoman's Magazine" a series of articles on the subject. Hence the nucleus of the work.

AUTHORS' RIGHTS AND GAINS IN FRANCE.

THE contrast between the sums paid for Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Byron's "Childe Harold," or any other great modern work, is a standing source of popular astonishment; though, when taken in connection with the other great changes which the world has seen, there is really nothing exceptional about the case. The same has happened in France, which also goes to prove that the change is the result of a general progression, and not of accident. Certain facts of this kind have been published of late, and have attracted attention.

For instance, we are told that in the seventeenth century Chapelain received 3,000 francs for his first and second editions of "La Pucelle," and that great indignation was then expressed that certain popular authors should receive such large sums, while poor writers were compelled to write verses by the bushel to get a crust. It is said that in Chapelain's time verses were paid for at the rate of four francs a hundred for long, and two francs a hundred for shorts,—not a grand rate certainly; but then, be it remembered, the poor writer could live for a week on four francs; and his verses were, to tell the truth, frequently quite as poor as himself.

Boileau is said to have sold "Le Lutrin" for 600 francs; Racine to have received only 200 for the manuscripts of "Andromaque"; Diderot 600 for his "Pensées Philosophiques," while Letourneur got only 400 francs for his translation of Young's "Night Thoughts," which made the publisher's fortune, and Rousseau got 6,000 francs for the manuscript of "Emile," really a large sum for the period; but Delille received only 400 francs for his translation of the *Georgics*. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre sold his first work, the "Voyage à l'Île de France," for 1,000 francs, about the same time that Goldsmith got half as much again for one of the best romances ever penned in any country.

Coming down to more recent days, it appears that the *Constitutionnel* newspaper paid Eugène

Sue 100,000 francs for the "Juif Errant," in ten volumes, and the *Débats* 160,000 francs for the "Mystères de Paris"; and it was thought marvelous that Dumas, Sue, and others should obtain a shilling a line for their contributions to the *feuilletons* of the journals. The other day a new system of payment was hit upon, Alexandre Dumas receiving two centimes per letter for his "San Felice," published in *La Presse*, or about sevenpence a line. Frédéric Soulié, for the "Mémoires du Diable," which made his reputation, received 50,000 francs.

George Sand wrote her first novel, in conjunction with Jules Sandeau, and the two received 400 francs between them for their work; "Indiana," by the lady alone, was sold for 1,000 francs; now, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* pays her 500 francs a sheet for her contributions. In 1823 Victor Hugo's romance of "Hans d'Islande" gained him only 300 francs; "Les Misérables" has already produced him more than a thousand times that sum. It is said that the publisher of the "Mémoires de Thérèse" has made about 20,000 francs by that very popular and refined production!

The position of a popular dramatic author in France is regal; his rights, established in 1653, bear magnificent fruit. Scribe left a fortune of 4,000,000 francs, having commenced by making just £5 by his first work. At the Grand Opéra a sum of 500 francs is divided nightly between the composer and librettist; at the Opéra Comique the author receives one eighth and a half of the gross receipts for a piece of three acts, one sixth and a half for two, and one sixth for one act; at the Français he receives fifteen per cent of the proceeds when his piece occupies the whole evening, and so on in proportion; the Odéon allots twelve per cent in like manner. The principal minor theatres give ten per cent, and at the Châtelet, which makes the largest receipts, the author's portion has often amounted to 1,000 francs a night; the little theatres in the outskirts of Paris pay 12, 22, and 30 francs each evening for pieces of one, two, or three acts respectively; lastly, the provincial theatres are divided into five classes, the first paying 40 or 50 francs, and the last 3 or 4 francs per night.

There are in Paris, at the present moment, four operas, two imperial theatres, seven vaudeville and *genre* theatres, twelve minor houses of all kinds, three equestrian theatres, and six or seven small theatres in the *banlieue*, making in all thirty-five, so that dramatic authors have a wide field, and they do not neglect its cultivation. Authors of reputation obtain premiums in addition to the above *droits d'auteur*; and, moreover, often make a considerable sum by the sale of the manuscript to a publisher.

Alexandre Dumas is said to have received 11,000 francs for his "Mariage sous Louis XV." in premiums alone; and each piece of M. Sardon is said to produce him on an average, all included, about 80,000 francs. Some fairy pieces have produced sums almost as fabulous as their plots; "Rothomago" is said to have yielded its author nearly 100,000 francs, and the "Pied de Mouton" more than that amount. Corneille received 4,000 francs for "Attila" and "Bérénice," and was thought to have discovered a mine of wealth.

It is quite evident that it is not want of patronage that prevents the French dramatists of the present time from rivalling Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Beaumarchais; but they doubtless know

the measure of their patrons' tastes, and are too cautious to break the golden thread that binds them, and fly, like Pegasus, to the region of the Gods.

CLUB-LIFE IN LONDON.

OF the several books of gossip about London that Mr. Timbs has lately been shaping out of notes collected by him during many previous years, this certainly is the best.* The first volume contains notices of a hundred London clubs and their most famous members. The second volume contains more miscellaneous gossip about London coffee-houses and London taverns.

Mr. Timbs begins by controverting Mr. Carlyle's speculation that the word club is a relic, "in a singularly dwindled condition," of the Vow or *Gelübde* of the chivalrous societies common six or seven hundred years ago. The Templars, Hospitallers, and others never called their orders clubs; and the noun is evidently derived from the old verb "to club"; that is, to join in partnership for anything. The word club in its social sense coincides in its spelling only by an accident with the quite different word club that means a bludgeon or a cudgel. The two words are of different origin, the social idea of clubbing, applied to the division of an expense among several persons,—as when Steele wrote in the *Tatler*, "we were resolved to club for a coach,"—is from the Anglo-Saxon *cleofan*, to cleave or divide. It was applied in that sense to social meetings at which men clubbed together their several shares to produce some common result. The Pall-Mall club conveys in its name simply the fact of joint contribution by its members to maintain an institution common to them all. "We now use the word club for a sodality in a tavern," said Aubrey, about 1659; and the Rota, meeting at the Turk's Head, in New Palace yard, seems to have been almost the first society that called itself a club. The pleasant meetings at the Mermaid Tavern and the Devil, near Temple Bar, of Ben Jonson's days, were not known as clubs till long after their foundation.

The name began with the political clubs like the Rota, founded in 1659. It immediately had a crowd of imitators and rivals, designed to give expression to all sorts of political views, as well as to provide pleasant occupation for their various members. "Man is said to be a sociable animal," wrote Addison, "and as an instance of it we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance."

The fanciful clubs described in the *Spectator* were hardly beyond the truth. There was the Beefsteak Club, and the October Club, where, said Swift, "above a hundred Parliament men who drink October beer meet to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs"; the Saturday Club, of which Swift was a member, although he grumbled at the number of its members and the weakness of its wit, and the Brothers' Club, of

* Club-Life in London; with Anecdotes of the Clubs, Coffee Houses, and Taverns of the Metropolis, during the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries. By JOHN TIMBS, F.R.S. In Two Volumes.

which he himself was the founder. "We take in none," he said, "but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we began, no other club in this town will be worth talking of." The Brothers' was broken up in 1714, to be followed by the Scriblerus Club, also founded by Swift, with Oxford and St. John, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay for members. The Calves Head Club was established "in ridicule of the memory of Charles the First"; and the King's Head Club was organized for the support of Charles the Second's government. These, and others like them, were violent enough; but very much worse were such clubs as the Mohocks, described in the *Spectator*, and the Hell-fire, with the Duke of Wharton for its high-priest of debauchery and profaneness. Very much worthier was the Kit Kat Club, of which Mr. Timbs gives an account, differing much from that recently included in Mr. Knight's "Shadows of the Old Booksellers."

The Royal Society Club is the oldest now in existence. It originated with Dr. Halley, who "used to come on a Tuesday from Greenwich, the Royal Observatory, to Child's Coffee-House, where literary people met for conversation." The talk lasted so long that they were often troubled where to get their dinner. At last they arranged, according to the old letter-writer quoted by Mr. Timbs, "to go to a house in Dean's court, between an alehouse and a tavern, where there was a great draught of porter. It was kept by one Reynell. It was agreed that one of the company should go and buy fish in Newgate street, having first informed himself how many meant to stay and dine. The ordinary and liquor usually came to half a crown, and the dinner only consisted of fish and pudding. Dr. Halley never ate anything but fish, for he had no teeth." That was in 1731. Before long Reynell took the King's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Dr. Halley and his friends went with him, "and they began to have a little meat." On Halley's death his friends removed to the Mitre, in Fleet Street, and there, in 1743, established the Club of Royal Philosophers. Fifty years later the name was changed to the Royal Society Club, and as such, in various houses, it has flourished to this day.

The oldest clubs of Pall Mall and its neighborhood were founded soon after. Arthur's and White's, originally coffee-houses, became famous as clubs about the middle of the eighteenth century. Boodle's was founded about 1773, and Brookes's in 1778. All were great gaming-places, and famous as the resort of Fox and Sheridan, Selwyn, Garrick, and others of that time, about whom Mr. Timbs collects a batch of curious anecdotes. . . .

There was heavier gambling at White's than at Brookes's.

"At White's, the least difference of opinion invariably ended in a bet, and a book for entering the particulars of all bets was always laid upon the table; one of these, with entries of a date as early as 1744, Mr. Cunningham tells us, had been preserved. A book for entering bets is still laid on the table.

"In these betting-books are to be found bets on births, deaths, and marriages; the length of a life, or the duration of a ministry; the placeman's prospect of a coronet; on the shock of an earthquake; or the last scandal at Ranelagh, or Madame Cornely's. A man dropped down at the door of White's; he was carried into the house. Was he dead or not? The odds were immediately given and taken for and against. It was proposed to bleed him. Those who had taken the odds the man was dead protested that

the use of a lancet would affect the fairness of the bet.

"Walpole gives some of these narratives as good stories 'made on White's.' A parson coming into the Club on the morning of the earthquake of 1750, and hearing bets laid whether the shock was caused by an earthquake or the blowing-up of powder-mills, went away in horror, protesting they were such an impious set, that he believed if the last trump were to sound they would bet puppet-show against Judgment. Gilly Williams writes to Selwyn, 1764, 'Lord Digby is very soon to be married to Miss Fielding.' Thousands might have been won in this house (White's), on his Lordship not knowing that such a being existed.

"One of the youth at White's,' writes Walpole to Mann, July 10, 1744, 'has committed a murder, and intends to repeat it. He betted £1,500 that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship, by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since. Another man and ship are to be tried for their lives, instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin.'

One of the earliest clubs of the modern or tertiary period is "The Athenæum." It was started in 1824 at a meeting in the rooms of the Royal Society, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Walter Scott, Chantrey, and Sir Thomas Lawrence being among those present, and Professor Faraday acting as secretary. It was then agreed to establish the club as "The Society." Its name was afterwards changed to "The Athenæum," and in 1830 it was lodged in the building it now occupies, a building designed by Decimus Burton according to Greek architecture, with a frieze exactly copied from the Panathenaic procession in the frieze of the Parthenon, and with Baily's figure of Minerva over its Doric entrance portico.

The Reform Club, it need hardly be said, was established by the Liberal members of Parliament, who were working together in 1830-32 for the carrying of the Reform Bill. It was lodged in Great George Street and in Gwydyr House, Whitehall, until the end of 1837, when its present home was built from the design of Barry.

The Carlton, founded by the Duke of Wellington in 1831, had in 1836 a new house built for it in Pall Mall from the designs of Sydney Smirke, who rebuilt it in 1854 on a more sumptuous scale as a copy of Sansovino's Library of St. Mark at Venice. A combination of Sansovino's Library of St. Mark and his Palazzo Cornaro was designed by Messrs. Parnell and Smith for the Army and Navy Club house, opened in 1851. Upon these and all such matters Mr. Timbs faithfully gives the information to be looked for in a book like his.

About all the later clubs, coming down to the Whittington, started in 1846, with Douglas Jerrold for its first president, Mr. Timbs has abundance of facts and anecdotes. He then turns back two hundred years to talk of the old coffee-houses and taverns. The oldest taverns were very old indeed. The Anglo-Saxons had their wine-houses and guest-houses, and the same places were carried on as taverns from the time of the Norman conquest. Chaucer tells how the 'prentices of his time "loved better the tavern than the shop," and to this day the indentures of all city apprentices stipulate that they shall not "haunt taverns." Shakespeare's account of the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, is true for the taverns of his own time, though hardly for the days of Henry the Fourth; and there are many

other pictures of tavern-life under Queen Elizabeth and James the First.

"Bishop Earle, who wrote in the first half of the seventeenth century, has left this 'character' of a tavern of his time: 'A tavern is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of stairs above an alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose be at the door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the ivy-bush. It is a broacher of more news than hogsheads, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spongy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise, and this music above is answered with a clinking below. The drawers are the civillest people in it, — men of good bringing up; and howsoever we esteem them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theatre of natures, where they are truly acted, not played, and the business, as in the rest of the world, up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, — to see heads, as brittle as glasses, and often broken; men come hither to quarrel, and come here to be made friends; and if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it is even Telephus's sword that makes wounds, and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or the maker away of a rainy day. It is the torrid zone that scorches the face, and tobacco the gunpowder that blows it up. Much harm would be done if the charitable vintner had not water ready for the flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out; and it is like those countries far in the north, where it is as clear at midnight as at midday. After a long sitting it becomes like a street in a dashing shower, where the spouts are flushing above, and the conduits running below, etc. To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of comedy their book, whence we leave them.'"

It was about then that coffee-houses came into fashion, almost, if not quite, the first being that founded by Thomas Garway, or Garraway, in 1651. It, Jonathan's, and Lloyd's soon became famous haunts of city merchants and stock-jobbers, continuing their fame to the present day. Others, without number, were soon opened in all other parts of London.

"A cabinet picture of the coffee-house life of a century and a half since is thus given in the well-known 'Journey through England' in 1714. 'I am lodged,' says the tourist, 'in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: — We rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve the *beau monde* assemble in several coffee or chocolate houses; the best of which are the Cocoa-tree and White's Chocolate-Houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British Coffee-Houses; and all these so near one another that in less than an hour you see the prom-

pany of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap, — a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour, — and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice.

"If it be fine weather, we take a turn into the Park till two, when we go to dinner; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at piquet or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna or St. James's. I must not forget to tell you that the parties have their different places, — where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-house, St. James's.

"The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houses much frequented in this neighborhood, — Young Man's for officers, Old Man's for stock-jobbers, paymasters, and courtiers, and Little Man's for sharpers. I never was so confounded in my life as when I entered into this last: I saw two or three tables full at faro, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above stairs, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at faro to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them.

"At two, we generally go to dinner; ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three good ones, for the convenience of foreigners, in Suffolk Street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here is to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to, and nobly entertained."

We commend Mr. Timbs's book as one of the pleasantest that can be turned to for gossiping information about London life during the past two hundred years. His subject introduces him to nearly all the greatest politicians, wits, playwrights, and merchants of London since the days of Charles the Second, and he handles it in the best possible way.

BELGIAN BONE CAVES.

THE explorations of the Belgian bone caves, which have been carried on for some time past by MM. Van Beneden and Dupont, have been referred to several times in the pages of *The Reader*. We have now to lay before our readers an account of the progress of the work up to the end of November last, and for this purpose we make use of a report recently presented by M. Dupont to the Belgian Minister of the Interior. We may premise that all the bone caves in this locality furnish indisputable evidence of one fact, viz.: that the cave-dwellers were destroyed by a sudden inundation, which covered the whole of Belgium and the North of France, the evidences of which M. Dupont finds in the *limon* of Hesbaye and the yellow clay of the fields, and in the peculiar arrangement of the *débris* in the caverns. The cave at present under examination was discovered in May last, and is situated on the banks of the river Lesse, opposite the hamlet of Chaleux, about a mile and a half from the well-known Furfooz cave.

At an epoch long before that of its habitation by man, this cavern was traversed by a chemical spring

It is well lighted, is easy of access, and its situation is most picturesque. The number of objects found in this cave is enormous, and would appear to point to an extended period of occupation by these primitive people. The *grand trou de Chaleux*, as M. Van Beneden has proposed to call it, has also been subjected to the inundation, but the contents have been preserved almost intact, and this circumstance gives a value to the discoveries which was to some extent wanting in the Furfooz caves. According to M. Dupont's theory, the former inhabitants of the cave, warned by the dangerous cracks in the walls and ceiling, suddenly abandoned their dwelling-place, leaving behind them their tools, ornaments, and the remains of their meals. Soon afterwards the roof and sides fell in, and the pieces thus detached covered the floor. In this manner the remains have been preserved from the action of the waters, and have remained undisturbed until the present day. The unfortunate inhabitants doubtless saw in this occurrence the manifestation of a superior power, since the cavern does not appear to have been inhabited after this period, only a few worked flints and bones, probably the result of an occasional visit, having been discovered on the upper surface of the cavern.

An important point seems to be established by M. Dupont's researches, — viz. the extended commercial relations of these primitive peoples. The flint which was used for the manufacture of their implements is not that of Belgium, but, according to M. de Mortillet, was brought from Touraine. Several specimens of fossil shells, most of which had been perforated, probably for the purpose of being strung together, and worn as ornaments, were collected, and were submitted to M. Nyst, the well-known palæontologist. He recognized most of them as belonging to the calcaire grossier of Courtaignon, near Rheims. Two species belonged to the department of Seine-et-Oise. Some fragments of jet and a few sharks' teeth were from the same locality. "We cannot therefore deny," says M. Dupont, "the relations of these men with Champagne, whilst there is no evidence to show their connection with Hainaut and the province of Liège, which could have also furnished them with their flint."

Amongst other objects brought to light during the excavations were the forearm of an elephant, which appears to be that of the mammoth of Siberia, an animal which did not exist in Belgium at that epoch.

"When we reflect that, till within a comparatively short time, these bones were looked upon as those of a race of giants, and gifted with miraculous powers, we cannot be surprised that our inhabitants of the caverns of the Lesse, whose civilization may be compared to that of those African nations who are sunk in the darkest depths of fetichism, attributed similar properties to those enormous bones which were placed as a fetich near their hearth."

Judging from the quantity of bones found in the cavern, the principal food of these cave-dwellers was the flesh of the horse. M. Dupont collected nine hundred and thirty-seven molar teeth belonging to this animal, a number which corresponds to about forty heads, supposing each set of teeth to be complete. The marrow seems to have been in great request, all the long bones having been broken, so as to extract it. Most of them retain traces of incisions made by their flint tools. The large number of bones of water-rats would also lead us to suppose that they formed a part of the food of these people, as did the badger, hare, and boar.

The number of objects obtained from this cavern is greater than that obtained from the whole of the caves previously explored. Of worked flints, in various stages of manufacture, thirty thousand were collected. Besides these, M. Dupont obtained several cubic metres of bones of all kinds, the horses' teeth already mentioned, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous articles.

The facts acquired by the excavations at Chaleux, combined with those obtained at the Furfooz caves, form a striking picture of the early ages of man in Belgium. "These ancient people and their customs reappear, after having been forgotten for thousands of years, and like the fabulous bird in whose ashes are found the germ of a new life, antiquity becomes regenerated from its own *débris*. We see them in their dark, subterranean dwellings, surrounding the hearth, which is protected by the supernatural power of immense, fantastically-shaped bones, engaged in patiently making their flint tools and utensils of reindeer horn, in the midst of pestilential emanations from the animal remains, which their indifference allowed them to retain in their dwelling. The skins of wild beasts, having the hair removed, were stitched together by the aid of their sharpened flints and ivory needles, and served as clothing. We see them pursuing wild animals, armed with arrows and lances tipped with a barb of flint. We take part in their feasts, where a horse, bear, or reindeer replaces, on days when their hunting has been successful, the tainted flesh of the rat, their only resource against famine. Their trading extended as far as the regions now forming part of France, from whose inhabitants they obtained shells, jet, with which they delight to ornament themselves, and the flint which is so valuable to them. But a falling-in of the roof drives them from their principal dwelling, in which lie buried the objects of their faith and their domestic utensils, and they are forced to seek another habitation. . . . We know nothing certain of the relation of these people with those of earlier times. Had they ancestors in this country? The great discoveries of our illustrious compatriot Schmerling, and those which Professor Malaise has made at Enghien, seem to prove that the men whose traces I have brought to light on the Lesse did not belong to the indigenous races of Belgium, but were only the successors of the more ancient population. I have even met with certain evidences of our primordial ancestors at Chaleux, but the trail was lost as soon as found. Our knowledge of these ancestors stops short at this point."

We have given in the above abstract an account of the most important features in M. Dupont's report, which is of great interest. We trust that these explorations, which have been carried on at the expense of the government, will be continued.

MR. TUPPER'S WORK AS A POET.*

ALL the greater poets have formed the taste which they themselves satisfy. Every one has remarked the struggle through which Wordsworth had to pass before, in the evening of his days, he found a generation in whom he had instilled a thirst for the "lonely rapture of lonely minds," and full of gratitude for the clear draughts of melody with which he slaked that thirst. Even Mr. Tennyson had to fight his way over minds that rebelled against

* *Moxon's Miniature Poets. A Selection from the Works of MARTIN PARQUER TUPPER, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.*

the rich double blossoms and heavy hyacinth-like odors of a style so saturated with sentiment, till they learned to long for the beauty they had at first despised. The same may be said with even more obvious truth of the rugged humor and keen imaginative fidelity of Mr. Browning's muse. And so we cannot wonder that it is comparatively late in his career before Martin Farquhar Tupper has wrung for himself the vacant throne waiting for him among the immortals, and after a long and glorious term of popularity among those who know when their hearts are touched without being able to justify their taste to the intellect, has been adopted by the suffrage of mankind and the final decree of publishers into the same rank with Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. Mr. Tupper is quite conscious that the critical moment of his fame has at length arrived. In a preface marked by his usual sententious wisdom, he explains why he asked the admission which has not been denied him to this brotherhood of poets:—

"It has occurred to me to request the famous poetical Sosii of Dover Street to authorize a Selection from my various Rhymes and Rhythms in Moxon's Miniature Series, and aware (as I needs must be by this time) that I have readers and friends in many nooks and corners of our habitable globe, I have done my best to fill this niche, and to answer my publishers' purpose as well as my own, by grouping as a Selection, not alone several such poems as the world has been kind enough heretofore to mint-mark with its approbation, but also some that have been found fault with, and others that are quite new. A man who has run the gauntlet of so-called criticism fearlessly and successfully for wellnigh thirty years, is not at this hour careful to catch vain praises, or to escape from as vain censures. Let us all retain our opinions peaceably; and if any one will honestly judge an author, let him first read his works,—the very last thing thought of by certain professional critics. Englishmen, however, of every class, are in the main lovers of fair play, especially when all that is asked of them is an open field and no favor. To such I commend this beautifully printed volume as a mere book specimen worthy of the Elzevirs.

"MARTIN F. TUPPER.

"ALBURY, December, 1865."

A man of less accurate mind would have thought it needless to point out that his popularity extends only to the *habitable* globe, but it is one of the distinctions which has endeared Mr. Tupper to his many admirers, that he brings out into clear view those universal and half-unconscious assumptions of human thought, the indisputable character of which is recognized as soon as they are put down in his massive and lucid English before the readers. The public will hail with satisfaction the award which assigns Mr. Tupper his place beside the great poets of our generation, and we cannot doubt that the noble company of the great poets who strove in vain for that recognition which Mr. Tupper has gloriously achieved, will rise up to ratify the judgment:—

"The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrunk like a thing reproved.

"And many more whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,

Rose robed in dazzling immortality.

'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry;
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid a heaven of song.

Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng."

If such a winged throne could be kept for Keats, with his rich and sensuous but unhuman imaginings, how much larger and steadier a seat must be reserved for the graceful, intellectual embonpoint, the large, full-bottomed humanity of Tupper's cheery genius. Oblivion never "shrank like a thing reproved" as it shrinks beneath the accents we have already quoted of our own domestic poet, no less "sublimely mild" than Sidney's. Tupper indeed has not yet left us, and long may his throne swing kingless in unascended majesty, if that soft vespers light is to set for us before it rises for them. But this is at least the moment which prefigures his reception among the immortals, and the fitting time therefore to say a word of his extraordinary powers.

As we began by remarking, Tupper has formed the taste which he satisfies. To one not familiar with Tupper there is a certain disappointment at first, such as many complained of in reading, for instance, Wordsworth's lines written near Tintern Abbey, in the meditative egotism which may be observed in him no less than in Wordsworth. The disciples of Wordsworth are reconciled to this by the necessarily prophetic character of those who bring new lessons to mankind. As a thoughtful critic wrote, "It came to pass in those days that William Wordsworth went up into the hills." And that no doubt suggested the true character of Wordsworth's poetic mission. With Mr. Tupper the explanation is somewhat different. He, too, as he tells us, "magnifies his office," but the egotism essential to him is not a mere consequence of the simplest way of reporting the thoughts which came to the writer, as in Wordsworth's case, for he is not so much the mere canal of his thoughts, the aqueduct by which they reach us, as the very object and substance of most of his finest thoughts, the vision itself, no less than the stage on which the vision appears. This is the first stumbling-block to his disciples. But then, when they come to see what there is in that genial personality, that it is a sort of glorified Anglo-Saxon essence which frankly unveils itself under the mere appearance of egotism, the apparent stumbling-block becomes a step to genuine admiration. Take, for instance, the following gay and delicate verses on Mr. Tupper's "beautiful brain," seeming to paint the first singing, as it were, of the kettle of genius before the evaporation of prose into verse begins,—lines which, with a significant meaning, which we shall presently understand, Mr. Tupper has named "Sloth."

"SLOTH.

"A little more sleep, a little more slumber,
A little more folding the hands to sleep,
For quick-footed dreams, without order or number,
Over my mind are beginning to creep,—
Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured
By your wild whispers, my Fanciful train,
And, like a linnet, be carelessly captured
In the soft nets of my beautiful brain.

"Touch not these curtains! your hand will be tearing
Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things;—
Call me not!—your oral voice will be scaring
Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings:
Leave me, O leave me! for in your rude presence
Nothing of all my bright world can remain,—
Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasure,
Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain!

"Cease your dull lecture on cares and employment,
Let me forget awhile trouble and strife,
Leave me to peace, — let me husband enjoyment,
This is the heart and the marrow of life!
For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures
Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,
Lazily listening the musical measures
Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain!

"Hush, — for the halo of calmness is spreading
Over my spirit as mild as a dove;
Hush, — for the angel of comfort is shedding
Over my body his vial of love;
Hush, — for new slumbers are over me stealing,
Thus would I court them again and again,
Hush, — for my heart is intoxicate, — reeling
In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain!"

The seeming egotism of this poem, attributing, as it appears to do, beauty of a high order even to the whitish-brown nerve-tissue of Mr. Tupper's brain itself, vanishes as soon as its extraordinary subtlety and boldness of conception are fully perceived. Mr. Tupper, dream-absorbed, and caught in the soft nets of his own beautiful brain, — Mr. Tupper, finding any disturbing agency, whether of domestic servant or of that "hind" elsewhere more than once referred to by him, or indeed of any other interrupting influence, a blot on the intrinsic beauty of the brain in the network of which he is a struggling captive, — Mr. Tupper, half-lulled again by the "sweet vision" in that beautiful brain, — finally, Mr. Tupper's heart reeling "in the swift waltz" of his beautiful brain, — are all, especially the last, metaphors so bold that the earnest student of his poetry is driven to look beneath the surface. And there he sees at once that the poet sees really in himself the genius of England, — that he sees that it is the peculiar danger of England to be even too much ruled by her intellectual class, to be caught, in short, "in the soft net of her beautiful brain," — that the agency which is most unpleasantly awakening her, and preventing her from giving herself up to that influence, is the true "blot on her beautiful brain," namely, the laboring class, giving rise no doubt to the condition-of-England question, — that, in spite of this awakening blot on the brain, the voice of the intellectual siren is still in danger of prevailing, — nay, that finally, the very heart of England is yielding to the intoxication, and whirling madly about in the swift waltz of the intellectual thoughts which can neither sober it nor govern themselves. And now we see why he has named the lines "Sloth." It is moral sloth which prevents the will and heart of England from asserting themselves against the toils laid for them by the morbidly active brain.

Mr. Tupper is often as impressive as this, but not often quite so subtle. You must study him indeed, like all great poets, to grasp his full greatness, but usually his apparent drift and his real drift are one and the same. And, as in this poem, he himself almost always stands, and usually without any sort of disguise, for the English character. Take, for instance, the grand lines on "Energy," beginning: —

"Indomitable merit
Of the stout old Saxon mind,
That makes a man inherit
The glories of his kind, —
That scatters all around him
Until he stands sublime,
With nothing to confound him,
The conqueror of Time."

The whole piece is unfortunately too long for quotation, but we must show how simply and powerfully, after this introduction to show us that he is really speaking of the English national mind, he glides

into his usual identification of that mind with his own representative personality. He speaks of the manifest destiny which urges on his own "energies ethereal," but he is only the microcosm in which we see the delineation of the macrocosm indicated at the commencement of the poem: —

"Unflinching and unfearing,
The flatterer of none,
And in good courage wearing
The honors I have won!
Let Circumstance oppose me,
I beat it to my will;
And if the flood o'erflows me,
I dive and stem it still, —
No hindering dull material
Shall conquer or control
My energies ethereal, —
My gladiator soul!
I will contrive occasion,
Not tamely bide my time;
No Capture, but Creation
Shall make my sport sublime!
Let lower spirits linger
For sign by beck or nod,
I always see the finger
Of an onward-urging God!"

How fine is that contrast: —

"My energies ethereal,
My gladiator soul."

An "ethereal gladiator," — that is what Mr. Tupper would make out of the strong Anglo-Saxon stuff of which his countrymen are made. That is what Mr. Tupper has already made out of himself.

But it is not only in teaching us to see really broad and comprehensive thoughts in the apparent egotism of his reflections that Mr. Tupper has educated the taste which he gratifies. As Wordsworth educated us to appreciate truly the (almost naked) simplicity which he always observed, so Tupper has educated us to appreciate truly a simplicity of another kind, — a cooing, domestic simplicity, almost *dovey* in its sweetness and innocence, which when closely associated with the strong Anglo-Saxon feelings we have described, — the "gladiator-soul" element of Mr. Tupper's poetry, — makes a very rare combination indeed. Take, for example, the second stanza in the poem called "*Fons Parnassi*," or "Solace of Song": —

"Ah! thou fairy fount of sweetness,
Well I wot how dear thou art
In thy purity and meekness
To my hot and thirsty heart,
When, with sympathetic fleetness,
I have raced from thought to thought,
And, arrayed in maiden neatness,
By her natural taste well taught,
Thy young Naiad, thy Pieria,
My melodious Egeria,
Winsomely finds out my fancies
Frank as Sappho, as unsought, —
And with innocent wife-like glances
Close beside my spirit dances,
As a sister Ariel ought, —
Tripping at her wanton will,
With unpremeditated skill,
Like a gushing mountain rill,
Or a bright Bacchante, reeling
Through the flights of thought and feeling,
Half concealing, half revealing,
Whate'er of spirit's fire,
Beauty kindling with desire,
Can be caught in Word's attire;
Evoe! Fons Parnassi,
Fons ebric Parnassi."

The unchastened mind, as yet uncultivated by Mr. Tupper's influence, will revolt against this, as the enemies of Wordsworth who composed the parody about "naughty Nancy Lake" rebelled against his

simplicity. But the dove of Mr. Tupper's muse will overcome them at last, and make them see the exquisite taste and feeling of "an innocent wife-like" Egeria,—how completely it rids us of any of the ambiguous feelings excited by the story of Numa and Egeria,—an Egeria, too, who does not dance in Mr. Tupper's presence at all without having her sister with her. Even so, we may perhaps a little regret some of the last lines. We don't think "an innocent wife-like" Egeria should have been at all like a Bacchante, even a Bacchante in "Word's attire," though we have no doubt that is a very respectable attire. We don't think the allusion quite in Mr. Tupper's ordinary tone. Still the innocent sweetness of the general conception is perhaps even enhanced by the slip.

The same exquisite purity of feeling shows itself in Mr. Tupper's love of crystals and all symbols of purity. The thoughts shooting through his brain when "the calm chaos-brooding dove" of Silence is present with him he likens to crystals, in spite of the partial painfulness of the suggestion of crystals dancing about in the soft net of a "beautiful brain."

"SILENCE.

"Dear Nurse of Thought, calm chaos-brooding dove,
Thee, Silence, well I love;
Mother of Fancy, friend and sister mine,
Silence, my heart is thine.

"Rarer than Eloquence, and sweeter far
Thy dulcet pauses are;
Stronger than Music, charm she ne'er so well,
Is, Silence, thy soft spell.

"The rushing crystals throb about my brain,
And thrill, and shoot again,—
Their teeming imagery crowds my sphere,
If Silence be but here."

There is no doubt a certain intentional incongruity between the dove-like character of Silence and her crystallizing *modus operandi* on the brain. The one is soft purity, the other hard purity; and Mr. Tupper means to teach us by the contrast how really consistent is the soft ebbing of domestic peace with the hard and luminous brilliance of poetic conception. He is very happy in conveying moral lessons by these metaphors. In an address to the 'flying years he says,—

"FUGES! FUGACES.

"The flying years! the flying years!
How rapidly they wing away,—
With all their coveyed hopes and fears,
A mingled flock of grave and gay,"—

where every one will feel at once the originality and beauty of the phrase "coveyed hopes and fears." It transports you immediately to the partridge-field, you hear the whirr of the startled brood as, like hopes and fears, they rise from their nest in the bosom of earth, and the report of the gun which brings down one and leaves the others,—a living type of the apparently harsh and capricious selections of destiny. Yet does not the sportsman select the fattest partridge for his aim, just as destiny so often destroys the richest, best-fed hopes, and leaves the lean ones uninjured?

But we must conclude arbitrarily, or we should never conclude at all; and as Tupper finely says,—a truth which, like all his truths, has grown upon us more and more the more deeply we study his works,—

"All created yearnings tend
In a rapid ever stronger
To that cataract, The End."

That we should feel such a creature-yearning at all while reading Mr. Tupper is the strongest proof we could bring of the rare generalizing power which belongs to his wise, genial, and innocent poetic nature.

UNDERGROUND PERILS.

If the Apostle Paul had lived some centuries later on, he might have had occasion to add to the list of perils which he underwent those underground dangers to which so large a portion of our population are subject, and of which the Report of the Inspectors of Coal-Mines forms the instructive, though ominous, death-roll.

People sitting before their cheerful Christmas fire have very feeble notions of the difficulty and risk that every nub of coal represents. They have a generally vague impression of the gloomy interior of a coal-pit, that rises to a certain degree of intensity when any particular tragedy on a large scale is unfortunately enacted, such as those at the Hartley or the Risca collieries; but except on such occasions as these they have but little idea of the daily and hourly danger incurred by those whose province it is to procure that most essential article for carrying on British commerce and supplying warmth to the British population. The Reports, albeit they are blue-books, deserve to be studied attentively by every intelligent person; for though we are not all colliery proprietors or coal-merchants, we are all indirectly interested in the coal question; and even as a matter of humanity we cannot help feeling a certain amount of sympathy with the lives and fortunes of three hundred and seven thousand of our fellow-countrymen,—that being, according to the Report, about the number of coal-miners employed during the past year.

And when we come to consider that, even after years of diligent and stringent government supervision, when every possible rule has been made for the protection of life, founded upon the most scientific investigations, for every 109,000 tons of coal brought to the light of day, one life is lost, what must have been the hecatombs annually sacrificed underground in the days when it was nobody's business to look after the safety of the collier, when he was nothing but a wretched troglodyte, unknown and unnoticed save by those whose policy it was to get as much as they could out of him! It really is a terrible thing to think that every 109,000 tons demands a life, and that during the year 1864 for every 354 persons employed one was struck down, and it fully justifies the pressure put on coal-masters to prevent by every possible means such a lamentable state of things.

It will always happen, however, that whatever rules are made, whatever improvements effected, they will be frequently rendered nugatory by the stupidity and carelessness of those for whose protection they were adopted, and it is surprising what a large proportion of accidents is due to this cause. Some of them read almost like acts of suicide; the worst of it being that the one who is to blame is seldom the only victim, but that others are generally included in the fatal results.

It might be expected that the more recently a coal district has been worked the smaller percentage would there be of accidents or deaths, owing to the increased appliances and better working arrangements of the newer collieries, as compared with those which have been at work for some time.

But this rule does not hold good. For instance, West Scotland — which comprises the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire districts, one of the oldest coal-producing localities that we have — is far more free from accident than South Wales, which is more recently developed than any other; and even Northumberland ranks above the latter in immunity of life. For whereas South Wales, raising (in round numbers) 6,900,000 tons, has one man killed for every 277 colliers working, and for every 66,000 tons of coal raised; East Scotland, raising very little less coal, has only one man killed for every 622 colliers, and every 188,000 tons brought to the surface. Northumberland, which produces more than 10,000,000 tons, loses only one man for every 147,000 tons; and yet the Newcastle coal-field has been in working order centuries before South Wales was thought of.

One great reason for this unpleasant superiority of South Wales in adding to the death-roll, is the fiery nature of the coals, especially in the Merthyr and Aberdare seams; on account of which it often happens that, when an explosion does occur, it is the means of destroying a great number of men at the same time.

Of all the districts, that of West Lancashire and North Wales are the most destructive in the proportion of death to the number of colliers working, being 1 to every 221; while South Wales has most deaths in proportion to the number of tons of coal raised, being 1 to every 66,000. Yorkshire heads the list in freedom from accident, although it will be seen, in referring to the list, that the number of colliers employed in each district does not always bear the same relation to the number of tons of coal raised. Thus, Northumberland and North Durham employ 24,400 men, and yield more than 10,000,000 tons; whereas the next to it, South Wales, employs 23,000, and yields not quite 7,000,000 tons. This may be accounted for in two or three ways; it partly depends on the geological formation of the country, the character of the seams, and so on. The collieries in Northumberland are only 165 in number, against 332 in South Wales; but, on the other hand, they are infinitely larger in staff and matériel, some of them forming perfect colonies of themselves, and very few being as small as most of the establishments in South Wales. The latter district, too, is of a very extensive area, and the pits are much scattered; whereas, in the former, which is much less extensive in acreage, every square yard is made available for mining purposes, although the separate collieries are fewer in number.

In South Staffordshire it appears that there are no less than 540 collieries, which nevertheless do not employ so many men as South Wales does with 200 less pits; and this arises from the thickness of the seams, the extreme value of the ground, and the consequent crowding together of numbers of collieries into a very small compass, — as indeed must be evident to any traveller by railway through the Black Country.

Let us now glance at the various forms in which death usually appears to the collier, as tabulated by the Inspectors' Reports. Perhaps the one best known to the public, and certainly the most dreaded by those liable to it, on account of the wholesale slaughter so frequently involved, is that of explosion; from which cause we see that 257 perished in the years 1863-64. It is scarcely fair to estimate any one district as regarding explosion by any one year, as, from some fatality or mischance, a coal-field

that is usually tolerably free from this misfortune, may all of a sudden be the scene of a widespread catastrophe, which numbers its victims by hundreds. Yet, as a general rule, the character of the coal-seams may be ascertained by consulting the black list; since, let what will be done, it is impossible always to control the fiery element so as to prevent its stamping in burning letters a certain individuality on the district. Against this, however, it may be said that the more fiery a coal is known to be, the greater care is taken to guard against danger.

As many of my readers probably know, an explosion of fire-damp arises from the presence of carburetted hydrogen in such a quantity in the air of the pit that it becomes explosive when a light is introduced. Nor is the danger over when this crisis happens; for one of the results of the explosion is to generate an enormous quantity of carbonic acid, indifferently called after-damp, choke-damp, or black-damp, which surely suffocates those whom the scorching flame has spared, unless they have been fortunate enough to reach purer air. When such a frightful calamity as this overtakes a pit, it may easily be conceived what numbers are swept off at one blow; and how hopeless it is, generally speaking, for any one to escape who comes within the radius of its influence. Nearly all our most fatal colliery accidents have happened from this cause.

No one who has not lived in a colliery district can have the slightest conception of the dreadful panic and terror that seizes on all concerned at the very suspicion of an explosion; although it has happened, in extensive mines, that one section of colliers working in a far-off place was unaware of the sad havoc going on in another part. Above ground, the excitement is intense; at the first intimation that there is anything wrong, too often heralded by a dull, deep boom issuing from the pit's mouth, hundreds of those residing near, principally women and children, rush to the scene of action, each bewailing the possible loss of a parent, husband, or child.

For a brief period men's wits seem to have deserted them; but that soon ceases, and with the pluck and presence of mind that characterizes the true Englishman in time of danger, a cordon is soon established round the pit's mouth, and the thronging crowd kept off; the doctors hastily appear with the necessary appliances for restoring suspended animation; the viewers and managers of neighboring collieries hurriedly consult on the safest mode of proceeding, and an apparatus is soon rigged up for the purpose of descent, if, as often happens, the usual machinery is injured. Then a brave band of men, disregarding aught but the fact that their fellow-men are dying or dead underground, cautiously descend, the first great object being to restore some degree of ventilation to the workings, in order that the earliest possible exploration may be carried out in safety. While some are effecting this object, others are proceeding carefully amidst the almost overpowering gases, to the locality where it is known that the colliers were at work; and soon they come upon the horrible traces, — men, who have flown with the wings of fear towards the shaft in the hopes of escaping from the demon behind, but who having been overtaken, lie either gasping for breath or senseless. As they approach the scene of the explosion, the horrors assume a different aspect. Here the victims lie in every possible attitude, scorched, blackened, mangled, and unrecognizable, even by the fond relations waiting at the pit's mouth.

I know nothing more solemn and distressing than to form one of that crowd, as soon as it is known that the first ghastly cargo has started from the bottom. As the chain winds slower and slower, every head cranes forward with horrible dread, to see what the next turn of the wheel will reveal. Up comes the cage, with, may be, a couple of dead bodies in charge of the living, when there is one eager look, and straightway some wretched wife or mother rushes forward, shrieking and wailing to see the hope and stay of the family, who, only a few hours before, left the home in health and spirits, now brought up a corpse. The whole scene, when the explosion has been of any great extent, is enough to haunt one to one's dying day; — the never-ending stream of bodies carried to their homes, the rows and rows of coffins, and lastly the funerals with their thousands of mourners, stamp such an occurrence with an indescribable gloom and horror. And to think that all this death and destruction has possibly arisen from the carelessness of one man, who, may be, has gone into a place into which he had no business to go, or who has lighted his pipe in defiance of rules.

One would have thought that the very knowledge that there was gas in any particular place would be sufficient to deter a workman from going there with naked light, i. e. without a safety-lamp, even were there no special rule to prevent his doing so; but the reports show a number of cases in which this has happened, the transgressors not being boys or strangers to the underground arrangements, but old, experienced men, and in one case, the owner of the pit himself, who was engaged in surveying, and who was perfectly well aware of the dangerous locality. By another rule no collier is allowed to have a safety-lamp unless it is locked, the key being in the hands of a proper officer, whose place it is to see to them; but it unfortunately happens that the overt act of picking the lock, to get a light for the pipe, is only too easy and too common. When discovered, the offence is severely punished; but it is too usual an occurrence for the punishment to come in a terrible and sudden form, and carry off the culprit in a single second beyond the reach of any earthly tribunal. In pits where the fire-damp is at a minimum, and where the ventilation is very good, it is at the discretion of the manager to allow the men to work with naked lights, as is often done in some of the bituminous pits of South Wales. Even then the presence of the gas may easily be tested by applying a light to the roof, when a sheet of pale tinted flame instantly runs along, as if warning one that the playing with such edged tools must not be carried too far.

A very common occurrence in firing pits is the presence of "blowers," by which is meant a cavity in the coal that has served as a receptacle for all the gas around it, which, of course, is instantly liberated by the stroke of the pick, doing more or less damage according to the size of the hollow. The same thing is occasionally repeated on a much larger scale by the chance breaking in upon old workings which have been closed up for years, and upon the walls of which a too incautious approach has been made either from carelessness or a misapprehension as to the proximity of the dangerous locality. Such a mistake is most terrible and fatal in its consequences; for sometimes water, and sometimes gas, is evolved in such prodigious quantities that destruction infallibly overtakes everybody working in that quarter. Is there no guaranty against this hidden danger,

and can no protection be devised for those who are thus daily working over a barrel of gunpowder? The only protection is summed up in one word, — "Ventilation"; and, thanks to the mining schools, the physics of ventilation are pretty well understood. As Mr. Brough well says in his report for Monmouthshire: —

"There are no secrets in ventilation. Furnace power in excess, so that less or more wind may be had as required, and when wanted; great sectional area wherever air travels underground, splitting it judiciously; abundant supervision and complete discipline, — these are the simple methods by which approximate safety may be arrived at and relied on. It matters but little which may be the prevailing danger, fire-damp or black-damp; thorough searching ventilation, never neglected, will sweep both or either harmlessly and speedily away."

Of course, it is not to be expected that so much ventilation can ever be applied as to render every portion of the workings safe at all times and seasons. We have seen that it is the practice to wall off disused workings, in order that no one might venture in; and it is the duty of the firemen thoroughly to inspect every stall and leading morning and evening, so that no workman is allowed to enter any place where gas is reported to exist, until it has been the subject of special attention. The air of some pits, however, is always at a point at which explosion is more or less liable to occur. *Apròpos* of which, Mr. Evans, in his Derbyshire report, strongly shows the care which should be taken under these circumstances, and debates upon "The impropriety and danger of continuing to work even with a safety-lamp in an explosive mixture. The feeling among some is, that, when gas is discovered and men are furnished with safety-lamps, all is done that is necessary, and that it is safe to continue to work with a lamp, which in fact means nothing more or less than substituting these instruments in lieu of ventilation, — a practice most dangerous to life and property, and one too common in Nottinghamshire."

North Staffordshire heads the list from deaths by explosion during the year 1864, with a total of 22, being exactly double the number of the year previous.

The fluctuations, however, are better exemplified in the case of the South Wales basin, which, in the last year, only lost 6 men from this cause, but in 1863, 66. This enormous increase was mainly owing to the terrible explosion at the Morfa Pit, near Neath, which was generally looked upon as the best conducted and ventilated colliery in the district. Nevertheless, at a moment's notice, 39 were sacrificed; and it may be mentioned as an instance of the destructive force, that although the accident happened in the early part of October, the last body was not discovered till the end of November, owing to the blowing away of all the timbers that supported the roof, and the consequent choking up of the works. The number of deaths from explosion in this single district, which does not include Monmouthshire, during the last nine years, has been over 1,100!

But notwithstanding this formidable array of figures, death by explosion is not the most common form that occurs. The greatest number of casualties arise from falls of the roof or of the coal itself, and 400 deaths are attributed to this cause in 1864, South Wales again taking the lead with an obituary of 67, closely followed by South Staffordshire with 51, and West Lancashire with 43.

This excess of death in some localities is due to the fact that the roof or strata that lies immediately over the coal-seams is shaky and liable to come down in masses, whereas the roof of other coals is hard and rocky. The protection against this kind of accident is very simple, and consists of a sufficient supply of timber to prop up the roof as the excavation of the coal goes on.

Pit-wood, however, is an expensive article, and there is too often a short supply at the colliery, so that workmen, rather than leave off their occupation, will venture on in a sort of happy recklessness as to whether the roof will hold or not; indeed, it is not uncommon for the men to neglect applying for timber rather than give themselves the trouble to go and look for the officer whose place it is to supply it, until at last the trembling mass gives way and comes down upon the unhappy collier, who, if he is fortunate enough to escape death, seldom comes off without a broken leg or thigh. The large totals of deaths from falls, — viz. 395 in 1864, and 407 in 1863, — lead one to think that much greater carefulness should be bestowed on this point, and particularly during the removal of timber from abandoned workings. Mr. Atkinson, in his South Durham report, calls special attention to the great danger incurred, and particularly by the deputy overmen, whose duty it is to perform this removal. Next to accidents by falls underground, come those connected with the shafts or machinery, — a prevalent source of evil, by which 184 persons lost their lives. And yet, there is no portion of a colliery that is in general so thoroughly well-managed and so provided with the newest appliances as that affecting the winding gear; but, on the other hand, there are so many things to be guarded against, and so many little points liable to get disarranged, that we cannot wonder that so many fatalities are included under this head. The simple accident of tumbling down the shaft by misadventure is not uncommon; and a very singular variety occurred in South Staffordshire by which six men were killed. A horse was being bridled by the ostler in the stable near the pit's mouth, when it got restive, knocked the latter down, and bolted out of the building. Unfortunately it made directly for the shaft, down which it tumbled, falling upon the six men who were descending at the time. Of course both men and horse were all precipitated to the bottom in a heap.

This would have been prevented if the safety wicket which is now adopted in all good collieries had been placed to fence the shaft round. A similar accident sometimes happens from men who are descending, and have to stop midway to enter a particular working or gallery, mistaking their landing-place, and stepping off under the impression that their journey is ended, instead of which, poor fellows, they find that they have undertaken one with a more speedy and terrible termination. Death sometimes arises from things falling on the colliers as they are descending, such as pebbles or a clod of earth from the side of the shaft; and it is surprising to find what a very small stone will kill a man when it tumbles from a great height. Prevention, however, is easily attained by fixing to the top of the cage an iron roof of no great thickness or weight, called a bonnet, which under ordinary circumstances is calculated to resist the blow.

Cases, however, have been known where even the bonnet has been penetrated. The safest and most radical protection can only be attained by having

the shaft of a pit securely bricked or walled throughout the whole depth, so as to form a perfectly smooth face and do away with all irregularities of surface. Many large pits have had this improvement carried out at an enormous expense, and no pit-shaft is ever sunk now without walling being considered a *sine qua non*. Some of the Somersetshire collieries are very defective in the formation of their shafts, being remarkably uneven and jagged from top to bottom, and not more than four and a half feet in diameter, which seriously tells on the amount of air which can be admitted for ventilation. When a pit is so bad in this respect as to require a peculiarly constructed machine to travel up and down it, we can easily fancy the constant danger to which the travellers are exposed. Yet this is the case in a colliery in Gloucestershire, where a machine called a "man-hudge" is used, and where, partly in consequence of the state of the shaft, six men lost their lives. They had to get out a little before they arrived at the bottom, where there was a certain amount of standage water, technically called the "sumph." By means of some inaccuracy of the signals, the men were lowered into the water, and although the engineer found out his mistake in about half a dozen seconds, — viz. that the machine had been lowered too much, — it was not rectified in time to prevent its occupants from all stepping off into the water and being drowned.

An accident equally fatal with that of being lowered too far sometimes occurs, viz. that of being lifted too high, generally arising from the engine that controls the winding gear running wild, and being unable to be stopped in time. Near Dudley, four boys were ascending a pit shaft about sixty yards deep, when it appeared that an iron key belonging to part of the engine machinery had slipped out of its place, so the engineer lost his control over it, and the lads were drawn up over the pulley and of course killed. For those who are not familiar with the outside appearance of a coal-pit it may be explained that the winding chain is connected with the engine by means of pulleys, or "sheaves," placed on a framework about twenty feet above the mouth of the pit. It will be obvious, therefore, how little escape there could be for anybody brought over these revolving wheels with such force.

Death from the snapping of the winding-chain is not an unfrequent occurrence, although not so common as of yore, owing to the substitution of flat wire ropes instead of the chains that formerly were in universal use. Nevertheless, wire ropes, although infinitely superior, will snap sometimes, more especially if subject to the vapor and steam of an upcast shaft, — i. e. a shaft at the bottom of which there is a furnace for the purpose of ventilating the galleries.

I have already alluded to the danger of too closely approaching old and disused workings, from the risk of tapping the walls and letting out the accumulated gas, or, may be, water. From this latter eight colliers lost their lives at Mold, in Flintshire, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of the surveyors of the mine. A very common thing in coal strata is the presence of a "fault," or intrusion of some rock of various thickness, which may, and generally does, have the effect of severing the continuity of the coal-beds, and of altering their position, causing them to disappear for a time, and reappear at a higher or lower level, according as the fault is an upthrow or a downthrow. Generally speaking, faults are held in abhorrence by the colliery proprietor, as, unless they are known to exist

and are expected, they, to say the least of it, cause a temporary check to the working of the coal, together with a certain amount of doubt as to where the latter may turn up again. Faults, however, have their advantages sometimes; and amongst others, that of serving as a natural barrier to hold back those accumulations of water which exist in every underground working.

Now, it appears that in the case of this accident at Mold it was certain that a quantity of water existed in the old working; but it was also known that there were two faults, which in the natural course of things would have been amply sufficient to have kept it back; and so it would, had not unfortunately one fault been cut through, and explorations carried very much beyond it, until the working plans were within a yard or two of the walls of the "goaf," as an old working is professionally called; and so a vast torrent of water burst in, and the eight men were drowned.

I have not yet exhausted the black catalogue of accidents underground; but have, I think, shown sufficient to enlist some sympathy with the daily life and risk of our black-diamond hewers, who, what with fire and water, carelessness and recklessness, follow the most dangerous occupation of any class of laborers, except perhaps those who work in gunpowder mills. The great question, after all, is, — what good has the present system of government inspection done, or has it done any good? Undoubtedly it has, as is evidenced by the reports of the Inspectors themselves, and by what is far more to the point, a diminishing death-rate.

TRAITS OF REPUBLICAN LIFE.

"WHY, Juan," said I, as I sat examining my first week's account at Carácas, "things are exorbitantly dear in this land of liberty. There's that dinner I gave the day before yesterday. It was a very plain dinner to thirteen, and they have charged twenty-three pounds for it! That's a charge one might expect in London with real turtle, ten kinds of fish, and as many courses; but here we had nothing very much beyond the usual table d'hôte fare, except, indeed, a turkey, — yes, there was a turkey, and —"

"Things are dear, sir," interrupted Juan, "and if they were n't so in a general way they would be to us. Why, there is not a man, woman, or child in the whole city that does n't know we brought two boxes of gold to La Guaira, and that you are a comisionado."

"And what difference does that make? The gold was for the government, as everybody knows. And if any man ought to be careful of money, and to examine well into accounts, it should be a financial commissioner."

"Well, sir," replied Juan, "that's one view, and I'm not a-going to say that it's a wrong one; but it's not a Creole view. Sir, it's of no manner of use being too honest out here, for no one gets the credit of it. As for government business, there's perhaps more cheating in that than in anything, for it's a kind of proverb, *La mejor hacienda es el Gobierno mal administrado*, — 'The best estate is the government ill administered.' So, no offence, sir, but if you would really like to know what is thought, I'll be bound the general opinion is, that being a very sensible man, you won't part with those boxes of gold without keeping a cuartillo for yourself out of every real, and of course they think that when you

have such a lot of money you ought to leave some of it behind for the good of the country. As for the bill, the rule for marketing here is, 'Get all you can, and make him who has most, pay most.'"

So saying, Juan walked off with the intention of passing the morning at various friends' houses. In the evening, at my dinner-hour, he would show himself again for a short time, after which I should see nothing of him till next day. This free-and-easy style of service is regarded as quite the correct thing in Venezuela, — a country which might, indeed, be called the paradise of servants, were the name of servant applicable at all to the vagrant gentlemen and ladies who pay you short visits to replenish their purses and wardrobes, leave you without notice, and severely repress any attempt to communicate with them as to your domestic arrangements. But you may talk with them on general topics, such as the weather or the theatre, and on politics you may be as expansive as you please; for where any one may become a general or a president in a few days, that subject is universally interesting.

The doctrine of perfect equality is so well carried out that, in one of the best houses where I was a guest, the gentleman who cleaned the boots always came into my room with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth; and another gentleman, whom I engaged to assist Juan, left me the day after his arrival, on being refused the custody of my keys and purse, which he candidly stated was the only duty he felt equal to. At dances, as soon as the music strikes up in the drawing-room, the servants begin to waltz in the passages and anterooms, and as entertainments are almost always on the ground floor, and generally in rooms looking into the street, the great "unwashed" thrust their naked arms and greasy faces between the bars of the windows and criticise the dancing with much spirit. I have seen a gentleman in rags leaning into a window from the street, with his bare arms almost touching those of a beautifully dressed lady, while his most sweet breath fanned her tresses. On another occasion I was talking to some ladies at an evening party, when a worthy sans-culotte jerked in his head so suddenly to listen to our conversation, that I stopped, on which he called out, "O these are the aristocrats we have here, who won't talk to any one but their own set!"

On my sitting down to play chess with the wife of the president of one of the states, half a dozen female servants of every shade, from tawny twilight to black night, surrounded the table and began to watch the game. The first time I went to a tailor I was accompanied by a Creole friend, who undertook to show me the best place. We had to wait some time before the gentleman of the shop appeared. When he did, he came in with the inevitable cigar in his mouth. He raised his hat politely to my friend, walked straight up to me, shook hands, and asked me how I did. He then sat down on the counter, put various questions to me regarding my coming to Venezuela, talked on general subjects, and at the end of about a quarter of an hour intimated that he was ready to oblige me if I wanted a coat. This tailor was an officer of rank in the army, and he was wearing his uniform and spurs when he came in to measure a friend of mine.

Juan was an excellent valet, but he would have lost caste had he been too attentive to his duties in Venezuela. So he walked off, as I have said, to amuse himself, and left me to think over the difficulties of the business intrusted to me. I had no

experience in South American affairs, so my first measure had been to secure a coadjutor, who was thoroughly *au fait* in them. C., the son of an Englishman, had all the integrity characteristic of his race, and being a Creole by birth, that is, born in Venezuela, knew all about the country. He chanced to come in just as Juan left the room, and seeing that he had taken a cigar and settled himself for a chat, I said: "Now tell me, C., how is it that this country is so wretchedly poor, and so eternally borrowing money? For my part, I can't make it out. You have n't a particle of show. Your government house looks like an East Indian godown, your great men make no display, and as for your soldiers, one would think that the last successful campaign had been against the fripiers, and that the victors were carrying off the plunder on their backs. It is evident that you Venezuelans are not extravagant, and it is plain that you have great resources, if you knew how to use them. Your soil is the richest in the world, and has never been trodden by an invader since the Spaniard was driven out. Then what is the reason that you are always borrowing from other countries? How is it, too, that while the United States of North America have made such progress, the population in your republic is all but stationary, the seas and rivers without steamers, the country without roads, and commerce languishing?" C. knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar, assisted thought by perching his legs conveniently on the top of a chair, and finally replied as follows: "You see, in the first place, there's a difference in the breed. The Yankees are a go-ahead lot, there's no mistake about that. There's plenty of quicksilver in English blood, but fog and damp keep it down in England. At New York it rises to fever heat, and to the boiling point down South. Besides, long before Lexington and Bunker Hill, the North Americans were ripe for self-government.

"In South America things were very different. The Spaniards kept their American subjects in profound ignorance. Four fifths of the population could not even read, for there were no schools. Even at Caracas, the capital, there was no printing-office till 1816, when one was set up by the Frenchman, Delpeche. The illiberality of the Spaniards went so far, that, after Isabella's death, nothing was done to introduce the cultivation of any plant, or improve farming. The culture of the vine and olive was prohibited, and that of tobacco was made a crown monopoly. Emigration, too, was all but entirely prevented, and, in the total absence of vivifying power, the wonder rather is that Venezuela should ever have become free, than that it should have made so little progress.

"Then as to the poverty of the government and its constant borrowing, there are several reasons for that. In the first place, the Creoles of South America, though they have many good qualities, are very averse to physical labor. They won't go to work in a new country, like Englishmen,—clear away timber, stub up, and drain. Their wits are sharp, and they do well for superintendents; but as to work, that tries the sinews: it is my belief that all the haciendas in the country would go to ruin, if it were not for the Indians and the mixed breeds. Again, the taxes levied by the Spaniards,—the alcabala, or excise, the armada and corso, or coast taxes, the medias anatas, or deductions from salaries, the monopolies of salt, cards, cane-liquor, and tobacco, and numerous other imposts, were all so odious to the Columbians, that as soon as they declared them-

selves independent, they made a clean sweep of them, leaving only the customs to supply a revenue to the government. Now, it is in the customs that it is most easy to speculate and defraud the state. With a coast line of two thousand miles, how is it possible to keep down smuggling?

"To give you an idea of the extent of the contraband trade, I may mention that a finance minister of Venezuela has proved that, of the two hundred million dollars' worth of goods imported into the country during the first sixteen years of independence, one hundred and twenty-nine and a half millions' worth were smuggled! But, besides that, the venality and corruption of the custom-house officers is such, that, as Señors Brandt and Iribarren have shown, the defalcations of revenue from the Aduanas up to 1852, amounted to no less than one hundred and one and a half millions of dollars. At present the annual loss to government, by contraband and frauds of various kinds, is reckoned at six millions. But don't suppose that this calculation is based on information furnished by the accounts kept here. If other countries—France and the United States, for example—did not publish the amount of their exports to Venezuela, no one would know what is really brought into this country. It is only by comparing foreign statistics with home fictions that we come to know the extent to which the government is cheated. Indeed, one would not be wrong in saying that the incessant revolutions which distract this unhappy country all commence at the custom-houses.

"Owing to the frauds of the officials, the revenue falls short; to make up the deficiency, the customs are raised until the necessities of life are too dear for men of small means. Thus discontent is sown broadcast, and discontent leads to conspiracies. Yet, great as the evil is, one cannot help laughing at the impudence of some of the frauds. According to the published returns, the people here must be the dirtiest in the world with any pretensions to civilization, since it is officially made out that a quarter of an ounce of soap in a week is all that each person uses. We know that the province of Caracas alone consumes a hundred barrels of flour a day, whereas, according to the custom-house returns, the daily consumption of all Venezuela does not reach sixty-nine barrels. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that the public treasury is empty, that the revenues of the Aduanas are all more or less mortgaged, and that there are no remittances to the capital except from La Guaira and Puerto Cabello. Of course the only resource is to borrow in foreign markets, and hence," said C., throwing away the end of his cigar, "I have the pleasure of meeting you here. *Apropos* of which, as there is a bull-fight to-day, and you have never seen one, let us stroll down to the Corrida."

Before we could reach the eastern outskirt of the town, where the building stands in which the bull-fights are held, a mass of clouds came drifting from the Avila, and a light rain began, in earnest of a more pelting shower. Looking about for shelter, and seeing at a window some ladies whom we knew slightly, we went in to talk to them. I said to one of them, a slim girl with immense dark eyes, and singularly long eyelashes, "We are going to the Corrida; does the señorita ever go?"

"No, señor, I never go. The ladies of Venezuela think bull-fights very barbarous. As for me, I cannot understand how any one can take pleasure in such odious cruelty."

"Indeed?" said I, rather astonished. "But surely in Spain ladies think differently. At Madrid it is quite the fashion for them to attend."

"That may be; we do not follow the fashions of Spain. Perhaps we are more tender-hearted here."

After this dialogue, I was not surprised, on entering the Cirque in which the bull-fight was to be held, to find that the spectators were nearly all men, and that the few women who were present were of the lower orders. The building was of wood, open to the sky in the centre, and anything but substantial. Several tiers of seats, each a foot or so higher than the other, had been erected round a circular area about a hundred and twenty feet in diameter. These seats accommodated perhaps fifteen hundred people, and there seemed but little room to spare.

In front of the lowest seat, which was not much raised from the ground, were strong palisades, between which a man could slip with ease, and thus they afforded the toreros a secure retreat from the fury of the bulls. Close to where I took my place there was a large gate, which was thrown open to admit the bulls one by one. First of all, however, a squeaking band struck up, and eight toreros, or pedestrian bull-fighters, entered, and saluted some person of note who sat opposite the large gate. Just at that moment, the thunder-shower which had been gathering descended in torrents, and the people shouted to the toreros, "No moja se,"—"Don't get wet!"—on which they slipped in between the palisades, and so put themselves under cover. They were very well made, active fellows, with extremely good legs, which were seen to advantage, as they wore white silk stockings and knee-breeches embroidered with gold.

As soon as the rain stopped there was a loud shout, and presently the large gate opened and in rushed a bull. He was a dark animal, almost black, and had evidently been goaded to madness, for he came charging in, tossing his head, and with his tail erect. I could see, however, that the sharp points of his horns had been sawn off. One of the toreros now ran nimbly up to the bull and threw his red cloak on the ground before him, on which the animal made a furious charge, attempting to gore—not the man, of whom he at first took no notice, but the cloak. The torero dragged this along rapidly, and adroitly whisking it from side to side, fatigued the bull by causing him to make fruitless rushes, now in this direction, now in that. This was repeated again and again, until the animal seemed quite tired.

The most active of the toreros then advanced with a banderilla, or javelin entwined with fireworks in one hand, and his cloak in the other. He came so close to the bull that the animal charged him headlong. In a moment the torero glided to one side, and drove the dart into the bull, pinning the wretched animal's ear to his neck. Immediately the fireworks around the dart began to explode, and the terrified bull turned and rushed madly across the arena. In half a minute or so the fire had reached the flesh, and began to burn into it. The bull then reared straight up, bellowing piteously, while its poor flanks heaved with the torture. Anon it dashed its head against the ground, driving the dart further into its flesh, and so continued to gallop round the ring in a succession of rearings and plungings. This seemed to be a moment of exquisite delight to the spectators, who yelled out applause, and some in their excitement stood up clapping and shouting. I was heartily disgusted, and would have

gone out at once had it been possible, but I was too tightly wedged in. Meantime, the large gate opened again, and the poor bull fled through it, to be slaughtered and sold with all despatch. After ten minutes' pause another bull was admitted, and was similarly tortured. And so it fared with four more bulls.

The sixth bull was a very tall, gaunt animal, whose tactics were quite different from those of the others. He came in without a rush, looked warily about, and could hardly be induced to follow the torero. In short, he was so sluggish, that the people, enraged at his showing so little sport, shouted for a matador to kill him in the arena. Hereupon, one of the toreros darted up to stick a banderilla into the sluggard. But the bull, being quite fresh, not only defeated this attempt by a tremendous sweep of his horns, but almost struck down his assailant, who was taken by surprise at this unlooked-for vigor on the part of an animal which seemed spiritless. However, by a desperate effort the torero escaped for a moment, but the bull followed him like lightning, and, as ill luck would have it, before the man could reach the shelter of the palisades his foot slipped in a puddle and he fell back. Expecting that the charge would end as all previous ones had ended, I had got up with the intention of leaving, and I was thus able to see more clearly what followed. As the man fell backward, the bull struck him on the lower part of the spine with such force that the blow sounded all over the building. The unfortunate torero was hurled into the air, and came down with his head against the palisades, and there lay, apparently dead, in a pool of blood.

A sickening feeling of horror crept over me; the bull was rushing upon the poor fellow again, and would no doubt have crushed him as he lay motionless, but, just in the nick of time, one of the toreros threw his cloak so cleverly that it fell exactly over the bull's head and blinded him. While the brute was trampling and tossing to free himself, the matador came up and drove a short sword into the vertebrae of his neck, and down he went headlong. At one moment full of mad fury, the next he was a quivering mass of lifeless flesh. A few minutes more, and the dead bull, and seemingly lifeless man, were removed from the arena, and another bull was called for. I, however, had witnessed enough, and gladly made my exit.

It wanted still several days to that appointed for my meeting the ministers, and I determined to spend them in visiting the few buildings of interest in the city. My first expedition was to the Municipal Hall, and indeed I had but a little way to go, as it is close to the Gran Plaza. This hall is one of the oldest buildings in Caracas, and externally is not only plain, but almost shabby. Inside, however, there is a very respectable council-chamber, with handsome gilt arm-chairs for the president and eleven members, who impose the town dues, and discharge the ordinary functions of civic authorities. Round the room are hung some very tolerable portraits. Among these are that of the ecclesiastics who filled the archiepiscopal chair of Caracas in 1813, and those of President Monagas and his brother.

There are also portraits of Bolivar, of Count Torvar, and Generals Miranda and Urdaneta, and one remarkable picture of the reading of the Act of Independence, with likenesses of the leaders in the revolution. The mob are represented compelling the Spanish general to take off his hat and salute.

As a pendant to this picture hangs a framed copy of the Act of Independence. But the great curiosity of all is the flag of Pizarro, sent from Peru in 1837, and enshrined in a case. All the silk and velvet are eaten off, but the gold wire remains, with the device of a lion, and the word Carlos. The flag is about five feet long and three broad, and being folded double in the frame, only half is seen, and they will not allow it to be taken out. There are also two flags of Carlos the Fourth, taken from the Spaniards, and the original manuscripts of the Act of Independence, and other important documents, bound up together.

A day or two after, I went to see the university of Carácas, which, with the House of Assembly, the National Library, and a church, form one great block of buildings. The National Library does not contain more than ten thousand volumes, and in that of the university there are about three thousand five hundred. The department of divinity seemed best represented; but there was no great evidence of the books being cared for. The professors of the university were most obliging, and showed me all there was to be seen in the college, which is massive and not ill-suited for its present purpose, though originally it was a convent of Carmelite friars. The departments of chemistry and medicine seemed the best organized. I concluded my inspection with a visit to the dissecting-room, and that for anatomical preparations. Among other things, I was shown the skull of a man whose bones had turned to chalk. The skull was from an inch to an inch and a half thick, and if a piece of it had been broken off and shown separately, no unscientific person would have guessed it to be, or to have ever been, a human bone.

One of the professors then went with me to the Hall of Congress, where also are pictures of Bolívar, and of the meeting at which the Act of Independence was settled. The locality seemed to inspire my cicerone, for, though I, and a man who sat there reading, and who never raised his head, were his sole audience, he delivered with the greatest animation an eloquent harangue on the subject of liberty. If it be true that still waters are the deepest, I should fear that the republicanism of South America is somewhat shallow, it does so babble as it runs. However, I was glad to hear the orator express himself with great warmth as regards England, saying that she was the only power that had assisted them in their great struggle with the Spaniards, and without her they would hardly have secured their independence.

The time had come for my interview with the ministers on the business I had in hand. C. came for me at 11 A. M. on the appointed day, and we walked together to Government House. As we were very busy conversing, I did not notice the sentry, and indeed he was such a mite of a man, that I might have been pardoned for overlooking him. It seems that in Venezuela "such divinity doth hedge" a sentinel that no passer-by must come within a yard of him.

Having approached within the limits, the small warrior soon convinced me that his dignity was not to be so offended with impunity. In the twinkling of an eye he brought down his musket with a terrible rattle to the charge, and very nearly wounded me a little above the knee, at the same time snarling out some unintelligible words. It is a curious fact that the Venezuelans are, generally speaking, a very civil race, until they put on uniform, (a red uniform, by the by, like the English,) when their whole na-

ture seems to be soured. "Don't go near that sentry," was a caution I often received; and I once heard it suggested that a mat with *Cave canem!* should be laid down in front of every soldier on duty. Very different is the demeanor of the civilians. One day, for instance, I was walking with a friend on the northern outskirts of the city, when we met a gardener with a store of fresh fruit. "Now is your time," said my friend, "to try your Spanish. See how you can manage a bargain with the gardener." So, for the mere sake of talking, we detained the poor man a long time, and looked at his fruit, and tumbled it about, until I was ashamed, and would have bought a quantity of it. Then he asked where I was living, and when I told him, as it was a very long way off, he said it would not pay him to send so far. "Well then," I said, "I fear there is nothing to be done, for I should not know how to direct my servant to come to you." "That's true," said he, "but I should like you to taste this fruit, which is really very fine, so you must accept a few specimens." With these words he insisted on my taking some of the best mangoes and other fruit he had, and positively refused to be paid for it.

Escaping from the surly little sentry, we entered the Government House, and were received by the official whose duty it is to usher in those who come to pay their respects to the ministers. This official, whose name is Godoy, is a negro of the negroes, and is a genius in his way. Many of his *bon-mots* are current at Carácas. On one occasion, when government had suddenly changed hands, a conceited official, who had just got into power, said to Godoy, "You here still? How is it that you have not been turned out with the rest?" "I," said Godoy, with an affectation of humility, but casting a significant glance at his interrogator, "never ascend, and consequently never descend." His questioner was soon enabled to appreciate the philosophy of the remark, for he descended from Government House as suddenly as he ascended, being turned out by another change. Another time, during the late troubles, a number of young men, chiefly students from the university, collected in a threatening manner near Government House, and began shouting out various seditious cries. Godoy, and one of the generals on the side of the party in power, came out on the balcony to see what was the matter; on which stones were thrown at Godoy, and the mob shouted, "Down with the negroes!" "Down with the brigands!" "Do you hear what they say?" asked the general, sneeringly, of Godoy. "Your excellency," he replied, "I hear. They are calling out, 'Down with the negroes!' meaning, of course, me; and 'Down with the brigands!' which, as no one else is present, must refer, I suppose, to your excellency."

We were ushered by Godoy into the council-room, a handsome apartment, looking on the Gran Plaza. It contains the inevitable picture of Bolívar. There is also his sash, but I do not remember to have seen his sword anywhere. We entered and found a suffocating atmosphere, for the rooms at Government House are open only during the day, and the doors and windows are kept closed from sunset till the hour when business commences, which is generally about eleven o'clock. There are, besides, no verandahs, so that the public rooms at Carácas are hotter than those at Madras. However, as the ministers, with the acting president at their head, were already assembled, there was noth-

ing for it but to go forward and take our seats. The meeting was one of vital importance to every one present. Not only were the exigencies of the government most urgent, but each individual supporter of it knew that on the satisfactory termination of that meeting depended his hopes of indemnity for losses, and the settlement of his claims, whatever they might be. The public tranquillity, too, was at stake, because the greater part of the army, after five years' incessant fighting, had no other reimbursement to look to for all their toils and dangers, but what might be allotted to them if this conference passed off well.

Nay more; at the very moment that we were seated there, an extensive conspiracy was on foot, in which a minister and several other persons of rank were said to be engaged, and which, if some of the conspirators had not turned informers, might have been successful. Yet so great was the command of countenance possessed by the ministers there assembled, and so complete the absence of all appearance of excitement, that no one would have supposed the business under discussion to have been more than an every-day matter. War is a sharp teacher, and in troublous times political students learn in months what it takes years to acquire in peace. The men who sat there as ministers had been, not very long before, one a clerk, another a cattle-farmer, and so on. And now they were governing a country three times as large as France, and had learned so much from the experience of the late struggle, that they were by no means unfitted for the task of government.

After a long discussion, our business, for the time at least, was satisfactorily concluded. C. and I then took leave, having received several invitations to breakfast from the ministers; for at Carácas it does not seem to be the fashion to give dinners. These invitations we accepted, and walked back to the hotel.

On the way we heard a good deal of shouting, mingled with laughter, and presently we met a big, wild-looking man, who seemed to be in a perfect frenzy, stopping from time to time and imprecating the most dreadful curses on all about him. He was followed by a number of people who were jeering and throwing stones, which he returned with interest, picking up flints as large as one's fist, and throwing them with a force that would have shattered the skull of any one but a negro. He was in fact a madman; in general, they said, tolerably quiet; but on this occasion goaded to fury by his persecutors. I said to C.: "This is a very disgraceful scene. In any European city the police would interfere, and prevent this poor maniac from being tormented. Have you no madhouse in Venezuela to which this wretched man might be sent?" "Well," said C., "as to the police, you yourself must admit that, though our streets are not patrolled in the daytime, disturbances are rarer here than in European towns. With regard to mad people, I never heard of any serious accident from their being allowed to go about as they choose, and so I don't see the use of madhouses here. But you will have more opportunities before you leave Venezuela of forming an opinion on this subject. Our lunatics are in general very quiet. What you see to-day is an unusual occurrence."

By this time we had reached the hotel, and I parted with C., having first accepted an invitation to dine with him next day. I went to his house accordingly about seven P. M., and found no one

but himself and the ladies of the family. In the middle of dinner, a gentleman, whom I had not seen before, entered and walked straight up to the hostess, as I thought, to apologize, but he said nothing, and, after looking at her strangely for a moment or two, moved across the room to a picture, which he began to examine. I thought this rather curious conduct, but supposed he was some intimate friend or relation, who did not stand on ceremony. As to our conversation the day before, *de lunatico inquirendo*, I had forgotten all about it. When, however, the new-comer began to walk round and round the table, murmuring broken sentences, I began to understand the case.

Presently the madman, for such he was, went up to the buffet, and began fumbling with the things there. "If he takes up a knife, and makes a rush at some one," thought I, "it will not be pleasant." However, as no one took any notice of the intruder, I too said nothing about him, and went on talking to the lady who sat next me, and eating my dinner. In a minute or two my eyes wandered back to the gentleman at the sideboard, when, to my consternation, I perceived that he had indeed got hold of a knife, with which he had already cut himself pretty severely, for the blood was trickling from his wrist. He was muttering, too, faster than ever, and his eyes glittered like sparks, though he did not seem to be looking at us, but had his gaze fixed on the wall. I tried to attract C.'s notice, but failing to do so, said in a low voice, "Look out, or there will be mischief directly!"

C. glanced quickly at the man, and with great presence of mind filled a glass of wine, and rose and offered it to him. He looked at C. for a moment in a way that was not agreeable, then very quietly put down the knife, and walked out of the room without saying a word. C. resumed his seat with the greatest composure, and said: "Poor fellow, he was one of the best scholars in Carácas, and would certainly have distinguished himself; but the girl he was engaged to fell in love with his brother, and married him. He has been insane ever since."

I went away, wondering whether it was by peculiar infelicity that so soon after my arrival at Carácas I should have witnessed a visit of this kind, or whether such incidents were common. I had not long to wait before learning that they were by no means rare. I went one evening to a musical entertainment at the house of a person high in office. The lady of the house was singing "Il Bacio" very charmingly, and a group had been formed round her, near to which I had taken a seat with my face towards the door. Presently I saw a man enter, whose peculiar look immediately reminded me of the gentleman with the knife at the buffet. The new-comer, like his predecessor, walked straight up to the lady of the house, and in a hoarse voice commenced a muttering accompaniment, which jarred strangely with the music and the sweet tones of the singer. Everybody looked annoyed, but no one spoke to the intruder; only, the group near the piano gradually melted away, leaving him standing by himself.

At last, he went closer to the lady, who continued to sing with marvellous self-possession, and leaning over her, began to strike chords on the piano. This was too much even for her *aplomb*,—she stopped and walked down the room; and the stranger, after addressing some incoherent remarks to the people near him, followed her. I was too far off to see what took place then, but there was a bustle, and I

heard the intruder talking in a loud, angry voice, after which he suddenly went off, and the party broke up. This man, I was subsequently informed, was intoxicated as well as insane, yet no attempt was made to remove him, nor was he even told to go.

On the following Sunday I went to breakfast at the house of the minister of public works. It was a sumptuous entertainment, with very beautiful fruits and flowers displayed on the table, and many more dishes than guests, for of the latter there were only sixteen. The place of honor fell to my lot, opposite to the acting president of the republic: an old general with an iron constitution, who, unhappily for me, supposing all men to be equally vigorous, plied me at every pause in the collation with fruits pleasant to the eye, and of tolerable flavor, but to the last degree pernicious to a person of weak digestive powers. Owing to these flattering attentions, the order of my meal ran something in this style.

A brimming plateful of turtle-soup, good in quality, overpowering in quantity, and indifferently cooked; a large fruit of the custard-apple genus; prawns, párga fish, and oysters; several fruits of the cactus, called here tuna, selected for their size by the general; turkey, prepared in a fashion peculiar to the country, boned, and the inside filled with a kind of stuffing redolent of garlic; a plate of cherries; a fricandeau of some unknown meat; several slices of pine-apple; a dish, name unknown, the chief ingredient being the flesh of the land tortoise; grapes of various kinds; and an infinite series of other trifles.

No speeches were made; indeed, the meal was too severe for any but the most languid conversation. The longest meal must, however, come to an end, and at last, after a wind-up of coffee and cigars of an exquisite flavor, we separated. The Sunday following, the scene was repeated, but on this occasion it was the acting president who gave the breakfast. Having determined not to risk my life any more by undue complaisance, I refused all offers of fruit, and ate more moderately. At last the meal reached its termination, and the president, filling his glass, looked round the table, and then at me, and said, "Brindo al señor qui nos ha llevado treinte mil libras,"—"I drink to the gentleman who has brought us thirty thousand pounds." I was somewhat disconcerted by the wording of the toast, and thinking that it spoke for itself, judged it unnecessary to rise to respond. Presently, filling his glass again, the old general said, "I drink now to the English government, which has always been the protector of Venezuela, and has set the best example for free states to follow."

This, of course, compelled me to reply, and I expressed the pleasure I had had in visiting that beautiful country, in which Nature had been so lavish of her gifts, and whose inhabitants, by their gallant struggle for liberty, had shown themselves worthy of such a fair inheritance. England, I said, was the friend of all free nations, and would no doubt support the Venezuelans in maintaining their independence, as warmly as she had aided them in acquiring it. These, and many other things, I was obliged to say in English, not having sufficient Spanish at command for an oration. A friend, however, translated what I had said into pure Castilian, and his version seemed to give great satisfaction, more particularly as he compressed my harangue into very small compass. Nothing, however,

seemed to please the company so much as my happening to say, "Viva la Amarilla!"—"Hurrah for the yellow!"—which I did when a flower of that color was given me, though I had no idea that yellow was the color of the party in power. The next speech was the health of the ministers, proposed by a red-hot republican, who discoursed with immense fluency on the rights of man. Among other things, he assured us that, as all obstacles to perfect freedom were at length removed, Venezuela would now enjoy permanent tranquillity, during which all the blessings of the golden age would be restored. Ten days afterwards, one of the ministers and a number of leading men were arrested and thrown into prison, while, at the same time, an insurrection, with which it was supposed they were connected, broke out in several of the provinces.

THE FAIR FANARIOTE.

IN consequence of the numerous revolutions that have accompanied the fall of the Greek empire in Byzantium, most of the inhabitants of Fanari, near Constantinople, boast of being descendants of the dethroned imperial family,—a circumstance which is probable enough, and which nobody takes the trouble to dispute, any more than the alleged nobility of the Castilian peasantry, or the absurd genealogies of certain great families.

In a retired street in Pera, one of the suburbs of Constantinople, a descendant of the Cantacuzenes followed the humble calling of a butcher; but, in spite of industry and activity, he had great difficulty in earning a sufficiency to pay his way, and maintain his wife and his only daughter Sophia. The latter had just entered her fourteenth year, and her growing beauty was the admiration of the whole neighborhood. Fate, or, if you wish to call it, Providence, ordained that the poor butcher should suffer repeated losses, which reduced him to a condition bordering on beggary. His wife unfolded his distressed circumstances to a Greek, one of her relations, who was a dragoman to the French embassy, and who, in his turn, related the story to the Marquis de Vauban, the ambassador. This nobleman became interested for the unfortunate family, and especially for Sophia, whom the officious dragoman described as being likely to fall into the snares that were laid for her, and to become an inmate of the harem of some pasha, or even of a Turk of inferior rank.

Prompted by pity, curiosity, or perhaps by some other motive, the ambassador paid a visit to the distressed family. He saw Sophia, was charmed by her beauty and intelligence, and he proposed that her parents should place her under his care and allow him to convey her to France. The misery to which the poor people were reduced may perhaps palliate the shame of acceding to this extraordinary proposition; but, be this as it may, they consented to surrender up their daughter for the sum of fifteen hundred piastres, and Sophia was that same day conducted to the ambassador's palace.

She found in the Marquis de Vauban a kind and liberal benefactor. He engaged masters to instruct her in every branch of education; and elegant accomplishments, added to her natural charms, rendered her an object of irresistible attraction.

In the course of a few months, the ambassador was called home, and he set out, accompanied by this Oriental treasure, to travel to France by land. To diminish, as far as possible, the fatigue of a long

journey, they proceeded by short stages, and having passed through European Turkey, they arrived at Kaminietz, in Podolia, which is the first fortress belonging to Russia. Here the marquis determined to rest for a short time, before undertaking the remainder of his tedious journey.

Count de Witt, a descendant of the grand pensionary of Holland, who was governor of the place, received his noble visitor with every mark of attention. The count, however, no sooner beheld Maria, than he became deeply enamored of her; and on learning the equivocal situation in which she stood, — being neither a slave nor a companion, but, as it were, a piece of merchandise purchased for fifteen hundred piastres, — he wound up his declaration of love by an offer of marriage. The count was a handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, a lieutenant-general in the Russian service, and enjoying the high favor of his sovereign, Catherine II. The fair Greek, as may well be imagined, did not reject this favor of fortune, but accepted the offer of her suitor without hesitation.

It was easy to foresee that the Marquis de Vauban would not be very willing to part with a prize which he regarded as lawfully acquired, and to which he attached no small value. The count, therefore, found it advisable to resort to stratagem. Accordingly, his excellency having one day taken a ride beyond the ramparts, the drawbridges were raised, and the lovers repaired to church, where their hands were joined by a papa. When the marquis appeared at the gates of the fortress, and demanded admittance, a messenger was sent out to inform him of what had happened; and to complete the *dénouement* of the comedy, the marriage contract was exhibited to him in due form.

To save Sophia from the reproaches which her precipitancy — it may perhaps be said her ingratitude — would have fully justified, the count directed the ambassador's suite to pack up their baggage, and join his excellency *extra muros*. The poor marquis soon discovered that it was quite useless to stay where he was for the purpose of venting threats and complaints; and he had no hope that the court of France would think it worth while to go to war for the sake of avenging his affront. He therefore took a hint from one of the French poets, who says,

"Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompe, s'éloigne, et ne dit mot,"

and he set off, doubtless with the secret determination never again to traffic in merchandise which possesses no value when it can be either bought or sold. About two years after this marriage the Count de Witt obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by his wife, he visited the different courts of Europe. Sophia's beauty, which derived piquancy from a certain Oriental languishment of manner, was everywhere the theme of admiration. The Prince de Ligne, who saw her at the court of France, mentions her in his memoir in terms of eulogy, which I cannot think exaggerated; for when I knew her at Tulczin, though she was then upwards of forty, her charms retained all their lustre, and she outshone the young beauties of the court, amidst whom she appeared like Calypso surrounded by her nymphs.

I now arrive at the second period of Sophia's life, which forms a sequel perfectly in unison with the commencement. Count Felix Patocka, at the commencement of the troubles in Poland, raised a considerable party by the influence of his rank and vast fortune. During a temporary absence from

the court of Poland, he made a tour through Italy, and on his return, he met the Count and Countess de Witt at Hamburg, where he fell deeply in love with Sophia. Not to weary with the details of the romance, I will come to the *dénouement* at once.

Nothing is so easy as to obtain a divorce in Poland. The law extends so far on this point, that I know a gentleman, Mr. Wortel, who had no less than four wives, all living, and bearing his name. Count Patocka, therefore, availing himself of this advantage, and having previously made every arrangement necessary, one morning called on Count de Witt, and, without further ceremony, said: "Count, I love your wife, and cannot live without her. I know that I am not indifferent to her; and I might immediately carry her off; but I wish to owe my happiness to you, and retain forever a grateful sense of your generosity. Here are two papers, one is an act of divorce, which only wants your signature, for you see the countess has already affixed hers to it; the other is a bond for two millions of florins, payable at my banker's in the city. We may, therefore, settle the business amicably or otherwise, just as you please." The husband doubtless thought of his adventure at the fortress of Kaminietz, and like the French ambassador, he resigned himself to his fate, and signed the paper. The fair Sophia became, the same day, the Countess Patocka; and to the charms of beauty and talents were now added the attractions of a fortune the extent of which was unequalled in Europe.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FRENCH law is a severe protector of patents and copyrights. We doubt if our courts would hold that the two words "popular concerts" constituted a property; but M. Padeloup has recovered damages against a musical speculator whose announcements of another series under that title seemed to threaten injury to his well-known enterprise at the Cirque Napoleon.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE has sent three native agents, disguised as merchants, to explore Central Asia by different routes. Each one is independent of the others, and kept in ignorance of their appointment, so that on their return three independent narratives may be looked for. They are instructed to take note of all that they see, to observe the temper of the different peoples among whom they travel, whether movements are taking place in favor of Russia, and to visit Bokhara, Khokand, and Samarcand before they turn back.

AN English paper says that a London publishing firm has been recently trying to prevail on the Poet Laureate to permit the introduction into this country of the American editions of his works, alleging as a reason that they are quite as well if not better printed, and that they are so very much cheaper than the English editions. Another reason adduced for their introduction here, we believe, was the desirability of circulating Mr. Tennyson's writings amongst the working classes. Notwithstanding these representations, the Laureate has, we understand, failed to perceive any necessity for allowing American reprints of his poems to circulate here.

SEVENTEEN highly interesting autograph letters of Lord Byron were sold last month in London by Messrs. Sotheby. They are mostly addressed to Mr. J. Hodgson, and contain numerous passages which have not yet been published.

THE fascinations of a literary career, which seem so brilliant when viewed from afar, and through the pleasant illusions of hope and youthful confidence, present but a pitiable appearance in the biographies of most literary men. Experience is daily reading us a homily on the precariousness of the profession, and the habitual improvidence of the professors; but we do not often meet with a sterner warning than is conveyed in the paragraph from the *Northern Whig* which has been copied into the papers. A man of genius, William Carleton, at an age when even the day-laborer may fold his arms and cease to work; nearly blind, and with fading faculties, at seventy-one has still to struggle on to maintain a large family upon £150 a year, the residue of his pension after the insurance premium is paid. Now when we consider that of all forms of literary work none is so lavishly remunerated as fiction, and that the author of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" was very popular with readers of fiction, the announcement that William Carleton is in distress implies either the insufficiency of literature as a means of securing a competence even for an author who has considerable success, or else the improvidence which permits a man to make income of his capital, "living from hand to mouth," without any serious forethought of the coming days when failing faculties or waning reputation will no longer secure the income. Read the story how you will, it is one which should arrest the serious thought of the many ambitious aspirants who are tempted to escape the "drudgery" of commerce for the illusory attractions of literature.

TOUCHING a volume of selections from Mrs. Browning's poems, published by Chapman and Hall, the editor of *The Fortnightly Review* says: The selection has been made by Browning himself; and the poet's instinct and the husband's reverential love have combined to give this Selection a peculiar artistic interest, over and above the separate interest of each poem. "It has been attempted," he says, "to retain and to dispose the characteristics of the general poetry whence this is an abstract, according to an order which should allow them the prominence and effect they seem to possess when considered in the larger, not exclusively the lesser works of the poet. A musician might say, such sweet chords are repeated, others made subordinate by distribution, so that a single movement may imitate the progress of the whole symphony. But there are various ways of modulating up to and connecting any given harmonies; and it will be neither a surprise nor a pain to find that better could have been done as to both selection and sequence, than in the present case all care and the profoundest veneration were able to do." A better selection? Possible; but not to me conceivable. I read the whole volume through, and felt as if I were reading one work. That is the final test of the artistic construction of such a selection; it is also a test of the unalterable sincerity of the writer, who expresses her own mind, and is not trying experiments on yours. The various poems have very various degrees of merit, but they have all the supreme merit of being genuine. They are songs; musical utterances of thoughts and fancies passing through the poet's brain. In affluent felicity of expression, Mrs. Browning is a study for poets and critics, even when the thought expressed is of little value. We often hear the far-off echo of Shakespearian phrase, as, for instance, —

"There's nothing low
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
And what I feel, across the inferior features
Of what I am, doth flash itself and show
How that great work of love enhances Nature's."

Or this:—

"What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
In unexpected largesse? am I cold,
Ungrateful that for these most manifold
High gifts I render nothing back at all?
Not so; not cold, — but very poor instead.
Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
The colors of my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go farther! let it serve to trample on."

Shakespeare has no finer sonnet than that. The one blemish in it, ("Ask God who knows"), which is apt to excite a feeling of the ridiculous if dwelt upon, is the kind of blemish very frequent in her poems, — a reckless, or at least prodigal, introduction of God and Christ, disturbing the homogeneity of impression; but it is evidently a spontaneous mode of thought with her. I cannot venture to go on quoting passages as I should like to quote and comment, but as a single specimen of the delicate varieties she could throw into the same sentiment, let this little poem be compared with the sonnet just given:—

"O, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie along in thine?
As a little stone in a running stream, it seems to lie and
pine.

Now drop the poor pale hand, Dear, unfit to plight with
thine.

"O, wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, drawn closer to thine
own?

My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by many a tear
run down.

Now leave a little space, Dear, lest it should wet thine
own.

"O, must thou have my soul, Dear, commingled with thy
soul?

Bed grows the cheek, and warm the hand; the part is in
the whole,

Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate when soul is joined
to soul."

THOMAS BEWICK has recorded, in his Autobiographical Memoir, that in 1812, during his slow recovery from a severe illness, he conceived the plan of a book similar to Croxall's *Æsop's Fables*; and as he gained strength began to draw designs on wood of the fables and vignettes. "In impatiently pushing forward to get to press with the publication, I availed myself of the help of my pupils, — my son, William Harvey, and William Temple, — who were eager to do their utmost to forward me in the engraving business, and in my struggles to get the book ushered into the world." William Harvey, born at Newcastle in 1796, was apprenticed to the great reviver of wood-engraving at the age of fourteen. His employment during the seven years of diligent apprenticeship was not always of so pleasurable a nature as his work upon his master's drawings. Bewick was a general engraver, at a time when he himself was almost the only artist who saw the capabilities of wood-cuts for the illustration of books. And so when Harvey sat at the bench in his master's workshop in St. Nicholas Churchyard, Newcastle, patiently laboring upon shop-cards, and all the other common productions in copper or wood of a country engraver, his opportunities for any practical ac-

quaintance with the higher branches of his art were not extensive. But he had the rare advantage of intimate companionship with one who has been called "a truly original genius, who, though not a painter, was an artist of the highest order in his way." Thus Mr. Leslie describes him who was characterized by John Wilson as "the matchless, inimitable Bewick."

In 1817 Mr. Harvey left the quiet haven of Newcastle to embark upon the stormy sea of artist-life in London. The young man knew the deficiencies of his early training, and placed himself as a pupil under Hayden, who was well qualified to give him correct instruction in the principles of drawing. But he assiduously worked as a wood-engraver, and in 1821 produced his large cut from Hayden's picture* of the "Death of Dentatus." Marvellous as is the execution of this work,—"superior to anything of the kind, either of earlier or more recent time," writes Mr. Chatto,—it is rather an attempt to rival line-engraving than a legitimate display of the peculiar excellence of woodcuts. After another seven years' labor as an engraver, Mr. Harvey, in 1824, abandoned that department of Art, and devoted himself exclusively to designing for copper-plate and wood engravers. Thus, during forty-one years, his name has become familiar to every reader of illustrated books, to an extent which has been said to exhibit one of the most remarkable instances of industry in the history of Art. The writer of a brief memoir of Mr. Harvey in the English Cyclopædia—himself an artist and art-critic—says "the number of his designs is less surprising than their variety. With that accurate observation of the habits of quadrupeds, which he probably derived from his early studies with Bewick, his zoological illustrations would alone command admiration. But in the higher orders of design, whether strictly historical or purely imaginative, the resources of his prolific genius appear rarely to have failed, however hurried the demands upon his taste and invention. The abundance of his works has necessarily involved conventional forms, which detract from his originality in some cases."

The blameless and useful life of William Harvey was terminated on the 13th of January. He died at Prospect Lodge, Richmond, where he had long resided. When his old master, Bewick, on the 1st of January, 1815, sent him "The History of British Birds," the present was accompanied with the solemn exhortation, "Look at them, as long as they last, on every New-Year's day, and at the same time resolve, with the help of the all-wise but unknowable God, to conduct yourself on every occasion as becomes a good man." Those who had the happiness of William Harvey's acquaintance can testify how well he carried out, during a long career of labor and struggle, this advice of his early friend. A more conscientious or more amiable man has rarely discharged the duties of every relation of life.

* Proofs of this remarkable engraving for many years brought fancy prices, and, owing to a curious accident which occurred soon after it was finished, collectors spoke of the impressions as being "before" or "after" the mishap alluded to. It appears that whilst some proofs were being taken, a pair of scissors was left on the block by accident. The pressman gave a sharp pull, as usual, the tool was crushed into the wood, and the block was spoiled. Every effort was afterwards made to restore it, but it was too late. In 1824, Harvey drew and engraved the beautiful vignettes and "tail-pieces" in Dr. Henderson's "History of Ancient and Modern Wines." After this he occupied himself more with designing than engraving; and, amongst the thousands of elegant illustrations drawn by him, we may mention two editions of White's "History of Selborne," "Northcote's Fables" (first and second series), the "Tower Menagerie," the "Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society," the "Arabian Nights," and "Shakespeare."

THE GYPSIES' SONG.

(Translated from the Russian.)

We are two maidens
With black eyes glowing;
We are two gypsies
With black locks flowing:

In the eye's blackness the fire sparkles gladly,
In the heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

Hot boils the blood there,
All is on fire!
Loving is life: let us
Love or expire!

In the eye's blackness the fire sparkles gladly,
In the heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

Know ye what danger
Lurks in our kisses?
Leave us—and bloodshed's
Our dearest of blisses!

In the eye's blackness the fire sparkles gladly,
In the heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

J. B.

AN ELIZABETHAN VALENTINE.

(In an Album, dated 1583.)

WHEN Slumber first unclouds my brain,
And thoughts is free,
And Sense refreshed renews her reign,—
I thinke of Thee.

When nexte in prayer to God above
I bende my knee,
Then when I pray for those I love,—
I pray for Thee.

And when the duties of the day
Demands of mee
To rise and journey on life's way,—
I work for Thee.

Or if perchance I sing some lay,
Whate'er it bee;
All that the idle verses say,—
They say of Thee.

For if an eye whose liquid lights
Gleams like the sea,
They sing, or tresses browne and bright,—
They sing of Thee.

And if a wearie mood, or sad,
Possesses mee,
One thought can all times make mee glad,—
The thoughte of Thee.

And when once more upon my bed,
Full wearily,
In sweet repose I lay my head,—
I dream of Thee.

In short, one only wish I have,
To live for Thee;
Or gladly, if one pang 't would save,
I'd die for Thee.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

[No. 9.

THE SWINDLER AS ARTIST.

THE swindlers should form an Academy. As with the other middle classes of Great Britain,—for we take it the true rank of a swindler in the criminal world is between a burglar and a thief,—they have the virtue of industry, and they produce results; but they are terribly deficient both in intelligence and style. Mr. Matthew Arnold would despise them heartily, even if they had contrived to cheat him out of a five-pound note. They are always doing something which, even when efficient, is exceedingly clumsy and offensive to persons penetrated with a just sense of the value of the ideal in art.

They embezzle, for instance, with some success, and in great numbers; but embezzlement usually is nothing but theft under very easy circumstances. A person trusted with money steals it, and absconds,—an operation about as artistic as the construction of the brick box with holes in it which is called in London a house. If a professional indeed has obtained his situation with the view to embezzle, studied his employer's character and books, and embezzled at the precise moment when embezzlement is most profitable, then, indeed, his work is redeemed from vulgarity, and he may go to Portland with a serene consciousness that he has displayed intelligence lifting him quite out of the rank of mere industrials.

But few men have the ability for harmonious scoundrelism of this kind. They prefer simpler or more brutal expedients. Forgery, for instance, in the absence of an Academy which would enforce sound laws, strikes them as really artistic, and they are always forging. In reality forgery is to, true swindling what photography is to art,—it produces a great result, but by purely mechanical means. There is no possibility of style about it, for a mere imitation of handwriting does not allow of style, and the labor of ascertaining the state of an account requires very little thought, while the personation sometimes essential is, after all, an inferior though necessary accomplishment. The power of "getting up" well does not constitute a good actor. A professional forger may of course belong to a high order of swindlers, just as a photographer may be an artist, but the business itself is not within the domain of art. Ordering goods, too, and selling them without paying has usually very little merit, though it is sometimes redeemed from its commonplace nature by the adoption of a title, or the use of an aristocratic name, or some appeal to the dealer's vanity, or other peculiarity of disposition which requires thought and may indicate some faint trace of genius. The man who, for example, lived recently

for some weeks as a peer, taking a name now little known, was at least as high as an ordinary forger.

A swindle was recently committed in the South of France which at first sight looked as if a great artist in swindling had appeared. A "Greek Prince" took rooms in a hotel in Marseilles, declaring himself on his way to Paris, bought horses, lived at an enormous rate, borrowed fifteen hundred francs of his landlord, professed to have fallen in love with a girl he saw in the train, and actually arranged with her family a contract of marriage which read very like a sale of the young lady by her brother. The Prince was a convict, and his success in duping so many persons whose interest it was not to be duped, and in availing himself of the prevalent belief that the arrival of a Greek Prince was a possibility, and the universal ignorance of what Greek Princes would be like, showed a fine and perceptive mind. But then it was immensely stupid to declare himself a Turkish subject when Turkey had a consul in the port, and to forge Turkish bills of exchange. The first man of common sense who got one—it happened to be the young lady's brother—took the document to the consulate, the bubble exploded, and Prince Kallimaki was speedily in a prison again.

So, too, in the remarkably clever swindle related in the *Times* there is one evidence of vulgarity. Most of the incidents are artistic in the very highest degree, but there is a defect in style. A gentleman, it appears, who wished to let his house in Berkeley Square, was informed that a Mr. Montefiore was willing to take it, and called on him to arrange the lease. Mr. Montefiore thereupon informed him that he did not want the house, but had asked for it because he wished to relieve its owner's embarrassments, and prevent the sale of a place he might afterwards require. An offer so unexpected and unusual would of course have excited suspicion; but the swindler, with really high feeling for his art, had prevented this by adopting the only name which carries with it a presumption of benevolence, as Rothschild does of wealth. The owner accepting the offer, Mr. Montefiore told him that a bank with which he had influence would open a credit for him, provided he paid in £500. Had this been done, he would doubtless have offered in the kindest way to take the money to the bank, and have bolted with it, but the victim had not so much at hand. With a *sang froid* of the most creditable kind, Mr. Montefiore explained that it did not signify, that £200 would do, and that he himself would lend, to be repaid the following morning, the remainder. A check for £200 was produced, Mr. Montefiore showed another for £300, which under the circum-

stances was not examined, and drove his victim to a bank, where he pretended to get both cashed and really got one, and then to Rothschild's bank, where he disappeared with his plunder, leaving his victim in the cab. To make the fraud still more perfect, there is a Mr. Montefiore in the bank, and on Mr. ——— inquiring if he was there, he was answered of course in the affirmative, a reply which gave the swindler nearly an hour more in which to escape pursuit.

Now here we have nearly the perfect swindler, the consummate actor, who marks his victim, understands his circumstances and character, lays a plot involving little danger at the outset, meets an unexpected difficulty with complete self-possession, and in the kindest, most charitable, and most gentlemanly manner robs the man who trusted in his effusiveness. There is, however, one blot. "Mr. Montefiore" is liable when detected to rather severe penalties, and we take it the ideal swindler is the man who, doing all he did, and doing it as delicately, would at the end of it all be only within the grasp of the civil magistrate. To swindle so as to be imprisoned is a defect in art, showing want of culture and sense of proportion, an act very inferior in intelligence to a bankruptcy with property concealed, or other unpunished *chef d'œuvre*. It is like building a beautiful structure on a morass, and indicates a defect either of knowledge or of patience, inconsistent with the highest order of genius. That rank belongs to a performer in a little drama we heard of the other day, who, if he really exists, and we have no personal knowledge of the facts, ought to be made President of the Swindlers' Academy. He actually devised a safe form of swindling. He opened an account with a bank in the city, and commenced a practice of paying in his office balance every evening and drawing it out every morning. He did not like, he said, to leave so much money, usually some thousands, in the office. The practice, though unusual, was tolerated for some weeks, and on the last day the check presented as usual. It was not till it had been paid, and the money lost, that the clerk discovered the cash had not, as usual, been paid in. The drawer had relied with a curious knowledge of human nature on the influence of habit, and the dislike of men to display unnecessary suspicion, and the dislike of all banks to do anything so violent as refuse an unsuspected customer's check.

On the other hand, the swindler knew perfectly that if the check were refused it would be in the ordinary way by a mere memorandum of "Insufficient effects," and now that it is paid he is only in the position of a customer who has overdrawn and is liable to civil process. That little fraud, if it really occurred as we believe, is artistic swindling, and may almost reconcile the Mr. Arnold of the profession, whoever he is, to the blundering clumsiness of most of the fraternity, who seem to imagine, as such wretched industrials do, that if the result is attained, theft and swindling are almost the same thing. As well confuse architecture and London house-building.

THE WATCH-TOWER.

IN almost every German town there is a watch-tower; sometimes it is a separate building, but generally the highest church-tower is used for this purpose; if a fire should by any chance break out, whether by day or by night, the watchman is sure to observe it, if he is, as he should be, at his post,

and he forthwith tolls a bell which sets all the large bells in the town going in an incredibly short space of time. This is called a *Sturm Glocke*, and doubtless many a "song of the bell" could be written about such, since Schiller composed his poem, which forcibly describes a calamity so often occurring, yet bringing with it ever new terror and dismay. The outburst of these dreaded tongues is followed in many places, as in Saxe-Weimar, by the firing of canon; two such signals being given if the accident happens in the town itself, and one only if beyond the gates, or in a neighboring village. In the former case, this explosion is succeeded by blowing of trumpets, shouting, and barking of dogs; or after a while this Dutch concert is somewhat drowned by the bassoon-like rumbling of the heavy fire-engines drawn by their four or six black steeds along the rough-pitched stone pavement. To be thus awakened, after one's first sleep, is, it is needless to say, far from agreeable; it was long before I could compose myself to rest again, after my first experience in this way. The watchman with his family, if he should possess one, lives rent-free in his airy castle, is supplied with firewood and lights, and is allowed a certain stipend. Those who have been accustomed to the tower-life do not often willingly descend to take up their abode amongst ordinary mortals. I have been told by an old couple, who had given up the watch to take to some more lucrative occupation, that the change of air agreed with them so ill, and that they had so strong an impression that they must be suffocated if they remained below, as to induce them to return to their home in the clouds. The woman told me that her mother had been born, married, and died in a tower, and that she had followed in her steps in two instances, and hoped to do so in the third, when her time came. "Down in the town," said she, "there is always so much gossiping and backbiting going on, and I dare say that I should become as bad as the rest if I lived there; but up in my loft there is peace and fresh air, and we do not trouble ourselves about our neighbors,—indeed we scarcely feel that we have any to trouble about."

I happened, in the early part of last autumn, to be visiting the chief town of Ober Hessen, Giessen, whose university I was wishing to see; and after satisfying my curiosity as to that ancient receptacle of learning, I turned my steps towards the still more ancient watch-tower, from whose height, I was told, I should get a good view of the surrounding scenery, so justly esteemed for its beauty. On reaching the dwelling part of the building I was greeted by the observant occupant himself, who at my request escorted me to the gallery, which was a wide one; and, arranged in rows around the outer side, stood a number of flowering shrubs and plants. This sudden and unexpected burst of brightness was a glad surprise to the eye, after resting so long upon the cold gray gloom of the stone walls and steps during the ascent, and it was with something of the same kind of feeling that a released prisoner must experience when he steps from his dungeon into the free air of heaven, that I stepped out upon this little garden of fresh verdure and brilliant blossoms, hanging as it were in the sky; and the view here was a still greater surprise; for indeed it is a fine and comprehensive one. To the right, the Schiffenberg, with its old church rising bare from behind its wooded ascent, among whose wandering paths the townsfolk love to disport themselves on Sundays and feast days. To the left, Gleiberg, on whose summit stands an ancient though lately repaired tower, the Sieben Hü-

geln, and the river Lahn flowing round by the hill and ruin of Badenburg; in the middle distance, fruit orchards lying warm and ruddy in the ripening August sun. The Germans call this month "der koch monat," the grapes being then supposed to undergo a process which turns their sour juice into the sunlit nectar which wine is capable of representing. After feasting my eyes on the landscape below, I turned towards the keeper of the little paradise on which I was standing, and complimented him upon the good taste which led him to adorn his balcony, so as to render it so attractive.

"Yes, madame, this is indeed a pleasant place to sit down and repose in, when I get up here, away from the heat and bustle of the noisy, dusty world beneath. My wife brought the coffee here for breakfast, after which meal I smoked my pipe, and enjoyed the fresh morning air. Ah, in spring-time, how delicious were those early hours, listening to the singing birds, beginning with solos and twitterings, and at length breaking into one gush of song! Yes, 'those May mornings are delightful,' the fruit-trees one sheet of blossom, whose odor rising on the breeze excels any toilet-perfumes that I know of. Here, too, on Sunday afternoons and evenings in summer, how charming it has been to sit, with my wife and children around me, watching the fading sky and the stars twinkle out one by one, and then, when all is hushed, and the world below asleep, O how I love to lie here and watch, not only the town, as is my duty, but the moon as she glides behind the clouds, or sheds down her unveiled light from the deep vault above me. How often do I pity the poor townspeople, who have to breathe the thick, smoky, ill-smelling atmosphere under me, whilst I am inhaling the pure breath of heaven. A friend of mine has remarked to me, that when he has anything of a perplexing nature to think about, or to determine, he likes to come-up here, where, apart from all that distracts attention in the underworld, he can more readily come to a conclusion; and Herrn Hackländer" (the Dickens of Germany, you must know, reader), "who once came up to look about him, told me, that this round balcony would be worth thousands of guildens a year to him. Yes, the place is nice enough to live in,—but," continued the watchman, with a sigh, "we cannot remain in it. I am going to remove my furniture; my wife and the children are already gone away."

"What is your reason?" inquired I, becoming interested in the man.

"We have had so many frights, and such a fearful accident here, that my poor wife's nerves are quite broken down, and I fear for her intellect, if she were to live in this tower any longer. She and the little ones are now lodging with some neighbors, if I can call those such who live so far beneath us, and out of our range as it were. They shall never put foot in this place again. We have had now three frights, and it is in consequence of the last, and the accident which caused it, that I came to the decision of removing as soon as possible."

"Will you tell me about the three occasions on which you and your wife were so much alarmed?" I asked.

"Willingly," replied he, offering me a wicker seat. "Those flowers opposite to you, madame, I placed as an additional protection to that of the iron railing, in consequence of the second fright we had, which happened about six months ago. But I will take them in order as they come. To begin with the first, which is as trifling an affair, compared with

the second, as that is compared again with the third, the shock from which I fear my wife will never entirely recover,—to begin, I say, with the first, I must explain that we have a windlass, by which we draw up our firewood and water from below, and which is fixed in the upper landing of the tower; the rope attached to it passes through a hole in the building, along a leaden pipe, which holds it out at about six feet distance from the wall outside, from whence it is let down when required into the lane beneath. There is a large wooden tray, which is hooked on to the rope, and filled with wood below; my wife and I, assisted by our eldest boy, generally hauled up the wood, whilst the younger children, at least those who were old enough, for we have a large family, loaded the tray. We drew up our firing in this way once every day, usually in the afternoon or evening. We were thus employed one evening, when my wife remarked that the burden felt very light, and that those careless children of ours must have been playing about, and so neglected to fill the tray as full as usual. We had not long to wind, for the tray came up quickly, and on going up aloft to pull it over the balcony rails, which was our way of getting it in, to our astonishment and horror, instead of our firewood, we beheld a man,—yes, a man! pale as death, and with black swollen hands hanging on by the long iron hook, which fastened the rope to the tray, which had swung round, and offered no longer any support in consequence.

The luckless wight appeared to be almost in a fainting condition, and unable to speak from exhaustion. Had he moved a finger, he would have been in danger of falling, and it seemed to us, that ere we could possibly rescue him his strength must fail him, and he would become incapable of holding on any longer. The glazed look of terror in the poor fellow's eyes haunts me to this day. It was no easy matter to get him out of his predicament, as we found when we began to try, and it was a nervous touch-and-go work. Our hands trembled the more, from our conviction of the fact that the man's life entirely depended on our strength and the skill with which we exerted it. Recollect, the rope hung six feet from the wall, and that although it was an easy thing to fasten upon the large square surface of the tray, which came, of itself, much nearer, it was a very difficult matter to lay hold of the human being, hanging from the hook, at such a distance. Here was a dilemma: what was to be done? The process of letting him down by the windlass would have taken too long a time, I saw, for the man appeared to be on the point of swooning. An idea struck me! Rushing down stairs, I quickly returned with my walking-stick, and—ah! was I too late?—it was the work of a second—life or death, which was it to be?—which did it prove? the first of these contingencies, thank God! I succeeded in hitching the crooked handle of the stick into the man's belt, and, thus pulling him within range of us, we caught hold of him by the head and by the feet at once, and lifted him over the railings. He was one of the ballet-dancers, whom I happened, being myself engaged at the theatre, to know, and a married man with a family. As soon as he was safe, my wife let out upon him, scolding him soundly for his wickedness in frightening her and exposing his life, of which, for his wife and children's sake, he should have taken more care. She turned him down stairs before he had half time to recover himself, telling him never to ascend, either by the outside or the inside, to our dwelling again. He had made a foolish

bet, it afterwards turned out, with some students who happened to be passing at the time the tray was let down, that he would get into it, and so get hauled up. He, however, little thought that there was any danger of the tray's turning round from under him when he had got part way up, as it did, or of the difficulty presented, of his getting into the balcony when once up at the top. His insufficient weight, and his position on the tray, had not balanced it properly, and owing to this his seat had slid from under him, and he had clung to the iron hook to save him from falling.

"The next affair, which was more alarming in its way, happened in this wise. One day a servant-maid brought up a child of about two years old. She was accompanied by a soldier. People did not always ring the bell, but if the door was open they would pass through and on to the balcony. I did not always follow the visitors out, but as this party remained a longer time than was usual, I went up to see what they were about. The girl was, as I supposed, talking and laughing with her *schatz* [lover]; but where was the child? ah! where? In going round the tower to look for it, I saw to my unutterable horror that the little fellow was standing on one of the stone buttresses which supported the balustrade, having evidently got out to it between a gap in the railings. No grown person could have found standing-room where his little feet were perched. I felt a tingling sensation creep all over me; what should I do? My first impulse was to call out to the child, and to rush up to it to pull it away; but on reflection I felt almost sure that this would lead to fatal consequences, as the child would probably thus be frightened, and fall over. What then, you will ask, did I do in this emergency? I laid myself at length along the floor, and creeping that way unperceived up to the spot where he stood, I cautiously reached one hand through the rails, and caught the child by the petticoats; then rising, with the other I lifted him over the balustrade, and thus effected the rescue. After I had him safe, I looked at him, and fancied that I had seen his black eyes and curly pate before, and when I noticed the initials on his pinafore, I recognized the boy as belonging to an acquaintance of ours. I took him in my arms, and purposely avoiding the still preoccupied nurse-maid, carried the child down. He never ceased staring at me with his large eyes till I had restored him to his mother, who, I need scarcely tell you, overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude; and this ring," pointing to a handsome signet which he wore, in the fashion of his country, on the forefinger, "is a token of it. She and her husband then promised me to help me in any difficulty I might be in at any time, and we have now put their sincerity to the test, for my family are now receiving the good people's hospitality, sharing their roof and partaking of their bread until such time as I shall be able to procure a new one for them, which shortly I hope to do. But to return to what I was telling you: it did not take long to carry the child home. On returning here, I found the servant in a fine state of alarm, having just discovered the loss of her charge. She was frantically rushing about, and now and then looking over the parapet. When she saw me, she sprang towards me, beseeching me to assist her to find the child. I told her to go below and seek for it under the tower in the yard; that she alone was responsible, and that I had nothing to do with this sad business. She, followed by the soldier, whom she was abusing soundly for tak-

ing up her attention so long, hurried down the stairs, and fearing that the child was killed (she had not stopped to look for it, I heard afterwards), not liking to face her master and mistress, ran straight back to her home in the Oden Wald.

"And, now, madame, I am coming to the fearful accident which happened to us about a fortnight ago,—the recollection of which makes it impossible for us to remain here. My wife was attacked by brain fever the day after that which I am going to relate took place, and from this she is only now slowly recovering. She was ill in bed when this happened, and when I left the tower on the afternoon of which I am going to speak she was asleep. I had to practise a difficult solo accompaniment for the opera that evening, and had in consequence gone to the theatre much earlier than usual. The children were all at school, excepting the two youngest, who were under the care of our maid-of-all-work. She had put the baby to sleep in its cradle in my wife's room, and had taken away the little boy, who is about two years and a half old, to put on his walking-dress, intending to take the child with her on an errand which she had to do in the town. She had, however, to wait until our oldest girl should return from school, as she could not leave my wife alone. After laying the child's clothes on a chair ready to put on, she took him with her to go and open the door to some one who had rung the bell, and had afterwards been gossiping a long time on the stairs with this individual, who had proved to be a friend of hers, without paying proper attention to the little boy, who had in the mean time slipped back into the children's room. This was the clearest account of the matter that I could get given me, when I came to inquire afterwards of the servant, how it was that she could have been so negligent. My wife told me that she awoke some time after I had gone (it must have been with a strange presentiment that some evil had befallen our boy), and getting as quickly out of bed as she could, she ran out on the landing-place, exclaiming, 'My Ludwig,—my Ludwig,—where is he?' The servant, running up from the stairs, explained that he had been by her side only an instant ago, and that he could not be very far off. My wife and the servant then searched in every direction for him, but no Ludwig was to be found.

"In the nursery there was a chair standing by the window; and on it a little shoe, one of his, was lying. A sudden fear took possession of my wife; she tottered to the window, which was open, and, after a moment's hesitation, an instant of dread to know the worst, the truth,—which she suspected,—she looked out; and there, on the pavement two hundred feet below, lay the body of her child,—for alive he could not be. Rushing down stairs just as she was, in her night-dress, my poor wife ran wildly into the little narrow street or lane which lay immediately under the window from which the dear child had fallen. This was not much used as a thoroughfare, and at the moment she reached it there happened to be nobody there. How shall I express to you, madame, the surprise,—the consternation of my wife and the servant,—when, on hurrying to the spot where they expected to behold the child's shapeless mangled corpse, they found nothing. Here was a mystery to be solved! By this time the screams of the two women had roused the attention of the neighbors, who came running to them from the next street, close by.

"Where, where is the child?' was the reiterated cry passed on from mouth to mouth, till at last the

lane was full of people asking each other the same question. Some of them, not knowing the immediate cause of my wife's distress, and struck by her unusual appearance, believing her mad, laid hold of her, and forcing her back into the building, and up into her room, endeavored to quiet her the best way they could. But no one could answer her repeated question, 'Where is my Ludwig? where is his poor body?' Ah, where indeed was it! Before she had wellnigh been carried up stairs, however, a woman who had with breathless haste made her way into the lane, hurried up, saying that she had something important to say, and on being admitted she forthwith told my wife that she had seen the child fall from one of the upper windows, and had instantly hastened down from the top of the house where she lived, and which commanded a partial view of the tower. There was, then, no doubt of his having fallen, — no doubt of the poor child's destruction. But again the question, — What had, what could have become of the body? The general consternation increased, as indeed it well might: this was an unparalleled mystery. The woman who had seen him fall was of course more wonderstruck than the rest were, to find that the child was not to be found alive or dead.

"After receiving this intelligence, it was of course perfectly hopeless to make any further search for the poor child in the tower, for, as he had been seen to fall, he could not be anywhere inside the dwelling; the body must be sought for, *must* be found, out of the tower; that was clear to the astounded assemblage in my wife's room. A messenger was despatched to tell me that something had happened at home to require my immediate return. I was taking my part in the overture to the opera, and the curtain was about to draw up in obedience to the sound of the ball, when I was thus interrupted. Dropping my violin, I made my way out of the theatre with trembling limbs and a sinking heart, conjecturing all kinds of dreadful misfortunes to have happened. By the time I reached our little street, I could hardly get by for the mob, which was filling it up to the very door of the tower, and part of the way up the steps. But as soon as I was recognized, way was made for me with one consent. On all sides I heard, 'There is the child's father!' It was then something which had happened to one of the children. My suspense was soon ended, when I heard from my wife and those around her what had happened. I immediately determined to go at once to the police, and instigate a proper inquiry as to the child; when, just as I was going out of the tower, a man brushed by me, but seeing who I was, turned and put into my hand — what? a child's hat and pelisse. These I instantly recognized as belonging to my little boy.

"I live at the end of Tower Lane," said the man; "my little girl has brought me home these things, which she tells me she picked up about half an hour ago, as she was passing under the tower, and of course I thought they might belong to you."

"It was then only the clothes that my wife had seen. A dawning of hope began to awaken within me: was it possible that the woman had mistaken the clothes falling for the child falling, and that it was all untrue, and the dear child would still be found?"

"I went immediately back to my wife and the people up stairs, amongst whom the woman who said she had seen him fall was still loitering. I put some eager questions to her, but her replies ban-

ished all hope. She told me that she had been watching my little boy for some time playing at the window, and that she had seen him throw out first the hat, and then what seemed to her like some garment, and seeing that he was leaning over to look at the things drop, she had turned to come away and to warn us about him, when, casting a last look at the window before doing so, she saw the child tumble out of it, and then she made as much speed to tell us as possible.

"Her account appeared to be very connected, and we felt that it was all too convincing. There was only just this one little incongruity in her tale, and that was, that the clothes were seen lying under a different window, though one close at hand, to that from which the woman said she saw him throw them out.

"Night was advancing by this time, and getting rid of the numerous sympathizing intruders upon our privacy, I shut the door upon all the world, and, closeted with my wife, whom I succeeded in somewhat quieting, we gave ourselves up to our grief; and various were our conjectures as to the probable or possible fate of our poor little Ludwig. Some of my friends had informed the police, and emissaries were sent in every direction to endeavor to procure tidings of the child's body, whose disappearance seemed to be so perfectly unaccountable. At length I persuaded my wife to lie down; the bigger children some kind neighbors had taken charge of to lighten our cares in our distress; the baby, therefore, alone remained. I had carried the little creature in to my wife, and had laid it in her arms to comfort her; and as she was gazing on its calm face as it slept, her tears began to flow, which was what I wanted: I knew that nature would in this way relieve itself, for I feared, as I have said before, for her reason. Ay, madame, such things have driven people mad before now; and it is to the wonder of all that she retains her senses, after all she has gone through. I saw that my wife was very quiet, and, fancying she had dropped into a kind of sleep, I slipped out of the room, and calling the servant to bring a light, I determined once more to search the place thoroughly, inside and out, although this had, they told me, been done before. We visited the cellar and every nook and corner that could be thought of, but all to no purpose; no, it did really appear as if this extraordinary affair would never be cleared up. No news came from the town, from any of the many messengers employed in the inquiry, and it was with a heavy, despairing heart that I returned to my wife. As soon as I entered her room, she put up her finger, whispering, 'Listen; stand still here by the bed.' Doing as she desired me, I looked at her in wonder at her meaning, and fearful that her mind was wandering.

"Do you hear anything, Wilhelm?" said she.

"Yes, wife, I do hear something, and it sounds very like a human voice, — a child's voice crying out in distress."

"It seemed to come from somewhere outside the walls."

"Yes," said my wife, "as soon as you were gone, and all was quiet, I fancied I heard it first."

"The sound was faint, as if distant, and as of a child wailing and calling for help. We opened the window, and could hear it more distinctly. It did not seem to proceed from either over or under our window, but from somewhere at the side of the walls. We took our light and went into the children's room, the window of which we opened; but though we

could hear the sounds more distinctly, still we could see nothing, and following what we fancied must be the direction of the cries, we went on into a room near this one, and only divided by a small passage. This little room was used for lumber and for drying clothes, and was usually locked up, but the servant had been there sorting clothes for the wash that morning, and had evidently left it open after her. We had over and over again searched in this, as well as in every part of the dwelling. The sounds now became much more intelligible, and, going to the window, which was open,—it often was left open to enable the clothes to dry,—we could clearly distinguish a child's voice crying out, 'Mamma, Sophie,' the name of our servant. Our hearts leaped for joy: it was our darling's voice. His cries, heart-rending as they were, and hoarse with long screaming, were like the music of the spheres to us. They appeared to ascend from somewhere underneath the window; we threw the light from our candle down upon—what? Upon something dark below,—some large object against the wall, about six feet from the window-sill. When our eyes had become accustomed to the uncertain light, we beheld our child sitting in our large water-tub. We did not, you may be sure, linger long over our exclamations of wonder and of joy, but quickly pulled up the bucket with its precious burden. You are, doubtless, madame, anxious to know how it came that the bucket happened to be hanging in that way,—also how it was that the woman who had seen the child fall did not remark it. I will explain both. I found that our boys, hearing there was a grand wash in prospect for the day after, had taken the bucket from the place where it usually was kept, and had suspended it from some large iron staves which were used for hanging on the double windows we were obliged to use in the winter. This they did, knowing that there was no soft water in the large rain-water butt in the yard—the season having been remarkably dry—for the purpose of collecting the rain which had been threatening to descend that morning. The woman's window opposite only commanded a partial view, as I told you before, of the tower; and upon visiting her room, which I afterwards did to see, I was aware of the impossibility of her seeing the bucket, for another roof came between, and only the window and about four feet beneath it of wall were discernible from her window. Nor was the bucket to be seen from the lane, for the window from which it hung was at the side of the tower. The wind must have blown the hat and pelisse aside as they were falling, and they had alighted under the window in the children's room, from whence my wife had discovered them lying in the lane. The west-wind had been blowing hard all the day. In these sudden emergencies people seldom reason logically, if they reason at all; but, of course, a little quiet survey of the bearings of the case would probably have led to an earlier *dénouement* of this mystery. The little boy had been playing with some toys at the lumber-room window, and had dropped his little horse-and-cart into the bucket, in endeavoring to recover which he must have fallen, for we found the toy lying under him when we took him out. The clothes which he had thrown out were, it appears, those which the servant had laid upon a chair in the nursery ready to put on the child, and which he must have carried over into the lumber-room with him. These are the three frights and the accident which are the cause of our determination to leave our home in this tower, madame; and, now

you have heard about them, I think you cannot wonder at our decision.

The watchman, before I left him, gave me a manuscript containing his mother's story, which, though interesting, is too long to give here. I hurried away from the tower, feeling that it was, perhaps, an ill-omened place, yet, that if haunted by spirits, they were not altogether of an evil sort; and though mischievous, ready to undo the worst of their tricks. I was not sorry, when I returned to my own home, to know, that, as we live on the parterre, our children are pretty safe even if they should fall.

JOHN GIBSON.

THE death of this most distinguished sculptor of our modern school occurred at Rome, on the 27th of January. Though he had lived to an age when most men are but the shadows of their former selves, yet Gibson retained all the young-mindedness of his early days, and much of the vigor of his manhood. His fine countenance showed few of the ordinary signs of age; his full hair and beard were scarcely more gray than at forty; and his dark eye had not been dimmed at all. Like many Welshmen, Gibson had a decidedly Italian cast of features, with a grave, thoughtful, and amiable expression, which was strengthened by his pleasant and simple manners. There was never anything very forcible or demonstrative about him, although his views, when once settled in his own mind, were held with a degree of tenacity and firmness that might have been mistaken for obstinacy. The most remarkable instance of this was in his taking up the practice of coloring his statues in the late years of his career, and after he had attained to the height of his fame. He had then become an autocrat, and perhaps the opposition that was raised, and always will be, against coloring statues rather led him into the extreme assertions which he made in the *Venus* which occupied so prominent a position at the International Exhibition of 1862, the *Cupid*, and a *Hebe*, which we remember seeing in his studio at Rome. He often said that the coloring of statuary was a most delicate matter, and he thought no one understood it as he did himself; but it cannot be overlooked that the great man never ventured to apply it to his greatest works. It seemed to us that he played with it rather as if in the indulgence of a fancy, and for the sake of vindicating this knowledge of antique practice of the art. His noble statue of "The Hunter," a nude figure of a man holding back a bound, which for its style, as well as the extraordinary vigor and originality of conception, has been compared with the antique, was not touched with color, although it was finished in 1851, only a few years before his *Venus*. A Youthful *Bacchus*, also one of his latest, and certainly one of his most beautiful works, remains uncolored. It is not necessary to enter into the argument as to the correctness of such a view; the allusion is sufficient to point out Gibson's strong opinions upon the subject, which, indeed, became the most remarkable feature in his artistic career, next to his great genius as a sculptor after the antique style.

That Gibson should have achieved so much in emulation of the great models of antique art, is due entirely to his own great natural gifts. As the son of a gardener at Conway, he had no sort of classical education, nor did he even obtain this after he went to Liverpool with his father to be apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. His time was occupied simply in training his hand to the wood-carving for his trade,

and probably his only ideas of Greek art were obtained from any plaster casts which might have happened to be in the shop of Mr. Francis, the marble-mason, to whom he was transferred as an apprentice. It was here, however, that he became acquainted with Mr. Roscoe, whose notice had been attracted by a small figure of "Time," modelled in wax by young Gibson, and we may suppose that Mr. Roscoe's library, with its collection of engravings, contained many examples of classic art which were a new world to the young marble carver. The talent for modelling which he showed procured him many friends, and the means were soon found for giving him the advantages of studying at Rome. It does not appear that he ever entered at the Academy, as Flaxman did, while a boy in his father's plaster figure-shop in the Strand, but made his way entirely after studying at Rome. He arrived there in 1817, in his twenty-seventh year, and it was not till 1833 that he was admitted as Associate of the Academy, to be, however, elected a full Academician in three years' time; so that he made a very decided impression at this time, though his works were not to be compared for a moment with those he produced nearly twenty years afterwards, when at the very ripe age of fifty-eight.

His whole artistic life was spent at Rome, with rare visits to England, and he troubled himself little with the duties of an Academician. Gibson's first manner was precisely in accordance with the prevailing taste of the day for statues classical in name only. As to style, there was then nothing thought of but that of which Canova had set the fashion, and which was taken up by the French sculptors even more warmly than it was by the English. Flaxman had produced but little impression by his very few statues; however, his power was universally admitted to be great in the outlines he did in illustration of *Æschylus* and *Homer*, and *Thorwaldsen* was only beginning to be known, although never to exercise so much influence perhaps as Gibson himself has since held. It was from Canova, who took him as a pupil, that Gibson learnt the simply graceful and picturesque style of his first groups of "Mars and Cupid," — *Psyche* borne by the *Zephyrs*, and *Hylas* borne by the *Nymphs*, two similar groups, in which *Psyche* and *Hylas* are carried on the shoulders of two nymphs. These were sculptured about 1821, after he left Canova, and had set up for himself at Rome. The attention he excited by these works must have been considerable, for some were purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, the *Psyche* by Sir George Beaumont, the well-known amateur, and, as a *replica*, by the present Emperor of Russia and Prince *Torlonia*, while the *Hylas* was bought by Mr. *Vernon*, and stands now in the National Gallery amongst the rest of the *Vernon* bequests to the nation.

These groups were all of them marked by a good deal of poetic feeling, but in none of them can we perceive that deep insight into the antique which Gibson showed in the productions of his maturer years. They were, as we have said, not in advance of his contemporaries as regarded style, but they were very greatly superior in conception, and as groups they were wrought with technical skill of a high order. It is remarkable of them also that they were the first result of his serious study at Rome, and must have been designed and modelled with the greatest facility, from the short time, not more than four or five years, occupied in the work.

It was in 1817 that he entered Canova's studio, where he worked four years, and during this time

and the two or three years after he left Canova, the groups referred to were executed. He was led to design these groups probably from having seen Canova and the Danish sculptor, *Thorwaldsen*, occupied with their groups of the three *Graces*, the idea of which was suggested by the small antique bas-relief of the subject that gave to *Raphael* also his idea of the lovely group he painted. Whether Gibson studied directly under *Thorwaldsen* or not after he left Canova, he could not fail to be much influenced by the great Danish sculptor, and saw in his works an ideal more severe and certainly not less beautiful than in those of Canova, at the same time entirely free from any of the simpering affectation of attitude and expression which are so peculiar to his famous Italian rival, who was so absurdly eulogized at the time of his death, in 1822, as "The *Phidias* of his time." Juster views of the art have led us to regard *Thorwaldsen* as a greater sculptor than Canova, and that Gibson surpassed them both, if the antique is to be the standard of comparison, will generally be the opinion now. There are no works of modern sculpture which are so thoroughly inspired by the antique feeling, whether that may be true or not for the art of the present day, as Gibson's "Hunter," his "Youthful *Bacchus*," and his two bas-reliefs of the "Hours" and "Phaeton," with, in a second degree, his Colored *Venus* and the *Cupid*. We may take the "Hunter," which many will remember was one of the finest examples of sculpture in the '51 Exhibition, and again in the Manchester Exhibition, as the best instance in modern sculpture of natural study of the figure in the severe manner of the Greeks.

The story goes that Gibson was one day in an idle mood looking out of his window down into the streets of Rome, and saw a young man of the Campagna holding back his dog, which had attacked another one, and was straining for the fight. The idea struck him at once, and he hastened to make a sketch of the group, which afterwards in the marble became his greatest work. Another signal proof of his great power in idealizing may be noticed in the very beautiful head called "Grazia," which was modelled from a Capuan girl, who no doubt was just such a model as the Greeks chose, and Gibson did what they did in giving his work all the ideal grandeur of a goddess. His bas-reliefs of "Phaeton driving the Chariot of *Phœbus*," and "The Hours," personified according to the Greek myth by the three daughters of *Zeus*, harnessing the horses of *Phœbus*, which were done at Earl Fitzwilliam's request for "something about horses," may be named amongst the most beautiful examples of bas-relief in existence. These again were completely the result of the sculptor's devoted study of nature. When he undertook the commission he had never modelled a horse from the life, but he began by buying the most beautiful creature he could find, and this he made his model. Casts of these noble bas-reliefs are to be seen in the collection of the Crystal Palace, as well as several other works by him. The great merit of Gibson's bas-relief is in the nobleness and grandeur of the style, without anything approaching to that servile following of the antique which we see so frequently in modern bas-relief. His horses remind us of the *Parthenon* frieze, and yet they have more wildness and fiery grace in their plunging forms. He was especially fond of this line of sculpture, and frequently amused himself latterly with modelling small groups from the legend of *Psyche*, but with the exception of the two great works men-

tioned, and the Jocasta and her Sons, he has left nothing very remarkable.

Intermediate between those works we have referred to as his greatest achievements, and which were the product of his genius at its maturity, were those which he did while studying the beauties of the Vatican, the Capitol, the Ludovisi, and the Borghese collections at Rome. In his "Cupid" he has evidently been much influenced by the lovely figures of the Capitol and the Vatican. His "Wounded Amazon" is another figure the idea of which is borrowed from the antique, with less freedom of natural study than his mastery of later years enabled him to give. The "Venus Vincitrice" was in the common classical style, as was also a Flora and a group of Venus and Cupid, in which he followed the well-known antique of the half-kneeling Venus. The tinted "Venus" was a feeble work compared with his "Hunter" and the "Bacchus"; it was completely Roman in taste, and could not be said to be improved by the coloring.

In portrait-statues of the monumental order Gibson did not undertake much, and it cannot be said that his taste inclined him to works of this kind. His best portrait-statue was that of Huskisson, which he modelled, however, we presume, from sketches, as this statesman met his death many years before 1847, when the statue was sculptured. This statue, in marble, is in the Royal Exchange, and a copy in bronze ornaments the Liverpool Exchange, both presented by the widow of Mr. Huskisson, for whom Gibson undertook the commission. He also executed a statue of the Queen, which is, we believe, at Windsor, and another in a kind of semi-allegorical style, representing the Queen seated, and supported by figures of Justice and Clemency, which is in the Prince's Chamber in the House of Lords.

Great sculptors are not so common in the world of art that we can see them pass away, without an anxious regret lest we should never look upon their like again. Flaxman died without fulfilling all the promise of his many beautiful sketches; he never had the opportunity that he would have had in these days, although modern sculpture owes much to him. Gibson carried the art to a higher point of excellence in the same direction, and has left still brighter examples. A favorite project of the late eminent sculptor, and one that does high honor to his public spirit, was the founding of a gallery of all the finest examples of sculpture, for the use of the Royal Academy; for which purpose he offered to give the noble legacy of £30,000. Whether this was ever accepted, and how far the scheme is likely to be carried out, will, it is to be hoped, soon be known among the other good intentions of the Academy on which so much now depends.

REAL BRIGANDS.

THE poetic brigand of noble impulses and elevated intellect, who has been driven to a lawless life by the oppression of man, and who is merely a hero turned the wrong side out,—that mysterious and glorious creature who sits on a rock talking to himself, and apostrophizing the moon, his mother, and the distant sheep-bells below, while confiding Medora or devoted Gulnare watches for his coming or waits on his moods,—that courtly gentleman of the greenwood, who is brave to his foes, generous to the vanquished, and chivalrous to woman, is doubtless a very fascinating personage, especially to the young; but the real brigand, seen as he is, and not

through the softening haze of romance, is a different creature. A greedy, truculent, half-starved coward, whose life is one of perpetual fear, who shivers with terror if the troops be within hail, and whose greatest exploits are performed by overwhelming numbers against defenceless passers-by,—a mean thief stealing shirts and stockings, and bits of stale bread from a helpless captive,—a savage, now gorging himself with meat, and now fainting for want of food,—inexpressibly dirty and shabby,—brutal to the woman who has temporarily united herself to him,—alternately the tyrant and the victim, the extortioner and the prey of the peasant,—the bandit, as Mr. Moens* found and has described him, is about as repulsive a ruffian as one would wish not to see anywhere; the brigand of romance and reality having no more resemblance to each other than Voltaire's Huron has to the stamping, grunting rascal who quails before a "medicine-man" with a bladder rattle, but who takes the scalp of a fallen enemy as his version of "Who's afraid?"

There never was a book which took all the romance out of a thing more completely than this dashing and unaffected narrative of the English traveller who went down to Paestum, and fell among thieves by the way. From the first page to the last there is not a single trait of heroism to enliven the prosaic brutality of the men. Nothing but hardship, selfishness, and fear.

Like the savage, whose mode of living he affects, the brigand's whole existence is one of suspicion and terror. He is afraid of everything,—of sickness, of death, of the peasants, of the soldiers, of the kinsfolk, of his wife. At every turn some peril, beyond the usual peril of human life, meets him face to face; and familiarity, far from producing contempt of danger, only serves to sharpen his faculties in the perception of it, and to keep his fears forever alive. Even in the ordinary danger of their trade they are cowards. When the soldiers were once close to some of them, "Pavoni's teeth were all chattering, and he was as white as a sheet; Scope was the same, and lying on the ground; and Antonio was in such a state of fear and shaking, that he kept striking his gun against the rocky sides of the cave, and making a great noise, to the dismay of all. I sat down on a stone, and, to reassure them, said, 'Courage, courage; eat a little'; and, to set the example, took some bread and meat out of my pocket, and began eating it. My doing so enraged them to a great extent, and they said, 'What a fool you are to begin to eat when you will be dead in two minutes!'"

Indeed, the self-possession of this Englishman, and his contempt of death and danger, stand out at all times in startling contrast to their incessant fear; and this, together with his quickness of observation, his power of enduring fatigue, his cool good temper, and his "cleverness" of hand and eye, gave him a certain hold on their esteem and rough good-fellowship, which probably saved him from many a torture. For he was not ill treated on the whole. The band itself fared ill. Hunted by the soldiers into a strange country where they were not sure of the peasantry, by whose connivance alone they exist; without shelter at all times; often without food; living like wild beasts driven from lair to lair, they had but a bad time of it. Except in the thievings and ill-humor of two worthies, Pepino and Scope, the

* English Travellers and Italian Bandits. By W. J. C. Moens.

Englishman shared the fortunes of the rest pretty equally. There was always the great difference of state which could be got over,—that he was a prisoner, and had to be watched and guarded, and hidden out of sight (which was not always easy, seeing that he was the tallest of the band, and towered a head and shoulders above any of them), while they were “companions,” with guns, money, wives, and a certain amount of freedom, always stopping short of the liberty to escape, or to betray their comrades.

The five *brigandesses*, with their short-cut hair, and dressed like the men, looked so like boys, that it was some time before Mr. Moens found out they were women. They were not a very fascinating quintette of womanhood, though not the blood-thirsty creatures they are often depicted; being just a group of strong-limbed, active, coarse-minded young women, able to bear an immense amount of privation and fatigue, but in no way remarkable for devotion, heroism, melancholy, or any other form of tragic sentiment.

One girl though, poor Concetta, the chattel of Ciccio Guange, showed immense courage and a kind of Red Indian stolidity of endurance, when her arm was broken by an accidental shot from one of the band. She bore the pain without flinching, not uttering a sound of complaint, but merely clenching her teeth together, and hissing through them when they were dressing her wound with a pair of scissors. And even when gangrene set in, and she was compelled to come down into the plains and give herself up to the authorities, and her arm was amputated, “she had so much nerve that she refused chloroform, and neither groaned nor complained. The only sign she gave of suffering was clenching her teeth. When the surgeons left her, she said, ‘Remember, I had eighteen napoleons about me when I came here; I must have them again when I am well.’”

Two of the five women belonging to Manzo's band carried guns, the other three revolvers. Their chief office seemed to be, to mend rent clothing, and to hem batches of new handkerchiefs, when they could get them,—a gayly colored handkerchief being the brigand's gala dress; but for all womanly work of cooking, washing, baking, or the like, they were absolutely useless. The men were generally both butchers and cooks, when they managed to either steal or buy a sheep or a goat, while the peasants do all the rest,—and at a rather larger profit than they could get by dealing with honest folk.

“All the time I was in their hands,” says Mr. Moens, “I used to inquire the prices of various articles of food in the towns, and got a very accurate idea of what the brigands paid for them; a pezzo, their term for a ducat, equal to three shillings and fourpence, was the peasants' ordinary price for a loaf weighing two rotoli (equal to about three and a half pounds English); this costs from threepence to sixpence in the towns, according to whether it was made of rye, maize, or wheat, but it made no difference in the price paid by the brigands. A coarse cotton shirt cost them two and a half ducats, or eight shillings and fourpence; and washing one, a ducat, or three shillings and fourpence; each cartridge for a revolver cost the same, and everything else in proportion. From a calculation I made when with them, I do not think that a band consisting of from twenty-five to thirty men would spend less than four thousand pounds a year for absolute

necessaries, and the rest of their spoils would be lent out among their friends in the country at ten per cent interest. I recommended them to try Italian five per cent stock, as being safer than lending money on personal security. But they said they never lost any, and they feared the stock being confiscated by government.”

Thus the peasant is the great supporter and the great gainer by brigandage; though on the other hand it may be said that the risk he runs in carrying on any correspondence with the brigands renders it absolutely necessary that he should be well paid to make it worth his while. Indeed, between the authorities on the one side, with fine and imprisonment, or even death, as the punishment for collusion with the brigands, and the brigands on the other, with a vendetta carried out to the last extreme should any information be given to the authorities, and irreparable damage done to standing crops, to whole villages, and to individuals, should there be persistent refusal to forward supplies, the poor peasant has a difficult time of it. Very wary walking between his two hard taskmasters is necessary to keep his place in life.

Then the brigands are generally old comrades and countrymen; with numberless small ties of friendship, relationship, and old association among the peasants,—themselves, for the most part, brigands undeveloped. An unlucky thrust with the stiletto has made the one, and the same cause would make the other; public opinion in the plains and villages not bearing hardly on the “companions,” but very much the reverse; high payment, defiance of the law, a picturesque uniform when clean and gay, and the repute of deeds of daring (never mind the actual cowardice), being generally sufficient to enlist popular sympathy for any body of men extant.

But, after all, the peasants are really as criminal as the brigands themselves, for it is from them and the *vetturini* that these gentlemen gain their knowledge of the goings and comings of rich travellers,—foreign and home-bred,—and that if there were no such scouts and spies among the unsuspected, the career of the real criminals would soon be brought to a stand-still. Information to begin with, and food to follow,—with the reward of enormous prices for all they do,—the peasants are the main-stays and supports of brigandage, and against them as the taproot should the vigilance and the vengeance of government be directed.

Mr. Moens says but little concerning the presumed political connection between the brigands and Rome, and the ex-king. Certainly no part of his ransom, he believes, went either to Rome, or to any part of the province of Salerno. He saw it himself paid and distributed, each man present at the time of the capture getting his share, and a certain percentage kept back for the general expenses of the band. But he was told by them that Apulia was the headquarters of brigandage, and that there they had a general named Crocco, who they said was in communication with Rome. He asked how many men this Crocco had under him, and was answered, “A thousand men and many captains, as well as six hundred men in the Basilicata.” They also told him that, in 1861, Spanish generals came to lead those fighting for Francis the Second against Victor Emmanuel, and that one of them, named Borjes, had an enormous black beard, which they said he always held in his left hand when he drank milk, of which he was very fond. Their sympathies go decidedly

with Bomba, in preference to Il Rè Galantuomo; for once when the conversation was becoming dangerously personal concerning Mr. Moens's ears, and "his beard with his chin attached," to turn the subject he asked Manzo, the captain, what they would do with Victor Emmanuel if they caught him? "They all chuckled at such an idea, and Manzo declared that he would have ten millions of ducats and then kill him. To Francis the Second, if they caught him, they said they would give a good dinner and then release him."

One of the most curious things in this account is to trace the gradual hardening of the system, and the elimination of all British-bred fastidiousness, as the unfortunate captive became more and more familiar with hardship. The day after their capture, Mr. Aynsley and Mr. Moens were offered a little piece of hard sausage called *supersato*; but after discussing its digestible qualities they gave it back, telling the brigands that it would not agree with them. They laughed, and the captain said, "They will like it by and by": which truly came to pass. Mr. Moens never heard the last of this. It must have seemed strange to men who are thankful for a handful of Indian corn daily, who rejoice over a tough sheep or a lean and scraggy goat, and to whose palates anything that will keep body and soul together comes as acceptable food, if not as delicious luxury. A bit of *supersato* was a luxury to the brigands; and when their prisoners declined it, they felt much as we should feel if a pauper declined roast beef and plum-pudding on the plea of indigestibility. As time went on, and starvation became a daily companion, nature broke up the pretty mosaic work of civilization and the culinary art; and raw onions, raw cabbage, dry hard bread only too dry to be mouldy, a bone of half-raw meat, garlic, entrails, and even the rancid grease used for greasing their boots, all these things passed the ordeal of English taste, and were welcomed as means whereby to live. It is strange how quickly even the most highly civilized man resolves into the savage again when fairly under the harrow.

As a rule, Mr. Moens was treated tolerably well by the brigands, as has been said; but he had two tormentors, Pepino and Scope, and when left under their charge, fared ill enough. Manzo was the captain of the whole force, and was a bandit of somewhat more likeness to the popular ideal than the rest. He was handsome, fairly good tempered, prompt, and, in his own way, generous; always kind to his captives when not half maddened by disappointments respecting the arrival of the money, when there would be highly unpleasant scenes, and threats of ears and head, and the like, which did not tend to reassure the Englishman; though he generally answered, "As you please," and took the thing with perfect coolness. Manzo was not a man to be trifled with, either by his prisoners or his men. Indeed, from his men he exacted an obedience that left no question of a divided command.

One day "Guange, who had been a soldier in the Italian army, and who had become a brigand merely for having been away from his regiment one day without leave, was having an altercation with one of his comrades, and, like these people, wished to have the last word. Manzo told him to be quiet, and just because he did not obey at once, he rushed at him, knocked him down, and kept hitting him and rubbing his face on the stones. Still Guange would not be quiet, until Manzo had pounded his face into a jelly, it being quite bruised, and bleeding

freely. Even his gums were cut badly from the grinding against the ground. Manzo looked a perfect demon when excited; he curled up his lips, and showed all his teeth, and roared at his victim, jerking out his words. The implicit obedience generally shown to him by the members of his band was extraordinary. They loved him on account of his unselfishness as regards food, he being always willing to give away his own share, and they feared him because he had shown on one or two occasions that he did not scruple to shoot any of them on the spot if they refused to obey orders."

When the "order of release" came for the prisoner in the shape of the last instalment of ransom, Manzo sent round the hat, in order that Mr. Moens should "go to Naples like a gentleman," and made up a sum of seventeen and a half napoleons, besides rings and other keepsakes. But this was not a very large percentage on a ransom of thirty thousand ducats; and the Englishman took all he could get, and asked for more, getting some things he wanted, but not others. He got Generoso's ring and knife, — the knife that had already taken the lives of two men, — giving in exchange the small penknife with which he had whittled out a spoon, and carved a cross, and made many other little matters, to the intense admiration and amazement of the brigands; but he just missed by an accident a very thick and long gold chain, for which he asked Manzo, and which he would have had, but that the gentleman was called away while he was taking it off to present to him. He got five rings in all, which Manzo's mother made him show two peasants after he was free; and which she evidently considered reflected great dignity on her as the mother of one who had shown such princely generosity.

But if times were more tolerable when Manzo was with his band, they were very intolerable when Mr. Moens was left with only a guard, while the captain was off, either on a foraging expedition, or looking after those eternal instalments which, though paid, could not be "lifted" because of the soldiery. When with Pepino's band especially, things went hard with him. As they were to have no share in his expected ransom, they looked upon him as a nuisance, and grudged every morsel of food they were obliged to give him. Pepino stole his drinking-cup, his capuce or hood, in fact all he could lay his hands on; and they half starved him; making a point of speaking to him with the utmost brutality, and constantly threatening his life with their pistols, guns, and knives.

One great game in which they indulged was thrusting their knives quickly between his body and his arms. Their captive says, "I never allowed myself to show the slightest fear, and always told them that it was nothing to die, it was soon over, and that the next world was far better. They all have the most abject fear of death, and I always tried to impress them with the idea that Englishmen never fear to die, and that, if they wished it, they were perfectly welcome to take my life, as it would save me and my friends so much trouble. I felt sure that in a short time they would discontinue trying to frighten me, when they found out that I only laughed at their attempts, and ridiculed them for their fear of death."

It was the only thing to make them respect him, though another time it was a chance whether the English spirit would lead to good or evil for him. They were going up a very steep ascent, when Generoso, who was immediately behind Mr. Moens,

"kept hitting and poking me with the barrel of his gun, because I did not ascend as quickly as he wished, though I was close behind the man before me. At last I turned round in a pretended rage, and with my stick in both hands, raised it over his head. He shrunk back and brought his gun up to his shoulder with an oath. Two or three ran up. I caught hold of him, but at the same time they abused me, and seemed quite taken back at the idea of a ricattato threatening one of themselves. I told them I walked as well as they did, and I would not be bullied, so it was no use attempting it, — that they might kill me if they wished, and the sooner the better. I found this answer capitally, and I was never touched again while on the march, and it was from this moment that they began to respect me a little for my apparent disregard of death; and when we arrived at the camp-fire, it was immediately narrated how I had threatened to kill a *compañon*, this being the term they always use when speaking of each other."

These camp-fires on the mountains are the really picturesque circumstance of a brigand's life, and when lying round them the only time when he is picturesque; for his uniform, which looks well enough when new, soon gets torn and dirty, and incomplete, — this article being left behind in a sudden flight, — that article falling as a legacy to an accommodating peasant who has taken it to wash or to repair, and on whose hands the unexpected appearance of troops finally throws the dangerous treasures, — while, as for the gay foppery of rings and chains and colored scarves and kerchiefs, and all the rest of the stock adornments, they exist certainly, but they appear only on rare festal days, when the times are considered safe, and finery and jollity not out of season. But these times are very rare; the main object of a brigand's life being to procure food, either by "tithes in kind," levied in unfriendly districts, or by exchange and barter when the peasants are of a more commercial and obliging frame of mind, or as future ransom-money in the shape of defenceless wayfarers with families who respect their ears, and would rather not have their heads sent to them in a paper parcel, while their bodies feed the wolves on the mountains.

But round the fires at night, — then *Salvator Rosa* lives again, and the brigand of the drama and the studio is in some sense realized. Swarthy men lying in every attitude round the blazing pile, their guns in their hands, their dark faces gleaming in the light, while hooded sentinels watch silently under the shadow of the rocks and through the long vista of the darkened trees, overhead the sky glittering with stars, and the old mountain echoes ringing to the sound of song and laughter, — seen just as a picture the thing is well enough, and full of admirable material for artists and the like, but that is all. Any group of men, from soldiers to settlers, bivouacking in the open air, affords the same combination of light and line; and one need not go to melodramatic thieves even for studies after *Salvator Rosa*.

The dresses of the two bands, *Manzo's* and *Pepino Cerino's*, were sensible and wise-like enough, and with far more simplicity and less finery than is the current notion of a brigand's wardrobe. *Manzo's* men had long jackets, of stout brown cloth the color of withered leaves, with a most useful and generous arrangement of pockets, — one pocket especially, in the back, being not unlike a pantomime clown's. *Mr. Moens* has seen a pair of trousers, two shirts, three or four pounds of bread, a bit of dirty bacon,

cheese, and other things brought out thence, one by one, when a search was made for any missing article; in fact, it is the sack, or hand-bag, of modern days, sewed inside the coat, and not carried outside. The waistcoats, of dark-blue cloth, were buttoned at the side, but had showy gilt buttons down the centre, and they, too, had an arrangement of pockets of great use, for in the lower were kept spare cartridges, balls, gunpowder, knives, &c., while above went the watch in one, and percussion caps in the other. The trousers were of dark-blue cloth like the waistcoat, and were cut like other men's trousers. *Cerino's* band were in dark-blue coats and trousers, with bright green waistcoats adorned with small silver buttons; and they all had belts for cartridges, &c., and all had hoods attached by a button to their jackets, which, however, were often lost in the woods, and always at a premium when retained. They had wide-awakes; and one which *Manzo* gave to *Mr. Moens* as being rather more sightly than his own, had inside it the label of *Christy of Gracechurch Street*, who happened to be the Englishman's own hatter when at home.

But the blessing of blessings to the brigands in the way of clothing is the capote, the large-hooded cloak worn in Italy by peasants, and familiar to all who have travelled on the Continent as a general article of dress everywhere, with certain slight modifications of cut. *Manzo* gave *Mr. Moens* one of these capotes, but as time went on, and these and other things became scarcer, he had to share it at night with *Pavone*, one of the band, who had a habit of snoring, and who was not quite as fragrant as a bottle of eau-de-Cologne.

When the poor captive was ill, as he was once, — so ill that he thought they would have "to dig a shallow hole to put his body in," he gave *Pavone* an uncomfortable night by "hitting him to stop his snoring, rolling myself round, and so dragging the covering from him, and groaning from the pain I suffered; but I must say for all that he was most forbearing." This bad fit of illness (diarrhoea) was cured by some cheese made of cow's milk. *Lorenzo*, another brigand, cured himself of fever by drinking a good-sized bottle of castor-oil at one pull, and about ninety times as much quinine as would lie on a franc. This somewhat heroic remedy cut down in a day a fever which had lasted a fortnight.

One of the causes which lengthened the captivity of *Mr. Moens*, was the belief of the brigands that he was a highly influential personage, related to *Lord Palmerston*, and of such importance that the Italian government would pay his ransom, whatever the amount asked. Wherefore, they fixed it originally at a hundred thousand ducats for himself and *Mr. Aynsley*, equal to seventeen thousand pounds; then after a few minutes' conversation with *Sentino*, "a tall, clumsy ruffian with black eyes, hair, and beard," it was reduced to half, namely, fifty thousand ducats; but finally they accepted thirty thousand, which was a considerable reduction from the first demand. Many and great were the difficulties, not about raising the sum, but about transmitting it. The laws against paying ransom to the brigands, or trafficking with them in any way, are very severe; and as the capture of an English milord, a relation of *Lord Palmerston*, and the friend of the Italian government, had created immense excitement, the whole country was scourged by soldiery, to the imminent risk of the poor captive's life, when they came to shots with the brigands. For, as he says, they always seem to take special

aim at him, as he was the tallest of the party; and he was thus in even more than equal danger with the rest of a bullet through the heart. Their activity added to the prolongation of his captivity; for the brigands would not let him go without the money, and the money could not be brought up to the band; and so the whole thing was a game at cross-purposes and checked intentions, and an immense amount of suffering, mental and physical.

It was a tremendous moment for both Mr. Moens and his then fellow-captive, Mr. Aynsley, when they drew lots as to which should be set free to go and raise the ransom. Mr. Moens held the pieces of wood which were to decide the lots, and Mr. Aynsley drew. When he drew the fortunate longer one of the two, "I must confess I felt as if I had been drawing for my life and I had lost," says Mr. Moens. A minute afterwards, the report of a gun—the bullet whizzing over the prisoner's head—told the band that the soldiers were upon them. Mr. Aynsley had met them, almost immediately after leaving the brigands, and they started in hot pursuit. No good was done; no good ever was done by the soldiers; only poor Mr. Moens slipped and fell in the general flight, nearly broke his arm, nearly got drowned, and was nearly shot; but finally escaped all these close chances to which his would-be rescuers subjected him, thanking God for his safety, but "feeling anything but charitably disposed towards the rulers who ought years ago to have cleared their country from these ruffians, instead of leaving them alone till they carried off an Englishman."

He never had any very good chance of escape save once; when, if he would have shot two sleeping men, and one other awake and at a distance, he might perhaps have got away. Scope was the one at a distance, he having moved away two or three yards from his gun in order to get into the sun while he was freeing his shirt of vermin. For the brigands, who rarely change their clothes, and never wash themselves, are, as might be expected, overrun with vermin to a most disgusting extent. Mr. Moens was inside a cave. Sentonio and Pavone had laid their carcasses across the entrance, and Scope, as was said, had moved off to a little distance. Two guns, one single, the other double-barrelled, lay within reach of his arm; he might seize one and kill the two sleeping men, and Scope too, if he threatened to move. It was a temptation, and he pondered over it,—but his mind and heart revolted from a double, perhaps triple murder; his life was in no immediate danger; he fully believed that the ransom would be finally all settled; and, to turn away his thoughts, he opened the little book of Psalms he had with him, when his eye fell upon the passage, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord!" The words spoke home; he resolutely put the temptation behind him, amused himself with picking out the grains of wheat and rye from some ears he had plucked, and then a herd of cattle passing near woke the sleepers, and destroyed his only available chance of escape.

This same Pavone was a double murderer; for the first crime he had been imprisoned three years; but, repeating the amiable weakness, he had been afraid to face the authorities, and so took to the woods. His wife and children were in prison, that being the practice of the Italian government concerning the families of brigands. He would have given himself up to release them, but that he was

afraid of Manzo's vengeance against members of his family, all of whom would be murdered on the first opportunity if he had deserted. Else it is not an uncommon thing for the minor members of a band to give themselves up when they have amassed a certain sum of money, whereby they can be well fed while in prison for their term. This they call "retiring from business"; and a very pleasant and profitable retiring it is.

Great care was taken that Mr. Moens should never see any of the peasants who came up to transact their small business with the brigands. It was a matter of indifference whether they saw him or not, but he was not to see them, so that he might not be able to recognize and thus bear witness against them, to the result of twenty years' imprisonment for them if detected. He had to sit out of the way, pull his capote over his face, lie on his back, go through all sorts of voluntary methods of blindness, when the bread, and the meat, and the ciceri (a curious kind of pea, only one in a pod, and the name of which every one was obliged to pronounce on the night of the Sicilian vespers, when those who did not give it the full Sicilian accent were set down as French and killed), the milk, and the washing, and the rosolio came up, and money was chinked out, and the band kept from starving, for that day at least. It was the one point of honor, also of common-sense precaution, with the brigands.

Gambling is the favorite brigand amusement; and they gamble, as they do all things, to excess. Manzo lost seventy napoleons at one toss; and the private shares of ransom-moneys change hands twenty times before finally dispersed and disbursed in the plains. They wished Mr. Moens to play with them, but he, shrewdly suspecting that it would be a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose," tried the experiment with confetti. They lost, and laughed in his face when he asked them to pay up; on which he took the hint, and declined the heavier stakes. The day when the last of his ransom was paid, there was great gambling going on, and in a short time the money was nearly all in the hands of four men, the captain, Generoso, Andrea, and Pasquale.

On the whole, now that the danger is past, the money gone, and no real damage done to any one, it is an experience scarcely to be much regretted. The ears of Mr. Moens were saved, his limbs were saved, his life was saved; and for the "compliment" of a few thousands he has had an experience and an adventure of startling magnitude in these prosaic times of ours. He has seen what no other Englishman of the time has seen, and has done what no one else has done, and has written a bright and charming book as the result, with one piece of advice as the moral, very patent to the reader, namely, Do not travel with much luggage, whether consisting of photographic plates or not, and do not travel in brigand-haunted places at all, with luggage or without. The heavy baggage was in part the cause of the Englishman's disaster.

Continentalers do not understand our love of work and turmoil, and the only facts that seem to have at all shaken the belief of the brigands that they had captured a milord were the blackened state of his hands from his manipulation of photographic chemicals, and his flannel trousers, like those which Italian prisoners wear. But they got over these two shocks, pursued the even tenor of their faith, stuck to their text, and did not abate in their demands until the very last.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

WHEN, after a forced absence (from political motives) of fifteen years, I was enabled in 1848 to go back to my own country, one of the first persons to welcome my return was an old fellow-student, whose name had not so much as once met my eye or my ear for the last twelve years, and whose existence I had wellnigh forgotten.

Curzio and I were of about the same age, had been at school and college at the same time in Genoa, had, without being very intimate, sown some of our wild oats together, and were actually embarked in the same political boat when it capsized. How he managed to keep afloat while I sunk, and by what concurrence of circumstances we came to lose sight of each other for so long, are matters irrelevant to my purpose. Suffice it to say, that Curzio called on the morrow of my arrival, and looked so pleased to see me, spoke of old times so feelingly, and of myself so affectionately, that his genial warmth told upon me instantly, and I came up to his temperature in no time. In looks he was scarcely altered, but his manner and conversation were singularly improved. He talked well and a good deal, for which he humorously apologized by saying that he had been gagged all his life and that he must now make up for lost opportunities. Meeting after so long a separation in such eventful times, we ran no risk of lacking topics of conversation. We spent a few hours together very agreeably, at the end of which we both made the very pleasant discovery that we had never been such good friends as we were now.

"You must come and see me in my wilds," said he, as he was leaving.

"Of course I shall, as soon as I have a little leisure," said I.

"I cannot take a put off," he replied; "ripe grapes cannot wait; you must really contrive to come within the week. I have something like a vintage to tempt you, a rarity not to be disdained now-a-days."

That it was a rarity I knew to my cost, for this was the second year that, owing to the oidium, my vineyards had not yielded a single grape. In short, he insisted with so much good grace on my naming a day, that I named it.

The little town of the Riviera of Genoa, in which Curzio lived, was three hours' walk from that in which I had pitched my tent for the time being. It stood half-way up a hill crowned by ilex and olive, and—shall I be permitted to add, that it commanded a beautiful view of land and sea? I know that descriptions of natural scenery are *rococo* in our sensational days, and I would fain not be behind my time. I was received with the utmost cordiality by the master and the mistress of the house. The lady was a brunette, full of character, and I made speedily great friends with a bevy of black-eyed, curly-headed little fellows, who had none of the squeamish bashfulness of their age. My host had convoked for the occasion the *ban* and *arriere ban* of the notabilities of the neighborhood, and there was a pretty large number present. Let me not forget to say, that my old schoolfellow was mayor of the town, doctor of the parish, and the largest land-owner therein: three qualifications which combined to make him socially, as he was intellectually, the first personage of the place.

The vineyard whose golden riches were destined to fall under our knives and scissors was scarcely half an hour distant from Curzio's house in the

town. It was nearly noon when we proceeded to it *en masse*, and began our harvest. It is merry work and a pretty sight this gathering of grapes, especially when enlivened, as it was in the present case, by the never-ceasing prattle and gladdening turbulence of a dozen joyous small busybodies taking their share, and more than their share, in it. There is something intoxicating in the process. It seems as though the gentle stimulant virtually contained in the juicy fruit asserted its exhilarating powers beforehand.

My host told me the lucky chance to which was owing the relative preservation of this vineyard from the prevalent disease. The first year he had been as great a sufferer as his neighbors: only one vine, which grew against his house, had, by a strange exception, brought forth healthy fruit. What might be the cause of this phenomenon? By dint of seeking, it recurred to his memory that one day, from the window of his laboratory, below which grew the vine, he had let fall by chance a bagful of sulphur, which spread itself over the whole plant. Acting upon this datum, he had tried sulphur next year on his vineyard amid the sneers of all round, and the present fine vintage was the result.

"They ought to raise a statue to you," said I.

"I should be well contented if they would only profit by my experience," answered my friend, "but they won't; I am sure they won't for twenty years to come. They are the slaves of routine and habit; everything in the shape of novelty, however beneficial, including the statutes and self-government, is a dead letter to them."

After expatiating at some length and with some warmth on this theme, he suddenly paused, then added, with some compunction, "I would not prejudice you too much against these good folks, for good they are, and have many excellent points. A more docile, sober, much-enduring population can hardly be met with; there is a natural mildness in their blood which renders deeds of violence impossible to them. Crime, one may say, is unknown in these parts; only do not speak to them of progress: they are impervious to it."

He spoke well and willingly, as I have already remarked, and as I derived both pleasure and instruction from what he said, I managed to remain by his side during all the process of the vintage. A thorough practical man, familiar with the best methods of local cultivation, perfectly acquainted with the strength and the weakness of the population among which he had spent his life, Curzio was for me an invaluable cicerone on the somewhat new ground on which I was treading. For if in my long sojourn abroad I had learned some things of foreign countries, I had also unlearned much about my own, which I had a very actual interest to learn again. And I must say that most of the information I gleaned from my friend was afterwards fully confirmed by subsequent personal experience. But to return to our vintage.

What, with cutting grapes, and what with doing ample honor to an excellent dinner served on the grass, the day was on the wane before we knew where we were. Our Amphytrion, however, would not hear of our going home without my first seeing his *Uccelliera*. This was situated on a little eminence close by, perhaps a hundred paces above the vineyard in which we had been working,—a spot famous for catching birds of passage. Catching birds of passage is a favorite sport, I ought rather to say a passion, with all classes in Italy, and it was

with a treat of this kind that my friend intended to inaugurate the second and last day of my visit. An *Uccelliera* (fowling-box) I beg to explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a small stone hut, the smaller the better, from the interior of which a person holding the cords attached to a double net outside, spreading in opposite directions, can at will, by a single twitch, bring the nets together, and thus envelope all the birds imprudent enough to have ventured within the circumjacent area.

The amount of time, of patience, of labor, of ingenuity which are lavished to lure and decoy the feathered tribe into the fatal snare is something astonishing. The juiciest berries which may tempt a bird out of its road hang from the shrubs all round the narrow enclosure, the choicest seeds strew the ground; caged birds hidden among the foliage (some barbarously blinded that they may sing at all seasons) call from their prison to their free brethren, while others, tied to one end of a short pole, are, by its being suddenly raised, set fluttering most invitingly. These and an infinity of other devices lie in wait for the winged wayfarers. The sport may be objected to on more grounds than one, but certainly not on that of want of excitement. I have seen grave senators pale with emotion at the approach of a flock of wild-pigeons, cut capers at a happy catch, or be out of sorts all day at having missed a flight of linnets.

Feeling rather tired and heavy with my day's work, and having besides to get up betimes (the rendezvous at the *Uccelliera* was for five in the morning), I begged leave at about half past nine in the evening to retire to my room, and I was in the act of going thither when a professional summons came for the Doctor to attend a woman in labor at some distance. In the uncertainty of how long he might be detained, perhaps the whole night, it was arranged between us, that if by four in the morning he had not come to call me, as previously agreed on, I should go by myself to the place of rendezvous. He would join me as soon as possible, and at all events I should find there some of the gentlemen with whom I had spent the day in the vineyard. Was I sure, quite sure, of being able to find my way alone to the *Uccelliera*? As sure as I was that I could find my way to bed.

My head was scarcely on my pillow when I fell asleep; and so sound was my slumber, that when I did awake, it was with a sense of having overslept myself. I lighted a match, and by its uncertain little flame I looked at my watch, — ten minutes past four. Since Curzio had not come to rouse me, no doubt he had had to remain all night with his patient; so I rose, hurried on my clothes, stole softly down the stairs, lighted solely by my cigar, and glided out of the house. It was darker than the hour seemed to warrant, and at first I could scarcely see two steps before me; but this was only for a few moments. In proportion as I went along, so did the outlines of the neighboring objects begin to shape themselves, though as yet dimly; the air was heavy and damp, not a star was visible. Nevertheless, the way to the *Uccelliera* was so easy — straight so far along the main road, and then to the right, through a lane dwindling to a path — that I could not have missed it if I would.

The fowling-box looked as if tenanted by Morpheus himself, so profoundly quiet was everything about it. To my surprise the door was shut, and yet it must necessarily have been close upon five o'clock. It was strange; but what was strangest of

all was, that there should not be the slightest indication of incipient dawn in the east. I took out my watch, and — the mystery was explained. It was only a quarter to three! I had taken myself in famously. In my hurry and drowsiness I had mistaken the minute for the hour hand. What was I to do? Should I return to the house, and run the risk of rousing my hostess by knocking for admittance, or should I walk and smoke during the time to elapse before five! Now, it is one of my constitutional weaknesses to abhor inflicting unnecessary inconvenience on any of my friends, old or new, so I speedily determined in favor of the peripatetic process, and began leisurely to retrace the way I had come.

As I was nearing the lane abutting on the main road, it began to rain pretty fast. I knew of a place near at hand, for it had attracted my notice the day before, where I could find shelter, and I made for it at once. This was an arched recess in one of the walls of the lane above mentioned, having just room enough in it for a well breast-high with a stone seat behind it. The well had been abandoned, and was covered; it served now as a resting-place for peasants and their loads. The walls, or *muricciuoli*, which rose twice at least my height on each side, let but little light penetrate into this species of hole; enough though, after my eyes had had time to get accustomed to the obscurity, to discern the round shape of the well under my nose, and to have a faint perception that there stood opposite to me something more solid than air, which might well chance to be another wall, or *muricciuolo*. Having by this time finished my cigar, I crossed my arms, Napoleon-like, over my breast, shut my eyes, and asked myself if I could *bona fide* declare myself to be that identical individual who, but one short week ago, was buying Giusti's *Poesie*, at Truchy's, on the Boulevard des Italiens; and while I was considering the question, I felt touched by a magic wand, and conveyed to the Boulevard aforesaid, where the first thing I saw was a patrol of soldiers bearing down on me with measured tread.

A sound of footsteps, not dreamed of this time, real footsteps of several persons reverberating through the narrow passage, fell upon my ear. They came from the heights, I mean from the side opposite to the town, and had somewhat of the regular tramp of soldiers, or funeral bearers. I strained my eyes, — one, two, three, — they passed me, but for the sound of their steps, like a spectral procession, slow, solemn, mute. The first, a little in advance of the others, carried what I surmised to be iron tools, from the jingling they made. Between the second and the third there was the length of something they bore upon their shoulders, and which accounted for the regular measure of their step, — a something long and dark, save where it protruded beyond the back of the second bearer. This end, all wrapped in white, had a round, fantastic shape, than which nothing could be more suggestive of a shrouded head. The illusion was so complete, that I could not repress a shudder, which, after a moment's reflection, was followed by a smile.

My curiosity, anyhow, was strongly excited. Where could they be going? What was it they were carrying? After all, might it not really be a corpse, the victim of some accident, being carried home by friends or neighbors? As I was thus cogitating, the footsteps stopped, to begin again almost immediately, but as it seemed to me, in another direction, and with less distinctness. I cautiously

followed in their wake, and soon found myself at the foot of one of those rugged flights of stone steps which at every turn give access to the olive plantations of the Riviera; there I came to a stand, and listened. My mysterious trio had evidently gone up that way, for the echo of their feet came now, a little deadened, from above me. I went up three of the stone steps; the tramp ceased all at once, ten seconds of dead stillness, then the thump of something heavy dropped on the earth.

"Hush!" said a voice, reprovingly, "to work, and the quicker the better. Hist! what's that? somebody on the watch?"

It was only I, who in ascending another step had unwarily dislodged a loose stone, which had rolled down noisily. This fourth step had brought my eyes on a level with the adjacent ground, a flat square, and as far as I could see, thickly planted with trees. Strain my eyes as I would, I could distinguish nothing but a vista of trunks.

"Only some ferret," suggested a second voice, after a pause, employed, I fancy, in listening, and during which I had scarcely dared to breathe.

"More likely a fox," opined a third voice; "there is plenty of that vermin hereabouts."

"Let us hope so," resumed the first voice; "I would rather not be caught at this sort of business."

"Nor I," — "Nor I," — assented the other two voices in succession. Although they spoke in whispers, I did not lose a syllable of what they said; but why should they speak in whispers?

Voice No. 1 made itself heard again. "This hole is not deep enough; dig deeper, — softly." A spade was in motion instantly. The mention of a hole (*foesa*) had an ominous sound to my ears. A hole, and to bury what? One had evidently been prepared beforehand! What could this portend? Was I really on the track of some foul deed?

"There, that will do," said voice No. 1, and the sound of the spade ceased. "Where is the body? Bring it here."

The body (*il morto*!) my hair stood on end.

The . . . thing for which he had asked was not brought, but dragged to him. The lowering of it into the earth took long, and was attended by difficulty. I could hear the hard breathing of the men under the exertion; I could hear them moving about, and going to and fro in search of tools, as I supposed, to facilitate their task. At last it was accomplished, and nothing remained but to shovel in the earth. This was done quickly, but cautiously, by three spades all working at once. Then there was the sound of the stamping of feet on the freshly-turned ground. A fiendish sneer from spokesman No. 1 crowned the horror of the scene. "We leave you in your snug berth; stay there in peace and tell no tales." Such was the witty sally with which probably the murderer parted from his victim. It was received with suppressed laughter by the two wretches, his accomplices.

Thereupon they all left; two went up, the third down the hill at full gallop, and across the country in the direction of the town.

I stood transfixed as though spellbound for some minutes, and then I too set off as fast as I could back to my friend's house, harassed by a feeling impossible to describe. My hand was on the knocker, when the door opened, and a peasant issued forth. I asked him if the Doctor was at home. He said yes, — adding something complimentary about my being so early a riser. Judge of the shock I got

when I recognized the voice of the chief actor in the late drama!

I looked the man full in the face. He struck me as having a most patibulary countenance, and I entered the house. Curzio, candle in hand, was at the top of the stairs. "Is that you?" "Yes, it is me." "Where the deuce do you come from, dripping wet, and with that haggard face?" "From witnessing a deed of darkness," I replied. "Nonsense, what do you mean?" and he stared at me in alarm. "Come to my room, and you shall hear," said I. And as soon as we were closeted, I told him my tale, told it with an emotion and conviction that were infectious. Poor Curzio looked like a ghost himself, as he thrust both hands into his hair, protesting vehemently and incoherently that it could not be, that I was the dupe of some hallucination.

"Would to God I were!" said I. "By the by, who is that man I met just now leaving the house?"

"That's Bastian, my bailiff, as trustworthy a fellow —"

"Your trustworthy fellow is a villain," cried I; "he was one of the three, and their chief."

This revelation had a queer and unexpected effect upon my friend. His fear-contracted features relaxed, his rigid mouth distended, and he burst forth into one of the most glorious laughs I ever heard from mortal lips. "My mulberries," he chuckled; "I see it all now, it is my mulberries."

It was my turn now to stare at him; and it took him some time to recover composure enough to give me the following explanation: "You must know that ever since the appearance of odium I have had it in my mind to try whether mulberry-trees could or could not be grown with success on our slopes; but one thing or another obliged me to postpone the experiment. If we could add the produce of silk-worms to that of our olives, it would be a great help to us in our years of bad crop or no crop at all. I must not forget to say that public feeling hereabouts is most opposed to the cultivation of mulberry-trees: first, because it is a novelty, and consequently an abomination; secondly, on account of a certain local tradition, the origin of which has baffled all my researches. Once on a time, according to this tradition, the rearing of silk-worms was the chief industry of these parts, and the women sufficing for the work, nothing was left for the men but to starve or emigrate. To argue about the absurdity of this last consequence would be like pounding water in a mortar, — it is an article of faith with our folks. Well, a few days ago, I received from a friend of mine, a grower of mulberry-trees in Piedmont, a sample of saplings, six in number, I believe, and I gave Bastian orders to plant them. He at first made a very wry face, and then, after a good deal of circumlocution, asked me if I should have any objection to his planting them by night. I inquired why at night rather than by day, — I had of course guessed the reason. You shall have his answer in his own words; it is instructive in many ways. "Why," says he, "if I put in these trees by day, and I am seen doing it, as I must be, I shall be a marked man for the rest of my life, which would be especially vexatious for me who have both wife and children; whereas if I do it by night, and nobody sees me, nobody can fix the odium of the deed upon me; and, suppose any one suspects me, my No is as good as their Yes." I granted his request, and thus it came to pass that the planting of my half-dozen young trees had to be accomplished as though it were a midnight crime."

Seen by the new light thrown upon them by Cur-

zio's explanation, the features of the case lost their phantasmagoric halo, and resumed their natural appearance. The shrouded head was but the roots of the saplings tied together with a cloth to preserve the native earth adhering to them; the body (*il morto*) was but a commonly used Italian figure of speech to denote anything the object of some mystery (the saplings in our case), the same as saying a "dead secret"; Bastian's fiendish sneer was only an innocent joke far from inappropriate to the circumstance; his patibulary countenance a freak of my heated fancy, etc., etc. And so nothing remained, save a little laugh at its discoverer, of the Deed of Darkness.

MY COUNTRYMEN.

ABOUT a year ago the *Saturday Review* published an article which gave me, as its articles often do give me, much food for reflection. The article was about the unjust estimate which, says the *Saturday Review*, I form of my countrymen, and about the indecency of talking of "British Philistines." It appears that I assume the truth of the transcendental system of philosophy, and then lecture my wiser countrymen because they will not join me in recognizing as eternal truths a set of platitudes which may be proved to be false. "Now there is in England a school of philosophy which thoroughly understands, and, on theoretical grounds, deliberately rejects, the philosophical theory which Mr. Arnold accuses the English nation of neglecting; and the practical efforts of the English people, especially their practical efforts in the way of criticism, are for the most part strictly in accordance with the principles of that philosophy."

I do not quite know what to say about the transcendental system of philosophy, for I am a mere dabbler in these great matters, and to grasp and hold a system of philosophy is a feat much beyond my strength; but I certainly did talk about British Philistines, and to call people Philistines when they are doing just what the wisest men in the country have settled to be quite right, does seem unreasonable, not to say indecent. Being really the most teachable man alive, I could not help making, after I had read the article in the *Saturday Review*, a serious return, as the French say, upon myself; and I resolved never to call my countrymen Philistines again till I had thought more about it, and could be quite sure I was not committing an indecency.

I was very much fortified in this good resolution by something else which happened about the same time. Every one knows that the heart of the English nation is its middle class; there had been a good deal of talk, a year ago, about the education of this class, and I among others had imagined it was not good, and that the middle class suffered by its not being better. But Mr. Bazley, the member for Manchester, who is a kind of representative of this class, made a speech last year at Manchester, the middle-class metropolis, which shook me a good deal. "During the last few months," said Mr. Bazley, "there had been a cry that middle-class education ought to receive more attention. He confessed himself very much surprised by the clamor that was raised. He did not think that class need excite the sympathy either of the legislature or the public." Much to the same effect spoke Mr. Miall, another middle-class leader, in the *Nonconformist*: "Middle-class education seems to be the favorite topic of the

hour, and we must confess to a feeling of shame at the nonsense which is being uttered on the subject. It might be thought from what is said, that this section of the community, which has done everything else so well, — which has astonished the world by its energy, enterprise, and self-reliance, which is continually striking out new paths of industry and subduing the forces of nature, — cannot, from some mysterious reason, get their children properly educated." Still more strong were the words of the *Daily News* (I love to range all the evidence in black and white before me, though it tends to my own discomfiture) about the blunder some of us were making: "All the world knows that the great middle class of this country supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have to be done, and it is not likely that that class should surrender its powers and privileges in the one case of the training of its own children. How the idea of such a scheme can have occurred to anybody, how it can have been imagined that parents and schoolmasters in the most independent and active and enlightened class of English society, how it can have been supposed that the class which has done all the great things that have been done in all departments, will beg the government to send inspectors through its schools, when it can itself command whatever advantages exist, might seem unintelligible but for two or three considerations." These considerations do not much matter just now; but it is clear how perfectly Mr. Bazley's stand was a stand such as it becomes a representative man like Mr. Bazley to make, and how well the *Daily Telegraph* might say of the speech, "It was at once grand, genial, national, and distinct"; and the *Morning Star* of the speaker: "He talked to his constituents as Manchester people like to be talked to, — in the language of clear, manly intelligence, which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value. His speech was thoroughly instinct with that earnest good sense which characterizes Manchester, and which, indeed, may be fairly set down as the general characteristic of England and Englishmen everywhere."

Of course if Philistinism is characteristic of the British nation just now, it must in a special way be characteristic of the representative part of the British nation, — the part by which the British nation is what it is, and does all its best things, — the middle class. And the newspapers, who have so many more means than I of knowing the truth, and who have that trenchant, authoritative style for communicating it which makes so great an impression, say that the British middle class is characterized, not by Philistinism, but by enlightenment; by a passion for penetrating through sophisms, ignoring commonplaces, and giving to conventional illusions their true value. Evidently it is nonsense, as the *Daily News* says, to think that this great middle class which supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have to be done, should want its schools, the nurseries of its admirable intelligence, meddled with. It may easily be imagined that all this, coming on the top of the *Saturday Review's* rebuke of me for indecency, was enough to set me meditating; and after a long and painful self-examination, I saw that I had been making a great mistake.

I had been breaking one of my own cardinal rules: the rule to keep aloof from practice, and to confine myself to the slow and obscure work of trying to understand things, to see them as they

are. So I was suffering deservedly in being taunted with hawking about my nostrums of state schools for a class much too wise to want them, and of an Academy for people who have an inimitable style already. To be sure I had said that schools ought to be things of local, not state, institution and management, and that we ought not to have an Academy; but that makes no difference. I had been meddling with practice, proposing this and that, saying how it might be if we had established this or that. I saw what danger I had been running in thus intruding into a sphere where I have no business, and I resolved to offend in this way no more. Henceforward let Mr. Kinglake belabor the French as he will, let him describe as many tight, merciless lips as he likes; henceforward let Educational Homes stretch themselves out in *The Times* to the crack of doom, let Lord Fortescue bewitch the middle class with ever new blandishments, let any number of Mansion House meetings propound any number of patchwork schemes to avoid facing the real difficulty; I am dumb. I let reforming and instituting alone; I meddle with my neighbor's practice no more. *He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still.*

This I say as a sincere penitent; but I do not see that there is any harm in my still trying to know and understand things, if I keep humbly to that, and do not meddle with greater matters, which are out of my reach. So having once got into my head this notion of British Philistinism and of the want of clear and large intelligence in our middle class, I do not consider myself bound at once to put away and crush such a notion, as people are told to do with their religious doubts; nor, when the *Saturday Review* tells me that no nation in the world is so logical as the English nation, and the *Morning Star*, that our grand national characteristic is a clear intelligence which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value, do I feel myself compelled to receive these propositions with absolute submission as articles of faith, transcending reason; indeed, this would be transcendentalism, which the *Saturday Review* condemns. Canvass them, then, as mere matters of speculation, I may; and having lately had occasion to travel on the Continent for many months, during which I was thrown in company with a great variety of people, I remembered what Burns says of the profitableness of trying to see ourselves as others see us, and I kept on the watch for anything to confirm or contradict my old notion, in which, without absolutely giving it up, I had begun certainly to be much shaken and staggered.

I must say that the foreign opinion about us is not at all like that of the *Saturday Review* and the *Morning Star*. I know how madly the foreigners envy us, and that this must warp their judgment; I know, too, that this test of foreign opinion can never be decisive; I only take it for what it is worth, and as a contribution to our study of the matter in question.

But I do really think that the admirers of our great middle class, which has, as its friends and enemies both agree, risen into such preponderating importance of late years, and now returns the House of Commons, dictates the policy of Ministers, makes the newspapers speak with its voice, and in short governs the country, — I do think, I say, the admirers of this great class would be astounded if

they could hear how cavalierly a foreigner treats this country of their making and managing. "It is not so much that we dislike England," a Prussian official, with the graceful tact of his nation, said to me the other day, "as that we think little of her." The *Cologne Gazette*, perhaps the chief newspaper of Germany, published in the summer a series of letters, much esteemed, I believe, by military men, on the armies of the leading Continental powers. The writer was a German officer, but not a Prussian. Speaking of the false military system followed by the Emperor Nicholas, whose great aim was to turn his soldiers into perfectly drilled machines, and contrasting this with the free play left to the individual soldier in the French system: "In consequence of their purely mechanical training," says this writer, "the Russians, in spite of their splendid courage, were in the Crimean war constantly beaten by the French, nay, decidedly beaten even by the English and the Turks."*

Hardly a German newspaper can discuss territorial changes in Europe, but it will add, after its remarks on the probable policy of France in this or that event: "England will probably make a fuss, but what England thinks is of no importance." I believe the German newspapers must keep a phrase of that kind stereotyped, they use it so often. France is our very good friend just now, but at bottom our "clear intelligence penetrating through sophisms," and so on, is not held in much more esteem there than in Germany. One of the gravest and most moderate of French newspapers — a newspaper, too, our very good friend, like France herself, into the bargain — broke out lately, when some jealousy of the proposed Cholera Commission in the East was shown on this side the water, in terms which, though less rough than the "great fool" of the *Saturday Review*, were still far from flattering. "Let us speak to these English the only language they can comprehend. England lives for her trade; cholera interrupts trade; therefore it is for England's interest to join in precautions against cholera."

Compliments of this sort are displeasing to remember, displeasing to repeat; but their abundance strikes the attention; and then the happy unconsciousness of those at whom they are aimed, their state of imperturbable self-satisfaction, strikes the attention too, and makes an inquisitive mind quite eager to see its way clearly in this apparent game of cross purposes. For never, surely, was there such a game of cross purposes played. It came to its height when Lord Palmerston died the other day. Lord Palmerston was England; "the best type of our age and country," *The Times* well called him; he was "a great representative man, emphatically the English Minister"; the interpreter of the wishes of that great middle class of this country which supplies the mind, the will, and the power requisite for all the great and good things that have to be done, and therefore "acknowledged by a whole people as their best impersonation."

Monsieur Thiers says of Pitt, that though he used and abused the strength of England, she was the second country in the world at the time of his death, and the first eight years afterwards. That was after Waterloo and the triumphs of Wellington. And that era of primacy and triumphs Lord Palmerston, say the English newspapers, has carried on to this hour. "What Wellington was as a soldier, that was Palmerston as a statesman." When I read these

* Ja, selbst von den Engländern und Türken entschieden geschlagen.

words in some foreign city or other, I could not help rubbing my eyes and asking myself if I was dreaming. Why, taking Lord Palmerston's career from 1830 (when he first became Foreign Secretary) to his death, there cannot be a shadow of doubt, for any one with eyes and ears in his head, that he found England the first power in the world's estimation, and that he leaves her the third, after France and the United States. I am no politician; I mean no disparagement at all to Lord Palmerston, to whose talents and qualities I hope I can do justice; and indeed it is not Lord Palmerston's policy, or any Minister's policy, that is in question here: it is the policy of all of us, it is the policy of England; for in a government such as ours is at present, it is only, as we are so often reminded, by interpreting public opinion, by being "the best type of his age and country," that a Minister governs; and Lord Palmerston's greatness lay precisely in our all "acknowledging him as our best impersonation."

Well, then, to this our logic, our practical efforts in the way of criticism, our clear, manly intelligence penetrating through sophisms and ignoring common-places, and above all, our redoubtable phalanx possessing these advantages in the highest degree, our great middle class, which makes Parliament, and which supplies the mind, the will, and the power requisite for all the great and good things that have to be done, have brought us to the third place in the world's estimation, instead of the first. He who disbelieves it, let him go round to every embassy in Europe and ask if it is not true.

The foreigners, indeed, are in no doubt as to the real authors of the policy of modern England; they know that ours is no longer a policy of Pitts and aristocracies, disposing of every movement of the hoodwinked nation to whom they dictate it; they know that our policy is now dictated by the strong middle part of England. — England happy, as Mr. Lowe, quoting Aristotle, says, in having her middle part strong and her extremes weak; and that, though we are administered by one of our weak extremes, the aristocracy, these managers administer us, as a weak extreme naturally must, with a nervous attention to the wishes of the strong middle part, whose agents they are.

It was not the aristocracy which made the Crimean war; it was the strong middle part, — the constituencies. It was the strong middle part which showered abuse and threats on Germany for mishandling Denmark; and when Germany gruffly answered, *Come and stop us*, slapped its pockets, and vowed that it had never had the slightest notion of pushing matters so far as this. It was the strong middle part which, by the voice of its favorite newspapers, kept threatening Germany, after she had snapped her fingers at us, with a future chastisement from France, just as a smarting school-boy threatens his bully with a drubbing to come from some big boy in the background. It was the strong middle part, speaking through the same newspapers, which was full of coldness, slights, and sermons for the American Federals during their late struggle; and as soon as they had succeeded, discovered that it had always wished them well, and that nothing was so much to be desired as that the United States, and we, should be the fastest friends possible. Some people will say that the aristocracy was an equal offender in this respect: very likely; but the behavior of the strong middle part makes more impression than the behavior of a weak extreme: and the more so, because from the middle class, their fellows

in numberless ways, the Americans expected sympathy, while from the aristocracy they expected none. And, in general, the faults with which foreigners reproach us in the matters named, — rash engagement, intemperate threatening, undignified retreat, ill-timed cordiality, — are not the faults of an aristocracy, by nature in such concerns prudent, reticent, dignified, sensitive on the point of honor; they are rather the faults of a rich middle class, — testy, absolute, ill-acquainted with foreign matters, a little ignoble, very dull to perceive when it is making itself ridiculous.

I know the answer one gets at home when one says that England is not very highly considered just now on the Continent. There is first of all the envy to account for it, — that of course; and then our clear intelligence is making a radical change in our way of dealing with the Continent; the old, bad, aristocratical policy of incessantly intermeddling with the affairs of the Continent, — this it is getting rid of; it is leaving the miserable foreigners to themselves, to their wars, despotisms, bureaucracy, and hatred of free, prosperous England. A few inconveniences may arise before the transition from our old policy to our new is fairly accomplished, and we quite leave off the habit of meddling where our own interests are not at stake. We may be exposed to a little mortification in the passage, but our clear intelligence will discern any occasion where our interests are really at stake. Then we shall come forward and prove ourselves as strong as ever; and the foreigners, in spite of their envy, know it. But what strikes me so much in all which these foreigners say is, that it is just this clear intelligence of ours that they appear at the present moment to hold cheap. Englishmen are often heard complaining of the little gratitude foreign nations show them for their sympathy, their good-will. The reason is, that the foreigners think that an Englishman's good-will to a foreign cause, or dislike to it, is never grounded in a perception of its real merits and bearings, but in some chance circumstance. They say the Englishman never, in these cases, really comprehends the situation, and so they can never feel him to be in living sympathy with them.

I have got into much trouble for calling my countrymen Philistines, and all through these remarks I am determined never to use that word; but I wonder if there can be anything offensive in calling one's countryman a young man from the country. I hope not; and if not, I should say, for the benefit of those who have seen Mr. John Parry's amusing entertainment, that England and Englishmen, holding forth on some great crisis in a foreign country, — Poland, say, or Italy, — are apt to have on foreigners very much the effect of the young man from the country who talks to the nursemaid after she has upset the perambulator. There is a terrible crisis, and the discourse of the young man from the country, excellent in itself, is felt not to touch the crisis vitally. Nevertheless, on he goes; the perambulator lies a wreck, the child screams, the nursemaid wrings her hands, the old gentleman storms, the policeman gesticulates, the crowd thickens; still, that astonishing young man talks on, serenely unconscious that he is not at the centre of the situation.

Happening to be much thrown with certain foreigners, who criticised England in this sort of way, I used often to think what a short and ready way one of our hard-hitting English newspapers would take with these scorners, if they fell into its hands. But being myself a mere seeker for truth, with noth-

ing trenchant or authoritative about me, I could do no more than look shocked and begin to ask questions. "What!" I said, "you hold the England of to-day cheap, and declare that we do not comprehend the situation; yet you rate the England of 1815 so high, and call our fathers and grandfathers the foremost people in Europe. Did they comprehend the situation better than we?" "Yes," replied my foreign friends, "the situation as they had it, a great deal better. Their time was a time for energy, and they succeeded in it perfectly. Our time is a time for intelligence, and you are not succeeding in it at all."

Though I could not hear without a shudder this insult to the earnest good sense which, as the *Morning Star* says, may be fairly set down as the general characteristic of England and Englishmen everywhere, yet I pricked up my ears when my companions talked of energy, and England's success in a time for energy, because I have always had a notion myself that energy—energy with honesty—is England's great force; a greater force to her, even, than her talent for penetrating through sophisms and ignoring commonplaces; so I begged my acquaintances to explain a little more fully to me what they meant. "Nothing can be clearer," they answered. "Your *Times* was telling you the other day, with the enlightenment it so often shows at present, that instead of being proud of Waterloo and the great war which was closed by it, it really seemed as if you ought rather to feel embarrassed at the recollection of them, since the policy for which they were fought is grown obsolete; the world has taken a turn which was not Lord Castlereagh's, and to look back on the great Tory war is to look back upon an endless account of blood and treasure wasted."

"Now, that is not so at all. What France had in her head, from the Convention, 'faithful to the principles of the sovereignty of the people, which will not permit them to acknowledge anywhere the institutions militating against it,' to Napoleon, with his 'immense projects for assuring to France the empire of the world,'—what she had in her head, along with many better and sounder notions destined to happier fortune, was *supremacy*. She had always a vision of a sort of federation of the states of Europe under the primacy of France. Now to this the world, whose progress no doubt lies in the direction of more concert and common purpose among nations, but these nations free, self-impelled, and living each its own life, was not moving. Whoever knocks to pieces a scheme of this sort does the world a service. In antiquity, Roman empire had a scheme of this sort, and much more. The barbarians knocked it to pieces,—honor to the barbarians. In the middle ages Frederick the Second had a scheme of this sort. The Papacy knocked it to pieces,—honor to the Papacy. In our own century, France had a scheme of this sort. Your fathers knocked it to pieces,—honor to your fathers. They were just the people to do it. They had a vigorous lower class, a vigorous middle class, and a vigorous aristocracy. The lower class worked and fought, the middle class found the money, and the aristocracy wielded the whole."

"This aristocracy was high-spirited, reticent, firm, despising frothy declamation. It had all the qualities useful for its task and time; Lord Grenville's words, as early as 1793: 'England will never consent that France shall arrogate the power of annulling at her pleasure, and under the pretence of a pretended natural right, the political system of Eu-

rope'; these few words, with their lofty strength, contain, as one may say, the prophecy of future success; you hear the very voice of an aristocracy standing on sure ground, and with the stars in its favor. Well, you succeeded, and in 1815, after Waterloo, you were the first power in Europe. 'These people have a secret,' we all said; 'they have discerned the way the world was going, and therefore they have prevailed; while on the other hand, the "stars in their courses fought against Sisera."' We held you in the greatest respect; we tried to copy your constitutional government; we read your writers. 'After the peace,' says George Sand, 'the literature of Great Britain crossed the straits, and came to reign amongst us.' It reigned in Byron and Scott, voices of the great aristocratical spirit which had just won the victory; Scott expressing its robust, genial conservatism, holding by a thousand roots to the past; Byron, its defiant force and indomitable pride."

"We believed in you for a good while; but gradually it began to dawn upon us that the era for which you had had the secret was over, and that a new era, for which you had not the secret, was beginning. The work of the old era was to prevent the formation of a second Roman empire, and to maintain a store of free, rich, various national lives for the future to work with and bring to harmony. This was a work of force, of energy; it was a work for an aristocratical power, since, as you yourself are always saying, aristocracies, poor in ideas, are rich in energy. You were a great aristocratical power, and did it."

"But then came an era with another work,—a work of which it is the great glory of the French Revolution (pardon us for saying so; we know it makes some of our countrymen angry to hear it) passionately to have embraced the idea,—the work of making human life, hampered by a past which it has outgrown, natural and rational. This is a work of intelligence, and in intelligence an aristocratic power, as you know, does not so much shine. Accordingly, since the world has been steadily moving this way, you seem to have lost your secret, and we are gradually ceasing to believe in you. You will say, perhaps, that England is no longer an aristocratical power, but a middle-class power, wielded by an industrial middle class, as the England of your fathers was wielded by a territorial aristocracy. This may be so; and indeed, as the style, carriage, and policy of England have of late years been by no means those of an aristocratical power, it probably is so. But whatever class dictates it, your course, allow us to say, has not of late years been intelligent,—has not, at any rate, been successful. And, depend upon it, a nation who has the secret of her era, who discerns which way the world is going, is successful, keeps rising. Can you yourselves, with all your powers of self-satisfaction, suppose that the Crimean war raised you, or that your Indian mutiny raised you, or that your attitude in the Italian war raised you, as your performances at the beginning of the century raised you? Surely you cannot. You held your own, if you will; you showed tenacity; you saved yourselves from disaster; but you did not raise yourselves, did not advance one jot."

"Can you, on the other hand, suppose that your attitude in the Danish business, in the American business, has not lowered you? You are losing the instinct which tells people how the world is going; you are beginning to make mistakes; you are falling out of the front rank. The era of aristocracies

is over; nations must now stand or fall by the intelligence of their middle class and their people. The people with you is still an embryo; no one can yet quite say what it will come to. You lean, therefore, with your whole weight upon the intelligence of your middle class. And intelligence, in the true sense of the word, your middle class has absolutely none."

I was aghast. I thought of this great class, every morning and evening extolled for its clear, manly intelligence by a hundred vigorous and influential writers; and though the fine enthusiasm of these writers had always seemed to me to be carrying them a little too far, and I had even been guilty of the indecency of now and then calling my countrymen Philistines, these foreign critics struck me as passing all bounds, and quite out-Heroding Herod. Fortunately I had just received from England a copy of Mr. Lowe's powerful and much-admired speech against Reform. I took it out of my pocket. "Now," said I to my envious, carping foreigners, "just listen to me. You say that the early years of this century were a time for energy, and we did well in them; you say that the last thirty or forty years have been a time for intelligence, and we have done ill in them. Mr. Lowe shall answer you. Here is his reading of our last thirty or forty years' history, as made by our middle-class Parliament, as he calls it,—by a Parliament, therefore, filled by the mind and will of this great class whose rule you disparage. Mr. Lowe says: 'The seven Houses of Commons that have sat since the Reform Bill have performed exploits unrivalled, not merely in the six centuries during which Parliament has existed, but in the whole history of representative assemblies.'

"He says: 'Look at the noble work, the heroic work which the House of Commons has performed within these thirty-five years. It has gone through and revised every institution of the country; it has scanned our trade, our colonies, our laws, and our municipal institutions; everything that was complained of, everything that had grown distasteful, has been touched with success and moderation by the amending hand. And to such a point have these amendments been carried, that when gentlemen come to argue this question, and do all in their power to get up a practical grievance, they fail in suggesting even one.' There is what Mr. Lowe says. You see we have nothing left to desire, absolutely nothing. As Mr. Lowe himself says: 'With all this continued peace, contentment, happiness, and prosperity,—England in its present state of development and civilization,—the mighty fabric of English prosperity,—what can we want more?' Evidently nothing; therefore, to propose 'for England to make a step in the direction of democracy is the strangest and wildest proposition ever broached by man.' People talk of America. 'In America the working classes are the masters; does anybody doubt that?' And compare, Mr. Lowe means, England, as the middle class is making her, with America, as the working classes are making her. How entirely must the comparison turn to the advantage of the English middle class! Then, finally, as to the figure we cut in the eyes of the world, our grandeur and our future, here is a crowning sentence, worthy of Lord Macaulay himself, whose style Mr. Lowe enthusiastically admires: '*The destiny of England is in the great heart of England!*'"

Mr. Bright had not then made his famous speech about the misdeeds of the Tories, but, if he had, I should certainly have added that our middle class,

by these unrivalled exploits of theirs, had not only raised their country to an unprecedented height of greatness, but had also saved our foolish and obstructive aristocracy from being emptied into the Thames.

As it was, however, what I had urged, or rather what I had borrowed from Mr. Lowe, seemed to me exceedingly forcible, and I looked anxiously for its effect on my hearers. They did not appear so much disconcerted as I had hoped. "Undoubtedly," they said, "the coming of your middle class to power was a natural, salutary event, to be blessed, not anathematized. Aristocracies cannot deal with a time for intelligence; their sense is for facts, not ideas."

"The world of ideas is the possible, the future; the world of aristocracies is the established, the past, which has made their fortune, and which they hope to prolong. No doubt your middle class found a great deal of commercial and social business waiting to be done, which your aristocratic governments had left undone, and had no talents for doing. Their talents were for other times and tasks; for curbing the power of the crown when other classes were too inconsiderable to do it; for managing (if one compares them with other aristocracies) their affairs and their dependants with vigor, prudence, and moderation, during the feudal and patriarchal stage of society; for wielding the force of their country against foreign powers with energy, firmness, and dignity. But then came the modern spirit, the modern time; the notion, as we say, of making human life more natural and rational; or, as your philosophers say, of getting the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Have you succeeded, are you succeeding, in this hour of the many, as your aristocracy succeeded in the hour of the few? You say you are; you point to 'the noble work, the heroic work which the House of Commons has performed within these last thirty-five years; everything that was complained of, everything that had grown distasteful, has been touched with success and moderation by the amending hand.' Allow us to set clap-trap on one side; we are not at one of your public meetings. What is the modern problem? to make human life, the life of society, all through, more natural and rational; to have the greatest possible number of one's nation happy. Here is the standard by which we are to try ourselves and one another now, as national grandeur, in the old regal and aristocratical conception of it, was the standard formerly."

"Every nation must have wished to be England in 1815, tried by the old standard: must we all wish to be England in 1865, tried by the new standard? Your aristocracy, you say, is as splendid, as fortunate, as enviable as ever: very likely; but all the world cannot be aristocracy. What do you make of the mass of your society, of its vast middle and lower portion? Are we to envy you your common people; is our common people to wish to change places with yours; are we to say that you, more than we, have the modern secret here? Without insisting too much on the stories of misery and degradation which are perpetually reaching us, we will say that no one can mix with a great crowd in your country, no one can walk with his eyes and ears open through the poor quarters of your large towns, and not feel that your common people, as it meets one's eyes, is at present more raw, to say the very least, less enviable-looking, further removed from civilized and humane life, than the common people almost anywhere. Well, then, you are not a suc-

cess, according to the modern standard, with your common people. Are you a success with your middle class? They have the power now; what have they made of themselves? what sort of a life is theirs? A life more natural, more rational, fuller of happiness, more enviable, therefore, than the life of the middle classes on the Continent? Yes, you will say, because the English middle class is the most industrious and the richest. But it is just here that you go a great deal too fast, and so deceive yourselves.

"What brings about, or rather tends to bring about, a natural, rational life, satisfying the modern spirit? This: the growth of a love of industry, trade, and wealth; the growth of a love of the things of the mind; and the growth of a love of beautiful things. There are body, intelligence, and soul all taken care of. Of these three factors of modern life, your middle class has no notion of any but one, the first. Their love of industry, trade, and wealth is certainly prodigious; and their example has done us a great deal of good: we too are beginning to get this love, and we wanted it. But what notion have they of anything else? Do but look at them, look at their lives. Some of us know your middle class very well, — a great deal better than your own upper class in general knows them. Your middle class is educated, to begin with, in the worst schools of your country, and our middle class is educated in the best of ours. What becomes of them after that? The fineness and capacity of a man's spirit is shown by his enjoyments; your middle class has an enjoyment in its business, we admit, and gets on well in business and makes money; but beyond that? Drugged with business, your middle class seems to have its sense blunted for any stimulus besides, except religion; it has a religion narrow, unintelligent, repulsive. All sincere religion does something for the spirit, raises a man out of the bondage of his merely bestial part, and saves him; but the religion of your middle class is the very lowest form of intellectual life which one can imagine as saving.

"What other enjoyments have they? The newspapers, a sort of eating and drinking which are not to our taste, a literature of books almost entirely religious or semi-religious, books utterly unreadable by an educated class anywhere, but which your middle class consumes, they say, by the hundred thousand; and in their evenings, for a great treat, a lecture on teetotalism or nunneries. Can any life be imagined more hideous, more dismal, more unenviable? Compare it with the life of our middle class as you have seen it on the Rhine this summer, or at Lausanne, or Zurich. The world of enjoyment, so liberalizing and civilizing, belongs to the middle classes there, as well as the world of business; the whole world is theirs, they possess life; in England the highest class seems to have the monopoly of the world of enjoyment, the middle class enjoys itself, as your Shakespeare would say, in huffer-mugger, and possesses life only by reading in the newspapers, which it does devoutly, the doings of great people. Well then, we do not at all want to be as your middle class; we want to learn from it to do business and to get rich, and this we are learning a great deal faster than you think; but we do not, like your middle class, fix our consummation here: we have a notion of a whole world besides not dreamed of in your middle class's philosophy; so they too, like your common people, seem to us no success. They may be the masters of the modern time with you, but

they are not solving its problem. They cannot see the way the world is going, and the future does not belong to them. Talk of the present state of development and civilization of England, meaning England as they represent it to us! Why, the capital, pressing danger of England, is the barbarism of her middle class; the civilization of her middle class is England's capital, pressing want."

"Well, but," said I, still catching at Mr. Lowe's powerful help, "the Parliament of this class has performed exploits unrivalled not merely in the six centuries during which Parliament has existed, but in the whole history of representative assemblies. The exploits are there: all the reforms we have made in the last five-and-thirty years."

"Let us distinguish," replied the envious foreigners, "let us distinguish. We named three powers — did we not? — which go to spread that rational humane life which is the aim of modern society: the love of wealth, the love of intelligence, the love of beauty. Your middle class, we agreed, has the first; its commercial legislation, accordingly, has been very good, and in advance of that of foreign countries. Not that free-trade was really brought about by your middle class: it was brought about, as important reforms always are, by two or three great men. However, let your middle class, which had the sense to accept free-trade, have the credit of it. But this only brings us a certain way. The legislation of your middle class in all that goes to give human life more intelligence and beauty, is no better than was to be expected from its own want of both. It is nothing to say that its legislation in these respects is an improvement upon what you had before; that is not the question; you are holding up its achievements as absolutely admirable, as unrivalled, as a model to us.

"You may have done — for you — much for religious toleration, social improvement, public instruction, municipal reform, law reform; but the French Revolution and its consequences have done, upon the Continent, a great deal more. Such a spectacle as your Irish Church Establishment you cannot find in France or Germany. Your Irish land-question you hardly dare to face, — Stein settled as threatening a land-question in Prussia. Of the schools for your middle class we have already spoken; while these schools are what they are, while the schools for your poor are maintained in the expensive, unjust, irrational way they are, England is full of endowments and foundations, capable by themselves, if properly applied, of putting your public education on a much better footing. In France and Germany all similar funds are thus employed, having been brought under public, responsible management; in England they are left to private, irresponsible management, and are, in nine cases out of ten, wasted. You talk of municipal reform; and cities and the manner of life in them have, for the modern business of promoting a more rational and humane life in the great body of the community, incalculable importance. Do you suppose we should tolerate in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, your London corporation and London vestries, and London as they make it? In your provincial towns you do better; but even there, do the municipalities show a tenth part either of the intelligence or the care for the ends, as we have laid them down, of modern society, that our municipalities show?

"Your middle-class man thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington

to Camberwell, and from Camberwell to Islington, and if railway-trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it is nothing that the trains only carry him from an illiberal, dismal life at Islington to an illiberal, dismal life at Camberwell; and the letters only tell him that such is the life there. A Swiss burgher takes Heaven knows how many hours to go from Berne to Geneva, and his trains are very few; this is an extreme on the other side; but compare the life the Swiss burgher finds or leaves at Berne or Geneva with the life of the middle class in your English towns. Or else you think to cover everything by saying: 'We are free! we are free! Our newspapers can say what they like!' Freedom, like industry, is a very good horse to ride, — but to ride somewhere. You seem to think that you have only got to get on the back of your horse Freedom, or your horse Industry, and to ride away as hard as you can, — to be sure of coming to the right destination. If your newspapers can say what they like, you think you are sure of being well advised. That comes of your inaptitude for ideas, and aptitude for clap-trap; you can never see the two sides of a question; never perceive that every human state of things, even a good one, has its inconveniences. We can see the conveniences of your state well enough; and the inconveniences of ours, of newspapers not free, and prefects over-busy; and there are plenty of us who proclaim them. You eagerly repeat after us all we say that redounds to your own honor and glory; but you never follow our example yourselves. You are full of acuteness to perceive the ill influence of our prefects on us; but if any one says to you, in your turn, 'The English system of a great landed aristocracy keeps your lower class a lower class forever, and materializes and vulgarizes your whole middle class,' you stare vacantly at the speaker, you cannot even take in his ideas; you can only blurt forth, in reply, some clap-trap or other about a 'system of such tried and tested efficiency as no other country was ever happy enough to possess since the world was a world.'

I have observed in my travels, that most young gentlemen of our highest class go through Europe, from Calais to Constantinople, with one sentence on their lips, and one idea in their minds, which suffices, apparently, to explain all that they see to them: *Foreigners don't wash.* No doubt, thought I to myself, my friends have fallen in with some distinguished young Britons of this sort, and had their feelings wounded by them; hence their rancor against our aristocracy. And as to our middle class, foreigners have no notion how much this class, with us, contains; how many shades and gradations in it there are, and how little what is said of one part of it will apply to another. Something of this sort I could not help urging aloud. "You do not know," I said, "that there is broken off, as one may say, from the top of our middle class a large fragment, which receives the best education the country can give, the same education as our aristocracy; which is perfectly intelligent and which enjoys life perfectly. These men do the main part of our intellectual work, write all our best newspapers; and cleverer people, I assure you, are nowhere to be found."

"Clever enough," was the answer, "but they show not much intelligence, in the true sense of the word, — not much intelligence of the way the world is going. Whether it is that they must try to hit your current public opinion, which is not intelligent; whether it is that, having been, as you say, brought

up with your aristocracy, they have been too much influenced by it, have taken, half insensibly, an aristocracy's material standard, and do not believe in ideas; certain it is that their intelligence has no ardor, no plan, leads them nowhere; it is ineffectual. Your intellect is at this moment, to an almost unexampled degree, without influence on the intellect of Europe."

While this was being said, I noticed an Italian, who was one of our party, fumbling with his pocket-book, from whence he presently produced a number of gray newspaper slips, which I could see were English. "Now just listen to me for a moment," he cried, "and I will show you what makes us say, on the Continent, that you English have no sense for logic, for ideas, and that your praise and blame, having no substantial foundation, are worth very little. You remember the famous French pamphlet before our war began in 1859: *Napoleon the Third and Italy.* The pamphlet appealed, in the French way, to reason and first principles; the upshot of it was this: 'The treaties which bind governments would be invariable only if the world was immovable. A power which should intrench itself behind treaties in order to resist modifications demanded by general feeling, would have doubtless on her side an acquired right, but she would have against her moral right and universal conscience.'

"You English, on the other hand, took your stand on things as they were: 'If treaties are made,' said your *Times*, 'they must be respected. Tear one, and all are waste paper.' Very well; this is a policy, at any rate, an aristocratical policy; much may be said for it. The *Times* was full of contempt for the French pamphlet, an essay, as it called it, 'conveying the dreams of an agitator expressed in the language of an academician. It said: 'No one accustomed to the pithy comments with which liberty notices passing history, can read such a production without complacency that he does not live in the country which produces it. To see the heavy apparatus of an essay brought out to solve a question on which men have corresponded and talked and speculated in the funds, and acted in the most practical manner possible for a month past, is as strange as if we beheld some spectral review,' and so on. Still very well; there is the strong, practical man despising theories and reveries. 'The sentiment of race is just now threatening to be exceedingly troublesome. It is to a considerable extent in our days a literary revival.' That is all to the same effect. Then came a hitch in our affairs, and fortune seemed as if she was going to give, as she often does give, the anti-theorists a triumph. 'The Italian plot,' cried *The Times*, 'has failed. The Emperor and his familiars knew not the moral strength which is still left in the enlightened communities of Europe. To the unanimous and indignant reprobation of English opinion is due the failure of the imperial plots. While silence and fear reign everywhere abroad, the eyes and ears of the Continent are turned continually to these Islands. English opinion has been erected into a kind of Areopagus.'

"Our business went forward again, and your English opinion grew very stern indeed. 'Sardinia,' said *The Times*, 'is told very plainly that she has deserted the course by which alone she could hope either to be happy or great, and abandoned herself to the guidance of fatal delusions, which are luring her on to destruction. By cultivating the arts of peace she would have been solving, in the only pos-

sible way, the difficult problem of Italian independence. She has been taught by France to look instead to the acquisition of fresh territory by war and conquest. She has now been told with perfect truth by the warning voice of the British Parliament that she has not a moment to lose in retracing her steps, if indeed her penitence be not too late. Well, to make a long story short, we did not retrace our steps; we went on, as you know; we succeeded; and now let us make a jump from the spring to the autumn. Here is your unanimous English opinion, here is your Areopagus, here is your *Times*, in October: 'It is very irregular (Sardinia's course), it is contrary to all diplomatic forms. Francis the Second can show a thousand texts of international law against it. Yes; but there are extremities beyond all law, and there are laws which existed before even society was formed. There are laws which are implanted in our nature, and which form part of the human mind,' and so on. Why, here you have entirely boxed the compass, and come round from the aristocratical programme to the programme of the French pamphlet, 'the dreams of an agitator in the language of the rhetorician!' And you approved not only our present, but our past, and kindly took off your ban of reprobation issued in February.

"How great a change has been effected by the wisely courageous policy of Sardinia! The firmness and boldness which have raised Italy from degradation form the enduring character of a ten years' policy. King Victor Emmanuel and his sagacious counsellor have achieved success by remembering that fortune favors the bold.' There you may see why the mind of France influences the Continent so much and the mind of England so little. France has intelligence enough to perceive the ideas that are moving, or are likely to move, the world; she believes in them, sticks to them, and shapes her course to suit them. You neither perceive them nor believe in them, but you play with them like counters, taking them up and laying them down at random, and following really some turn of your imagination, some gust of liking or disliking. When I heard some of your countrymen complaining of Italy and her ingratitude for English sympathy, I made, to explain it, the collection of those extracts and of a good many more. They are all at your service; I have some here from the *Saturday Review*, which you will find exactly follow suit with those from *The Times*." "No, thank you," I answered, "*The Times* is enough. My relations with the *Saturday Review* are rather tight-stretched, as you say here, already; make me a party to none of your quarrels with them."

After this my original tormentor once more took up his parable. "You see now what I meant," he said, "by saying that you did better in the old time, in the day of aristocracies. An aristocracy has no ideas, but it has a policy, — to resist change. In this policy it believes, it sticks to it; when it is beaten in it, it holds its tongue. This is respectable, at any rate. But your great middle class, as you call it, your present governing power, having no policy, except that of doing a roaring trade, does not know what to be at in great affairs, — blows hot and cold by turns, — makes itself ridiculous in short. It was a good aristocratical policy to have helped Austria in the Italian war; it was a good aristocratical policy to have helped the South in the American war. The days of aristocratical policy are over for you; with your new middle-class public opinion you cut, in Italy, the figure our friend here has just

shown you; in America you scold right and left, you get up a monster memorial to deprecate the further effusion of blood; you lament over the abridgment of civil liberty by people engaged in a struggle for life and death, and meaning to win; and when they turn a deaf ear to you and win, you say, 'O, now let us be one great united Anglo-Saxon family and astonish the world.' This is just of a piece with your threatening Germany with the Emperor of the French. Do you not see that all these blunders dispose the Americans, who are very shrewd, and who have been succeeding as steadily as you have been failing, to answer: 'We have got the lead, no thanks to you, and we mean to astonish the world without you.'

"Unless you change, unless your middle class grows more intelligent, you will tell upon the world less and less, and end by being a second Holland. We do not hold you cheap for saying you will wash your hands of all concerns but your own, that you do not care a rush for influence in Europe; though this sentence of your Lord Bolingbroke is true: 'The opinion of mankind, which is fame after death, is superior strength and power in life.' We hold you cheap because you show so few signs, except in the one department of industry, of understanding your time and its tendencies, and of exhibiting a modern life which shall be a signal success. And the reaction is the stronger because after 1815 we believed in you as now-a-days we are coming to believe in America. You had won the last game, and we thought you had your hand full of trumps, and were going to win the next. Now the game has begun to be played, and we have an inkling of what your cards are; we shrewdly suspect you have scarcely any trumps at all."

I am no arguer, as is well known, "and every puny whipster gets my sword." So instead of making bad worse by a lame answer, I held my tongue, consoling myself with the thought that these foreigners get from us, at any rate, plenty of Rolands for any stray Oliver they may have the luck to give us. I have since meditated a good deal on what was then said, but I cannot profess to be yet quite clear about it. However, all due deductions made for envy, exaggeration, and injustice, enough stuck by me of these remarks on our logic, criticism, and love of intelligence, to determine me to go on trying (taking care, of course, to steer clear of indecency) to keep my mind fixed on these, instead of singing hosannas to our actual state of development and civilization. The old recipe, to think a little more and bustle a little less, seemed to me still the best recipe to follow. So I take comfort when I find the *Guardian* reproaching me with having no influence; for I know what influence means, — a party, practical proposals, action; and I say to myself: "Even suppose I could get some followers, and assemble them, brimming with affectionate enthusiasm, in a committee-room at some inn; what on earth should I say to them? what resolutions could I propose? I could only propose the old Socratic commonplace, *Know thyself*; and how blank they all would look at that!

No; to inquire, perhaps too curiously, what that present state of English development and civilization is, which according to Mr. Lowe is so perfect that to give votes to the working class is stark madness; and, on the other hand, to be less sanguine about the divine and saving effect of a vote on its possessor than my friends in the committee-room at the "Spotted Dog," — that is my inevi-

table portion. To bring things under the light of one's intelligence, to see how they look there, to accustom one's self simply to regard the Marylebone Vestry, or the Educational Home, or the Irish Church Establishment, or our railway management, or our Divorce Court, or our gin-palaces open on Sunday and the Crystal Palace shut, as absurdities, — that is, I am sure, invaluable exercise for us just at present. Let all persist in it who can, and steadily set their desires on introducing, with time, a little more soul and spirit into the too, too solid flesh of English society.

I have a friend who is very sanguine, in spite of the dismal croakings of these foreigners, about the turn things are even now taking amongst us. "Mean and ignoble as our middle class looks," he says, "it has this capital virtue, it has seriousness. With frivolity, cultured or uncultured, you can do nothing; but with seriousness there is always hope. Then, too, the present bent of the world towards amusing itself, so perilous to the highest class, is curative and good for our middle class. A piano in a Quaker's drawing-room is a step for him to more humane life; nay, perhaps even the penny gaff of the poor East-Londoner is a step for him to more humane life; it is — what example shall we choose? — it is *Strathmore*, let us say, — it is the one-pound-eleven-and-sixpenny gaff of the young gentlemen of the clubs and the young ladies of Belgravia, that is for them but a step in the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. Besides, say what you like of the ideanness of aristocracies, the vulgarity of our middle class, the immaturity of our lower, and the poor chance which a happy type of modern life has between them, consider this: Of all that makes life liberal and humane, — of light, of ideas, of culture, — every man in every class of society who has a dash of genius in him is the boon friend.

"By his bringing up, by his habits, by his interest, he may be their enemy; by the primitive, unalterable complexion of his nature, he is their friend. Therefore, the movement of the modern spirit will be more and more felt among us, it will spread, it will prevail. Nay," this enthusiast often continues, getting excited as he goes on, "*The Times*, itself, which so stirs some people's indignation, — what is *The Times* but a gigantic Sancho Panza, to borrow a phrase of your friend Heine, — a gigantic Sancho Panza, following by an attraction he cannot resist that poor, mad, scorned, suffering, sublime enthusiast, the modern spirit, — following it, indeed, with constant grumbling, expostulation, and opposition, with airs of protection, of compassionate superiority, with an incessant by-play of nods, shrugs, and winks addressed to the spectators, — following it, in short, with all the incurable recalcitrancy of a lower nature, but still following it?" When my friend talks thus, I always shake my head, and say that this sounds very like the transcendentalism which has already brought me into so many scrapes.

I have another friend again (and I am grown so cowed by all the rebuke my original speculations have drawn upon me that I find myself more and more filling the part of a mere listener), who calls himself Anglo-Saxon rather than English, and this is what he says: "We are a small country," he says, "and our middle class has, as you say, not much gift for anything but making money. Our freedom and wealth have given us a great start, our capital will give us for a long time an advantage; but as other countries grow better-governed and

richer, we must necessarily sink to the position to which our size and our want of any eminent gift for telling upon the world spiritually, doom us.

"But look at America; it is the same race; whether we are first or they, Anglo-Saxonism triumphs. You used to say that they had all the Philistinism of the English middle class from which they spring, and a great many faults of their own besides. But you noticed, too, that, blindly as they seemed following in general the star of their god Buncombe, they showed, at the same time, a feeling for ideas, a vivacity and play of mind, which our middle class has not, and which comes to the Americans, probably, from their democratic life, with its ardent hope, its forward stride, its gaze fixed on the future. Well, since these great events have lately come to purge and form them, how is this intelligence of theirs developing itself? Now they are manifesting a quick sense to see how the world is really going, and a sure faith, indispensable to all nations that are to be great, that greatness is only to be reached by going that way and no other? And then, if you talk of culture, look at the culture their middle, and even their working class is getting, as compared with the culture ours are getting. The trash which circulates by the hundred thousand among our middle class has no readers in America; our rubbish is for home-consumption; all our best books, books which are read here only by the small educated class, are in America the books of the great reading public. So over there they will advance spiritually as well as materially; and if our race at last flowers to modern life there, and not here, does it so much matter?"

So says my friend, who is, as I premised, a devotee of Anglo-Saxonism; I, who share his pious frenzy but imperfectly, do not feel quite satisfied with these plans of vicarious greatness, and have a longing for this old and great country of ours to be always great in herself, not only in her progeny. So I keep looking at her, and thinking of her, and as often as I consider how history is a series of waves, coming gradually to a head, and then breaking, and that, as the successive waves come up, one nation is seen at the top of this wave, and then another of the next, I ask myself, counting all the waves which have come up with England on the top of them: When the great wave which is now mounting has come up, will she be at the top of it? *Ulla nihil, nec me querentem vana moratur.*

Yes, we arraign her; but she,
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing, on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Wellnigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

DREAMS OF THE TWO EMPERORS.

A LEAF FROM PUNCH.

"OH!" cried Mrs. Judy.

"I've dreamt," said Mr. Punch, who was by this time (11.30 A. M., being an early riser) in his flowered dressing-gown.

"Dreamt that you dwelt in marble halls?" inquired Mrs. Judy, yawning.

"No, my dear," returned her husband, seriously, sipping his early chocolate, "I dreamt that I met somebody else, who had also dreamt, — in fact, I dreamt," continued Mr. Punch, meditatively, "that

he dreamt that —" Here he paused, and extricated himself from the meshes of his sentence.

Toby sat up for toast.

"What did you dream?" asked Madame, becoming lazily interested.

"Curiosity, thy name is Julia!" said Mr. Punch, playfully placing a morsel of *rôtis* on Toby's nose.

Toby waited for the word "three."

Mr. Punch forgot all about him and his toast.

"I dreamt," said Mr. Punch, more apparently as a confidence between himself and the fire-irons than as addressing his fair spouse, "that I was in Paris at the Tile-Kilns; the Tuileries," Mr. Punch explained, "having been a place where hats, or tiles, were made, and crowns fitted —"

"Yes," said Julia.

Mr. Punch was pleased with the interruption, and continued without noticing it, while Toby sat on his hind legs, anxiously regarding his master, but by him disregarded.

"At the Tile-Kilns, talking to my dear cousin Louis, who told me that he had had a dream." Here, in memory of his cousin, Mr. Punch lighted a fragrant Havanna.

Toby winced, but the toast remained undisturbed.

"Said Louis to me," resumed Mr. Punch, inspecting the lighted end of his cigar, "'I dreamt I was king of England. Odd, that!'" Mr. Punch studied the bars of the fireplace for a second, and then went on. "'Yes,' said Louis to me, 'I dreamt that I had autocratic metropolitan power for a short time in London.'"

"What did your Majesty do?" I asked.

"What! I found all your municipal authorities talking, and I worked. I began, Sir, by making a clean sweep of such places as Holywell Street; and from Charing Cross to the City there was one grand broad way." I suggested," said Mr. Punch, musingly, "that St. Paul's was a difficulty. 'Bah!' replied the Emperor, 'I knocked Paternoster Row down, and demolished the crannies, the old houses, the nooks, and alleys, while the Dean and Chapter were in bed. I took away the railings that guard the Cathedral, and Sir Christopher's work seemed, with a new lease of life, to rise majestically towards heaven. Then, Sir, aided by the Unicorn from the Royal Arms, I tunnelled London, diverting the heavy traffic of vans and wagons from the public thoroughfares. Then, Sir, the Lion, co-operating with me, (a most energetic fellow, though now too much given to growling and roaring,) lashed with his tail the scavengers who did not scavenge from the street, trucks carrying nothing that stopped the way more than —' 'Lady So-and-So's carriage,' I suggested. 'Polisson!' said Louis, poking me in the ribs with his forefinger: oddly enough, I feel it now."

Toby winked: he had no more moved than the unhappy Pompeian sentinel on duty. "The Emperor said," Mr. Punch continued, —

"I forbade engines to scream in or within five miles of the Metropolis, and I took away all their powers of building bridges over the streets until they had invented some way of running trains on them without any noise."

"Or," I observed, said Mr. Punch to himself, "until the horses should get accustomed to them." "That's Irish," said Louis. I explained that I was not for an age or a place, but for any age and every country. "*Je vous crois, mon enfant,*" said the Emperor, quoting Paul of the Adelphi. I made in one hour a clear way from the National Gallery to Westminster Abbey; I turned on the water in the

Trafalgar Square fountains; I turned off the pepper-casters from the gallery; I, with my own hands, placed the four lions at the base of Nelson's Column.' He looked grave at the mention of this hero, but went on quickly, 'and I beheaded or shot all builders who would not build good, substantial houses; I swept with one prodigious mortar all organs, German bands, and wandering minstrels from the streets; I gave Punch his safe corners for exhibition out of compliment to —' 'Don't mention it,' I said. We shook hands. 'I tied up all who would not tie up or muzzle their dogs; I reorganized all workhouses and prisons, and ordered that all owners and drivers of water-carts should be flogged once a day until they came out when they were wanted; I trebled the number of police, and told them that Louis expected every man to do his duty; I visited prisons for debt, sponging-houses, and found that poor debtors, in for small sums, were obliged to pay eighteen shillings for a dinner, two guineas for a private room, and were at the mercy of their jailers. These jailers of sponging-houses, Sir, I whipped and dismissed, and ordered one moderate tariff to be observed; and I discriminated between the honest, but unfortunate man, and the miscalculating swindler.

"Then, Sir, I took command of the Fire Brigade, and kicked vestrymen and beadies into the Thames. I instituted new machinery for water-supplies. I compelled theatrical managers to pay authors according to their success, and I beheaded a dozen picture-dealers. I flogged all cab-drivers found loitering, and appointed many new and convenient stands. Then, Sir, I hung most of the directors of gas-companies; then, Sir, I reorganized the gas-companies; and then, Sir, I lighted London.' 'Your Majesty has done well, — admirably,' I said, 'and I wish that some one would do all you dreamt you did. You have improved Paris; but I can suggest to you something which, without setting the Seine on fire, might give you a notion for lighting your small streets, if you'd permit,' — but it seemed to me that while I was talking the Emperor lighted a fusee, and applied it to a mortar, which was to blow all the nuisances to —"

"Where?" asked Julia, awaking for the second time during her husband's narration.

Mr. Punch made no reply. Turning to Toby, he said, "Ah, Cerberus! One, two, three."

Toby tossed the morsel one half inch up in the air, snapped at, and swallowed it. Patience was rewarded, and Mr. Punch went to his shower-bath.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE chemical toys known as "Pharaoh's Serpents" have been so widely taken up, that we may do good service by mentioning what was said concerning them at a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society; namely, that all mercury vapor is more or less poisonous, and that injurious effects have followed from the burning of the Serpents in close rooms. Professor Roscoe stated that, in his opinion, the inhalation of even the smallest quantity of mercury vapor should be carefully avoided. But a few months ago, two young German chemists were poisoned, while working in a laboratory in London, by absorption through the lungs or skin of the vapor of a mercury compound which they were engaged in preparing. One of the two died at the end of three days in a state of mania, and the other has become a hope-

less idiot. Hence it will be understood that mercury vapor is not a thing to be trifled with.

THE treatment of casual paupers by London workhouse officials has lately attracted a large share of public attention. There is, however, says the *Times*, another side to the picture, and the treatment of workhouse officials by casual paupers would probably furnish in its turn the materials of a pathetic narrative.

A DAUGHTER of Mrs. Howitt is preparing for the press "A Year in Sweden with Fredrika Bremer."

A CHINESE newspaper is to be issued in London under the title of the "Flying Dragon." Professor Summers, of King's College, is its projector. It is intended for circulation in China and Japan, and is to make its appearance once a month.

THE *Athenæum* makes the following mention of Robert Buchanan's new volume of poems: "London Idyls" will consist principally of monologues, forming psychological studies of a somewhat unusual kind. The character of these studies may be surmised from the mention of such subjects as "The Murder Idyl," in which the monologist is a woman whose husband has been hanged; "The Ballad-Maker," a writer of street songs vainly endeavoring to express his feelings, and who catches a gleam of poetry, without knowing it, in his efforts to comfort a poor dying coster-lad with a song; and "The Rev. Mr. Honeydew," a fashionable preacher. Besides the "London Idyls," there will be a modern poem of considerable length, a number of lyrics, and several north-coast idyls.

THE old report that Mr. Tennyson is busily engaged upon a classical subject has been revived. Many of our readers may remember that some four years since a similar statement was put in circulation which was gradually varied until the poem in preparation was said to relate to "a very early period of British history." The coming poem, as in the case of "Enoch Arden," will not improbably be on a very different subject from that guessed at.

THE question of the epidemy of Trichines has acquired such an importance in the scientific world, as well as among the people (with the only difference that the latter are struck by a panic, after the horrible devastations which this epidemy caused at Hadersleben, while the first is delighted to have a new form of suffering to inquire into), that it seems but fair to remember the real discoverer of the terrible disease, Dr. F. A. Zenker, who even in his own country runs a risk of having his merits put in the shade by the clever inquiries which have been made since his discovery by Professor Leuckardt, at Giessen, and Dr. Virchow, at Berlin. Dr. Zenker, at present Professor of Pathological Anatomy at Erlangen, belonged to the medical staff at Dresden, where, from the end of January to March, 1860, he made the surprising discovery that the Trichina, which had up till then been considered a harmless little animal, could cause the death of man. Through his careful examination of the facts, his penetration in drawing conclusions, he completely established the doctrine of the new disease in the human body in all its principal points, within the five or six weeks above mentioned. Professor Virchow says of him in his *Archiv*: "The pathological groundwork we, Dr. Leuckardt and I, owe entirely to the striking observations of Herr Zenker,

who, it is true, has been favored by lucky circumstances furnishing him with the material, but who made use of it in such a thorough, clever, and scientific way, as scientific material won by chance has seldom been made use of. A large and seemingly distant territory of knowledge has thus been conquered almost at one stroke." Another acknowledgment was bestowed on Herr Zenker by the French Academy of Sciences, who, in its meeting of the 6th of February, 1865, pronounced, "Que M. Zenker a été le véritable promoteur de la maladie trichinaire parmi tous ceux qui ont contribué à la faire bien connaître," and in consequence awarded him the Monthyon prize of 2,500 francs.

THE following sketch of Queen Bess is from the pen of M. Jules Janin, in an article in the *Journal des Débats* on the history of Elizabeth of England, by the late M. Dargaud: "Daughter of a tyrant, as odious and as cruel as any in history, and of a young, innocent queen, the most touching victim of the terrible Henry the Eighth, the young Elizabeth grew up on the steps of the scaffold which was to see so many more victims. As a child, she had the courage not to tremble before her father; she could regard the executioner of the most beautiful women and greatest men of the time without blenching. She was early accustomed to the noise of chains, locks, and the axe; and amid all these perils she could still smile. For this innocent girl, reserved for such high destiny, the reign of the bloody Mary was full of trials and dangers; and when she was fetched from the Tower and told that she was queen, she trembled within herself at the remembrance of all the murders committed by Mary Tudor. A great day then commenced for all Protestant England, which was to live under clement laws, and, above all things, under an English queen. She was twenty-five years of age, in all the *éclat* of her youth and beauty; her head was evidently well fitted to wear a crown, and her hand to hold the golden sceptre. At her first glance she saw the greatest men in England prostrate at her feet, and ready to aid her with all their courage, their experience, and their virtue. Never did more worthy counsellors address ears better fitted to listen to them; and we, children of the Salic law, are dazzled, as it were, at the sight of so much grandeur around a throne occupied by a princess of twenty-five.

MADAME SAQUI, the rope-dancer, whose fame dates from the beginning of this century, died very recently at Paris, in her eightieth year. It is recorded of her, that on the occasion of the birth of the First Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, she offered to dance on a rope between the two towers of Notre Dame. Napoleon refused to allow the exhibition. Subsequently she appeared, in defiance of the Emperor's prohibition, on her rope, in the midst of a display of fireworks,—a feat then novel, and one which excited the utmost astonishment. When she heard that the Emperor was in a great rage at his command having been disobeyed, she said, "Tell him to give orders to his grenadiers, and let us risk our lives as we like for 'our glory.'" She made a large fortune at the little theatre on the Boulevard du Temple, which for many years bore her name, and afterwards became the *Delassements Comiques*, and then purchased with her savings Voltaire's house and grounds at Ferney, but was very soon obliged to sell it, and during the latter years of her life was in great poverty. Only four years ago she danced

at the Hippodrome, where, at the age of seventy-six, it was a wondrous, but sorry sight to see her.

OLD usages of modern slang words turn up in unexpected quarters sometimes. Most of us think that the word *jolly*, in the sense of *very*, *extremely*, is of recent date; but in a serious theological work of two hundred years ago—John Trapp's "Commentary on the Old and New Testament" (London, 1656–57)—we read: "All was *jolly* quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." We have heard the same phrase from a school-boy's mouth, applied to a maiden aunt's tea-party. Trapp's Commentary is a great favorite of Mr. Spurgeon's.

AN Irish paper, in recently remarking that most of the novels now being published in London periodicals are by writers who are Irish either by birth or by family, speaks of Mr. Wilkie Collins as the son of an Irishman. This, we believe, is not correct. The author of "Armada," himself a Londoner, is the son of Mr. William Collins, the painter, also a Londoner. But the father of the painter came from the sister island. Mr. Wilkie Collins is therefore twice removed from his Irish connections, and can hardly be claimed as the countryman of Carleton and Lever.

MR. PUNCH publishes the following Mexican duet, "arranged for Mr. Seward and H. I. M. the Emperor Louis Napoleon":—

Mr. Seward. Now, Louis N., I want to know
When you'll get out of Mexico?
Your stopping there is quite a blow
At our great doctrine called Monroe.
Louis Nap. France takes no bidding from a foe,
I know what to her name I owe;
No threats from Bunkum, Bosh, & Co.
Shall have the power to make me go.
Mr. Seward. Now, really, if you answer so,
We must commence to pick the crow.
Louis Nap. The crow, indeed! your notion's low,—
The eagle's form my banners show.
Mr. Seward. And we ain't got no eagle, no?
As good a bird as yours, *mon beau*.
Louis Nap. The sovereign whom I took in tow
I mean to keep in *statu quo*.
Mr. Seward. Be off, and rest content to sow
New kingdoms on the banks of Po.
Louis Nap. Such chaff as that be pleased to stow,
And in one boat let's try to row.
Acknowledge Maximilian.
O!
Mr. Seward. And then my word is "Eastward, ho!"
Persuade me not. Our people, slow
To wrath, begin with rage to glow.
Louis Nap. The guns of France, in thundering row,
Will act upon that heat like *l'eau*.
Mr. Seward. Now, each has drawn his longest bow.
Louis Nap. We will not let the quarrel grow.
Mr. Seward. But will you go your home untos?
Louis Nap. Untos a goose one answers "Bo."
Both. { Your swagger } is not worth a Joe.
{ Your puppet }
{ You shall } get out of Mexico.
{ I shan't }

THE name of Peacock as a writer of fiction, says the *Athenæum*, is too little known by the readers of our generation; but Shelley's executor, the author of "Headlong Hall," "Nightmare Abbey," "Maid Marian" (with its charming lyrics), "Crotchet Castle," "Melincourt" and, the other day, "Gryll Grange,"—the friend and collaborator of Bentham, and Mill, and Grote, must not pass to his rest, at the patriarchal age of eighty, without a tribute to his racy wit, his quaint reading, and his quiet command of our mother tongue. Rated among novelists, Peacock, in one respect, counts for little. He never

tried for plot; he had small descriptive power. Rated as a satirist who shot Folly as it flew, and could exhibit the philosophies and paradoxes of the time with an epigrammatic keenness, and with a genial recognition of all that is best, highest, and most liberal, he demands no common praise, and will hold no common place whenever the story of ultra-liberal literature shall come to be written. One brief, whimsical volume comprises the best of his novels; but there is more in that book than in the seventy volumes of those prolific folk who *lay* stories—six a year—as fast as circulating-library readers will devour them, to be forgotten as soon as devoured. Peacock's tales will be returned to. They are, in some sort, already classics.

DR. LUDWIG NOHL, the editor of Beethoven's and Mozart's Letters, publishes a series of musical letters in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, from which we gather the following anecdote current at Vienna, where many a tradition in reference to the great masters is still afloat. In the summer of 1791 the young Lieut. Von Malfatti resided at Baden, seeking to be relieved, by its healing mineral waters, from the effects and wounds of the last Turkish war. His lameness compelled him to spend the greater part of the day in his room on the ground-floor, where he sat at the window reading, but often enough glancing over his book towards the window opposite, also on the ground-floor, which was occupied by a young, slender woman, with raven locks. One day, towards evening, he observes a short, rather youthful-looking man creep about the house of his fair *vis-à-vis*, look around him cautiously, and then attempt to scale the window of the lady. Herr von Malfatti hurries, as quickly as his limping will allow him, to the protection of his lovely neighbor, collars the little man, and asks him roughly what he wanted there, pointing out to him that he had mistaken the window for the door. "Indeed, I hope I may be permitted to enter the apartments of my wife," was the answer of Mozart,—for it was he, who had arrived from Vienna unexpectedly to visit his Stanerl, wishing to manage a surprise for her when she came home from her evening walk. His "Requiem" and "Zauberflöte," which were at the time occupying his thoughts, did not prevent him from choosing with the greatest care suitable lodgings at Baden for his "Herzensweibchen."

He had written to his friend, the choral director at Baden,—"Dearest Stoll! Do not be a Poll!—Secondly, look out for my wife a small lodging: the principal requisite of which must be, that it is on the ground-floor." His wife was at that time in an interesting way, and he was in great anxiety lest his "Stanzi Marini" should have a fall. She was delivered on the 26th of July in the same year of a son, Wolfgang Amadeus the second. In return for this, and other little services which his friend did for him, Mozart lent him sometimes one of his Masses, and even composed for him later at Baden his divine 'Ave Verum.' Lieut. Malfatti was not a little surprised when he found out that he had flirted with Madame Mozart, who was not at all insensible to the homage paid to her charms. Through this little adventure he became well acquainted with Mozart. His nephew, who told the anecdote to Herr Nohl, often heard his uncle relate it laughingly.

Not so pleasant is what people repeat about Beethoven's family and relatives. It is sufficiently known what Beethoven had to suffer from these and his brothers' low marriages; but his

own character shines forth in its moral dignity by the new facts which Herr Nohl has picked up, and by a number of hitherto unpublished letters to one of his brothers. These facts are, however, of so desolate a nature, that Herr Nohl only refers to them because they afford him an opportunity of saying a word of apology and exoneration on Beethoven's much-blamed "nephew." The gifted boy was the only child of his parents; from his tender youth he was the witness of domestic quarrels arising out of the levity of his mother and the violent temper of his father. When the latter died, his celebrated uncle acted in the place of parent, and in his elevated notions of duty and honor tried before all to separate him from his mother. She in her turn tried every means of stratagem and persuasion to chain the boy to her; she taught him to practise all sorts of falsehood, made him suspicious of his uncle and guardian, who, what between exaggerated love and exaggerated anger towards his nephew, certainly was not the man to lead him with a firm and gentle hand on the right path of life.

It is well known, and but too true, what misery and trouble arose for Beethoven out of these family disputes; but not the less to be pitied was the child, who, between the over-strict zeal of duty on one side, and the utmost indulgence on the other, was thrown like a ball to and fro, and deviated so much from the straight line of conduct which alone leads to a blameless and happy life, that when a youth, for but a trifling reason, he attempted suicide to make an end at once of the conflict and contradiction of his life. But that his heart was sound at the core, though led astray, is proved not only by the excellent school testimonies, which Herr Nohl examined himself, but by the fact that when left to himself after the death of his uncle, with the instinct of a well-organized nature, he took to an orderly and active life, married an excellent wife at Iglau, and became the founder of a respectable family. His five children have become in their turn heads of families, and, if they do not share the fame of the great composer, at least they have no part in the odium clinging to his brothers, but enjoy a respectability which will secure to the name of Beethoven, in the circles of Vienna middle-class life, respect and esteem. The youngest daughter of the *ci-devant* "nephew," Hermine von Beethoven, thirteen years old, shows much talent, and has just been received as pupil in the Conservatory of Vienna, where she is to perfect herself as a pianiste under the direction of Professor Dachs.

MY VIS-À-VIS.

THAT olden lady! — can it be?

Well, well, how seasons slip away!
Do let me hand her cup of tea,

That I may gently to her say:

"Dear madam, thirty years ago,
When both our hearts were full of glee,
In many a dance and courtly show
I had you for my vis-à-vis.

"That pale blue robe, those chestnut curls,

That Eastern jewel on your wrist,
That neck-encircling string of pearls
Whence hung a cross of amethyst, —
I see them all, — I see the tulle
Looped up with roses at the knee, —

Good Lord! how fresh and beautiful
Was then your cheek, my vis-à-vis!

"I hear the whispered praises yet,
The buzz of pleasure when you came,
The rushing eagerness to get
Like moths within the fatal flame;
As April blossoms, faint and sweet,
As apples when you shake the tree,
So hearts fell showering at your feet
In those glad days, my vis-à-vis.

"And as for me, my breast was filled
With silvery light in every cell;
My blood was some rich juice distilled
From amaranth and asphodel;
My thoughts were airier than the lark
That carols o'er the flowery lea;
They well might breathlessly remark,
'By Jove! that is a vis-à-vis!'

"O time and change, what is 't you mean?
Ye gods! can I believe my ears?
Has that bald portly person been
Your husband, ma'am, for twenty years?
That six-foot officer your son,
Who looks o'er his moustache at me!
Why did not Joshua stop our sun
When I was first your vis-à-vis?

"Forgive me, if I've been too bold,
Permit me to return your cup;
My heart was beating as of old,
One drop of youth still bubbled up."
So spoke I; then, like cold December,
Only these brief words said she,
"I do not in the least remember
I ever was your vis-à-vis."

F. A. WHITE.

WHO SHALL DELIVER ME?

GOD strengthen me to bear myself;
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

All others are outside myself;
I lock my door and bar them out,
The turmoil, tedium, gad-about.

I lock my door upon myself,
And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

If I could once lay down myself,
And start self-purged upon the race
That all must run! Death runs apace.

If I could set aside myself,
And start with lightened heart upon
The road by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice
Who craves for ease, and rest, and joys:

Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

[No. 10.]

FRA GIACAMO.

I.

ALAS, Fra Giacomo,
Too late! — but follow me;
Hush! draw the curtain, — so! —
She is dead, quite dead, you see.
Poor little lady! she lies
With the light gone out of her eyes,
But her features still wear that soft
Gray meditative expression,
Which you must have noticed oft,
And admired too, at confession.
How saintly she looks, and how meek!
Though this be the chamber of death,
I fancy I feel her breath
As I kiss her on the cheek.
With that pensive religious face,
She has gone to a holier place!
And I hardly appreciated her, —
Her praying, fasting, confessing,
Poorly, I own, I mated her;
I thought her too cold, and rated her
For her endless image-carressing.
Too saintly for me by far,
As pure and as cold as a star,
Not fashioned for kissing and preasing, —
But made for a heavenly crown.
Ay, father, let us go down, —
But first, if you please, your blessing!

II.

Wine? No? Come, come, you must!
You'll bless it with your prayers,
And quaff a cup, I trust,
To the health of the saint up stairs?
My heart is aching so!
And I feel so weary and sad,
Through the blow that I have had, —
You'll sit, Fra Giacomo?
My friend! (and a friend I rank you
For the sake of that saint,) — nay, nay!
Here's the wine, — as you love me, stay! —
'T is Montepuciano! — Thank you.

III.

Heigho! 'T is now six summers
Since I won that angel and married her:
I was rich, not old, and carried her
Off in the face of all comers.
So fresh, yet so brimming with soul!
A tenderer morsel, I swear,

Never made the dull black coal
Of a monk's eye glitter and glare.
Your pardon! — nay, keep your chair!
I wander a little, but mean
No offence to the gray gaberdine:
Of the church, Fra Giacomo,
I'm a faithful upholder, you know.
But (humor me!) she was as sweet
As the saints in your convent windows,
So gentle, so meek, so discreet,
She knew not what lust does or sin does.
I'll confess, though, before we were one,
I deemed her less saintly, and thought
The blood in her veins had caught
Some natural warmth from the sun.
I was wrong, — I was blind as a bat, —
Brute that I was, how I blundered!
Though such a mistake as that
Might have occurred as pat
To ninety-nine men in a hundred.
Yourself, for example? you've seen her?
Spite her modest and pious demeanor,
And the manners so nice and precise,
Seemed there not color and light,
Bright motion and appetite,
That were scarcely consistent with ice?
Externals implying, you see,
Internals less saintly than human? —
Pray speak, for between you and me
You're not a bad judge of a woman!

IV.

A jest, — but a jest! . . . Very true:
'T is hardly becoming to jest,
And that saint up stairs at rest, —
Her soul may be listening, too!
Well may your visage turn yellow, —
I was always a brute of a fellow!
To think how I doubted and doubted,
Suspected, grumbled at, flouted,
That golden-haired angel, — and solely
Because she was zealous and holy!
Noon and night and morn
She devoted herself to piety;
Not that she seemed to scorn
Or dislike her husband's society;
But the claims of her *soul* superseded
All that I asked for or needed,
And her thoughts were afar away
From the level of sinful clay,
And she trembled if earthly matters
Interfered with her *aves* and *paters*.
Poor dove, she so fluttered in flying

Above the dim vapors of hell —
 Bent on self-sanctifying —
 That she never thought of trying
 To save her husband as well.
 And while she was duly elected
 For place in the heavenly roll,
 I (brute that I was !) suspected
 Her manner of saving her soul.
 So, half for the fun of the thing,
 What did I (blasphemer !) but fling
 On my shoulders the gown of a monk —
 Whom I managed for that very day
 To get safely out of the way —
 And seat me, half sober, half drunk,
 With the cowl thrown over my face,
 In the father confessor's place.
Eheu ! benedicite !
 In her orthodox sweet simplicity,
 With that pensive gray expression,
 She sighfully knelt at confession,
 While I bit my lips till they bled,
 And dug my nails in my hand,
 And heard with averted head
 What I'd guessed and could understand.
 Each word was a serpent's sting,
 But, wrapt in my gloomy gown,
 I sat, like a marble thing,
 As she told me all ! — Sit down !

V.

More wine, Fra Giacomo !
 One cup, — if you love me ! No ?
 What, have these dry lips drank
 So deep of the sweets of pleasure —
Sub rosa, but quite without measure —
 That Montepulciano tastes rank ?
 Come, drink ! 't will bring the streaks
 Of crimson back to your cheeks ;
 Come, drink again to the saint
 Whose virtues you loved to paint,
 Who, stretched on her wifely bed,
 With the tender gray expression
 You used to admire at confession,
 Lies poisoned, overhead !

VI.

Sit still, — or by heaven, you die !
 Face to face, soul to soul, you and I
 Have settled accounts, in a fine
 Pleasant fashion, over our wine.
 Stir not, and seek not to fly, —
 Nay, whether or not, you are mine !
 Thank Montepulciano for giving
 Your death in such delicate sips ;
 'T is not every monk ceases living
 With so pleasant a taste on his lips ;
 But, lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,
 Take this ! and this ! and this !

VII.

Cover him over, Pietro,
 And bury him in the court below, —
 You can be secret, lad, I know !
 And, hark you, then to the convent go, —
 Bid every bell of the convent toll,
 And the monks say mass for your mistress' soul.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ON A SONG IN "THE PRINCESS."

"Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
 The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
 But O too fond, when have I answered thee !
 Ask me no more."
 "Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
 Ask me no more."
 "Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are sealed :
 I strove against the stream and all in vain :
 Let the great river take me to the main :
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
 Ask me no more."

A SONG ? surely a drama ! If, instead of a song in three verses, we called it a drama in three acts, it would be nearer the truth ; and indeed it might well form the *motif* of such a drama. Name the three acts Indifference, Hesitation, Submission, and let us see what they disclose to us.

They are addressed by a woman to a man, — a man who loves her most ardently, and to whom, after long resistance, she ultimately yields ; and they describe the process of her mind in the unequal conflict. In the first — Indifference — she is almost aggressive. "Ask me no more," she says, half angrily, as one wellnigh wearied out by his ceaseless importunities. "Ask me no more," — your entreaties are of as little concern to me as the moon to the ocean, as the cloud to the mountain, to which it has a casual and distant resemblance, but no real connection. "Ask me no more," — you are "too fond," — when have I given you either encouragement or return for these advances ? Go, go, and "ask me no more." But the man, the lover — who with all the instinct of real, faithful, heartfelt love, knows no obstacle, and will take no denial — still perseveres, still assures her of his devotion. And thus it comes to pass that in the next act she is softened and is become more merciful. She has allowed herself to notice his worn and haggard looks, and to recognize that she is the cause of them, and that if she relents, they will be removed. She still reiterates, "Ask me no more" ; but with what an altered meaning ! Her perplexity and uncertainty are evident. "Ask me no more," — I pray you press me no longer, lest I be compelled to give you an answer which I do not yet wish to give. "Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?" She is still almost vexed by his persistence, — "I love not hollow cheek or faded eye." But then the blessed light and warmth break into her mind, and the first token of relenting appears. "Yet, O my friend," — "my friend," mark that concession ! — "Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !" The thought of the loneliness which would beset her if this one man, this "friend," with whom she is still half angry, were to go where he could never come back ; where he would really be forever lost to her ; where all his delicate, thoughtful, scorned, unrequited acts were gone forever, — this thought for the first time has found its way into her marble bosom, and it makes her tremble, it makes her hesitate, and the "Ask me no more" with which the verse concludes is more troubled and softer in its tone than that with which it begins. A new light has shone in upon her, and the moment of her conversion is at hand. For her lover, possessed by the divine inspiration of his love, will not, cannot, cease from his suit. He still presses her with that which is a necessity for them both ; which, though they neither of them know it, is their *Fate*. He still "asks" her ; and now comes the moment

when with all her force, all her fancied panoply of indifference, she can resist no longer. And this time again what a different meaning do the familiar words contain. "Ask me no more! Not because I will not grant, but because I can no longer refuse," because she sees how true is the instinct, how irresistible the fury, of real passion; because she is forced to admit how right as well as how powerful her lover has been in his obstinate perseverance; because she finds herself too feeble, and is compelled to give herself up to an influence which is too strong for her weak will to combat. And observe how readily and gracefully the concession is made, as all concessions should be, when the inevitable moment has arrived. "No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield." How wonderfully sweet is the "dear love," following on the "too fond," and the "friend," of the former verses! Even to this it has come,—"No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield." "A touch,"—yes! not yet an embrace, but a touch,—the touch of hand on hand, which at such a moment does more than match to fire a magazine. "No more,"—yes, "no more" now,—no more importunity, but also no more resistance,—now, silence and fondness, and unutterable union of hands to hands, and lips to lips, and heart to heart, and being to being.

When we turn from the inward to the outward, from the substance to the form of this exquisite poem, how truly and astonishingly beautiful it is! It would be difficult to find a more striking example amongst the many that meet us on every page of his works, of the singular power which Mr. Tennyson possesses of clothing beautiful sentiments in beautiful words, and thus fulfilling the definition which Coleridge gave of poetry, that it was "the best thoughts in the best language."

The stanza in its mode of rhyme has a ring of "In Memoriam," which will prejudice no one against it, though the difference in the length of the lines and the addition of the short terminal line, are sufficient to make the resemblance but a distant one.

I have already endeavored to bring out the moral force of the constant recurrence of the burthen, "Ask me no more." But its artistic worth, in reference to the sound alone, is hardly less; and the finish which it gives to each stanza, and the expression of its varying cadence as the phases of the drama alter, are beauties which may be felt, but can hardly be described.

The music of the lines is throughout charming. It is not perhaps quite equal to the last stanza of the eighteenth canto of "Maud," beginning,—

"Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?"

and containing the two most exquisite lines,—

"To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell,
Among the fragments of the golden day";

or to the Bugle Song from "The Princess," or to that other idyl from the same,—

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

But then these are indeed pre-eminent instances even of Mr. Tennyson's pre-eminently melodious verse, and, being less dramatic, they are able to be softer and smoother in their flow.

Two things I venture to remark in the structure of the verse of this poem. First, that it is almost

entirely composed of monosyllables. In the whole fifteen lines there are only six words of two syllables. This gives a great fullness to the lines; and I can find no other instance of it, to the same degree, in Mr. Tennyson's works. Secondly, it is most interesting and instructive to observe that whereas the passages just quoted, and others in the Laureate's works, which will occur to every reader, owe a great part of their charm to the alliteration with which they abound, and which makes both tongue and ear linger lovingly along their linked sweetness,—that artifice is here used most sparingly. The last stanza, in its second and third lines, "I strove against the stream," and "the great river," alone affords any instance of it.

In this Mr. Tennyson may be compared to the great musicians, who delighted to produce some of their finest effects with the scanty materials of quartet or trio, and to show that they could move their hearers as greatly with those imperfect means as with all the resources of the full orchestra; or to others—Mozart, for example—who in the full orchestra itself persistently rejected certain instruments, with the help even of which other musicians in vain strive to reach his pinnacle of greatness.

In considering, to conclude, the final impression which this masterly composition leaves on one's whole being—ear, heart, intellect, imagination, memory—I find myself continually tempted to compare it with some of the masterpieces of the musical art, some of the slow movements of Beethoven's symphonies, for example, which present the same astonishing combination of beauty of subject and beauty of general form with perfect delicacy of detail, the same consummate art with the same exquisite concealment of it,—and which, like it, form a whole that satisfies both the intellect and the imagination, and, once known, haunts the memory forever.

SPIRIT-RAPPING A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I WISH in what follows to submit to some examination a tolerably well known, and certainly very remarkable story,—the history of the spiritual manifestations which disturbed the Wesley family in the year 1716. Dr. Priestley has said with truth that no story of the kind is better authenticated than this, or has been better told. A very careful investigation of the facts was made by the two brothers Samuel and John Wesley, and the result has been to preserve for us the account of the matter, given at the time by almost every one who could speak of what had occurred from personal knowledge. The elder brother Samuel was at the time an usher in Westminster School. When he heard of the alarm of his family at the mysterious visitant, who went in the household by the name of Jeffery, he put to his mother some very sensible questions as to the possibility of imposture; and he desired that she and his father and each of his sisters should separately write to him a particular account of all that had taken place. We have still the letters written in compliance with his request. We have also notes, in the form of a diary, kept by Wesley the father; we have memoranda of the results of John Wesley's inquiries from the servants, and other members of the family; and, finally, a narrative founded on these documents, drawn up by John Wesley, and published by him in the *Arminian Magazine*. All these documents seem to be written with the most perfect good faith; and

none of the writers exhibit the smallest doubt as to the supernatural origin of the disturbances which troubled them.

The story acquires a historical interest from the mere fact that this belief in its miraculous character was firmly entertained by one who had such an influence as John Wesley on the course of religious thought in England. It cannot be doubted that his mode of thinking on such matters must have been permanently affected by the fact that at an early part of his life occurrences took place under his own father's roof of which it seemed impossible to give any explanation by natural causes. Thenceforward he felt that to deny the possibility of miracle was to contradict his own experience. As Isaac Taylor has it, a "right of way" for the supernatural was made through his mind, so that no tale of the marvellous could be refused leave to pass where Jeffery had passed before.

As might be expected, Wesley's Methodist biographers agree with him in referring the disturbances at Epworth Parsonage to a supernatural origin. Dr. Priestley, though unable to offer any satisfactory explanation of the facts, had argued that the supposition of miracle was excluded by the childish and purposeless character of the pranks which had disquieted the Wesley family; these being of such a nature that it seemed absurd to imagine a Divine interference to produce them. He gave it as the most plausible conjecture that the servants, assisted by some of the neighbors, had amused themselves with these tricks from mere love of mischief. But to this it was replied that the notion that the servants were in fault had been suggested to Mrs. Wesley by her son Samuel; that she had in reply given good and satisfactory reasons for acquitting them of any attempt at imposture; that no object could be assigned to be gained by any one in terrifying the family; and, on the other hand, that it is hard to explain why these tricks, if begun in sport, should have been suddenly discontinued when at the height of their success, or why the secret should never have leaked out from any of the parties concerned in them. Finally, it was said Priestley's hypothesis was one which could commend itself to no one, who was not forced on it, as he was, by his materialism, it being necessary for him to devise some means to save his theory from the absolute confutation it received by a demonstrated interference from the spirit world.

Southey, in his life of Wesley, declares that it may be safely asserted that many of the circumstances cannot be explained by the supposition of imposture, neither by any legerdemain, nor by ventriloquism, nor by any secret of acoustics; and in answer to Priestley's demand, what purpose can be imagined to have been served by such a miracle? contents himself with replying, that perhaps it was purpose enough if thereby some sceptics are forced to admit that there are more things "in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy."

Isaac Taylor also is disposed to believe in a supernatural, though not in a miraculous, origin of the spiritual manifestations in question. He reminds us that we must distinguish between what is merely extraordinary and what is miraculous. It is said to have happened (or conceivably may have happened) that a real Arabian locust has alighted in Hyde Park. And, however wonderful it might be that the winds should have borne the creature so far out of its ordinary track, we should never dream of calling the circumstance miraculous. Why, then, should it be thought miraculous if some spiritual being, in

the ordinary course of things, outside our sphere of being, were by some fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances brought into such a position as to be capable of exerting influence on our material world? And in such a case there is not the least reason to suppose that of necessity this influence would be exerted wisely or intelligently. We know not how many orders of beings there may be in the spiritual world. There may perhaps be some more intelligent than man; but there may be others with no more intellect than apes or pigs. What forbids us, then, to think of Jeffery as a semi-idiotic spirit, brought by some chance into a position in which he became capable of acting on our world, but in whose acts we need no more look for design or purpose than in the pranks of a monkey?

The experience of recent times has made us acquainted with many facts which confirm the low estimate formed by Taylor of the intellectual capacities of certain spiritual beings. But in the case of these modern spirits, among the conditions which must be satisfied before they can gain power to operate on our material world, the presence of a *medium* has been observed to be essential. I believe that "Jeffery" was not exempt from the same law, and that there is no difficulty in naming the medium of whose instrumentality he availed himself. I am, however, a little at a loss how to bring the conviction which I feel home to the mind of my reader. What I should like would be simply to ask him to read over the original documents. For the true solution of the mystery appears to me to lie so plainly on the face of them, that I am surprised that it should have escaped, as far as I know, all who have printed any remarks on the story. I know, however, that it must be expected that very few indeed of my readers will take the trouble to refer to any documents which I do not here lay before them; and yet it seems unreasonable to print what is to be found in so popular a book as Southey's *Life of Wesley*. I must endeavor, therefore, to state the main facts of the story, compressing it as much as I can, and yet retaining all the words in the original letters which seem to throw any light upon the mystery. The extracts with which I commence are from John Wesley's narrative, above referred to. This narrative, however, having been drawn up some years after the event, appears, on comparison with the letters written at the time, not to relate the facts in strict chronological order.

"On December 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining-room which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again and groaned. 'It is Mr. Turpin,' said Robert; 'he has the stone, and uses to groan so.' He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated; but still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs he saw a hand-mill, which lay at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this, he said: 'Naught vexed me but that it was empty. I thought, if it had been but full of malt, he might have ground his heart out for me.' When he was in bed he heard, as it were, the gobbling of a turkey-cock close to the bedside; and soon after, the sound of one stumbling over his shoes and boots; but there were none there: he had left them below. The next day he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, 'What a couple of fools are you! I defy anything to fright me.' After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray; and had

no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She took the candle, and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray, and all, and ran away for her life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, being then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in that seemed to have a silk night-gown rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again, but she could see nothing. She thought, 'It signifies nothing to run away, for whatever it is, it can run faster than me.' So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper she was sitting with my sister Suky (about a year older than her) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened; she made quite light of it, telling her, 'I wonder you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what would frighten me.' Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bedclothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting, as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, 'You know I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick.' She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was, but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside; and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and, when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it the knocking began again; she opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair. The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, 'If I hear anything myself, I shall know how to judge.' Soon after she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in the corner of the room, as it were, the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it proper to tell my father, but he was extremely angry, and said: 'Suky, I am ashamed of you. These boys and girls fright one another, but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.' At six in the evening he had family prayer as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all round the room, and a thundering knock attended the Amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my

father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to the circumstance. The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say Amen to the prayer for the king. He vowed he never would cohabit with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear anything of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back, and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God."

It appears from the letters that Mr. Wesley was not told of the noises until the 21st of December, that is to say, about three weeks after the first disturbance. It appears also that the family had been in considerable alarm because he had been so long without hearing the noises, it being the common opinion that such sounds are not audible to the individual to whom they forebode evil. Mrs. Wesley's account of the first appearance to Mr. Wesley is as follows:—

"We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bedside. He rose and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterwards he heard it as the rest. One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads, as if several people were walking, then ran up and down stairs, and was so outrageous, that we thought the children would be frightened: so your father and I rose, and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep."

In answer to the question whether the servants could have wrought the disturbance, Mrs. Wesley writes:—

"We had both man and maid new last Martinmas, yet I do not believe either of them occasioned the disturbance, both for the reason above mentioned, and because they were more affrighted than anybody else. Besides, we have often heard the noises when they were in the room by us; and the maid particularly was in such a panic, that she was almost incapable of all business, nor durst even go from one room to another, or stay by herself a minute after it began to be dark.

"The man Robert Brown, whom you well know, was most visited by it lying in the garret, and has often been frightened down barefoot, and almost naked, not daring to stay alone to put on his clothes; nor do I think, if he had power, he would be guilty of such villany. When the walking was heard in the garret, Robert was in bed in the next room, in a sleep so sound that he never heard your father and me walk up and down, though we walked not softly I am sure. All the family has heard it together, in the same room, at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same place at the same time, though often before any could say, 'It is here,' it would remove to another place.

"All the family as well as Robin were asleep when your father and I went down stairs, nor did they wake in the nursery when we held the candle close by them, only we observed that Hetty trembled exceedingly in her sleep, as she always did before the noise awakened her. It commonly was nearer her than the rest, which she

took notice of, and was much frightened, because she thought it had a particular spite at her. I could multiply particular instances, but I forbear."

I give the following extract of a letter from Emilia Wesley to her brother as a specimen of his sisters' account of the matter:—

"My sisters in the painted chamber had heard noises, and told me of them, but I did not much believe, till one night, about a week after the first groans were heard, which was the beginning, just after the clock had struck ten, I went down stairs to lock the door, which I always do. Scarcely had I got up the best stairs, when I heard a noise like a person throwing down a vast coal in the middle of the fore kitchen, and all the splinters seemed to fly about from it. I was not much frightened, but went to my sister Suky, and we together went all over the low rooms, but there was nothing out of order.

"Our dog was fast asleep, and our only cat in the other end of the house. No sooner was I got up stairs, and undressing for bed, but I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, just like the throwing of a great stone among them, which had broken them all to pieces. This made me hasten to bed; but my sister Hetty, who sits always to wait on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step on the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when soon after there came down the stairs behind her something like a man in a loose night-gown trailing after him, which made her fly rather than run to me in the nursery.

"All this time we never told our father of it, but soon after we did. He smiled, and gave no answer, but was more careful than usual from that time to see us to bed, imagining it to be some of us young women that sat up late and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced. As for my mother, she firmly believed it to be rats, and sent for a horn to blow them away. I laughed to think how wisely they were employed, who were striving half a day to fright away Jeffery, for that name I gave it, with a horn.

"But whatever it was, I perceived it could be made angry. For from that time it was so outrageous there was no quiet for us after ten at night. I heard frequently between ten and eleven something like the quick winding up of a jack, at the corner of the room by my bed's head, just like the running of the wheels and the creaking of the ironwork. This was the common signal of its coming. Then it would knock on the floor three times, then at my sister's bed's head in the same room, almost always three together, and then stay. The sound was hollow and loud, so as none of us could ever imitate.

"It would answer to my mother if she stamped on the floor, and bid it. It would knock when I was putting the children to bed, just under me where I sat. One time little Kesey, pretending to scare Patty, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it answered with three knocks just in the same place. It was more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats or anything natural.

"I could tell you abundance more of it, but the rest will write, and therefore it would be needless. I was not much frightened at first, and very little at last, but it was never near me except two or three times, and never followed me, as it did my sister Hetty. I have been with her when it has knocked under her, and when she has removed has followed, and still kept just under her feet, which was enough to terrify a stouter person."

I give one or two more quotations. Mrs. Wesley writes to her son Samuel:—

"We persuaded your father to speak and try if any voice could be heard. One night, about six o'clock, we went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard

several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak, if it had power, and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned it, if it were Sammy, and bid it if it were, and could not speak, to knock again; but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death."

John Wesley writes:—

"It never came into my father's study till he talked to it sharply, called it deaf and dumb devil, and bid it cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to him in his study if it had anything to say to him. From the time of my mother's desiring it not to disturb her from five to six it was never heard in her chamber from five till she came down stairs, nor at any other time when she was employed in devotion. Several gentlemen and clergymen earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered, 'No, let the Devil flee from me, I will never flee from the Devil.' But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing to do so, when another letter came informing him the disturbances were over, after things had continued (the latter part of the time day and night) from the 2d of December to the end of January."

I do not think it worth while to discuss Coleridge's notion that the whole thing was nothing but a contagious fancy, and that there was no objective reality in these noises, though they were heard simultaneously by a number of people, loud enough to wake them from sleep, and described by some as enough to break the house down, and referred by all who heard them to the same place. His observations, however, as to the order in which the manifestations took place deserve to be attended to.

"First the new maid-servant hears it, then the new man. They tell it to the children, who now hear it; the children tell the mother, who now begins to hear it; she tells the father, and, the night after, he awakes and then first hears it. Strong presumptions, first, that it was not objective, i.e. a trick; secondly, that it was a contagious disease; to the auditory nerves, what vapors or blue devils are to the eye."

I acquit the servants of having played a trick on the family, less for the reasons assigned by Mrs. Wesley than on the following grounds. First, the spirit, however troublesome, showed itself to be under certain restraints of right feeling. It scrupulously complied with Mrs. Wesley's request that it would not disturb her during the time she had set apart for devotion. It was evidently unwilling to enter into communication with Mr. Wesley the father, having manifested itself to the rest of the household some three weeks before it ventured to trouble him. When, however, Mrs. Wesley fell into serious distress of mind lest her husband's death should be portended by his inability to hear, Jeffery overcame his reluctance, and knocked Mr. Wesley up the very next night. And again, when the parents were uneasy lest it should be the spirit of their son Samuel which visited them, and asked the ghost to knock if that were so, Jeffery went away and knocked no more that night. And here I must remark, in passing, how near the world then was to a great discovery for which it had afterwards to wait for more than a century. It had been the vulgar opinion that spirits could talk if they would, a belief evidently shared by Mr. Wesley, who sharply rebuked Jeffery as a deaf and dumb spirit, an incivility of which he would not have been guilty had he supposed the spirit's silence to proceed from natural infirmity, and not from obstinate sullenness. But it has been proved by modern experiments that

the powers of spirits had been much overrated, and that many who will freely hold intercourse by knocking are incapable of vocal communication. Jeffery showed on this occasion every willingness to answer questions as far as knocks could enable him to do so, and if only the idea of using the alphabet had suggested itself to Mr. Wesley, the discoveries of this century might have been anticipated.

But to return, my second reason for thinking that the servants were not in any trick is, that Jeffery, whose chief haunt is stated to have been the nursery, appears to have had the power of hearing the conversation of the girls (as he testified by appropriate knocks) to a greater degree than the servants were at all likely to have had. Thus, the youngest little girl stamps while being undressed, and is instantly answered by Jeffery. Emilia says that Jeffery was always more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats or anything natural. Other instances of the same kind will be found in the documents.

Thirdly. The spirit was a Jacobite, as he showed by constantly interrupting the prayer for the king and royal family. It will be remembered that, in respect of politics, the Wesleys were a divided household, the father being a loyal subject of King George, the mother being a staunch adherent of the exiled family. We have reason to think that it was the mother's opinion which prevailed in the family. No doubt the temper of the ladies must have been severely tried by the prayers for King George daily offered by Mr. Wesley, and in which they were supposed to join, and to which they were expected to say Amen. But I see no reason for supposing that the servants were likely to have held strong Jacobite opinions, and to have felt the prayers for the king to be offensive. On the whole, then, these reasons inclined me to acquit the servants of any share in the trick, if trick there were, and rather to consider whether there could be any truth in Mr. Wesley's own first supposition, that his daughters or their lovers must have been the contrivers of the disturbances. When, however, I read the letters written by the young ladies to their brother, I felt myself constrained to acquit the sisters one after another. As I read each letter I was forced to say, "This is written with the artlessness of truth. The writer of this is honestly telling of what she firmly believes to be supernatural, and is a party to no imposture."

But there is a remarkable omission in this collection of letters. There is no letter from the sister, whom we otherwise know to be the cleverest, and the most ready at her pen. Susannah, indeed, says that it is needless for her to write at length, "because Emilia and Hetty write so particularly about it." It seems hard to imagine that Samuel, who so carefully preserved the letters of his other sisters, would not have taken equal care of Hetty's letter, had he received one from her. But whether it be that Hetty never wrote, although she had declared to her sisters her intention of writing, or that her letter was not preserved, no letter of hers on this subject is now to be found. It is the more to be regretted that we have not the same means of freeing her from suspicion which we had in the case of her sisters, because the story itself would lead us to conclude that if Jeffery used any of the sisters as his "medium," it must have been Hetty. We are told that Jeffery seemed to have a particular spite against her, that he followed her about, rapped under her feet, and, when she moved to another place, followed, and still kept under her feet. We are

told that the principal scene of the disturbances was the nursery, where Hetty slept, and that when her parents came into the room to hear the noises, they found her not yet waked by Jeffery, but sweating and trembling violently in her sleep. On another occasion, when her father was waked by the spirit, he obtained the assistance of Hetty in examining the chambers, because she was the only person up in the house. And it would seem that Hetty was usually one of the last persons up, it being her office to take away her father's candle after he had gone to bed. Against the supposition, however, that Hetty was the contriver of the tricks which so completely puzzled her family, two things may be said, — first, that it is incredible that she *could* have produced, without assistance, all the varied noises and other phenomena which were ascribed to Jeffery. Secondly, that even if she *could*, it is incredible that she *would* have done so. I take the moral difficulty first, as far more formidable than the physical one. Is it conceivable that an amiable young girl, well and piously brought up, should have been guilty of what her mother fairly calls "such villany," as to terrify her whole family for a couple of months; that she should have succeeded in keeping her secret from father, mother, sisters, and servants, and carried that secret to her grave? And can the smallest motive be assigned for such a series of pranks? Before attempting to answer these questions, I thought it well to ascertain if there were any information what kind of person Hetty at this time was. I find from Dr. Adam Clarke's history of the Wesley family, that she was at this time a lively, handsome, and unusually clever girl of nineteen. Her great talents had been taken notice of by her parents, and had been cultivated accordingly. She is said to have been able to read the Greek Testament at eight years of age, and she showed much taste for poetical composition, which she continued to practise for many years after the events now under consideration. Dr. A. Clarke gives the following character of her:—

"From her childhood she was gay and sprightly, full of mirth, good-humor, and keen wit. She indulged this disposition so much, that it was said to have given great uneasiness to her parents, because she was in consequence of it betrayed into little inadvertencies which, though of small moment in themselves, showed that her mind was not under proper discipline, and that fancy, not reason, directed that line of conduct which she thought proper to pursue. A spirit of this kind is a dangerous disposition, and is rarely connected with a sufficiency of prudence and discretion to prevent it from injuring itself, and offending others. She appears to have had many suitors; but they were generally of the airy and thoughtless class, and ill suited to make her either happy or useful in a matrimonial life."

Now if we bear in mind the order in which Jeffery's successive manifestations occurred, I think it is not impossible to give a probable account of them which shall not impute to the contriver of these tricks any peculiar depravity, but merely a character such as has been just described, thoughtlessness and high spirits. It is to be remembered that certainly the first, and probably the first two or three disturbances were heard in the dining-room, out of which a door opened into the garden. My explanation of these first noises is as follows. A little before ten one night, and probably after her parents had retired to rest, Hetty is out in the garden, either, as her father conjectured, to meet a lover, or, as I rather believe, for another and more commonplace reason. On her return she finds the man-servant

and the maid sitting in the dining-room, through which she had intended to enter. Not choosing to be seen by them coming in, she groans and knocks, gives them a thorough frightening, sends them off to bed, and then re-enters at her leisure. Something of the same kind may have occurred on another occasion, when her sister Molly was in the same room. I imagine these first tricks to have been played on the spur of the moment, and without the least intention of continuing them. I come now to the second stage of the disturbances, that in which the noises were heard up stairs, and heard by the Wesley girls, and I have still to inquire, assuming that Hetty *could* cause these sounds, whether there was any conceivable motive which could account for her doing so. The first disturbance causes a much greater sensation in the household than its author had calculated on. The frightened servants tell their story, probably with some exaggeration, to their fellow-servants and to the young ladies, and are received with some incredulity, and many valorous speeches. "What a couple of fools are you," cries the other maid. "I defy anything to fright me." "I wonder," says Miss Susannah Wesley, "you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what could fright me." And the story proceeds, "Presently a knocking began under the table." Assuming, as I say, that Hetty had the power to produce this sound, I cannot see that there is anything astonishing in her exercise of the power. Nay, rather, when a girl full of fun and high spirits heard these very courageous speeches, the difficulty would be for her to forbear testing the vaunted courage of the speakers, supposing that she had the power to do so.

The next step in the proceedings I take to be, that after Hetty, emboldened by success, has continued to play tricks on her sisters for some days, one morning, about seven o'clock, while Jeffery is in full swing, the eldest Miss Wesley brings in her mother to hear. Hetty must then on the moment decide whether she will allow it to appear that Jeffery can be silenced by her mother's appearance, or whether she will continue the rappings in her presence. Here again it does not seem to me unnatural that she should have taken the latter course; and the ice having been once broken, she would thenceforward have no scruple in repeating the raps in her mother's presence. Mrs. Wesley next imagining that the noises might be caused by rats, causes a horn to be sounded to frighten them away. Her daughter Emilia pronounces that this will be sure to insult Jeffery, and cause him to be more troublesome. And this proves to be the case; for whereas he had hitherto come only by night, he now comes day and night. It is easy to understand both that Hetty would take her sister's hint, and also that while formerly her attempts had been confined to the bedrooms where the sisters were alone, or to places where only the servants could hear, now that she gains courage to knock in her mother's hearing, she can do so down stairs, and in the daytime. I have already noticed that she was careful never to disturb her mother at her hours of devotion. If Hetty may have been led on thus far step by step in thoughtlessness and gayety of spirit, the next step was one in which she had scarcely a choice left her. It seems evident that of her own will she would not have ventured to trouble her father, who seems to have inspired as much awe in his household as fathers ordinarily did in those days. But when her mother became seriously unhappy lest her husband's

death should be portended by his inability to hear Jeffery, a daughter who, in spite of thoughtlessness, really loved her mother, would have no choice left but either to make full confession, or to carry her imposture a step further. At this time, then, commence the appearances to Mr. Wesley, which, however, as well as I can collect, continued in their violence only for a week.

The first appearance to Mr. Wesley was on the 21st of December. On the 26th he rebuked the spirit sharply, and charged it not to disturb his innocent children, but to come to him in the study, if it had anything to say. On the next day it came by appointment to the study, and continued to be troublesome, until being asked to knock if it were Samuel's spirit, it went away for the night. It might possibly have then retired altogether, but that on the next day, the 28th, a neighboring clergyman is brought to the house to exorcise the ghost, and accordingly a grand exhibition takes place for his benefit. But after this, as well as I can ascertain, Jeffery is silent for more than three weeks; and Mr. Wesley is able to leave home to pay a promised visit, and the family is undisturbed during his absence. The account of Jeffery's reappearance on the 24th of January confirms my conviction that a member of the family was concerned in the imposture. The talk in the house on the subject of the phantom would naturally have nearly died away, when it suddenly revived on the 23d by the arrival of letters from their brother Samuel, who has just heard of the ghost, and is full of curiosity for information on the subject. Mr. Wesley reads out for his family the account which he has written for Samuel's information, and the very next morning, at family prayers, Jeffery begins again to knock during the prayers for the royal family. That Jeffery absented himself for three weeks at the time Mr. and Mrs. Wesley began to be anxious about Samuel's safety, and returned the very day after their uneasiness was removed, is a fact which has not been noticed, and which is to my mind demonstrative. With regard to the knocks at prayer-time, when it is remembered what stress Mr. Wesley laid on his family duly answering Amen at the end of these prayers, it will be seen that the loud knocks which occurred at the place of the Amen, were very convenient to cover the silence of any member of the family who disliked the response. I do not find that on this second occasion Jeffery knocked at any other time, and his visit only continued a few days. The performer would by this time be pretty well tired of the trick, and the proposal to bring Samuel down from London would be an additional reason for discontinuing it. I ought not to omit to take notice of one other fact. Jeffery's first appearance outside the house was heralded by loud groans; but from the time that he came inside the house it seems to me doubtful whether any such sounds were heard. Some "two or three feeble squeaks, a little louder than the chirpings of a bird," were the only exercise of its vocal organs that Mr. Wesley's invocations could elicit. We find that Jeffery had a voice, but that, after the first day, something prevented him from using it. This is easily understood on my hypothesis; for a girl might try to frighten her sisters by noises of every other kind, but sounds made by her own voice are precisely those which she would find it hard to venture on without danger of detection.

Lastly, the fact that Jeffery's secret was never

discovered is explained by the unexpected dimensions which the trick assumed. I imagine that when Hetty first began to play tricks on her sisters, she contemplated having a hearty laugh, with them and at them, when all was over. But when her parents came to be included in the mystification; when her mother began to inquire whether it was her husband's, or her son's, or her brother's death that was intimated; when her father exorcised Jeffery as a devil, and her sister rejoiced at having her tendencies to infidelity corrected, and at having such an "opportunity of convincing herself, past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings besides those we see,"—then to confess that all had been imposture, would have drawn upon Hetty such a storm of indignation from the whole family as few would have had moral courage to face.

I think I have proved that if Hetty was able to produce Jeffery's noises, there is nothing violently improbable in the supposition that she might have chosen to do so. I must now say something as to the physical difficulty, which is no doubt formidable. In fact, to give a complete explanation of all the phenomena is impossible at this distance of time, when we are without any accurate information as to the plan of the house, and when we do not know exactly what allowance to make for some natural exaggerations in the wonders related. But I have intimated in the title of this paper that, making some little deduction for such exaggerations (and a careful comparison of John Wesley's narrative with the original documents will show the tendency of such stories to improve on repetition), I consider Jeffery's disturbances to be identical in kind with those produced by modern spirit-rappers, and that they are to be accounted for in whatever way we choose to account for the latter phenomena. It certainly does seem surprising that a young girl should discover the art for herself, and should carry it to as high a degree of perfection as has been attained by professional artists in modern times. But it is certain that she was a girl of no ordinary abilities; and that she had many advantages which are not enjoyed by modern exhibitors. In the first place, no one knew that she was the exhibitor, and she had an audience who soon came to think it Sadduceism to doubt of the supernatural character of the performance. If the idea of imposture was ever entertained, and any attempt made to detect it, she was completely in the secret, and could make her own arrangements accordingly. And she never was bound to perform at any particular time or place, and if at any moment knocking seemed dangerous, she might postpone it to the next more convenient opportunity. I have already noticed how her being often up when every one in the house had gone to bed, would make it easy for her to take measures which would lead to the occurrence of some noise which would have a startling effect when heard in the dead silence of night.

It requires no common amount of courage to be unaffected by an unaccountable noise heard in the dark at the dead of night. Thus when the worthy Wesley couple, resolved on discovering the ghost, were with a whimsical mixture of bravery and terror groping their way down stairs, holding each other by the hand, at one o'clock in the morning, how their hearts must have jumped to hear a crash which sounded on Mrs. Wesley's side as if a large pot of money had been emptied at her feet, and on Mr. Wesley's as if a stone had been thrown among a heap of bottles which lay under the stairs. It would

be easy to make theories as to how this and other such sounds may have been produced, but it would be impossible now to prove that any such theory is the right one. But comparing this story with others that have appeared in print, and with one nearly parallel case of which I have been told privately, I believe in the possibility of Hetty, without the assistance of any confederate, having produced all the sounds that were heard.

One other circumstance it may be necessary to explain. Adam Clarke lays considerable stress on the fact that in a letter written about thirty years after the events of which we have been speaking, Emilia Wesley (then Mrs. Harper) states that she has still heard Jeffery on more occasions than one. Clarke, therefore, thinks himself justified in rejecting any explanation of the disturbances at Epworth Parsonage, which will not also explain these appearances thirty years afterwards and in a different place. But it does not appear that on these later occasions there were more than isolated noises, and we have no trace of such a connected series of sounds, heard by more people than one, as that on which we have been commenting. It has often occurred to people in old houses, and surrounded by old furniture, to hear noises at night, of which they have not been able to assign the cause. Mrs. Harper hearing such sounds would naturally think of the spirit whose pranks had made such an impression on her youth; but there is no reason to believe that disturbances resembling those which took place at Epworth troubled any of the family again.

If it were the case that Hetty Wesley was guilty of all that my hypothesis imputes to her, the severest censor could not wish her fault to have been followed by heavier punishment than the unhappiness which befell her in after life. Her story, which is a very sad one, is too long to be told here. The reader will find it in Clarke's "History of the Wesley Family," already referred to.

ON FORMING OPINIONS OF BOOKS.

SINCE we are so made that we can never do an injustice either to a person or a thing without harming ourselves in the act, it were to be wished that we could deal justly with, among other matters, our books. Books may be called intermediate between persons and things. When we have paid for them, we may, if we please, do as we will with our own; but it is at our peril that we do them wrong. The friend who has dined off our mutton and our wine probably costs us as much as our book did; but though we are at liberty, or, at all events, take the liberty, to criticise our friends after they are gone home, we do not feel entitled to be unjust or undiscriminating in what we say of them. And we rarely approve each other in judging hastily. "Perhaps we had better see him again, my dear; we might like him better next time,"—are not these household words? Then, besides the rashness of short acquaintance, there are errors of inaptitude, of inexperience, of rude indocility, of misplaced reliance, and so forth, which could never be exhaustively classified or described. A few hints may, however, be useful.

1. I am not at all afraid of urging overmuch the propriety of frequent, very frequent, reading of the same book. The book remains the same, but the reader changes, and the value of reading lies in the collision of minds. It may be taken for granted that no conceivable amount of reading could

ever put me into the position with respect to his book — I mean as to intelligence only — in which the author strove to place me. I may read him a hundred times, and not catch the precise right point of view; and may read him a hundred and one times, and hit it the hundred and first. The driest and hardest book that ever was contains an interest over and above what can be picked out of it, and laid, so to speak, on the table. It is interesting as my friend is interesting; it is a problem which invites me to closer knowledge, and *that* usually means closer love. He must be a poor friend that we only care to see once or twice, and then forget.

2. It never seems to occur to some people, who deliver upon the books they read very unhesitating judgments, that they may be wanting, either by congenital defect, or defect of experience, or defect of reproductive memory, in the qualifications which are necessary for judging fairly of any particular book. Yet the first question a practised and conscientious reader asks himself is, whether he has any natural or accidental disability for the task of criticism in any given case. It may surprise many persons to hear of the possibility of such a thing; but perhaps it may be made clear by examples.

As to congenital defect. We all admit that some individuals are born with better "ears" for music, and better "eyes" for color, and more "taste" for drawing than others, and we willingly defer, other things being equal, to the decisions upon the points in question of those who are by nature the best gifted. It is quite a common thing to meet people who, in spite of culture, continue unmusical all their lives long, or unable to catch perspective, or draw a wheel round or a chimney straight, or discriminate fine shades of color at all. What is the value of the opinions of such persons upon questions of the fine arts? Scarcely anything, of course. Now a book is in no wise distinguished, for our present purpose, from a picture or a sonata. It is sure, if it be a good book, to appeal, in some of its parts, to special aptitudes of sensibility on the part of its readers; but if the reader lacks the aptitudes, where is the poor author? And cases in point are not so rare as might be supposed.

There are thousands of people who are wanting in sensibility to beauty in general; in the feeling of personal attachment; in the feelings of the hearth; the feelings of the forum; the feelings of the altar. It is not at all uncommon to come across characters in which the ordinary natural susceptibility to devotional ideas, nay to lurid ideas in general, seems wholly left out. It is as if they had come into the world with a sense short. Again, you may meet people who have no idea of humor. Allow any latitude you please for *taste* in this matter. — and, of course, taste differs, — it still remains true that a total absence of the sense of fun is occasionally seen in society. Now, we must remember that in speaking of *qualities* we, after all, draw arbitrary boundary lines. There are many deficiencies, as many as there are human beings, which cannot be labelled, — compound deficiencies, so to speak, which affect the total appreciativeness of our minds to a degree which we ourselves cannot measure, though a healthy self-consciousness may keep us on our guard; and, of course, our estimates of literature, as of other forms of art, must be affected by such shortcomings in our natural make. The staple of the *In Memoriam* is the tender regret of faithful friendship for the friend lost, — this, I say, is the staple, much as the poem contains in addition. Fortunately this

is what most human beings can enter into with ease; but suppose it were not so, how would the excepted people relish the poem? Obviously they would lack the very first requisite for the enjoyment of it. Now, in proportion as a writer, poet or not, addresses himself to compound sensibilities, which may not have shaped themselves yet in average minds, he takes rank, no doubt, below the first order of his craft, but we need not be *unjust* to him. He has his own burden to bear; and, since writers of this kind *must* arise in times of rapid and complicated intellectual transition, we should be on our guard in forming opinions of books. For the reasons just pointed out, we may not fully understand or like such writers, but they are, perhaps, fighting a battle for which our children will be the better.

It is obvious to apply the same kind of remark to our own imperfections of experience, or our peculiarities of experience. We are all very fond of telling the young who are about us that they will one day understand the wise saws in which they now see nothing; but among our peers, do we lay the same thing to heart? What flashes of light do experiences of fresh emotion, such as meet us suddenly upon turning corners in our lives, often throw upon all our past store of facts! It may very well be that the book we slight, or the particular *page* we slight, is written by some fellow-creature who has happened to receive from events a quickening touch which has not yet fallen to our own lot. Poor indeed must our experience be as readers of books if we have never found a page, which once we thought empty, *now* full of life and light and meaning. True, it is the business of the artist to *make* us feel with him and see with him; some fault may be his, — and yet not all the fault. At least, he may claim that we should bring to him a tolerably patient and receptive mind, not a repelling, refusing mind; in a word, that we should treat him with decency, if we profess to attend to him at all.

Akin to defect of experience is defect of reproductive memory. It is very common for a man to take up a book which he once admired with passion, and to find scarcely anything in it. What, then, is the natural thought, the one that he is most likely to make? That his judgment is more mature, I suppose. Well, it may be, and it ought to be; but certainly the author of the work may claim that his reader should ask himself another question, namely, Have I lost anything in general or specific sensibility since I first read this book? I have myself had to ask this question, and to answer it *against* myself. Lapse of time *must* alter us; and we are, perhaps, too apt to fancy ourselves wiser when we are only something more hard, and something more dull. It has happened to me, indeed, to agree with a writer upon first reading; to disagree with him upon second reading, after an interval of a year or two; and then again, upon third reading, after another interval, to have to come back to my first opinion.

3. We do not sufficiently discriminate, when we speak of the reception of books, in our use of the word public. Which public? There are a hundred. A square book will no more suit a round public than a square thing will go into a round hole; but if a square man shuns to read a square book because a round public has rejected it, he is clearly a loser. Again, there are small, peculiar publics, which are, notwithstanding their smallness, well worth considering. The currents of feeling, opinion, and culture are enormous, with a thousand eddies in them; creeks and bays and little inlets where strange pleas-

ant barks find shelter, which would be cracked or run down if they took the start in the main stream. It is a peculiar and special public which welcomes, for example, the poetry of Mr. Matthew Arnold. It would never have found a welcome from a wide, rough-and-ready magazine audience; but the books once afloat, they find their public and their public grows. Thus the experience of bookmakers is uniform upon one point, — they can rarely get anybody to see anything in their best efforts till they are printed, probably by a fluke, or a half-fluke. Then the square people fall into the square holes, and what the author knew to be good is found out to be good by a "public" which never saw anything in it before. So much for the effect of a little sympathetic excitement: if one sheep goes over the hedge the rest follow. But when an author has digested, as he may, the bitter reflections which occur to him at such a pass as this, he has probably to swallow something bitterer still: the round public — who are mere sheep, following the rest over a hedge, and who do not at all see the subtle adaptations and fitnesses which made the success of the square article with the square public — come upon the square author, and want him to do something like what he did before. The utter, utter, fathom-deep blindness which prompts this kind of want is, in recompense, one of the most amusing things in the world. If the square writer can afford to throw away an opportunity, he declines to kill his golden goose for the round people; if not, he submits to the temptation, and his poor little productive bird is gone forever. It has been over and over again pointed out, that to do the same kind of thing over again is a purely commercial idea (and it never pays); the artist-idea is to do something fresh, never to do the same thing over again, to offer up not dead things, but things in which the life is young and glowing. But what is the use of pointing things out? When an author has made us admire some of his works, we immediately proceed to make him the victim of his own success; — we sacrifice him to a *habu* of admiration which our own weakness has allowed to grow up in our minds; we make over again the very mistake we have just repented of — till another sheep happens to go over the hedge.

4. The relation of the critic of a book, standing, as he so often does, between the author and the reader, is not always a well-considered one. The critic is, by rights, a reader with a trained mind. He is supposed to have disciplined himself to avoid the partialities of the careless or unconscious reading mind. If he has really done this, he must be a man of strong and sensitive conscience, of just that breadth and variety of culture which give a large outlook upon things in general; and if conditions like these are to be combined in one man, that man can scarcely be youthful. Unless, however, our critic be a person who in some high degree answers to this description, he is only a man like the ordinary general reader, and his opinion of a book is a mere pack of partialities. But of necessity the number of critics who do answer to this description must be comparatively small. And in fact there must be a very large number of persons engaged in pronouncing opinions on books who have just *no* qualifications for the task. At the present time, literature, in its more transient forms, is very much what school-keeping used to be, — a resource for hundreds of people who have no other at hand, and the net takes up fish of all kinds. Thus we constantly see reviews and essays in which the writing is as

purely imitative as any copy that ever was done by a school-boy, and in which almost every bad quality that can exist in a man without hanging or transporting him is visible upon the very surface, — mercenariness, delight in superiority, the desire to cause suffering, utter incapacity to conceive the existence of any but the lowest motives. The same description applies to large numbers of the books that are published, — it must of necessity do so. When all sorts of people have acquired the literary knack, we must expect all sorts of writing. But then there is, we all know, a prestige hanging around literature. There is something about a *book* which suggests superiority, and commands, to start with, a certain degree of respect. In truth, to be able to write, as things go, no more makes a man worthy of regard or attention than a certain other species of benefit of clergy did in olden days. But if most people forget this, as they unluckily do in the case of books, they forget it still more disastrously in submitting to be guided, without any independent effort of their own understandings, by casual reviewers. The reviewer is not only a man who can write, he is a man whose office is judicial; he is supposed to be able to tell you what is good and what is bad. Yet that a man is no more a critic because he writes reviews than a man is a soldier because he carries a sword, may every day be seen. There is a large amount of real critical capacity and real good feeling extant among the people who write criticisms, and it is able, in a considerable degree, to make itself attended to; but it not only is, it *must* be the case, that the greater part of the criticism which passes under our eye should be incompetent and pernicious. The persons who write it are of the ruck; and the qualities which go to make a Hallam, a Coleridge, a Schlegel, a Lessing, are not to be picked up like stones in the street. Is every reviewer, then, to be a Hallam? No, but every reviewer should possess in degree, and in *similar order of combination*, the very highest qualities.

5. Reviewers are *generally* a hard-worked and much-irritated class of men. Their power is overrated; they cannot be said to have much share in forming our permanent opinions of books; and even the share which the higher *criticism* has in that work is not what might at first glance be supposed. It is a fact that the general reception of books is like the general reception of a play; in other words, what is best falls flat, what is bad — or at all events far short of best — is received with applause. Nobody will deny that it is *invariably* the worst and the most threadbare jokes which are taken up at a play. It is the same with books; a man's best must be greatly alloyed, or it is not accepted by the majority of readers. This is so strictly true, that persons who have to write for certain publics know perfectly well their cue, and act upon it, unless they can afford to disregard money profit. And the cue is this: write for intelligent people, but always write what used to interest you several years ago. Then again, the highest qualities of *all* kinds of art, those which yield the most enduring delight, are those which depend upon unity of conception, upon the proportionate development of parts with strict reference to a certain general effect. The best humor and the best pathos are precisely of this kind, and so of other qualities. Now the characteristic of quite average minds is, that they do not care for permanence of effect, and will not, *cannot*, let us say, dwell patiently upon works of art till the deeper fountains of enjoyment wake up for them. They

feel the first attraction, they think that is all, and then they are off to something new. That is their idea of reading. Hence it may truly be said, not only that unity is thrown away upon them, but that it is a positive offence and stumbling-block. Let the artist make a whole as carefully as he will, the public will break it up; as the manager tells the poor theatre-poet in the prelude to *Faust*, each will pick out his own, just like the little child that I once saw in raptures at one of Turner's pictures, — "O pa, there's a rabbit!" — as indeed there was and is, in the very corner. Now, to speak in parables, almost every good thing *does* contain a rabbit, and the children are welcome to admire it; but it is not cheering to reflect that, though a good writer is usually admired for what is really good in him, he is not always admired — *never* by the general reader — for his best "good." He is liked for "points" which "take." Now here it is that critics do us an important service. It is they who, honestly studying books, and desiring above all things to grasp them as wholes, have the keenest and most enduring delight in them; and the delight is so keen that their utterance of it is sufficient to lift up the *best* books over the heads of the multitude to a true level of appreciation. It is not enough to make the best things popular, but it is sufficient to overawe the stupid, and to penetrate the outskirts of popular feeling, with a blind sense of a great sacred sort of merit that must not be meddled with. In this way a book is perhaps said to be "more praised than read," as the phrase is; the presumption in such a case is that it is both read *and* praised by good judges, and read without praise by a large class besides, — a class which, if it were so indiscreet as to praise, would be found to have raised the cry of "Stop thief!" against itself.* Thus, then, critics have a most important function to exercise in maintaining those higher levels of appreciation which are again kept up from age to age by the traditions of literature. For the least competent judges of all are ever ready to accept a tradition.

There is not room at this opportunity to deal with that delightful subject, the traditions of book criticism, nor with that of the importance to a critical reading of books of one peculiar, unusual form of memory, and its equally unusual counterpart, the anticipative apprehensiveness. But these topics can wait.

There are some of my readers who could say much wiser and better things than any I have here said upon forming opinions of books, and there is perhaps not one of them who could not and will not correct and supplement me as he goes along. By all means; there is only room in so many pages for so many things, and each must contribute his own threads of color towards the white light. Above all things, I rejoice to think that there are readers in whom simplicity and nobility of soul take the place of faculty and culture, who choose the good without knowing why, whose libraries are a profound lesson to the keenest and most patient of critics. But these bright exceptional instances must not be used to prove too much, and it may be safely said that not one of us who really belongs to the exceptional category has any suspicion of the fact.

* Taking up by accident, while reading this proof, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Letters*, I find she says of Bolingbroke (19th December, 1754): "I am much mistaken if he is not obliged to Mr. Bayle for the generality of his criticisms; for which reason he affects to despise him, that he may steal from him with the less suspicion."

UNDER THE SNOW.

When autumn days grew pale, there came a troop
Of childlike forms from that cold mountain-top;
With trailing garments through the air they came,
Or walked the ground with girded loins, and threw
Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass,
And edged the brook with glistening parapets,
And built it crystal bridges, touched the pool,
And turned its face to glass, or rising thence,
They shook, from their full laps, the soft, light snow,
And buried the great earth, as autumn winds
Bury the forest floor in heaps of leaves.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE Snowflake, arrested in its descent and transferred to the microscope, is an object of beauty, and teeming with matter for reflection. The landscape which the frost traces during the night with delicate crystals on the window-pane is a mystery to the child and a marvel to the man. Here is exhibited beauty in combination with power. Great agents have been "frost and fire" in the physical revolutions of the world. How they began, and where they will end, let us leave for speculators to dream, and confine our business to the world as it is.

After a night's downfall, as far as the eye can scan, everywhere lies the snow. It makes the leafless trees look elegant, hides the smoke-dried city garden, and buries all evidence of the scavenger's neglect. The town is as trim and clean as a chimney-sweep in his Sunday shirt, and the country one vast table-cloth to which birds are the only guests. But under the snow lies, fearful to contemplate, all the unpleasant experiences of mud and slop. So "frost and fire" conduce alternately to our pleasure and pain.

The small experiences of snow which fall to our lot are sufficient to remind us of the glaciers and avalanches of mountainous districts. "The snow which during the whole year falls upon the mountains does not melt, but maintains its solid state, where their elevations exceed the height of 9,000 feet or thereabouts. Where these snows accumulate to great thickness, in the valleys, or in the deep mazy fractures of the soil, they harden under the influence of pressure resulting from their incumbent weight. But it always happens that a certain quantity of water, the result of momentary fusion of the superficial beds, traverses its substance, and this forms a crystalline mass of ice, granulated in structure, which the Swiss naturalists designate *névé*. From the successive melting and freezing, provoked by the heat by day and the cold by night, the infiltration of air and water in its interstices, the *névé* is slowly transformed into a homogeneous and sky-colored block of ice, filled with an infinity of air-bubbles; this is what is called *glace bulleuse*, bubbled ice. Finally, these masses are completely frozen; the water replaces the air bubbles; then the transformation is complete; the ice is homogeneous, and presents those fine azure tints so much admired by the tourist who traverses the magnificent glaciers of Switzerland and Savoy."

Such are the glaciers which fill the gorges of the Alps, and by a gradual progress move onwards to the valleys, where they continually melt, whilst at their sources they are being as continually replenished. Such the means by which great and important changes have been wrought on the surface of the globe, and such the material for many a castle in the air more fragile and evanescent than snow. The parallel roads of Glen Roy indicate the action of the glaciers of Scotland in ancient times, and other evidences may be traced amongst the mountains of Wales.

At one time a notion prevailed in the vicinity of snow-capped mountains that an avalanche might be brought down by the firing of a gun or the tinkling of a bell; that a trifling sound might cause a small fragment of snow to move, and in its motion downwards to accumulate until it became an avalanche, which, like that of Val Calanca in 1806, might transport a forest from one side of the valley to the other, or bring destruction like that of the valley of Tawich in 1794, which buried the whole village of Bueras "under the snow."

Ice has recently been made the subject of a very interesting communication to a contemporary, in which the process of crystallization during liquefaction has been thus graphically described. "Here is a block of clear ice, such as any fishmonger can supply. Rows of air-bubbles can be seen running parallel to each other throughout the mass, and in some irregular places there is a fine gauze-like appearance produced by a web of minute bubbles. This is but the poetical way in which ice expresses a split; for this beautiful netting is the result of nothing more than some accidental blow. Cutting a slice from the block across the bubbles, let us hold it close to a naked gas-flame, and now let us observe it. The lamp of Aladdin could not have wrought a more wondrous change. The part before clear and unmarked is now studded all over with lustrous stars, whose centres shine like burnished silver. A fairy seems to have breathed upon the ice, and caused transparent flowers of exquisite beauty suddenly to blossom in myriads within the ice, and all with a charming regularity of position. It is the intangible fairy-heat that has worked this spell. The ice was laid down according to the same laws that shape the snow into these beautiful and well-known crystalline forms so often to be seen in snow-storms here and elsewhere. Ice is indeed only an aggregate of crystals similar to those of snow, which, lying together in perfect contact, render each other invisible and the block transparent. When the heat of the gas-flame entered the slab, it set to work to pick the ice to pieces, by giving it, in certain places, a rapid molecular shaking, and the fairy flowers which appear in the warmed ice are the result of this agitation. On a *priori* grounds, we should therefore infer that the shape of these liquid crystals—for they are merely water—would be the same as the solid crystals which originally built up the ice. This is found to be the case. The two are seen to be identical, each has six rays, and the serrations in both follow the angle of 60° ; just as the ice freezes, so, under suitable conditions, it liquefies; the ice-flowers, or negative crystals, appearing in the same plane as that in which they were formed. The air-bubbles in ice show this direction. The bubbles collect in widely distant layers, marking the successive stages of freezing; between the layers there is either a clear intervening space, or those perpendicular rows of bubbles already noticed. Accordingly the ice freezes parallel with the former and at right angles with the direction of the latter bubbles."

Beneath the snow and the ice we all direct our hopes for the young year. There lie buried the germs which shall make our fields green, feed our cattle, make our gardens gay, replenish our granaries, fill our tables, store our cellars, and indeed supply all the substantial materials for our daily wants. It cannot cause much surprise, therefore, that at this season of the year, all should feel an interest, though but few express it, of what lies hidden "under the snow."

THE OLD YEOMANRY WEEKS.

I.

TIME changes both employments and amusements. Now we have volunteer reviews in place of old yeomanry weeks. But it is worth while looking back on what was so hearty, quaint, and stirring in times bygone.

Beasts, as well as men, had their day in the past. The tramp of horses, their brisk neigh, and the flourish of their long tails added to the general attraction. The coats of the yeomen, too, were of the most sanguinary red. And there were other charms. The calling out of the troop for ten days involved a muster from all the county for twelve or fifteen miles round. There was thus an inroad of country friends upon the townfolks. The genial system of billeting was in vogue, too, so that every bed was full. And allies and satellites called, in happy succession, to share the bustle and glee. A company of respectable theatrical stars, patronized both by officers and privates, visited the town; and a wonderfully brilliant yeomanry ball, attended alike by gentle and simple, wound up the successful interlude in ordinary life.

The little town of Priorton spruced itself up for its yeomanry weeks, and was all agog, as it never was at any other time. The campaign commenced by the arrival on horseback of a host of country gentlemen and farmers, in plain clothes as yet. But they carried at their saddle-bows packages containing their cherished ensigns and symbols,—in their case the very glory of the affair. Along with them in many cases came judicious presents of poultry and game.

There were such hand-shakings in the usually quiet streets, such groomings of horses at stables behind old-fashioned little taverns, such pipe-claying of belts, and polishing of helmets, and, above all, such joyous anticipatory parties in private houses!

The season was always the height of the summer: not, perhaps, in every respect the best for such a muster. Stout yeomen had even been known to faint while at drill; the combined influences of the fatigue, the heat, and the preceding night's hilarity being too much for them. But farmers and farming lairds could not well quit their lands unless in the beginning of July, when the June hoeing of turnips and beans had been got through, the first grass cut, and while there was still a good three weeks before barley harvest. Trees were then dusky in their green, and gooseberries and currants tinted the Priorton gardens with rich amber and crimson. Roses, redder than the yeomen's coats, were in full flower for every waistcoat and waistband. The streets and roads were dusty under blue skies or black thunder-clouds; but the meadows were comparatively cool and fresh, and white with the summer snow of daisies. The bustle of the yeomen, like the trillings of wandering musicians, was heard only in the brooding heat of summer afternoons, or the rosy flush of summer sunset, the prime of the year lending a crowning charm to their advent.

It was delightful to be roused by the first reveille of the bugle at five of the clock on a July morning. Youngsters whom naught else could have tempted out of bed so early started up at the summons. They envied papas and uncles, brothers and cousins in the ranks of the yeomen. Comely blooming young faces joined the watch at the windows. Cloaks were loosely cast about rounded shoulders, and caps were

hastily snatched up to hide dishevelled hair; while little bare pink feet would sometimes show themselves. But the young ladies only peeped out behind the window-curtains, in the background of the noisy demonstrative band of youngsters.

Distant voices, excited and impatient, were soon heard; then the jingle of spurs, and the clank of swords, as half-bashful yeomen descended the stairs for their *début* on the street. At last appeared important familiar persons, now strikingly transformed by their martial dress, but terribly uncomfortable and self-conscious.

The horses were led to the doors; and to the women who stayed at home the mounts were the events of the day. The return of the members of the troop, now broken to their work, and detached into groups of threes and fours, and chatting and laughing at their ease, was quite tame in comparison. The country gentlemen and farmers were, of course, generally well used to the saddle, and could get upon their Bucephaluses without difficulty, and ride cavalierly, or prick briskly out of sight, as they were in good time or too late. But here and there a solicitor, or banker, or wealthy shopkeeper, ambitious of being among the yeomen, would meet with unhappy enough adventures. He might be seen issuing from his doorway with pretended unconcern, but with anxious clearings of the throat and ominously long breaths, while his nag, strange to him as John Gilpin's, was brought up to the mounting-place. The worthy man would plant his foot in the stirrup next him, but, not throwing himself round decidedly enough, the horse would swerve and rear, while he looked on beseechingly and helpless. Then he would try the other side, still failing to swing himself into the saddle. He would grow more and more flustered. His wife, in her clear muslin cap and spotless calico wrapper, with her little lads and lassies — one, two, three — would then step out on the pavement to give cautious advice. The would-be yeoman would become more and more nervous, while his comrades rode by with jeering glances, and the passengers stood still. Little boys would begin to whoop and hurrah; and a crowd, even at this early hour, would gather round to enjoy the experiment. "Hey, Nancy! get me a kitchen chair," the town-bred yeoman at last would say, in desperation, to his elderly commiserating maid-servant in the distance; and from that steady half-way stand he would climb into the saddle with a groan, settle himself sack fashion, and, working the bridle laboriously with his arms, trot off, to return very saddle-sick.

Then some stubborn young fellow, possessed with the notion of showing off a dashing horse, would insist on riding a vicious, almost dangerous, animal, which would on no account endure the sight of his flaming regimentals on the occasions of his mountings and dismountings. Once in the saddle, he would master it thoroughly, and pay it back in kind with whip and spur, compelling the furious beast to face a whole line of red coats, and wheel, march, charge, and halt with perfect correctness. But the horse would have its moment of revenge as its rider leapt to and from the saddle. If it encountered the scarlet, and the glitter of brass and steel at that instant, it would get quite wild, paw the air, fling out its hoofs, snort, and dash off wildly, to the danger of its own and its master's life. But the young soldier would not like to be beat. Day after day the contest would be renewed. At length he would resort to a compromise, and his groom would bring out the horse, with its head ignominiously muffled in a sack; and

now the yeoman would mount with comparative safety.

But the bugle is sounding to drill in the early summer morning. "Tra-li-la," the clear music suits with the songs of the birds and the dew on the grass. The last lagging yeoman is off, gone to receive a public reprimand from his strict commanding officer, but sure to have the affront rubbed out next morning by a similar fault and a similar experience on the part of a comrade.

The drill ends at the common breakfast hour, when the yeoman may be supposed to return and feast sumptuously. Then "civil" work begins, yeomen who had offices or shops attending them with slight relics of their uniform. A stranger might have been pardoned had he imagined an invasion was daily expected, or that an intestine war was on the point of breaking out. In consideration of the hot weather undress uniform was permitted, on all save field days, and thus the toiling yeomen enjoyed a little cool in their white ducks and jackets, though the red mark, the helmet's line, was still to be traced on their sun-browned foreheads.

There was an afternoon's drill. It was a little of a fag, being in fact rather like a dish heated up a second time, as a duty twice done mostly always is. But the evening was particularly gay. Then the yeomen were supposed to be enjoying themselves. Pleasant, if they had always enjoyed themselves in an innocent fashion. That many of them did so, it is only charitable to believe. And while the fast and foolish, the gross and wicked were swilling and roistering in evil localities, generous, manly, gentle souls gratified the matrons with whom they were billeted by walking with them and their daughters through the streets, or into the nearest meadow; or perhaps they treated them to the play.

I have only heard of those days. But I should have liked to have seen the bluff, kind faces above the stiff stocks and scarlet coats, and the joyous smiles which shone upon them. I should have liked to have heard the quiet town ringing with such blithe laughter. Little jokes would cause the people to laugh as little accidents would cause them to shake their heads. Sandy Hope's horse, for instance, lost a shoe while at the gallop, stumbled and threw its rider, dislocating his shoulder and breaking his arm. What a sensation the news created! It could scarcely have been greater even had Sandy's brains been dashed out. Not only Sandy himself, but Sandy's kindred to the remotest degree, were deeply commiserated. The commanding officer sent his compliments every morning, with inquiries after him. The troop doctor was besieged by anxious acquaintances. Sandy's comrades never ceased calling upon him, and would sit for hours drinking beer at his open window. Delicious messes and refreshing drinks, a thousand times better than beer, were sent to Sandy. Then the nosebags, the books he got! Sandy received a perfect ovation. It was even proposed that the ball should be put off because Sandy was lying in pain; and it was certain that no fewer than three reputed sweethearts of Sandy stayed at home on the ball night. Yet the stupid fellow was so slightly hurt that within the fortnight he was walking the streets of Priorton more briskly than ever!

Priorton was kindly in its gayety, and each had an interest in the other. I should have liked to have known the old town when it was thus given up for ten days, half to military exercises, half to fraternity and feasting. I should have been sorry

when the feasting was intemperate, but I would no more have condemned the general feasting because of that circumstance, than I would condemn the gift of speech because some of us are so left to ourselves as to tell lies or say bad words.

II.

It was a well-known and accredited fact, that in consequence of these festivities of the yeomen more marriages were made up in this brief interval than during any other period of the year. Match-making individuals seriously counted on the Yeomanry weeks; and probably far-seeing young ladies had fitting matches in their eye, as well as the fireworks and the introductory gayety, when they came in troops to Priorton to entertain the lucky yeomen.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, the wife of the chief magistrate, who was likewise banker of Priorton, to her spouse, "your cousin Bourhope has asked his billet with us: I must have my sister Corrie in to meet him."

Mrs. Spottiswoode was a showy, smart, good-humored woman, but not over scrupulous. She was very ready at adapting herself to circumstances even when the circumstances were against her. For that reason she was considered very clever as well as very affable among the matrons of Priorton. Mr. Spottiswoode was "slow and sure"; and it was because of the happy alliance of these qualities in him that the people of Priorton had elected him chief magistrate.

"My dear," deliberately observed long, lanky Mr. Spottiswoode, "would it not be rather barefaced to have Bourhope and Corrie here together?"

"O, I'll take care of that," answered the lady, with a laugh and a toss of her ribbons. "I shall have some other girl of my acquaintance to bear Corrie company, — some worthy, out-of-the-way girl, to whom the visit will be like entering another world," continued Mrs. Spottiswoode with a twinkle of her black eyes. "What do you think of Corrie and my cousin Chrissy Hunter of Blackfaulds? The Hunters have had such a deal of distress, and so much fighting with embarrassment, — though I believe they are getting clearer now, — that the poor lassie has had no amusement but her books, and has seen absolutely nothing."

Mr. Spottiswoode had no inclination to contradict his wife for contradiction's sake, and as he could rely on her prudence as on her other good qualities, he said, "Well, Agnes, I have no objection; Hunter of Blackfaulds is an honest man though he is poor, and he is righting himself now."

The invitations were despatched, and accepted gratefully. The guests arrived before Bourhope occupied his quarters; ostensibly they came so soon in order to prepare for him. Corrie had nothing Roman about her except her name, Cornelia. She was a tall, well-made, fair-faced, serene beauty, the sole remaining maiden daughter of a Scotchman who had returned from the Indies with a fortune, as so many returned then. He had already endowed Mrs. Spottiswoode with a handsome "tocher," and since his marriage had settled within five miles of Priorton. Chrissy, again, was one of a large, struggling family, — a small girl, a very little crooked in figure, and with irregular features and a brown complexion. If she had not possessed a bright, intelligent expression, she would certainly have been plain, — as indeed she was to those who did not heed expression. It was a delightful chance to her, this brief transplanting into the flourishing, cheerful

town house, amid the glowing gayety of the yeomanry weeks. Accordingly she was constantly engaged in checking off every little detail on the finger-points of her active mind, in order that she might be able to describe them to her secluded sisters and her sick mother at home. She was determined not to miss one item of interest; never to sleep-in so as to lose the mount; never to stray in her walks and fail to be in the house for the return from the afternoon drill. She would pace the meadows among the gay promenaders even when the evening was cloudy, and would not care though she walked alone; she would enjoy the play when Mrs. Spottiswoode chose to take her, and not even object to a squeeze in the box. The squeeze was really part of the fun! But she did not care to have her attention distracted from the stage, even by the proffers of fruit from the yeomen.

As to the ball, she did not allow herself to think much of that. Who would ever have dreamt of Chrissy figuring at a fine yeomanry ball! She would not trouble herself because she had only an old worked white frock of her mother's, taken up by tucks to suit her, and yellowed by frequent washing and long keeping: she would not fret because she could not spend money upon a hair-dresser. She must dress her own hair, — which was scanty, like every other outward adornment of hers. This was little matter, she reflected, for it would not dress under the most skilful artist into those enormous bows on the crown of the head which everybody then wore, — it would only go into comb-curls like little hair-turrets on each side of her round, full forehead, which was by no means scanty. She had no ornaments in the way of jewelry, save a coral necklace; while Corrie had a set of amethysts, — real amethysts, — ear-rings, brooch and necklace, and a gold cross, and a gold watch which she rarely wound up, and which was therefore, as Chrissy said, "a dead-alive affair." But Corrie was a beauty and an heiress, and ornaments became her person and position; while on Chrissy, as she herself admitted with great good sense, they would only have been thrown away. And what did Chrissy care for her appearance so long as her dress was modest and neat? She could walk about and listen to the ravishing music, and study the characters she saw, from Corrie up to the Countess, wife of the one Earl who came to Priorton, and who was Colonel of the yeomanry. The day or two before the yeomanry arrived was spent by the two girls in walking about, shopping and making calls. Corrie, though a beauty, proved herself a very dull companion for another girl to walk with. Very pretty to look at was Corrie, in a fair, still, swan-like style of beauty; and she had a great many pretty dresses, over which she became a little more animated when Chrissy, as a last resource, would ask her to turn them over and show them again. Corrie, of course, never dreamt of offering poor Chrissy a loan of any of those worked pelerines or aprons, which would have fitted either equally well. But Chrissy did not want them, and she got a use out of them as they were brought out one by one and spread before her. Ere the yeomanry came, Chrissy knew the stock by heart, and could have drawn them and cut out patterns and shapes of them, and probably did so, the little jade, when she got home.

Bourhope came with his fellows, and was specially introduced to Corrie and Chrissy. He had had some general acquaintance with both of them before. He gallantly expressed his pleasure at the prospect of

having their society during his stay at Priorton. He was a farmer, whose father had made money at war prices. He had bought his own farm, and thus constituted his son a small laird. He had an independent bearing as well as an independent portion of the world's goods; he was really a manly fellow, in his brown, ruddy, curly, strapping comeliness. But, better still, was an intelligent fellow, who read other things than the newspapers, and relished them. He was a little conceited, no doubt, in consequence of comparing himself with others, but he had a good heart. Corrie and Chrissy both regarded him with scarcely concealed interest and admiration. Chrissy wished that the lads at home would grow up to be as comely and manly; Corrie made up her mind to have just such a husband as this Spottiswoode of Bourhope.

It was evident the very first night that Bourhope was taken with Corrie. He stared and stared at her, admiring her waxen complexion, the bend of her white throat, and the slope of her white shoulders; and even changed his seat at one time, as it seemed, in order to see her better. He quickly claimed her as his partner at loo, and engaged her to walk out with him to hear the band practising next evening. Chrissy thought it all very natural, and all the more enjoyable. But she caught herself fancying Bourhope and Corrie married, and rebuked herself for carrying her speculations so far. Only she could not help thinking how Bourhope would weary after the marriage, — say when there was a snow-storm, or a three day's fall of rain at the farmhouse. But that was Bourhope's affair: if he was pleased, what business was it of hers? Bourhope had this in common with Chrissy, — he could entertain himself.

During the first three days of the week, Bourhope was zealous in attaching himself to Corrie. But a sharp observer might have remarked that after this he flagged a little, taking more as matter of course and politeness the association he had established between her and him at tea, loo, and the evening promenade. He would even stifle a yawn while in Corrie's company, though he was a mettlesome and not a listless fellow. But that was only like men, to prize less what they had coveted when it was half won.

Thus for a short time matters stood. Corrie, fair and swan-like, Bourhope reasonably impressionable, Mr. and Mrs. Spottiswoode decidedly favorable, Chrissy Hunter harmless, if not helpful. Mrs. Spottiswoode knew that those who dally with a suggestion are in great danger of acting on it, and had very little doubt that the next ten days, with the crowning performance of the ball, would decide the desirable match between Bourhope and Corrie.

III.

At this juncture it struck Bourhope, riding home from the morning drill, to ask himself what could possibly take Chrissy Hunter out so early every morning. He had already seen her once or twice keeping out of the way of him and his companions, and returning again from the opposite end of Priorton, which was flanked by the doctor's house. Corrie, he noticed, was never with her. Indeed, Bourhope had a strong suspicion that Corrie retreated to her pillow again after showing him her lovely face, — lovely even in the pink curl-papers. But Chrissy certainly dressed immediately and took a morning walk, by which her complexion, at least, did not profit. Not being a very strong little woman, her brown face was apt to look jaded and streaky

when Bourhope, resting from the fatigues of his drill, lounged with the girls in the early forenoon in Mrs. Spottiswoode's drawing-room. So it was worth while, he thought, to spur up to Chrissy and inquire what took her abroad at such an untimely hour.

When Bourhope caught a nearer glimpse of Chrissy he was rather dismayed to see that she had been crying. Bourhope hated to see girls crying, particularly girls like Chrissy, to whom it was not becoming. He had no particular fancy for Cinderellas or other beggar maids. He would have hated to find that his kinsfolk and friendly host and hostess, for whom he had a considerable regard, were mean enough and base enough to maltreat a poor little guest of their own invitation. Notwithstanding these demurs, Tom Spottiswoode of Bourhope rode so fast up to Chrissy as to cause her to give a violent start when she turned.

"Hallo! Do you go to market, Miss Chrissy, or what on earth takes you out in the town before the shutters are down?" pointing with his sheathed sword to a closed shop.

Chrissy was taken aback, and there was something slightly hysterical in her laugh, but she answered frankly enough, "I go to Dr. Stark's, Mr. Spottiswoode. Dr. Stark attends my mother, and is at Blackfaulds every day. I wait in his laboratory till he comes there before setting out; he goes his rounds early, you know. He lets me know how mother was yesterday, and as he is a kind man he carries our letters, — Maggie and Arabella and I are great writers, and postage comes to be expensive, — a great deal too expensive for us at Blackfaulds; but the doctor is a kind man and he 'favors' our letters. And Mr. Spottiswoode," she said, warming with her subject, and impelled to a bit of confidence, "do you know, Dr. Stark thinks my mother will be about again in a few months. You are aware her knee-joint has been affected. We were even afraid she would never put down her foot again. It would have been a dreadful trial to all of us." Chrissy spoke simply, in a rather moved voice.

Bourhope was slightly moved, too. He had never heard much about Mrs. Hunter of Blackfaulds, except that she was a woman who had been long ailing; and also occasional remarks about the consequences of her being lost or spared to her family.

Chrissy was grateful for his evident sympathy, and gratified by it; but, as if half ashamed of having elicited it she at once began to prattle to him on other subjects. Bourhope had leapt from his horse, and was doing her the honor of walking at her side, his beast's bridle over his arm, and his spurs ringing on the pavement. A sparkling prattle that was, of Chrissy's, about the fine morning, the town and the yeomanry, — few topics, but well handled, and brilliantly illustrated. Bourhope dared to confess to himself how sorry he was when he reached Mr. Spottiswoode's door.

Next morning Bourhope detached himself from his comrades when he approached the town, and looked narrowly for Chrissy. It would be but civil to inquire for poor Mrs. Hunter. So bent was he on being thus civil that though Chrissy was far in advance he knew her by the pink gingham trimming of her morning bonnet, fluttering like rose leaves in the morning sun. He came up to her, and politely asked after her mother. Chrissy was a little confused, but she answered pleasantly enough. She was not nearly so talkative, however, as on the preceding morning, though Bourhope made witty comments on the letter she held in her

hand, and pertinaciously insisted on her telling him whether she mentioned him in her return letters! He reminded her that they were cousins in a way. This was the first time Chrissy had known of any one hunting up a relationship with her, and though pleased in her humility, — Chrissy was no fool in that humility of hers, — Bourhope she knew was destined for her cousin Corrie. He was out of Corrie's way just now, and was only courteous and cordial to her as living for a time under the same roof. She liked the ruddy, curly, independent, clever fellow of a farmer laird who, out of the riches of his kindness, could be courteous and cordial to a poor, plain girl. But Bourhope could never overtake Chrissy coming from Dr. Stark's again. He spied and peeped and threw out hints, and hurried or loitered on the way to no purpose. Chrissy took care that people should not notice the fact of her being escorted home in the early morning by Bourhope.

A chance conversation between Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie was overheard one day by Bourhope, when they imagined him deep in *Blackwood*; for it was the days of the "Noctes." Mr. Hunter of Redcraigs, Corrie's father, had not been well, and a message had been sent to that effect to her. But she was philosophic and not unduly alarmed. "Papa makes such a work about himself," she said candidly to Mrs. Spottiswoode. "Very likely he has only taken lobster to supper, or his Jamaica rum has not agreed with him, and he is bilious this morning. I think I will send out a box of colocynth, and a bit of nice tender veal, to put him in good humor again. You know, Agnes, if I were to drive out, I could not get back in time for the evening walk in the meadows. Besides, I was to see Miss Aikin about the change in the running on of my frills. It would overturn all my plans to go; and my head gets so hot, and I look so blowy when my plans are disarranged," Corrie concluded, almost piteously.

"Yes; but, Corrie," hesitated Mrs. Spottiswoode, "you know Dr. Stark is not easy about papa just now. I think I had better go out myself. It is unlucky that Spottiswoode is to have several yeomen, who do business at the bank, at dinner to-day with Bourhope; but I dare say Mary will manage that, as Chrissy will mix the pudding for her. So I will go myself to Redcraigs; all things considered, it would be a pity for you not to be in your best looks —"

Bourhope, at this point, fell into a fit of coughing, and lost the rest of the dialogue; but perhaps his occasional snort of disapprobation was called forth as much by this interlude as by the audacious judgments of the Shepherd and Tickler.

The day unluckily turned out very rainy, and the drill was gone through in a dense white mist which caused every horse to loom large as an elephant, and every rider to look a Gog or Magog. The young ladies, so fond of a change of costume at this time in Priorton, could do no shopping; the walk in the meadows at sunset with the lounging yeomen had to be given up. The green meadows were not inviting, the grass was dripping, the flowers closed and heavy, and the river red and drumly. All was disappointing, for the meadows were beautiful at this season with their summer snow of daisies, — not dead-white snow either, for it was broken by patches of yellow buttercups, crow's-foot, lady's finger and vetch, and by the crimson clover flowers, and the rusty red of sorrel, and the black pert heads of the rib-wort plantain, whose black upon the white of ox-eye daisies has the rich tone of ermine.

Instead of walks there were gatherings round shining tables; and bottles and glasses clinked cheerily in many a parlor. But Mr. Spottiswoode was sober by inclination. The impressiveness of office, which had quite the contrary effect on many provosts of his era, only added to his characteristic caution. The yeomen, too, knew well where hilarity ended and excess began. So there was little fear of excess in Mr. Spottiswoode's house. Mrs. Spottiswoode, a genius in her own line, had a cheerful fire in her drawing-room, and sat by the hearth, with her children tumbling round her, while Corrie, fairer than ever in the blinking fire-light, and Chrissy, brown and merry, sat on either side of her. She invited the farmer laird to enter that charmed ring, which of course he could not help contrasting with the loneliness and comfortlessness of Bourhope. But though he sat next Corrie, a certain coldness crept over the well-arranged party. He caught himself glancing curiously at the book Chrissy Hunter had been almost burning her face reading by the fire-light before he came in. Mrs. Spottiswoode did not much care for reading aloud, but she took the hint in good part, and called on Chrissy to tell what her book was about, and so divert Bourhope, without wholly monopolizing his attention.

Chrissy was rather shy at first. She never told stories freely away from home; but she was now pressed to do it. After a little, however, she put her own sympathetic humor and pathos into the wondrous narrative, till she literally held her listeners spell-bound. And no wonder. Those were the days of Scott's early novels, when they were greatly run after, and the price of a night's reading was high. Chrissy's cousin "Rob" was a bookseller's apprentice, and his master, for the purpose of enabling Robbie to share his enthusiasm, would lend the apprentice an uncut copy. Robbie brought it out to Blackfaulds, and then all would sit up, sick mother among the rest, to hear it read aloud, till far into the small hours.

Who can tell what that cordial of pure healthful intellectual diversion may have been even to the burdened father and sick mother of Blackfaulds, and to Chrissy! The very speaking of it made her clasp her hands over her knee and her gray eyes to shine out like stars — as Bourhope thought to himself.

How suggestively Chrissy discoursed of Glendearg and the widow Elspeth Glendinning, her two lads, and Martin and Tib Tacket, and the gentle lady and Mary Avenel. With what breadth, yet precision, she reproduced pearly Abbot Boniface, devoted Prior Eustace, wild Christie of the Clinthill, buxom Mysie Hopper, exquisite Sir Percy Shafton, and even tried her hand to some purpose on the ethereal White Lady. Perhaps Chrissy enjoyed the reading as much as the great Enchanter did the writing. Like great actors, she had an instinctive consciousness of the effect she produced. Bourhope shouted with laughter when the incorrigible Sir Percy, in the disguise of the dairy-woman, described his routing charge as "the milky mothers of the herd." Corrie actually glanced in affright at the steaming windows and the door ajar, and pinched Chrissy's arm when she repeated, for the last time, the words of the spell: —

"Thrice to the holly brake, —
Thrice to the well; —
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Avenel."

The assembly paid Chrissy the highest compliment an assembly can pay a speaker. They forgot

their schemes, their anxieties, themselves even, to fasten their eyes and hearts on the brown girl, — the book dropping from her hand, but the story written so graphically on her memory. Corrie was the first to recover herself. "O dear!" she cried, "I forgot I was to take down my hair for Miss Lothian to point it at eight o'clock," and hurried out of the room.

Mrs. Spottiswoode roused herself next, and spoke a few words of acknowledgment to Chrissy. "Upon my word, Chrissy, your recital has been quite as good as the play. We are much obliged to you. I am afraid your throat must be sore; but stay, I have some of the theatre oranges here. No, bairns, you are not to have any; it is far too late for you to be up. Dear me; I believe you have been listening to Chrissy's story like the rest of us!" But Mrs. Spottiswoode was not under any apprehension about the success of Chrissy's reading. She proved this by immediately leaving Chrissy *tête-à-tête* with Bourhope while she went to put the children to bed, and see if Mr. Spottiswoode, who was doing a quiet turn of business in his office, would have a game of cards before supper. She had really never heard of a girl being married simply for her tongue's sake! Perhaps she knew the line in the song too, —

"Very few marry for talking,"

and had found its truth in her own experience, for she was a shrewd, observant woman.

Bourhope, it should be understood, was longest subjected to the influence of Chrissy's story-telling power. Indeed, when he did somewhat recover from it, his fancy created fine visions of what it would be to have such a story-teller at the farmhouse during the long, dark nights of winter and the endless days of summer. Bourhope was no ignoramus. He had some acquaintance with "Winter's Tales" and summer pastorals, but his reading was bald and tame to this inspiration. He thought to himself it would really be as good as a company of players purely for his own behoof, without any of the disadvantages. He stammered a little in expressing the debt he owed to Chrissy, and she could only eagerly reply by saying: "Not to me, not to me the praise, Mr. Spottiswoode, but to the Great Unknown. O I would like to know him!"

Bourhope was stimulated to do at once what he was sure to do ultimately, — he presented his hospitable entertainers with a box at the play. No doubt this was a great delight to Chrissy, for it was in the days when actors were respectable artists, and play-going was still universal. Chrissy in her freshness enjoyed the provincials as well as if they had been first-rate performers, took the good and left the bad, and sat quite entranced.

Bourhope, although he was decidedly intellectual for his calling, watched Chrissy rather than the stage. He read the feeling of the moment reflected in her sagacious yet sensitive face. Once he turned round and tried the same experiment with Corrie. He might as well have expected to borrow a living soul from well-moulded stucco or marble. He now realized in a more lively manner than ever that geese may look as fair and white and soft and shapely as swans, till they expose their waddling. He tried in church the process he had learned at the play, and, it must be confessed, not without effect, — Chrissy's expression giving a fair notion of the good Priorton minister's earnestness and eloquence.

But at length Chrissy, aware of the liberty Bourhope took in thus making her his study, got restless

and troubled in her sound head and warm heart. She was no fool in her simplicity. She knew that Bourhope did not in any sense belong to Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie, and she had shrewdly suspected of late that their anticipated projects would not be carried out. She could not help occasionally turning over in her mind the circumstance that Cecilia was very plain, but that depressed Mortimer Delville nevertheless bestowed his heart on her, though the gift like her fortune was disastrous to her for many a long day. Chrissy thought that if Bourhope were independent and original enough to like her — to love her, he was his own master, there was nothing between him and his inclination save her inclination and her father and mother's will. And there was little doubt about their will with respect to a man so worthy, so unexceptionable, and so well endowed as Bourhope.

Nor was there anything like duty to the Spottiswoodes to stand between Bourhope and Chrissy. But still Chrissy's nice sense of honor was disturbed, for had she not a guess that a very different result had been expected? Nay, she had even a half-comical notion that she herself had been expressly selected as a companion to Corrie Hunter during the gayeties of the yeomanry weeks, to prove a sort of harmless foil. A dream of love was a grand shock to Chrissy's quiet life, making wild, yet plaintive music, like all nature's true harmonies, within her; and filling her mind with tremulous light which glorified every object and was fain even to dazzle herself. It was not unnatural that Bourhope should excite such a dream. But Chrissy was not completely dazzled. It was only a dream as yet, and she would be the mistress of her dream; it should not be the mistress of her. So she resolved, showing herself a reasonable, thoughtful, conscientious woman, as well as a loving, fairly proportioned and lovely human spirit.

Chrissy retained all her sober senses. She recollected what was due both to the hero and to the others concerned. She was neither a weak victim, nor a headstrong, arrogant, malicious conqueror. Like all genuine women, she struggled against yielding herself without her due, — without a certainty that there was no irreversible mistake in the matter. She was not a girl to get lovesick at the first bout, nor one to run away at a worthy lover's beckoning, though she would sacrifice much, and do it proudly, joyously, for true affection, when once it had confessed itself. So she shrank from Bourhope, slipped away from him, and managed to avoid him. He was puzzled and vexed and almost exasperated by doubts as to whether she cared for, or wished to accept his notice and regards. Little brown Chrissy taught the bold yeoman a lesson in her own quiet way. She slowly forced upon him the conviction that any gifts or attainments of his — the prosperous, cultivated farmer laird — were as dross compared with the genius and acquirements of Chrissy Hunter, whom many short-sighted men called insignificant and plain amid the poverty and cares of Blackfalds. Bourhope was not radically mercenary; he had no certainty that his superiority in worldly estate would secure the strange good upon which he set his heart, and he was at once stimulated and incensed by her indifference to his advances. So he had no communication with Chrissy, apart from a demure interchange of words in general conversation, for three days before the grand review and the ball, except in a single incident touching the pipe-claying of his belts.

The gentlemen of the old yeomanry who had not servants to do it for them did their own pipe-claying, and might generally be seen doing it very indifferently to the accompaniment of private whistling, or social bawling to each other over adjacent walls, in the back courts and greens of Priorton. Bourhope was one day doing his rather gloomily in the back court, and succeeding very ill, when Chrissy, who saw him from a window, could endure it no longer. Chrissy was not what most intellectual women are described as being,—an abstracted, scared being, with two left hands. The exigency of her situation as eldest daughter at Blackfaulds had rendered her as handy as other girls, and only unlike them in being a great deal more fertile in resource. How could such a woman stand and see Bourhope destroying his accoutrements, and in danger of smearing himself from head to foot with pipe-clay? She therefore came tripping out, and addressed him with some sharpness: "That is not right, Mr. Spottiswoode; you will never whiten your belt in that way; you will only soil the rest of your clothes. I watched the old sergeant doing it next door for Major Christison. Look here,"—and she took the article out of his hands, and proceeded smartly to clean it. Poor Bourhope bowed to her empire, though he would much rather their positions had been reversed; he would rather a thousand times have brushed Chrissy's shoes than that she should clean his belts. She was gone again the moment she had directed him. A portion of his belt was now as white as snow; but nothing would have induced her to stay.

Bourhope was new to the humiliations as well as the triumphs of love, that extreme ordeal through which even tolerably wise and sincere spirits must pass before they can unite in a strictness of union deserving the name. He was not exactly grateful for the good suggestion; indeed, he had a little fight against Chrissy in his own breast just then. He told himself it was all a whim; he did not really care for the girl, one of a large family in embarrassed circumstances. No, it would be absurd to fall in love with a little coffee-colored girl, one of whose shoulders was a fraction of an inch farther out than the other. He was not compelled to marry either Corrie or Chrissy, not he. Pooh! he was not yet half through with his bachelor days. He would look about a little longer, enjoy himself a little more. At the word enjoyment Bourhope stopped short, as if he had caught himself tripping. If Chrissy Hunter was ugly, she was an ugly fairy. She was his fate indeed; he would never see her like again, and he would be a lost and wrecked man without her.

IV.

THE review and the ball were still in store. Bourhope would not be beaten with that double shot in reserve. It would go hard with the brown, curly, independent laird if he were beaten, for already he was shaken more in his pride and confidence than he had ever thought to be.

The review for which all the drilling had been undertaken went off without serious effect on the contesting parties. The only thing was, that Bourhope was so disturbed and so distracted in his mind that he could not attend to orders, and thus lost his character as a yeoman, and all chance of being future fugleman to his corps. And this, although the major had said, when the drills began, that there

was not a finer man or a more promising dragoon in the regiment than Bourhope.

Chrissy's bright, tranquil satisfaction in contemplating from the box of Mrs. Spottiswoode's phaeton the stand of county ladies, with their gorgeousness and grace, was decidedly impaired. The review, with its tramping and halting, its squares and files, its shouting leaders, galloping aides-de-camp, flashing swords, and waving plumes, was certainly very fine. All the rest of Priorton said so and proved so, for they stood or sat for a whole day witnessing it, under a scorching sun, on foot and in every description of vehicle from a corn-cart to a coronetted carriage. Yes, the review was very fine to the mass, but it was but a confused, hollow, agitating play to Chrissy as to Bourhope. Still she lost sight of the grand, general rank and file by concentrating her regard on one little scarlet dot. It was to her a play with its heart awanting, and yet the whirl and movement were welcome for a moment as substitutes for that heart.

The ball remained, and Bourhope was resolute it should settle the question for him. It was the commendable fashion at Priorton that no young lady should refuse to dance with an acquaintance without the excuse of a previous engagement, under the penalty of having to sit during the rest of the night. Bourhope would get Chrissy to himself that night (balls were of some use, after all, he thought), and have an opportunity of hearing a terribly decisive word, and of getting a reason for that word too, should it prove unfavorable. In short, he would storm the fortress and beat down its faltering guard then or never.

Others besides Bourhope had determined on making the ball a theatre of explanations. Mrs. Spottiswoode was not pleased with the aspect of things as between Bourhope and Corrie. Their affair made no advance, and the ball was the conclusion of the yeomanry weeks. The yeomen were already, to all intents and purposes, disbanded, and about to return, like Cincinnatus, to their reaping-hooks. Corrie was evidently not contented. She was listless and a little peevish, unless when in the company of other yeomen than Bourhope, a rare thing with Corrie, who was really a very harmless girl. But she looked elegant in her ball-dress, and had always a train of admirers on such occasions. And then, of course, many men needed the spur of jealousy to induce them to take the bold leap of matrimony.

Chrissy, too, had her own fears and doubts about this ball. Bourhope hitherto had only pursued her, if he had pursued her, in rather a secret manner. She would now see how he would treat her on a public occasion. His conduct would then be marked and conspicuous, and even Mrs. Spottiswoode's and Corrie's eyes would be opened to it. Then, again, he would have an opportunity of contrasting her personally with all the girls about Priorton. Chrissy gazed wistfully into the glass, as she fastened her yellowed scrimp old white frock and sighed. But she did not look so much amiss as she supposed; she was young, slight, and full of subtle character. And with her scarlet coral beads twisted among her dark little turret curls and bows, there was piquancy and attraction in her. But her first purely disinterested and unbounded pleasure in the gayety was grievously checked, and it was to be feared the account she would carry home of her first ball to expectant Blackfaulds would be disappointing.

There were only two chaises in repair in Priorton,

to convey the whole towns-people in rotation to the ball. It was thus unavoidable that some should be very early as well as some very late. Mr. Spottiswoode, as provost, was of course among the first after the Colonel and his lady,—old country people, who stood arm-in-arm, bluff and bland, under the evergreens over the door, and shook hands with everybody, great and small,—a family of pretty girls, meanwhile, laughing behind them.

Mrs. Spottiswoode wore a splendid bunch of white feathers tipped with straw color in her blue gauze turban. Even Chrissy's dazed eyes noticed that, as well as the white ribbon in Provost Spottiswoode's bottle-green coat, which pointed him out an honorary steward. But how handsome brown curly Bourhope looked in his red coat!

A strange thought came over Chrissy. She did not wish Corrie, in her white crape and French ribbons, and so tall and straight and fair, to be blighted in her beauty. No, not for a moment. But Chrissy was cruel enough to cherish a passing wish that, by some instantaneous transformation, Bourhope might be pitted with small-pox, or scarred with gunpowder, or have premature age brought upon him as with the wave of a wand,—the soul within being left unchanged, however.

Mrs. Spottiswoode, unlike Chrissy, was quite alive to the practical. She remarked everything with keen eyes, and determined now to be at the bottom of the business. She should either go in and win triumphantly, or take a sudden tack and sail away with flying colors, as if she had never entertained the most distant intention of coming to close quarters, and thus give the impression that she never had any intention of promoting a match between Bourhope and Corrie.

Mrs. Spottiswoode thought Bourhope looked as if he were going to do something desperate. His first blunder had been to hand, or rather lift, Chrissy into the chaise, instead of Corrie, at starting from their own door. He repeated the unaccountable blunder at the County Rooms, which compelled him to take Chrissy into the ball-room; and while Chrissy was still gazing in bewilderment and admiration at the evergreens, and chalked floors, and laughing couples, Mrs. Spottiswoode could scarcely believe her ears when she distinctly heard Bourhope ask Chrissy's hand for the first dance, saying that he would have engaged it before if he had got the opportunity.

Now Mrs. Spottiswoode had no doubt that Bourhope would solicit her sister Corrie for this dance, and therefore she had peremptorily forbidden Corrie to engage herself in any other quarter, even when Corrie had demurred at the certainty of the arrangement. It was very odd of Bourhope, unless he thought Chrissy would have no chance of any other partner and wanted to spare a plain little girl's mortification at the very commencement of the evening. "That must be it," Mrs. Spottiswoode said to herself, and was consoled by Corrie's hand being immediately requested for the Colonel's nephew.

The Colonel's wife opened the ball with the most popular and oldest private for partner, and of course Chrissy and Bourhope stood below Corrie and the Colonel's nephew. But Bourhope and Chrissy did not mind Corrie's precedence, and were talking to each other quite intimately. Bourhope was forgetting the figure and bending across to Chrissy, though he was saying nothing particular and speaking out quite loud. But he looked engrossed and excited. If it had been any other girl than Chrissy, Mrs. Spot-

tiswoode would have called it a flirtation, and more than a flirtation. Chrissy looked well in her shabby dress, almost pretty indeed in the new atmosphere. Mrs. Spottiswoode was aggrieved, disgusted in the first instance, but she would not just yet believe such an incredible contradiction to her well-laid scheme. Match-making involves many parties, there are such numerous wheels within wheels of calculation and resource. She glanced at Corrie, who was dancing very complacently with the Colonel's nephew, and exchanging passing words with yeomen who tried to get speech with her. In her white crape and teeth as white, and her dimples, she was safe, heart-whole and prosperous, a beauty who might pick and choose a suitable husband, even though infatuated Bourhope should throw himself away.

Mrs. Spottiswoode gave a sigh of relief. Failure now would only be comparative.

The dance being over, Bourhope sat down beside Chrissy. No, she turned her head the other way, and he rose up and strolled through the room. But he was soon back in his old place.

He wanted to dance with Chrissy again. She hesitated, grew nervous, and cast her eyes on Mrs. Spottiswoode. He went straight across to their hostess, and said, "Mrs. Spottiswoode, you have no objection that I dance this dance again with Miss Chrissy Hunter?"

"None in the world, Bourhope," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, with a spasmodic smile; "why should I?"

"Why, indeed," he returned, "or every dance? May I tell her so?"

"That is as she and you may agree. You are aware that would appear something serious," she said, trying to laugh.

"I will take the consequences," he significantly assured her, and went back and told Chrissy so; and then he drove her to her inmost citadel, and beat her there.

Other eyes than Mrs. Spottiswoode's were attracted to the pair. Half a dozen matrons' heads went wagging significantly; girls whispered and tittered; gentlemen opened their eyes, shaped their mouths, as if about to whistle, strolled up and took their observations of the preoccupied, unconscious couple quite coolly, and then speculated and gossiped.

Mrs. Spottiswoode read these comments as well as what had gone before, and was ready with her magnanimity. It was this which constituted her a truly able tactician. She shifted her tack before the shout of malicious exultation and ridicule could have been raised at her discomfiture. By a dexterous sleight of hand she shuffled her cards, and altered her suit. In a moment, Mrs. Spottiswoode was winking and nodding with the matrons interested in the news of the night. She arrested a good-humored yeoman, and crossed the room on his arm, to express and receive congratulations. "You have found out the secret? Foolish fellow, Bourhope; he cannot conceal his feelings, though their display is premature. I must scold him for exposing himself and her. Poor dear! She is not accustomed to this sort of thing. But I am so delighted,—so nice, isn't it? Such an excellent marriage for my cousin Chrissy: a good girl, a very clever girl: such a fortunate beginning for the Blackfaulds family. I often say the first marriage makes or mars a family of girls. It is so lucky that I invited Chrissy for the yeomanry weeks this summer. It is a great deal better than if it had been Corrie, because Corrie

can wait," with a careless wave of her hand in the direction in which Corrie moved, deliberately followed by her train. "Corrie has too many admirers to make up her mind speedily, yet she takes it all very quietly. But this is so appropriate, Mr. Spottiswoode's cousin and my cousin, — nobody could have planned it better."

She turned round, and heard a blunt booby of a farmer speaking out his mind. She at once took him up: "You would not have thought it? You cannot comprehend what has come over Bourhope, or what he sees in that thin yellow mite, Miss Hunter of Blackfaulds, even though she were as good as a saint, and as wise as the Queen of Sheba? O, come, Balquin, you do not allow sufficient latitude to goodness and cleverness. I tell you, Bourhope has neither eyes nor ears for anybody but that mite; he counts his colorless daisy far before the gayest painted face. He knows that we are remarking on them now, and he is holding his head as high as if he had sought and won a queen. He is right; she will prove a sensible, cheerful wife to him. Bourhope will have the cleverest, best wife in the county, for all your swaggering. And that is something when a man comes to be old, and has an old wife, like me. Not old! Balquin? away with you. I wish the Provost heard you. Do you think to flatter me because I am in spirits about my cousin's match? No, it is not lost a friend gets, Balquin."

The public of Priorton did not know whether most to admire Mrs. Spottiswoode's diplomacy, or this rare instance of poetic justice.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY.

"Who is the first orator in England?" an egregiously stupid person once asked Lord Brougham. "Lord Derby is the second," was the self-conscious reply. The querist had, no doubt, forgotten the Henry Brougham who (chiefly heard in later days at Social Science Congresses) had once, as the defender of Queen Caroline and the champion of Parliamentary Reform and Negro Emancipation, made all England ring with his fame. Now, however, though Lord Derby certainly does not stand second as an orator even to Lord Brougham, in the general opinion of Englishmen, it is not at all so clear that the leader of the Tories is the first orator in the country. The "Rupert of debate," whose headlong charges in the Commons sometimes threw the Liberal ranks into confusion, suffers in the Lords not only from the influences of time, which has taken from the *timbre* of his once so ringing tones, but has also been gradually allowing some of his most remarkable powers to rust from disuse, partly because the atmosphere of the House of Lords is too cool for his native fire, and partly because he never finds in it a foeman worthy of his steel. To extinguish a pretentious Duke of Argyll by a felicitous anecdote, or to banter an Amiable Lord Granville, whom the most venomous of opponents could scarcely wish to wound, or to tease Lord Russell by such happy epigrams as "meddle and muddle," is only to bring into play some of the minor qualities of that eloquence, limited, perhaps, in its range, but startling and exciting in its power, for which the Lord Stanley of a former day was so distinguished. But it is in the more popular branch of the legislature that the gift of oratory can be exercised with most facility and freedom, as it is there also that it is most frequently called forth. Thither, therefore, must

we live in oftenest stir the heart of the country to its lowest depths, and whose words, faithfully recorded and carried to every corner of their own land and of the world, keep alive in the hearts of our people a traditional pride in their great representative assembly, and make its proceedings an object of unfailing interest and emulous imitation amongst all civilized races of "articulate-speaking men."

Mr. Gladstone possesses the *copia dicendi* in an eminent degree. His wealth of words is marvellous, and the unflinching fluency with which they are poured forth. His ideas are also remarkable for clearness, order, and cohesion, and his general treatment of subjects may justly be called exhaustive. His divisions are sometimes a little too mechanical, and one cannot now hear of the regular "three courses" without a smile. A great element of his power as an orator is his intense subjectivity. He so identifies himself with his subject, he so makes of it, as it were, a cause to be contended for *tantum pro aris et focis*, that the depth of his convictions for the time being gives to his matter a force, and to his manner an earnestness, that never fail to make an impression. But this subjectivity is also a source of weakness when it leads him to propound what seem to him political or economical truths with a dogmatical authority that will not brook correction or dissent. He seems to convey in so defiant a manner his settled and imperturbable assurance that any one who presumes to differ from him must be wrong, and wrong with so hopeless an imbecility in error that further argument would be wasted upon him, that he often fails to convert to his way of thinking men whom a more persuasive and condescending style of reasoning would easily gain over. It is unnecessary to say how successful has been his management of the public resources, or how frequently he has taken a Parliamentary majority almost by storm, and gained from all quarters the support of measures which had previously been regarded by many with disfavor. But, nevertheless, we do not consider his Budget speeches, as a rule, the best of his oratorical efforts; and the "City men" who sit them out, in order to have the first and fullest exposition of his intended policy, generally complain of weariness at the close. They were more satisfied, on the whole, with Sir George Lewis, wretched speaker as he was; but Mr. Goschen, whenever in the fulness of time he becomes Mr. Gladstone's Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be just the man for them. Mr. Gladstone may be called, we think, the Tennyson of finance; for he brings to his public expositions of it not only the powers of his reason, but also the resources of his imagination, and clothes them with a beauty of diction and richness of illustration which men delight to hear. Still it is not the less true that a simpler treatment would generally be more effective, that the subordinate parts of the subject are sometimes developed with too much diffuseness, and that the artist often prevails over the statesman in these elaborate efforts. Mr. Gladstone's delivery is very good. His voice, if not powerful, is clear and judiciously modulated, his enunciation distinct, though natural and unaffected, and his gesture, though sparingly used and not remarkably graceful, easy and appropriate.

Mr. Disraeli has few, if any points of contact, and many of contrast, with his great antagonist. His great defect as an orator is the want of that subjectivity of which Mr. Gladstone has rather too much. That

and absurd to think, and that there are many principles of public policy which he advocates from conviction is very probable. But the appearance of hesitation and effort with which he often speaks gives a disinterested and impartial auditor the impression that his words are not so much the signs of his inward ideas, as attempts, sometimes painful and not quite successful, to give expression to opinions that are struggling for utterance in the minds of others; that he is speaking not exactly what he thinks, but rather what others may like to hear, or he may wish them to believe. We have no doubt, however, that this hesitation is often affected, and we have remarked it at times when it seemed carefully designed to give more effect to keen invective or biting sarcasm. On comparatively rare occasions, when there is some great personal interest in the debate, or when the peculiar characteristics of an opponent have led him upon some happy vein of humor, it is very pleasant to hear him. His manner, so often languid and listless, becomes warm and animated, his face is lit up with a glow of comic enjoyment, his words come out freely and with a brisker emphasis; and the unhappy wight upon whom he is giving for the time, as it were, an anatomical demonstration, wriggles uncomfortably in his seat, and adds, by his evident sensibility under the operation, to the general amusement. Not long ago, the *Times* reminded us of the confusion caused in Lord Aberdeen's cabinet by the sort of moral psoriasis with which Lord Russell became afflicted in consequence of one of Mr. Disraeli's sallies. The incident illustrates what we have just been saying, and is worth recalling. When Lord Aberdeen formed his Coalition Ministry, Lord John of course could not be left out, and yet was not able to make up his mind for the acceptance of any subordinate office. It was arranged, then, that for a time at least he should have a seat in the cabinet without office. But a man of so active a mind, and who was besides the leader of the Lower House, was sure to have a great deal of not merely private correspondence, and, after a while, an office was taken for him in Lancaster Place, near Somerset House. This was an opportunity for Mr. Disraeli, who very soon took occasion to deplore most feelingly in the House the equivocal and incongruous position which a statesman of the noble lord's great eminence and services occupied in the new administration. He really could not imagine what the noble lord's duties were. He had heard of an office being taken for him in Lancaster Place. Perhaps the noble lord had been appointed toll-keeper of Waterloo Bridge. The House was convulsed with merriment; but Lord John took the matter so seriously that a new distribution of government offices had to be made at once, with great indifference to the convenience of the parties displaced, and the Presidency of the Council was the salve with which the wounded dignity of the Great Unemployed was healed.

In the same high rank with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, as a public speaker, Mr. Bright has undoubtedly a right to be placed. He does not speak nearly so often in Parliament as either, but his style of oratory, either there or at public meetings, abstracted from the subject-matter of his speeches, is as worthy of admiration and imitation as almost any model in our language. As distinguished from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright's best efforts have more of Demosthenic power and concentration than of Ciceronian copiousness and finish. His English is pure, terse, nervous, and masculine, clothing earnest thoughts

in vigorous and telling words. He does not always or often carry the House with him, because he too frequently shocks the strongest prejudices and most deeply-rooted convictions of the majority; but if his hearers could divest themselves of personal antipathies, they would be forced to own that no one among them better deserves the palm of eloquence. Separating the three great men we have named into a class of themselves, there are perhaps a dozen members, such as Sir Roundell Palmer, Sir Hugh Cairns, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Whiteside, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Lowe, and others, whom we would place in the second rank. Lord Stanley, though a first-class statesman, can scarcely be considered an orator at all, not merely from his physical defects (which we may observe in passing he would better overcome by cultivating the lower notes of his voice), but also from the too philosophical and didactic tone of his speeches. After all these there comes "a mob of gentlemen who speak with ease," but our subject does not, for the present, admit of further illustrations.

SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED.

EVERYBODY said that Mr. and Mrs. Langworth, in marrying each other, had done the most foolish of all the foolish things which fate had put within their power. Their united ages were little over forty, and their united incomes nothing over four hundred; and everybody said that they might have been rich asunder, had they not been so anxious to be happy together. He, a gentleman in the civil service, might have married into a family who could have made his promotion rapid and easy; she, a decided beauty, might have won a husband who could have lodged her in Belgravia.

Everybody said that they would be ruined. But they lived on; by no means rich, but not entirely poor. As years went by, Mr. Langworth's position and income improved; though their upward progress was very, very slow. Little legacies, too, came in from several quarters; and friends, who had frowned coldly, waxed warm and cordial again. For the world, at least in this one point, copies the example of Heaven, in its preference for helping those who help themselves.

The Langworths had been married over twenty years, when, lo and behold! a great-aunt of Mr. Langworth's, who had railed against his marriage more bitterly than any one else, left him (at her death) a fortune little under fifty thousand pounds.

Of course it brought them much joy; but also some anxiety. For one thing: should they live in town, as hitherto? or, as they had very often said they *would* do, in the improbable event of their becoming rich, retire into the country? Much was to be said on either side. They had grown accustomed to London, and in London were their most cherished friends. And Mr. Langworth's official income, now five hundred a year, was worth keeping, even with their newly-acquired wealth. On the other hand, the young people (there were four or five, I forget which) were all anxious for the country; and in the country the parents had passed their early days. Knowing how many retired rich men have rued the day when they quitted London and its toils, Mr. Langworth determined on giving the country a fair trial, still leaving open the chance of returning to his occupation in town. He obtained three months' leave of absence from his office.

From his narrow means he had hitherto had few holidays, and had much claim to indulgence.

Then he set about inquiring for a remote country house, in which, with his family, he might pass the vacant time, and put to the test the (possibly) exaggerated attractions of a rural life.

The solicitor whom he consulted said he supposed Mr. Langworth would wish the house he took to be within easy distance of the metropolis.

"No, not by any means," said the client. "Observe!—I want—we all want—to give the country a *fair trial*. To do that, we had better take a rather out-of-the-way place: seven miles from a market-town would be just as well."

"Are you particular about rent?"

"Why—yes—I am. People have been ruined, ere now, by inheriting a fortune, and got to fancy that they had Aladdin's lamp! That, I am resolved, shall never be *our* case. I want—not a *mansion*, but such a house as, if we do decide for the country, we shall buy or build for ourselves."

"Well, I *do* know of a house, in which you might live for three months, and longer, I dare say, if you choose, for nothing."

"Hem! How much is '*nothing*'?"

"I mean, literally, *nothing*. When I tell you the name of the house you'll not think it quite so surprising. It's *Garrow Hall*."

"What! the Garrow Hall?"

"The same, and no other. Ever since the murder no one has lived there. It belongs to the sister of the former owner, and the supposed murderer. You remember the case, of course? Many people would have paid a hundred a year for it; for it's a very good house, in a very pretty country, and *not* seven miles from a town; but there's no getting servants to live there. And poor Miss Durham would be only too grateful to any one who, by living there for a time, would dissipate all the superstition attaching to it. You can't wonder that she does n't like to live in it herself. All the village people say it's haunted; and have, of course, twenty thousand stories of what has been seen and heard about it at night,—and such stuff. You, of course, could bring your servants from London. You'll find the house in very good order; for, with such prejudices against it, of course it was necessary to give it the benefit of all possible attractions. But even the old people who take care of it in the daytime would n't stay during the night; not, I do believe, if by so doing they might make it their own."

After a little more talk, Mr. Langworth agreed that application should be made for a three months' tenancy of the house. Not to lose time, he would himself travel down at once into Somersetshire (Garrow Hall was in that county), and arrange for the reception of his family.

"You'll find a comfortable bedroom all ready, I know," said the lawyer. "The only hardship is having to sleep in the house alone; but you're not nervous, I am aware. Only, my dear sir, be sure and get there a few hours before dark; for should it be night when you get there, why, you might offer all your aunt's money to induce somebody to go to the Hall with you, and I don't think you'd get any one to do it. I don't, upon my word and honor, I *don't*."

Garrow Hall was known by name to many Englishmen who had never so much as heard the names of Windsor Castle or St. James's Palace. The horrible tragedy which had given it such a reputation was, at that time, fresh in the memory of every

one. But even crimes are forgotten at last; for those who read the singular adventures shortly recorded, it may be needful to recal events which had given Garrow its dark and its celebrity.

Some three or four years before Mr. Langworth's accession to fortune, Garrow Hall had been tenanted, as well as owned, by a Mr. Nicholas Durham, brother of the lady mentioned above. Attached to the house was an estate, yielding some sixteen hundred a year, which came to Mr. Durham through his mother, the heiress of the Garrow family, a family of great antiquity, but no longer so wealthy or so important as they had been. Nicholas and his sister had been born in India, in which country their mother had also been married well. Fortunately, as then thought, he possessed an estate independent of his father, who was generally believed to be, if not wholly, dependant on him for a maintenance.

At the date of his marriage he was just nine years of age. His maternal grandfather, who had in great measure brought him up, from whom he inherited Garrow, had died a year or two before. His sister Emily, left a small annuity, lived mostly with her father on the Continent.

Nicholas and his wife had been united some seven months, and as far as was afterward ascertained by strictest inquiry, had lived on affectionate terms. It wanted a week to Christmas day. A party of friends were to keep Christmas at Garrow, but as yet the husband and wife were alone. On the fatal day, the 18th of December, Mr. Durham dined with his wife at six o'clock their ordinary hour, and behaved as usual at dinner.

When without company, it was their habit to occupy the dining-room for the whole evening; they did so on this occasion.

These, and other particulars, to which the event imparted a fearful interest, were all given in evidence by the servant who waited on the table.

The same servant deposed, that by his negligence, the hour was half past seven when he summoned him to the front door.

He opened it to admit a tall gentleman, black whiskers and moustaches, and whose age all appearance, was between forty and fifty. The gentleman asked to see Mr. Durham, and about to put a card into his hand (so he thought when his master came out from the dining-room). The man thought Mr. Durham's face expressed some annoyance at the visit; he, however, invited the stranger to enter the library, which he did both together. About ten minutes later—a pantry in which he was at work was close to the hall—he heard his master cross back from the library to the dining-room, and return, accompanied by his wife, to the former apartment.

He thought it could not be more than five minutes after that ere the bell summoned him into the library. He answered it at once, but found his master and mistress, with the stranger, already in the hall. That there was some dispute going on between Mr. Durham and his wife he was clear to him. To all appearance, her husband was trying to persuade Mrs. Durham to something which she firmly, almost angrily, refused. As the wife entered the hall he heard her say, "I owe the matter to another, and I will not consent to it," or v

to that effect. Then she took a candle from the hall table, lighted it, and went up stairs. Mr. Durham turned to his servant, and said, "I rang for you to show this gentleman out; but I'll see him out myself; you can go."

Witness went back to his pantry, while his master and the stranger, conversing in whispers, moved towards the hall door. Witness also fancied he caught the words uttered by the stranger, in what seemed a taunting tone, "Your wife stands in the way!" and then Mr. Durham said, "Hush! go away now, and we will make it right yet!" Witness then heard the front door close,—not more than a minute later,—heard his master push open the swinging baize door that separated the hall from the vestibule, and rapidly ascend the stairs just as the bell rang for the servants' supper.

Witness heard his mistress address her husband on the landing above. She asked, "Is he gone?" Mr. Durham answered, "Yes, but I want to speak to you." Witness did not remain to listen, but went at once to supper in the kitchen. About five minutes later, he and his fellow-servants were startled by the report of a pistol fired (as it appeared) in the hall. Before they could as much as exchange a word, another report succeeded to the first. The dreadful confusion and alarm rendered witness utterly unconscious how many seconds might have elapsed, but at the second report he hurried out of the kitchen into the hall. He found his master and mistress lying,—the former half-way down the lowest flight of stairs, the latter at the foot of the staircase. Mrs. Durham was already dead; her husband mortally wounded, but still alive.

It appeared as if he had first shot his wife, and then himself.

He survived until early the following morning,—remaining to the last unable or unwilling to explain his motive for the frightful deed. So conclusive seemed the evidence against him, that none save the sister, who succeeded to his estate, felt any doubt as to his guilt. The fact that the door had closed upon the unknown visitor (who could not possibly reopen it from the outside) before the murder was done seemed entirely to exculpate him; though it did appear as if his visit had somehow caused the unaccountable frenzy which must have inspired the wretched murderer.

All search after the stranger (for diligent inquiry was made) proved fruitless. No one in Stillbury, the nearest town, nor anywhere else in the neighborhood, could testify to having seen any one answering to the man-servant's description of him. The most plausible and popular conjecture was, that his visit had brought to Mrs. Durham's ear some bygone fault or folly of her husband's, which she could not be persuaded to view with forbearance; and that anger at her firmness, and dread of disgrace, had prompted Nicholas to the fearful revenge against her, and subsequent outrage on himself. Of course, every possible conjecture was exhausted.

Was there ground for believing the murderer insane?

As far as could be gathered, none.

The closest scrutiny into his earlier days revealed nothing eccentric, nothing which was other than fair, and creditable, and of good report. His father, who was still living, and who passed most of his time at Baden, had never borne a very good name; but neither in youth nor in manhood had he been much in company with his father. And the mystery—if

any mystery there were—obstinately refused to be dispelled.

Miss Durham, from a sense as much of duty as of inclination, intended one day to assume the position which, by her brother's terrible fate (self-inflicted or not), had devolved upon herself. At present the thought of living at Garrow was too painful for her. It would make it far less repulsive could she give it an interval of peaceful occupation, and not feel, when she came, that the very last act performed in it had been the most terrible of crimes. She was for the present in Germany, in company (as was supposed) with her father.

Mindful of the lawyer's warning, Mr. Langworth arrived long ere the sun descended, and saw everything comfortably arranged ere the old couple who "minded the house" by day retired, driven by superstitious fear to a cottage just outside the gates. He might have urged the sun to stay above the horizon an hour beyond his setting-time with as much chance of success as have asked his attendants to remain during the hours of darkness.

And long ere the latest glimmer of twilight they had gone shuddering away, promising to reappear with the morning.

He sat up till about midnight, alternately reading in the library and taking a walking tour of the house. Perhaps he felt that the prejudice against living in a house of crime was not quite a folly, after all.

If a visit to the scene of great and good deeds be thought to have an ennobling influence, may it not be rightly believed that to live amidst evil associations is likely to breed thoughts of evil? So he moralized, as he peered about the spot on which the horrible deed had been committed. An observant eye could even see where the staircase wood had been planed away to efface the stain, which (if one victim were as innocent as the other) still cried for vengeance to Heaven! He went back into the library, intending at once to retire for the night; and had taken the candle in his hand in order to go up stairs, when his ear met the sound as of some one's hand engaged at the window,—a window which led into the garden. Perfectly free from superstition, he imagined that some marauder, perhaps not without companions, might have presumed on the supposed abandonment of the house, and have come to see whether the half-furnished hall would not afford some prize for the skilful and industrious. Mr. Langworth waited in silence. The fire was low in the grate,—all but burnt out,—and his candle so placed that none of its rays fell upon the chinks of the shutter. He had pistols with him, and felt glad enough at having taken this precaution; for the robber (or robbers) might trust to their allies, the ghosts, to scare all assistance away that the village could furnish him. Our friend was on the point of asking who was there (for a hand outside continued fumbling with the window), when something,—though he could not analyze the thought, he felt its force,—something suggested to him, "Keep quiet, and see what will happen!" Extinguishing his candle, he crept near the library door. His pistols were already in his pockets. He noiselessly opened the door which led into the hall, in case he should be forced to retreat out of the room. With as little noise he placed himself on his knees behind an arm-chair. He might thus hope to observe any one who entered by the window, without being himself observed by him.

All this while the person outside, unconscious or defiant of his presence within, continued his attempt on the window.

That no sound like a whisper met his ear was, to Mr. Langworth, a strong evidence that the intruder was alone. And the little care he took to perform his work silently—presently breaking a pane of glass, and scattering its fragments on the gravel—seemed to show that he believed the house to be yet untenanted. He did the work very quickly, not caring to do it quietly. And, in not many minutes, the bold burglar entered the room: No one was with him. He carried a "bull's-eye" lantern; and, when first its light fell on his face and figure, it displayed a tall man with more youth in his figure than in his countenance.

It was difficult impartially to observe a stranger thus coming under his notice; and it might be from unavoidable prejudice that Mr. Langworth imagined he had never seen a countenance so suggestive of every evil and hateful passion as the one now before him. Yet something in his mien, not to speak of his dress, marked him as differing greatly from the common herd of the enemies to society.

He turned his lantern this way and that, until its rays fell on a large, old-fashioned escritoire, which stood at no great distance from the window. He moved towards it with a satisfied expression. "I shall find it *here*, I'm confident," he said, quite loud enough for the unsuspected spy to distinguish his words.

But *what* he was looking to find? He began to attack the drawers of the escritoire, probably with the same weapon which had served him with the window. Mr. Langworth was conscious that it was now time for him to interfere. Yet curiosity kept him quiet. The man prised open drawer after drawer; rummaged in every one of them, and (from his mutterings of disappointment) apparently without finding what he was seeking for.

"I must find it!" and he cursed and gnashed his teeth; "at all events, I must have it destroyed! I'll run no risk! If I don't get hold of it I'll set fire to this house, and then it's twenty thousand to one but that *this* thing will be burnt along with it. If the people who are coming here should get hold of it—Stay there's another drawer left."

And he was proceeding in his search, when Mr. Langworth burst out of his concealment. Before he could lay hold of him he had retreated through the open window. It was a dark night, and a thick shrubbery lay near at hand. The few moments' start he had got soon enabled him to set all pursuit at defiance.

Mr. Langworth reclosed the window and the shutter; and having taken this precaution against the stranger's return, examined the one drawer which the latter had left untouched. It contained a small folded paper. Mr. Langworth will scarcely be blamed if he never asked himself whether he were justified in perusing it. Connecting the strange incident of the night with the awful crime perpetrated so long before, he could not but think that he was on the eve of a discovery which might avenge the innocent, and bring tardy retribution on the guilty.

Outside the paper was written, "Concerning the Eighteenth of December, 18—." (The well-remembered date of the Garrow murder.)

But when he unfolded it, the paper, while confirming his belief in its importance, gave no promise whatever of solving the mystery,—at all events,

to him. All but the signature was written in cipher.

Thus the characters ran:—

"Lx nm vzr hmnbdms ne sgd ltqcdq ne ghr vhed; ghr eesgdq vgn vqhsdr aghr vzr sgd fthkx nmd.

"FREDERICK DURHAM."

Well acquainted—as who was not at that time?—with all particulars respecting the Durham family, Mr. Langworth knew that the name appended to the cipher was that of the father of the supposed suicide and murderer. Not thinking it wise to increase the horror with which the house already inspired them, he left the old couple, who returned in the morning,—to believe that the breaking of the window was his own doing, and told them not a word about his night's adventure. The day's post, coming in about an hour before noon, brought him a brief note from the lawyer. It ran thus:—

"Lincoln's Inn Fields, 21st April, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I regret to say that since our last interview I have received a letter from Miss Durham, in which she announces a change of intention as to Garrow Hall. Having ceased (she does not enter into her reasons for so doing) to live with her father, she writes to say that she will no longer delay taking possession of the house which devolved upon her by the melancholy and awful death of her brother. She will, I am sure, be ready to compensate you for any trouble or expense her sudden change of purpose may occasion you.

"When this reaches you, I shall probably have heard of her arrival in town. Perhaps you will at once communicate to me what you would wish to propose in the matter.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN ELDON SHUTTLECOCK."

Mr. Langworth at once returned to town, first communicating his nocturnal adventure to the local authorities; but keeping in his own hands the paper which, most probably, was the one so fiercely sought by the midnight intruder. That paper he felt he could not be wrong in handing over to Mr. Shuttlecock, to be by him transmitted to Miss Durham, in whose house it had been discovered. He received in return a message from Miss Durham, thanking him for the course he had taken, and assuring him that he had done her a far greater service than he yet imagined.

Then, reverting to his plan of seeking a retreat in the country, he very quickly found a house to suit his purpose. It had not the advantage of being let for nothing. Neither had it the drawback of attracting unbidden callers, whether ghostly or in the body. The Langworth family were in full enjoyment of the beautiful summer weather, and their three months' probation of the country was drawing to an end, when one July day Mr. Langworth received from Garrow Hall a letter which forever dissipated the mystery which had hung so long over that ill-fated house.

Miss Durham was herself the writer. She told him that the actual murderer of her innocent brother and his wife was none other than his and her father, whose own death had now removed him out of all fear of man's judgment. Dissatisfied that his son, in deference to his wife's desire, should refuse him a home at Garrow, though his dissolute life fully justified an expectant mother in declining such an intimacy for her future children, the wretched man, one of whose follies was to ape youth in his appearance, had gone on the fatal evening to overcome, by

persuasion, the objections of his daughter-in-law. He had gone secretly, fearing lest he might not be so much as admitted if his coming were expected.

The knowledge that what his son refused his daughter would freely give him must have prompted him (furnished with arms as he was) to the double murder. When supposed to have quitted the house, he had, in fact, while the door was already open to give him egress, persuaded his son to make one effort more to soften his wife in his supposed absence. His passion for assuming a youthful look greatly served him at a time when to have been tracked through the neighborhood of Garrow would have been so perilous to him. When he returned to his daughter at Baden, she, while persuaded of her brother's innocence, had not the faintest suspicion of her father; not knowing that he had ever been farther than London. Her first inkling of it was brought to her mind by certain dreadful expressions, which escaped him as he slept (which he frequently did), while they sat together in the evening. And then the horrid idea received confirmation from a number of circumstances, great and small.

That he would be slow to injure *her* she was very well assured, for towards her he was not without a certain selfish affection; besides, her death would deprive him of all possible benefit from the Garrow property. She offered to settle on him an annuity, independently of her own control, if on his side he would write and let her deposit at Garrow Hall a confession of his own guilt and his son's complete innocence. He won her consent to his writing it in such a manner as not to be at once apparent to every casual reader.

She contrived to have it placed in the library, as we have seen already. Then she separated herself from her father, who, dreading a discovery, and persuaded that she would never bring him herself to justice, and knowing that his annuity was secure, hastened over to England, before she could arrive, to recover and destroy the paper which might yet bear witness against him.

This was in April. In the end of June he actually died. The cipher (Miss Durham now explained) consisted in substituting for every letter the letter immediately preceding it in the alphabet.

Miss Durham lives still at Garrow. That she will ever take a husband I do not think very probable; though her wise benevolence and gentle virtues have done very much to chase away the awful associations which attach to her home and kindred.

The Langworths flourish still, in a house which, as long as they inhabit it, will, I am very confident, on no account be ever "supposed to be haunted."

THYRSIS.

A MONODY, TO COMMEMORATE THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND,

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH,

*Who died at Florence, 1861.**

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
The village-street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney stacks.
Are ye too changed, ye hills?

* Throughout this Poem there is reference to another piece, *The Scholar-Gypsy*, printed in the first volume of the author's Poems.

See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men

To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
Here came I often, often, in old days;
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farms,
Up past the wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
The Signal-Elm, that looks on Ilalee Downs,
The Vale, the three lone wears, the youthful
Thames?—

This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air; leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on cope and briars;
And that sweet City with her dreaming spires
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night.
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
Once passed I blindfold here, at any hour,
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Scholar-Gypsy, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
But once I knew each field, each flower, each
stick,

And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assayed.

Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday.
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy
heart

Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irked him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lowered on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and filled his
head.

He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vexed garden-
trees,

Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with its homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;

Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not! light comes, he is gone!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed,—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquered thee.

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And unbend Pluto's brow,
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
Are flowers, first opened on Sicilian air;
And flute his friend, like Ospheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace,
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
Each rose with blushing face;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirred;
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topped hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields;
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—
But many a dingle on the loved hillside,
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossomed
trees,
Where thick the cowslips grew, and, far desied,
'High towered the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time;
Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's
team,
And only in the hidden brookside gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who, by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoored our skiff, when, through the Wytham
flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among,
And darting swallows, and light water-gnats,
We tracked the shy Thames shore?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythes to see us pass?
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.

Yes, thou art gone, and round me too the Night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with
gray;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring
again.

And long the way appears, which seemed so short
To the unpractised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare.
Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-battered world uplifts its wall;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil
grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And Night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet. Look! adown the dusk hillside
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride.
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they
come.

Quick! let me fly, and cross
Into yon further field. 'Tis done; and see,
Backed by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scattered farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the Signal-Tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail!
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale,
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale.)

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing Tree, are not for him.
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see!)
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old.
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain,
In the hot corn-field of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityreses song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth
sing;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes;
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he
sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here,
Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair.

Despair I will not, while I yet descry
Neath the soft canopy of English air
That lonely Tree against the western sky.

Still, still these slopes, 't is clear,
Our Gypsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where the sheep from cages pull the
hay,

Woods with anemones in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.

This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honor, and a flattering crew;
'T is not in the world's market bought and sold.

But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired.

Out of the heed of mortals is he gone,
He wends unfollowed, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyriss, on this quest wert bound,
Thou wanderdest with me for a little hour.

Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,
If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude Cumner ground,

Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime;
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which tasked thy pipe too sore, and tired thy
throat —

It failed, and thou wert mute.
Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyriss, in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
Then through the great town's harsh, heart-weary-
ing roar,

Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear:
Why faintest thou? I wandered till I died.
Roam on; the light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the
hill,

Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

[No. 11.]

MY EXPERIENCE IN A GREEK QUARANTINE.

HAVING occasion during the past summer to go from one of the Turkish islands of the Mediterranean over to European terra-firma, I was obliged to go to Syra, the entrepôt of the Levant, to take passage in the Austrian Lloyd's steamer; but as the cholera panic and the restrictions laid on the steamers from all Turkish ports had virtually stopped regular communication with Greek ports, I was obliged to borrow the yacht of an English friend who happened to be visiting us at the time. Our island had had no case of cholera, and indeed had never been visited by it; its general healthfulness was all that could be desired by the most exacting board of health, and as, moreover, we were fortified with English, Turkish, and Greek bills of health, I anticipated at the worst a detention of four or five days previous to being permitted to land.

We had a charming run of thirty odd hours, with just wind enough to make a landsman love the sea, and sighting Syra in the morning, stood directly in for the port. Half a mile off the mole-head we met a man-of-war's boat, the Greek blue and white stripes flying out from the stern, and received a most peremptory warning to go no nearer, fearfully shouted from a safe distance; and on learning that we were from a Turkish port, the officer ordered us off to Delos for eleven days' quarantine, declining even to look at our bill of health, or hear any protest or explanations.

Those who have been at Syra may remember to the west of that port, and about ten miles away, a low, bare, and rocky island, which few people ever visit, and on which only two or three herdsmen live. On closer inspection one finds that what seemed to be one is really two islands, the larger called sometimes Rhénée, and sometimes the greater Delos, the smaller the true Delos, site of the famous temple of Apollo. In a bay on the southeastern side of the former, the Sylph (I am sufficiently inexact in details, as I have occasionally to pass through Syra and don't care to have my identity discovered) cast anchor, and the so-called lazaretto being only an insignificant collection of huts, built of rough boards, I elected to perform quarantine on board, even at the cost of detaining the Sylph longer than her owner had calculated. In fact the bare, dry, even burnt look of the island, without a shrub, a spring, or a living thing on it except a few guardians and some reckless passengers of an English steamer which had preceded us by a few days, gave small

hope of being able to pass eleven days of idleness enduringly, in the heat of midsummer, where the sun is as fervent as on the south side of a Greek island. The steamer was from Alexandria, with over two hundred passengers on board, mostly Syrians and other Greeks, flying from the cholera, then in the beginning of its fury at that city; therefore they were most naturally put into quarantine. Their term was fourteen days, I believe, of which nearly a week had passed without any symptoms of sickness of any kind. We were near enough to hail across to her on still days and hear the complaints of the captain roared at sympathetic ears in good broad English, and witness by eye and ear the facts I am about to narrate, which I challenge the most patriotic and mendacious inhabitant of Syra to contradict.

The captain of the steamer having, like myself, only calculated on a few days' observation, had provided himself with sufficient stores for the time for his few cabin passengers, the great bulk of those on board being deck passengers, who provide themselves with food for the voyage. These had been exhausted soon after their arrival at quarantine; and the captain, praying in vain for supplies from the authorities of Syra, began to furnish his ship's supplies; for it was impossible, as he said, to see the poor people starve. But these supplies, abundant for his proper ends, would go but a little way in feeding that hungry multitude, and were threatened with exhaustion before the towns-people should awaken their Christianity from its sleep of, I imagine, about seventeen centuries. The captain appealed in vain to them to save their countrymen from starvation. They were not bound, they said, to provide food for people because they found them in quarantine. So the captain gave out all his stores, little by little, and shouted across to me to know if I had any to spare. The Sylph carried a crew of twelve men, and we naturally had two or three barrels of hard bread and salt beef stowed away for emergencies; and though what we could give them, with proper regard to our own needs, could be little more than a few hours' respite from starvation, it was impossible to withhold it.

The captain was an incarnate protest, a deck-walking imprecation on the miserly authorities of Syra. The people in his ship were not his own countrymen, but Greeks; he was under no obligation to provide a mouthful for one of them; they had no money to buy, and he had no authority to buy for them except from his own funds, — to have done which he must have been a Roman prince or an English banker. So he wrote, and begged, and

protested. He wrote to the English consul, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Lloyd stormed at the nomarch and demarch by turns in vain. The Syriotes would not send, and the consul could not, — save a little for the captain and crew; and provisions were not only not supplied by the board of health, but permission to carry them off was denied those who would have taken them, — so great was the panic at the idea of communication with the ship. Mr. Lloyd succeeded now and then in sending a small supply by the *guarda-costa*, and they bought now and then a kid of the herdsmen on the "clean" part of the island, at exorbitant rates. But they, too, finally refused to communicate; and then the captain wrote to the consul, — I saw the letter afterwards, — "For three days my men have had no bread, and two of them have gone raving mad." Amongst the cabin passengers was a Frenchwoman, pregnant and near her confinement; for her the captain begged for a doctor or nurse in vain, — none would venture; and when the time was come the poor mother had only the kindly care of the captain and her fellow-passengers, among whom was no woman or person competent to care for her. Fortunately, she passed through her trial safely.

In the mean while Mr. Lloyd kept up his protests and remonstrances to people and government; protested against the inhumanity and the illegality of the whole thing; begged for relief to deaf ears. "Better," they said, "that a few should suffer, than that forty thousand should incur the peril of cholera. To allow people to carry provisions to the island was to run danger of communication with contagion." The only reply of any significance that Mr. Lloyd got was a threat of burning his house over his head if he persisted in attempting to bring cholera into Syra.

We, knowing nothing of this little turmoil, lay quietly under the intense sun waiting the lapse of time. The Greeks on the steamer might starve, but we were perhaps thankful that they were only Greeks; we should wear through well enough, and then be free. Mr. Lloyd finally wrote to Athens; the government at Athens ordered an examination; and then the demos, under compulsion, voted meagre supplies to their famished countrymen.

But our fates were merciless. A few days, very few, before the steamer's time had expired, a ship arrived from Alexandria which actually had the cholera on board! Twenty or more had died and were thrown overboard on the voyage, as we afterwards learned, and several more were sick. As she came into the quarantine anchoring-ground and cast anchor, she dragged some distance, and seemed in a fair way to drift against the armed cutter which was doing duty as *guarda-costa* and *capo-guardiano*. The brave fellow — I hope he was n't a sailor — ran out his guns, and prepared to sink the ship and all on board, lest she should come into contact with him. That scene is one I shall never forget and hardly ever forgive: the huddled passengers driven on deck by the pestilence and heat, and doubtless already in a frenzy of fear from the perils within, found themselves met on the threshold of deliverance from their awful fellow-voyager by the open mouths of Greek carronades. Women shrieked and men howled with fright; all prayed, supplicating the gods and the captain; the *guarda-costa* people were in a worse panic, if possible, — shouted orders and counter-orders, ran out a gun and ran it in again, threatened, prayed, and cursed, as though doom was on them. This horror of the cholera seemed to

have become a madness in the Greek mind. Our sailors gave the wretches the benefit of much good and strong English, which I fear was sadly wasted, and would have been equally so had it been equally good Greek; but I noticed that our *guardiano* was stricken with fear at the bare idea of the vicinity of the infected ship. What the extent of the contagion was we knew not of course; but the hurrying and trepidation of the people on board, and in the boat which came alongside, made it evident that something unusual was going on. The boat lay far off, and the officers shouted very loudly; and we heard afterwards from the quarantine-boat that there were four or five dead of cholera on board, whom they wanted to send on shore to be buried, but this was refused as dangerous! then to be permitted to sink them in the sea, this was still less to be allowed. They begged for a doctor, — no one would go; *guardiani* even would not go on board for any compensation, and they rowed away, leaving her to her fate. We shortly after received an intimation that by reason of this new arrival, all ships in quarantine at that time must stay fourteen days more!

My own wrath at Greek inhumanity had been already so largely excited that I could get no angrier at this new tyranny; in fact, I thought more of the steamer and its already half-starved, and even in some cases dying, people than of myself; and if I had had the pestilence in the hollow of my hand, I should, I fear, have visited Syra as Egypt never was visited. But the most appalling thought was of that luckless ship with Death holding revel on her, and the living bound to the dead.

Here was the ship of the ancient mariner, in sooth, — anchored only, but with anchors almost useless on that tranquil sea, the fiery sun above, and the glassy water below, and nothing to break that awful monotony but the merciless quarantine-boat coming to ask and refuse. We could see the people on the ship gather on the fore-castle and in the rigging, looking out to the land, which, brown and dry as it was, was to them a refuge. The second and the third day came, and the dead multiplied, until ten or a dozen corpses were on board. Still no physician, no landing, no burial even; and the plague-stricken ship and its dying cargo lay still under the August sun. The third day the crew received permission to put the bodies overboard, tied with ropes, that they might not drift away and carry to some accursed Greek community the plague it merited. I may be unjust, but those days have made me detest and abhor the very name of Syra and its people. We saw the dead lowered overboard one by one, and with glasses could see them floating alongside, horrible to sight and fancy.

I am only dealing with facts, — facts which will be confirmed by the testimony of many who passed those broiling August days in that quarantine. No physician could be found in Syra who had humanity enough to hear the cry of that suffering company, or venture on the plague-stricken ship. They did finally get permission to bury the dead, all but one mother and child, who drifted loose, and was cast on some unknown shore, or fed the fishes; and finally a Danish physician came, a volunteer from — I regret to say I know not where, nor even do I know his name. I did not think then to enable myself to render him the honor he deserves; and finally the sick were landed. There had been a hundred and forty passengers on board when the

ship left Alexandria, and there were over a hundred when she came to quarantine, — the untouched remaining on board until they were attacked in their turn, and were carried ashore to die. Their provisions, too, were failing, and at last starvation came to help the pestilence.

I sought distraction and pastime amongst the sailors, of whom two had attracted my attention during the run over. One of them I judged to be an American at first sight, the incarnation of "go-ahead" and nervous energy. I had seen him at the wheel the first day out, as I sat aft taking my fruit after dinner, and tempted him to affability by a huge slice of melon, which he ate without ever taking his eye for more than an instant from the course of the yacht. The next day they were apples that broke the silence; when, abruptly turning round to me, he asked if I was a freemason. He was, and evidently did not understand how one could treat a sailor with courtesy or kindness without some such motive as that mystic brotherhood is supposed to furnish. He wore a black wide-awake crowded close down to his eyes, which looked sharp out from under black, clear-drawn eyebrows. His nose was prominent, pointed, and straight, and his mouth full of decision; lips close-pressed, and chin small and slightly retreating. He carried his head habitually a little forward, as if on the look-out, and reminded me in his ensemble more of a clipper than anything I ever saw in flesh. He was taciturn, however, and absolutely refused to talk of himself. The other, who responded to the name of Bill, was certainly one of the best examples of the English sailor I have ever met, — robust, thick-set, with large brain and full beard, a frank blue eye, and an off-hand manner familiar to all who permitted it, but respectful to the highest degree, and speaking the English of a man who had had some education. In the first days of our imprisonment he had surprised me not a little by offering to lend me some old numbers of reviews and magazines, written on the margins of which I found some shrewd comments, and with some bits of drawing. I am not going to write his story, and shall not repeat what I learned of a life ruined by an uncontrollable spirit of adventure and unimproved opportunities; I have only to do with him now as he wove himself into the web of our quarantine life.

It was from Bill that I learned what I first knew of Aleck; that he was, as I had supposed, an American, had been in the Confederate service, and had even served on the Alabama. After finding out so much, I tried hard to make him talk about himself, but in vain. He was respectful, but not communicative on any subject, and least so on himself. But the new excitement of the cholera-ship and its horrors made a certain difference. I certainly felt more like getting near my fellow-men, and they, and especially Aleck, were more oblivious of the difference between them and me. The immediate cause of the breaking of the ice was the sight of a poor woman standing on the poop of the cholera-ship as she drifted towards us from her anchorage, before a slight easterly air, that brought the woman's voice down to us in supplications which we could from time to time partially distinguish, and which were for bread, bread, bread! We could see others on board climbing on the bulwarks, standing on the poop or fore-castle, according to the end of the ship which drifted nearest us; but we could hear no other voice, though we doubted not that many were joined with hers. Beside her we saw, later, another female

figure, whom, by the aid of the glass, I believed I could make out to be her daughter. The latter made no sound that we could hear, but sat mutely or stood with her arm around the other, while ever and anon we heard that heart-rending cry, "*Psomé! psomé!* (bread! bread!)" At sunset that day we were altogether on the fore-castle, better friends through our common pity. We proposed to our taciturn *guardiano* to send some bread on board the ship, but he absolutely refused to lend himself to any such risk of contagion, and forbade any attempt to communicate either with the ship or the shore where the sick were; and to tell the truth, it was not pleasant to contemplate the chances of being put in quarantine for an additional indefinite term, for having, even in a kindly work, come in real or fancied contact with the disease. But as the authority of the *guardiano* was absolute, we could do nothing in the matter openly, though it was determined in council by us three to do something in some way, if relief was not brought soon.

From the fore-castle next morning we saw in the early light the two hapless creatures in the same position. Bill, looking over into the water thoughtfully, asked if there were many sharks in those waters. I replied that I had never seen but one, inquiring why he asked. "Why," said he, "I think I could get some grub over to those women, if you could manage the *guardiano*." "It is n't much of a swim," I replied, "but as to carrying the prog, you will find that more difficult." "Well," said he, "I have carried a pretty good load in the water before now, and can float enough to keep those women from starving. I lived in the Sandwich Islands once, and though I don't stand out of the water like a Kanaka, I have carried my clothes on my head many a mile without wetting them, and a few pounds of bread won't sink me." Here his eye twinkled as if he had a story to tell, and I waited for it. "I commanded a lorch transport during the last war in China," he began, after a moment, "and one day, while we were in Canton, I was walking through one of the streets with my mate, an Englishman, and we stopped to look in a joss-house. There was a joss there of pure silver, about fourteen inches high, and I made up my mind to have him. We two were the only Europeans on board, and the first dark, stormy night we took the boat and went ashore well armed. The joss-house had no guard but the priests, and the night was so bad that we broke the door down and got in without the outsiders knowing it, and carried the joss off easily enough; but the next day we had row enough to pay for it. Every vessel in the river was searched, and if I had had him on board, he would have been found, and we should have caught it, for the officers were in earnest about it, and the Chinese in a fury. I knew there would be the d—l to pay in the morning, so I put a cord around his neck, and went down and hung him to the lower pintle of the rudder, and left him there till the hue and cry was over, and then brought it up. It weighed forty-two pounds. I think I could do more in this case than then." "Do it then," said I; "I'll help you all I can: but we won't let the captain or any of the men know of it!" "O, I'll put that all right," said Aleck; "Jones has the first watch to-night, and I'll change with him, and as for the *guardiano*, he's a sleepy cuss, and I reckon won't give himself the trouble to look on deck after he turns in, — he never has, any way; and if you'd like to keep watch with me, sir, I think we can manage it." "But, Bill," I added,

"look out for the *guarda-costa*: if they see anything in the water moving between the vessels, they'll fire at it, certainly." "That won't trouble me," replied the imperturbable tar. "I have run the blockade in the American war thirteen times, and had bigger balls than that fellow can throw whizzing about my head, and fired by better gunners than they have got aboard there. Why, sir, we ran almost into one of their monitors one night, and had eight fifteen-inch shot fired at us without being hit, and in all the thirteen trips in and out we never were hit but once — and then the ball only took off the head of the look-out forward."

And so we arranged it that Bill should swim off to the ship as soon as it was dark, and trusting to fortune to get the provisions aboard without discovery, we were to hang overboard a light for him to swim back to.

"That ship reminds me," said Bill, after a long pause, "of a trip I made once in an English ship to Senegal. We went up the river to load, and while we lay there waiting for cargo to come down, we had one of the worst yellow-fevers break out on the ship I ever saw. The first man who was taken with it died in three hours, and that day two more were taken and died before dark, and in three days we lost all but seven of the crew one after the other, — not one was sick more than six hours, — and then the mate was taken sick. The first thing I knew of it was that he said to me, 'Bill, give me a good glass of grog, and fill my pipe; I want one good smoke and a drink before I die.' 'O, nonsense,' says I, 'you are no more likely to die than I am.' 'I know very well I have got it,' said he; 'and when I am dead, bury me deep enough so that the land-crabs can't dig me up. Sure enough he died that afternoon, and we took him ashore before night and buried him in a good deep grave. In two days more there were only the captain and I alive on the ship. And there we lay ten days till we heard that an English man-of-war was off the mouth of the river, and the captain sent a native boat down to ask him to send up men to work the ship out of the river.' The man-of-war sent word that they would n't send men up the river, but if we could work her down with natives, they would give us men to get the ship home to England, and so we got out, but a deuse of a time we had of it getting down. I suppose they feel on that ship pretty much as I did those ten days."

All day long we heard at intervals that pitiful cry, "Bread! bread!" faintly coming over the water. It was more tolerable than the day before, because we knew that relief would go with nightfall. And so, as the dark came, we made up a packet of hard bread with a little cold meat and a bottle of wine, and binding it securely between Bill's shoulders, and with a pointed stick on top of it, in case, as he said, "a shark should want to take the prog from him," he slipped down into the water, stripped of his drawers, and struck out for the cholera-ship so quietly that you might have thought it a little school of guard-fish.

We sat on the fore-castle watching and waiting. I said nothing, and where two are together and one will not talk, the other sometimes will. Aleck finally broke silence with, — "Women are mighty curious things. I'll bet that old one don't touch a mouthful till t'other has eaten, and I don't believe she would have made half the fuss she did if she had been alone. In the beginning of the American war I belonged to a regiment of mounted riflemen, and

we were sent into Eastern Tennessee, where there was a good deal of bushwhacking about that time. We were picketed one day in a line about two miles long across country, and I was on the extreme left. I took my saddle off, holsters and all, and hung it on a branch of a peach-tree, and my carbine on another. We knew there were no Yankees near, and so I was kind o' off guard, eating peaches. By and by I saw a young woman coming down to where I was, on horseback. She wanted to know if there were many of the boys near, and if they would buy some milk of her if she took it down to them. I said I thought they would, and took about a quart myself; and as she had n't much more, I emptied the water out of my canteen and took the rest. Says she, 'If you'll come up to the house yonder I've got something better than that: you may have some good peach-brandy, — some of your fellows might like a little.' I said I'd go, and she says, 'You need n't take your saddle or carbine; it's just a step, and they are safe enough here, — there's nobody about.' So I mounted bareback, and she led the way. When we passed the bars where she came in, she says, 'You ride on a step, and I'll get down and put up the bars. I went on, and as she came up behind, she says pretty sharp, 'Ride a little faster, if you please.' I looked round and she had a revolver pointed straight at my head, and I saw that she knew how to use it. I had left everything behind me like a fool, and had to give in and obey orders. 'That's the house, if you please,' she says, and showed me a house in the edge of the woods a quarter of a mile away. We got there, and she told me to get down and eat something, for she was going to give me a long ride, — into the Yankee lines, about twenty miles away. Her father came out and abused me like a thief, and told me that he was going to have me sent into the Federal lines to be hung. It seems he had had a son hung the week before by some of the Confederates, and was going to have his revenge out of me. I ate pretty well, for I thought I might need it before I got any more, and then the old fellow began to curse me and abuse me like anything. He said he would shoot me on the spot if it was n't that he'd rather have me hung; and instead of giving me my own horse, he took the worst one he had in his stables, and they put me on that with my feet tied together under his belly. Luckily they did n't tie my hands, for they thought I had no arms, and could n't help myself; but I always carried a small revolver in my shirt bosom. The girl kept too sharp watch on me for me to use it. She never turned her revolver from me, and I knew that the first suspicious move I made I was a dead man. We went about ten miles in this way, when my old crow-bait gave out and would n't go any farther. She would n't trust me afoot, and so had to give up her own horse, but she kept the bridle in her own hands, and walked ahead with one eye turned back on me, and the revolver cocked with her finger on the trigger, so that I never had a chance to put my hand in my bosom. We finally came to a spring, and she asked me if I wanted to drink: I did n't feel much like drinking, but I said yes, and so she let me down. I put my head down to the water, and at the same time put my hand down where the revolver was, and pulled it forward where I could put my hand on it easily; but she was on the watch and I could n't pull it out. I mounted again, and the first time she was off her guard a little, I fired and broke the arm she held the pistol in. 'Now,' says I, 'it's

my turn: you'll please get on that horse and we'll go back. She did n't flinch or say a word, but got, on the horse, and I tied her legs as they had mine, and we went back to the house. The old man he heard us come up to the door and looked out of the window. He turned as pale as a sheet and ran for his rifle. I knew what he was after, and pushed the door in before he was loaded. Says I, 'You may put that shooting-iron down and come with me.' He was n't as brave as the girl, but it was no use to resist, and he knew it; so he came along. About half-way back we met some of our fellows who had missed me, and come out to look me up. They took them both, and — he paused a moment, and lowering his tone, added, "I don't know what they did with them, but I know d—— well what they would have done with me." I replied, after a pause, "I suppose they hanged them both?" Aleck nodded his head without looking up, and seemed anxious to drop the subject.

"But," said I, rather disposed to work the vein of communicativeness, but not anxious to hear any more such adventures, "I thought you had been in the Confederate navy?" "I was," said Aleck. "I was with Semmes everywhere he went; I was in the naval brigade and blockade-running, and on the Alabama all the while he commanded her." "But not when she sank, I suppose?" I rejoined. "Well, I was, and was picked up with him by the Deerhound." "It was a pretty sharp fight, was n't it?" I suggestingly asked. "It was that," replied Aleck; but he did n't care about enlarging. "I suppose it was the eleven-inch shells that did her business?" "O no," said he, coming to a kind of confessional, "we never had any chance; we had no gunners to compare with the Kearsarge's. Our gunners fired by routine, and when they had the gun loaded, fired it off blind. They never changed the elevation of their guns all the fight, and the Kearsarge was working up to us all the while, taking advantage of every time she was hid by smoke to work a little nearer, and then her gunners took aim for every shot." "Then it is n't true that the Alabama tried to board the Kearsarge?" "No, sir; she did her best to get away from her from the time the fight commenced: we knew well that if we got in range of her Dahlgren howitzers, she would sink us in ten minutes." "But," I asked, "don't you believe that Semmes supposed he would whip the Kearsarge when he went out to fight her?" "No; he was bullied into it, and took good care to leave all his valuables on shore, and had a life-preserver on through the fight. I saw him put it on, and I thought if it was wise in him, it would n't be foolish in me, and I put one on too. When Semmes saw that the ship was going down, he told us all to swim who could, and was one of the first to jump into the water, and we all made for the Deerhound. I was a long way ahead of Semmes, and, when I came up to the Deerhound's boat, they asked me if I was Semmes before they would take me in. I said I was n't, and then they asked me what I was on the Alabama. Said I, 'No matter what I was on the Alabama, I shall be a dead man soon if you don't take me in.' They asked me again if I was an officer or a seaman, and would n't take me in until I told them that I was an officer." "But," said I, "did they actually refuse to pick up common seamen, and leave them to drown?" "They did that," replied he, wrathfully, and probably not very correctly; "and as soon as they had Semmes on board, they made tracks as fast as they knew how,

and left everybody else to drown or to be picked up by the Kearsarge."

"Time to show the light, I reckon," said Aleck, after his ebullition had subsided, and proceeded to put over the bows the light agreed on. An hour after Bill had started on his voyage, we heard his whistle from below the forechains, and, heaving him a line, brought him in cautiously. He slipped down to change his clothing and add to it, and then came up to render an account of his doings. He had, as he anticipated, found more difficulty in getting on board the ship than in getting to it. He had found the poor women on the quarter-deck, — all order and ship-keeping abandoned, and no look-out anywhere. The passengers were sleeping on deck or sitting around it, moaning and weeping. He dared not call to the women for fear of disturbing the *guardian*, and of attracting the attention of the other passengers to whom his small supply would have been but a mouthful. He swam round and round looking for a loose rope's-end in vain, and finally did what we should have supposed certain to lead to his discovery, — climbed up the cable and over the bows, throwing over his shoulders the first garment he found on the disorderly deck, and slowly walked the whole length of the ship: when, having deposited the provisions at the side of the unfortunate ones, signifying that they were to inform no one, and keep them to themselves, as well as his few words of Greek would let him, he dropped overboard by a line from the quarter, and, leaving them in mute and motionless wonder, came back as quietly as he had gone. Bill could n't resist the temptation next morning of waving a big white cloth at the ship, — a signal which attracted the immediate attention and suspicion of our watchful *guardiano*, who, with an effervescence of useless Greek, delivered his mind on the subject of *contumacia* and communication, at which we all laughed; we felt merrier that morning than for many days past.

In fact, though we saw for several days more the boat going back and forwards from the ship to the shore, and knew that they went to bury the dead, — could see them buried even with our glasses, — we never felt so oppressed by the horror of it since Bill's chivalric swim. We finished without other incident our appointed two weeks, and had soon the satisfaction of knowing that public clamor had obliged Syra to recognize the claims of humanity, and send food to the starving.

We had to undergo a five days' "observation" behind the lighthouse island off the port, in company with the English steamer, which was, moreover, threatened with a third fortnight, — which she escaped only by the energetic remonstrances of the British consul, backed up by the Legation at Athens, who persuaded the central government to send orders to Syra that the steamer should be admitted to pratique. A Greek man-of-war was accordingly sent from the Piræus to Syra with a commission to ascertain the truth of the complaints of Mr. Lloyd, and, finding them well founded, ordered the admittance of the steamer to pratique; but so great was the terror of the population and the timidity of the commission, that the latter ceded to the threats of a revolution, and compromised on admitting the passengers to the lazaretto of Syra, and sending the ship away. If all these things are not recorded in the chronicles of that city, they are in the minds of many who were martyrs to the inhuman cowardice of Syra, and who will bear me testimony that every occurrence of which public recognition could be

taken in the above narrative is strictly true. As for the yarns, I tell them, as nearly as I can remember, as they were told me, and — believe them.

STUCK FAST.

ABOUT a year after my scaffold accident,* I goes home one night, and Mrs. Burge — that's our nex'-room neighbor — shows me something wrapped up in flannel, all pink and cressy, and very snuffly, as though it wanted its nose blowing; which could n't be expected, for it had n't got any to signify.

"Ain't it a little beauty?" she says.

Well, I couldn't see as it was; but I did n't like to say so, for I knew my wife Polly had been rather reckoning on what she said we ought to have had more'n a year ago; so I did n't like to disappoint her, for I knew she lay listenin' in the nex' room.

Polly always said there never was such a baby as that one; and somehow it *was* taking to see how her face used to light up all over smiles when she thought I warn't looking; and I knew it was all on account of the little 'un. She never said she felt dull now; and when at home of a night I used to think how my mates would laugh to see me a-handling the little thing that was allus being pushed into my face to kiss; when I'm blest if ever I see such a voracious fun in my life: it would hang on to you — nose, lip, anywhere — in a minute.

One day, when it was about nine months old, it was taken all of a sudden like with a fit. Polly screamed to me to run for the doctor; for it happened that I was on the club that week, and at home with a bad hand. I run for him, and he soon come; and then there was a warm bath and medicine; but afterwards, when I saw the little thing lying on Polly's lap so still and quiet, and with a dull film forming over its eyes. I felt that something was coming, though I dared not tell her; and about twelve o'clock the little thing suddenly started, stared wildly an instant, and then it was all over.

My hand warn't bad any more that week; for it took all my time to try and cheer up my poor heart-broken lass. She did take on dreadful, night and day, night and day, till we buried it; and then she seemed to take quite a change, and begged of me to forgive what she called her selfishness, and wiped her eyes once for all, as she said, and talked about all being for the best. But she did n't know that I lay awake of a night, feeling her cry silently till the pillow was soaked with tears.

We buried the little one on the Sunday, and on the Monday morning I was clapped on to a job that I did n't much relish, for it was the re-bricking of a sewer that ran down one of the main streets, quite fifty feet underground.

After two years in London I'd seen some change, but this was my first visit to the bowels of the earth. I'd worked on drains down in the country, but not in such a concern as this; why, a life-guard might have walked down it easy; so that there was plenty of room to work. But then, mind you, it ain't pleasant work; there you go, down ladder after ladder, past gas-pipes and water-pipes, and down and down, till you get to the stage stretched across the part that you are at work on, with the daylight so high up, as seen through boards and scaffolds and ladders, that it's no use to you who are work-

ing by the light of flaring gas. There in front of you is the dark, black arch; and there behind you is another; while under your feet the foul rushing water hurries along, sending up a smell as turns your silver watch, and every sixpence and shilling you have in your pocket, black as the water that swirls bubbling along. Every word you speak sounds hollow and echoing, while it goes whispering and rumbling along the dark arch till you think it has gone, when all at once you hear it again quite plain in a way as would make you jump as much as when half a brick or a bit o' hard mortar dropped into the water.

But talk about jumping, nothing made me jump more than when a bit of soil, or a stone, was loosened up above, and came rattling down. I've seen more than one chap change color; and I know it's been from the thought that, suppose the earth caved in, where should we be? No doubt the first crash in would do it, and there'd be an end of workmen and foreman; but there seemed something werry awful in the idea o' being buried alive.

Big as the opening was, when I went to work, it made me shudder: there was the earth thrown out; there was the rope at the side; there was the boarding round; there it was for all the world like a big grave, same as I'd stood by on a little scale the day before; and, feeling a bit low-spirited, it almost seemed as though I was going down into my own, never to come up any more.

Werry stupid and foolish ideas, says you, — far-fetched ideas. Werry likely, but that's what I thought; and there are times when men has werry strange ideas; and I'll tell you for a fact that something struck me when I went down that hole as I should n't come up it again; and I did n't, neither. Why, the werry feel o' the cold, damp place made you think o' being buried, and when a few bits of earth came and rattled down upon the stage above my head, as soon as the first start was over, it seemed to me so like the rattling o' the earth but a few hours before upon a little coffin, that something fell with a pat upon my bright trowel, which, if it had been left, would ha' been a spot o' rest.

Nothing like work to put a fellow to rights; and I soon found that I was feeling better, and the strokes o' my trowel went ringing away down the sewer as I cut the bricks in half; and after a bit I almost felt inclined to whistle; but I did n't, for I kept on thinking of that solitary face at home, — the face that always brightened up when I went back, and had made such a man o' me as I felt I was, for it was enough to make any man vain to be thought so much of. And then I thought how dull she'd be, and how fond she'd be o' looking at the drawer where all the little things were kept; and then I — well, I ain't ashamed of it, if I am a great hulking fellow — I took care that nobody saw what I was doing, while I had a look at a little bit of a shoe as I had in my pocket.

I did n't go home to dinner, for it was too far off; so I had my snack, and then went to it again directly along with two more, for we was on the piece. We had some beer sent down to us, and at it we went till it was time to leave off; and I must say as I was glad of it, and did n't much envy the fresh gang coming on to work all night, though it might just as well have been night with us. I was last down, and had jest put my foot on the first round of the ladder, when I heard something falling as it hit and jarred the boards up'ards; and then directly after what seemed to be a brick caught me on the head,

* See a remarkable sketch entitled "In Jeopardy," in the seventh number of *EVERY SATURDAY*.

and, before I knew where I was, I was off the little platform, splash down in the cold rushing water that took me off and away yards upon yards before I got my head above it; and then I was so confused and half stunned that I let it go under again, and had been carried ever so far before, half drowned, I gained my legs and leaned, panting and blinded, up against the slimy wall.

There I stood for at least ten minutes, I should suppose, shuddering and horrified, with the thick darkness all around, the slimy, muddy bricks against my hands, the cold, rushing water beneath me, and my mind in that confused state that for a few minutes longer I didn't know what I was going to do next, and wanted to persuade myself that it was all a dream, and I should wake up directly.

All at once, though, I gave a jump, and, instead o' being cold with the water dripping from me, I turned all hot and burning, and then again cold and shuddery; for I had felt something crawling on my shoulder, and then close against my bare neck, when I gave the jump, and heard close by me a light splash in the water,—a splash which echoed through the hollow place, while, half to frighten the beasts that I fancied must be in swarms around me, half wrung from me as a cry of fear and agony, I yelled out,—

"Rats!"

Rats they were; for above the hollow "wash-wash, hurry-hurry, wash-wash, hurry-hurry" of the water, I could hear little splashes and a scuffling by me along the sides o' the brick-work.

You may laugh at people's hair standing on end, but I know then that there was a creeping, tingling sensation in the roots o' mine, as though sand was trickling amongst it; a cloud seemed to come over my mind, and for a few moments I believe I was mad,—mad with fear; and it was only by setting my teeth hard and clenching my fists that I kept from shrieking. However, I was soon better, and ready to laugh at myself as I recollected that I could only be a little way from the spot where the men worked; so I began to wade along with the water here about up to my middle. All at once I stopped, and thought about where I was at work.

"Which way did the water run?"

My head turned hot and my temples throbbed with the thought. If I went the wrong way I should be lost—lost in this horrible darkness—to sink, at last, into the foul, black stream, to be drowned and devoured by the rats, or else to be choked by the foul gases that must be lurking down here in these dark recesses.

Again the horror of thick darkness came upon me: I shrieked out wildly, and the cry went echoing through the sewer, sounding hollow and wild till it faded away. But once more I got the better of it, and persuaded myself that I had only cried aloud to scare the rats. What would I not have given for a stout stick as a defence against attack as I groped my way on, feeling convinced that I should be right if I crawled down stream, when a little reflection would have told me that up stream must be the right way, for I must have been borne down by the water. But I could not reflect, for my brain seemed in a state of fever, and now and then my teeth chattered as though I had the ague.

I groped on for quite a quarter of an hour, when the horrid thought came upon me that I was going wrong, and again I tried to lean up against the wall, which seemed to cause my feet to slip from under me. I felt no cold for the numbing dampness

from me, as I frantically turned back and tried to retrace my steps, guiding myself by running a hand against the wall where every now and then it entered the mouth of a small drain, when, so sure as it did, there was a scuffle and rush, and more than once I touched the cold slippery body of a rat,—a touch that made me start back as though shot.

On I went, and on, and still no scaffold, and no gleam of gaslight. Thought after thought gave fresh horror to my situation, as now I felt certain that in my frantic haste I had taken some wrong turn, or entered a branch of the main place; and at last, completely bewildered, I rushed headlong on, stumbling and falling twice over, so that I was half choked in the black water. But it had its good effect; for it put a stop to my wild struggles, which must soon have ended in my falling insensible into what was certain death. The water cooled my head, and now, feeling completely lost, knowing that I must have been nearly two hours in the sewer, I made up my mind to follow the stream to its mouth in the Thames, where, if the tide was down, I could get from the mud on to the wharf or bank.

So once more I struggled on, following the stream slowly for what seemed to be hours, till at last, raising my hand, I found I could not touch the roof; and by that knew that I was in a larger sewer, and therefore not very far from the mouth. But here there was a new terror creeping up me, so to speak, for from my waist the water now touched my chest, and soon after my armpits; when I stopped, not daring to trust myself to swim, perhaps a mile, when I felt that weak I could not have gone a hundred yards.

I know in my disappointment I gave a howl like a wild beast, and turned again to have a hard fight to breast the rushing water, which nearly took me off my legs. But the fear of death lent me help, and I got on and on again till I felt myself in a turning which I soon knew was a smaller sewer, and from thence I reached another, where I had to stoop; but the water was shallower, not above my knees, and at last much less deep than that.

Here I knelt down to rest, and the position brought something else from my heart; and, after a while, still stooping, I went on, till, having passed dozens upon dozens of drains, I determined to creep up one, and I did.

P'raps you won't think it strange, as I dream and groan in bed sometimes, when I tell you what followed.

I crawled on, and on, and on, in the hopes that the place I was in would lead under one of the street-gratings, and I kept staring ahead in the hopes of catching a gleam of light, till at last the place seemed so tight that I dared go no farther, for fear of being fixed in. So I began to back very slowly, and then, feeling it rather hard work, stopped for a rest.

It was quite dry here; but, scuffling on in front, I kept hearing the rats I had driven before me; and now that I stopped and was quite still, half a dozen of them made a rush to get past me, and the little fight which followed even now gives me the horrors. I'd hardly room to move; but I killed one by squeezing him, when the others backed off, but not till my face was bitten and running with blood.

At last, half dead, I tried to back out, for the place seemed to stifle me; and I pushed myself back a little way, and then I was stopped, for the skirts of my jacket filled up what little space had been left, and I felt that I was wedged in, stuck fast. Now came the horrors again worse than ever.

The hot blood seemed to gush into my eyes; I felt half suffocated; and, to add to my sufferings, a rat, that felt itself, as it were, penned up, fastened upon my lip. It was its last bite, however, for, half mad as I felt then, my teeth had closed in a moment upon the vicious beast, and it was dead.

I made one more struggle, but could not move, I was so knocked up; and then I fainted.

It must have been some time before I came to myself; but when I did, the first sound I heard was a regular tramp, tramp, of some one walking over my head, and I gave a long yell for help, when, to my great joy, the step halted, and I shrieked again, and the sweetest sound I have ever heard in my life came back. It was a voice shouting, —

"Hallo!"

"Stuck fast in the drain!" I shouted with all the strength I had left; and then I swooned off once more, to wake up a week afterwards out of a brain-fever sleep in a hospital.

It seems I had got within a few yards of a grating which was an end o' the drain, and the close quarters made the rats so fierce. The policeman had heard my shriek, and had listened at the grating, and then got help; but he was only laughed at, for they could get no further answer out o' me. It was then about half past three on a summer's morning; and though the grate was got open, they were about to give it up, saying the policeman had been humbugged; when a couple o' sweeps came up, and the little 'un offered to go down back'ards, and he did, and came out directly after, saying that he could feel a man's head with his toes.

That policeman has had many a glass at my expense since, and I hope he'll have a many more; and when he tells me the story, which I like to hear — but always take care shall be when Polly's away — he says he knows I should have liked to see how they tore that drain up in no time. To which there's always such an echo in my heart, that it comes quite natural to say, "You're right, my boy!"

AN ALPINE STORM.

IN every Alpine valley, the tales of disaster wrought from time to time by the tempest or the avalanche are amongst the most firmly rooted matters of local tradition. The landslip, the snowfall, the whirlwind, the storm, have written their story in indelible records almost everywhere beneath the shadows of the higher mountains, — sometimes in isolated fragments which tell of a purely local catastrophe, sometimes in the more ample chapters of a history which covers a national misfortune. Of elemental outbreaks of the more general character, the inundations of 1853 afforded a striking example. For three days in succession, wherever an Alp reared its head, or a snow-basin lay couched in a mountain-hollow, the rain fell with a steady and persevering energy which, to those who knew the country, had something in it more ominous than the bursting of the wildest tempest. Without pause or variation of intensity, without break or gap for hundreds of square miles, and rendered infinitely more potent by a temperature high without precedent under such circumstances, the waters streamed down from the skies over a thousand mountains and their intermediate depressions, and, with their volume swollen to an incredible extent by the *débris* of rock, glacier, and snowfield which they bore with them to the devoted valleys and lowlands, committed an amount of general ravage and destruction such as

no living memory could parallel, and such as all the luxuriance of Alpine vegetation could not hide for years. Such disasters are overwhelming from their magnitude and universality. But the cause is at least obviously adequate to the effect, and the result foreseen as the inevitable consequence of a continuance of the downfall long before the waters rise to their full height. Local and partial inundations have often a peculiar intensity, not to say ferocity, of their own; and mischief such as in 1853 it took three days of bad weather to bring about, is sometimes the work of an hour. A remarkable outbreak of this kind occurred during the past summer, in the little valley of Sixt, which, it is believed, afforded an example of rapid destruction and of merely local activity rare even amongst similar phenomena, and may therefore deserve a passing notice.

The village of Sixt is situated at the confluence of two mountain torrents, — the Bas Giffre and the Haut Giffre. The Bas Giffre drains a valley six or seven miles long, the upper part of which is well known to tourists as the Fond de la Combe, and receives the outpourings of several small glaciers clustered about the base of the Pic de Tinneverges, the principal one being the glacier of Mont Ruan, where Jacques Balmat, the pioneer of Mont Blanc, met a tragical death. The valley of the Haut Giffre is of about the same extent, but leads to mountains more generally known, — the Buet, whence the traveller gazes on one of the noblest prospects to be found in the Western Alps, with the Col de Léchaud crossing its western shoulder, and westward still the rocky chain of Les Fys, terminating in the magnificent Pointe de Salles, and flanking the Col d'Anterne by a range of precipices which can scarcely be matched for abrupt and awful grandeur in Switzerland or Savoy. The valley penetrates into the very heart of the Buet, and is blocked at last by an amphitheatre of crag and precipice not unlike one of the well-known 'Cirques' of the Pyrenees, on a much larger scale. The rocks rise tier above tier and wall above wall, with only here and there a narrow band of shelving verdure between one set of precipices and the next, from the bed of the watercourse to the glaciers by which the Buet is crowned, some five thousand feet above. Near one extremity of the horseshoe, a beautiful slope of mingled grass and firwood is banked up against the terraced structure of the mountain, in the form of an irregular cone, and presents a delightful contrast of color with the ever-changing shades of gray and brown and black that flit athwart the sombre mass as the clouds chase one another across the blue sky, or as the varying rays of morning, midday, or sunset play into the amphitheatre, — sometimes concealing in a blaze of sunlight, sometimes exposing by the heavy shadows that attend them, the infinite intricacies of mountain architecture. At the base of this green buttress of the Buet, the valley forks again, the watercourse on the right descending straight from the Col de Léchaud, and that on the left receiving the far more considerable drainage of the great mass of the Buet itself. Two or three hundred feet above the confluence of these two waters, a little plateau breaks the uniformity of the grass slope, and here is nestled a little collection of chalets called Les Fonds, in front of which, on the very edge of the plateau, an English gentleman has built his "Eagle's Nest," a beautiful mountain home, forming a conspicuous object from many parts of the path from Sixt to the Col d'Anterne. It was here that the tempest burst in its full violence.

The following particulars have been collected, partly by conversation with a considerable number of people in the neighborhood, and partly by personal inspection. There was one source of information which appeared to be the most comprehensive. A young *prêtre-aspirant*, who had just donned his official costume, and whose *soutane* of the newest and glossiest black cloth shone in the sunlight as it never will shine again till polished into supernatural brightness by the friction of many years, paid a visit to the writer, accompanied by two or three of his seniors, and related many details. He was wound up like a piece of mechanism, and you had but to touch the spring and off the wheel-works went. He was brought up every now and then by an untimely interruption from one of his associates; but on these occasions he quietly bided his time, with more or less of patience, and then took up his parable again just where he had left off, until he was fairly run down. But as his narrative began with an assurance that the atmosphere had a strong smell of sulphur, and as the writer's look of surprise was met by a ready explanation that "On prétendait qu'il y avait là-haut beaucoup de pierres soufreuses," his anecdotes have been received with caution, and used but scantily.

Early in the afternoon of the 22d of September, it was evident that a heavy storm was gathering. As far down the valley as Samöens — nearly eight miles below the Châlets des Fonds — it was so dark at three o'clock that the agent-voyer, Monsieur Barbier, who was at work in his office, was obliged to light his lamp; and the upper parts of the Buet, of the heights running from the Buet to the Col d'Anterne, of the Chaîne des Fys, and of the Pointe de Salles, were shrouded in one dense mass of impenetrable black cloud. To those who were in it, however, it does not appear to have been so thoroughly opaque as many a lighter mass of vapor; for the people who were in the Eagle's Nest speak of having seen the Châlets des Fonds, though of course obscurely; and, as will presently appear, when the storm was at its height they were able to distinguish the lower crags of the Buet at a much more considerable distance.

The storm did not fairly burst till between four and five, and then while it lasted there was no lack of light either where it was actually raging or lower down the valley, for it is said that the lightning was to all appearance actually and absolutely continuous for half an hour together. The fall of water is described as having borne no resemblance to ordinary rain, but as having descended in sheets as if poured out of pails or tubs. Men who were at work mending the mule-path to the Col d'Anterne, at a height of between five thousand and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, say that it fell upon them in spouts, like great *douches*, four or five inches across, which pitted the ground wherever it was struck. Fortunately the Châlets of Grasses Chèvres were at hand, or they might have found themselves hardly dealt with by the elements.

A very few minutes after this deluge of water began to fall, two women who were at the Eagle's Nest observed a black cataract burst, as it were, out of the clouds, and come falling down a gully on the side of the Buet where it approaches nearest to the Châlets des Fonds. From this gully a watercourse, called the Ruisseau des Fonds, — often dry in summer, — leads down to that arm of the Haut Giffre which descends from the Col de Léchaud, and in its lower part forms the boundary of the ground belong-

ing to the Eagle's Nest. Along its side the owner has enclosed his property by a very substantial wooden palisading, built with a strength and solidity which prove that the difference between an Alpine and an English climate has been felt and appreciated. In some places this fence is strengthened by heavy walls of rough stone several feet in thickness; in others, the natural rock and soil have appeared to afford sufficient hold. Above the fence the ground rises very sharply till the little plateau on which the house stands is reached. Higher up the Ruisseau des Fonds, near to the place where the cataract was seen suddenly to emerge from the clouds, a huge withered pine had been felled for firewood for the inmates of the Eagle's Nest. It was of enormous growth, and the stem which remained, after being topped and lopped and dressed, is said by a very intelligent man, named Claude Gurlie, a sort of major-domo at the Eagle's Nest, to have been eighty feet long. It lay on the bank of the Ruisseau des Fonds, not longitudinally, — parallel with the stream, — but with the thick end near the bed of the watercourse and the top above the bank, leaning against the steep side of the ravine. The flood of water caught the butt end of the pine stem, and rolled the whole piece over till it fell into the torrent and was hurled down as if it were a plaything. At the same time a heap of logs ready cut for firewood, and stacked some twenty or thirty feet above the bed of the stream, were reached by the water, and hurried away. The first obstacle the great pine-tree met was the palisading of the Eagle's Nest, at an angle in the stream; of course it was swept away like so much gingerbread, and but for the stout wall at its base, the bank above must also have been assailed, and it is difficult to say how much might not have been swept off by so irresistible a torrent, so charged with rocks and stones, and trees and timber. The Ruisseau des Fonds is perhaps the very smallest of the affluents of the Haut Giffre, but the marks along its sides showed that the water must have risen between twenty and thirty feet above its bed, and all observers concur in saying that the waters attained their full height in a few minutes.

Where the Ruisseau des Fonds joins the Haut Giffre that stream flows, or rather falls, by a set of rapids and cascades through a gorge of the wildest and most romantic description. Massive crags, of great height and perpendicularity, hem it in on either side, and almost meet in places. In one spot they are spanned by an old tree, which has fallen across, and almost forms a bridge, a hundred and twenty or thirty feet above the water. In ordinary times it is a stream that you leap across, if you cannot walk over it dryshod, but on the present occasion the water rose to within about fifty feet of the top of the gorge, so that the stream at this point must have been seventy feet in depth. Higher up, the ravine is shallower on one side, and the depth of the actual cut through which the river flows not above thirty or forty feet. The set of the stream, over a beautiful fall a little way above, is against this side; and ten days later the alder-bushes and young firs which cover the steep slopes above it were so full of mud, left by the swollen flood, that the writer was half smothered with dust in pushing his way through them, — certainly a hundred feet above the then level of the water. Lower down, and below the narrowest part of the gorge, is a fir-tree, growing just on the edge of a shelving bank ending in a drop of about thirty feet into the river. This fir-

tree is so bruised and battered and barked, to a height of about six feet above the ground, by the trees and *débris* hurled past it, that it is doubtful if it can ever recover.

But if this was the condition of the smaller arm of the Haut Giffre, what was the volume pouring down the other arm, which receives the real drainage of the Buet? It is not easy to give a notion by description of what it must have been. But there was a bridge by which the path to the *Châlets des Fonds* and the *Col d'Anterne* crossed the river, just above the junction of the two confluent. Its highest point was about fifteen feet above the stream, which is not confined to a very narrow gorge like the smaller arm, but has abundant room to spread. This bridge was carried away, and the water-line was unmistakably traceable along the rock and in the shrubs and grass about twelve feet still higher. Not a hundred yards higher up, where the sides of the watercourse are a little more contracted, the marks of the flood were not less than fifty feet above the bed of the stream. In this place the flood must have been fifty feet deep and at least a hundred wide. People who saw and heard the waters about two miles below, where the bed of the Giffre is still contracted, and before it had met with anything like a plain to overspread, say, that when standing five hundred feet above it, they felt the ground tremble beneath their feet as if they had been close to a railway train at its full speed.

Before reaching the point of junction with the Bas Giffre, which is a few minutes' walk below the village of Sixt, the river passes by a small but very fertile plain or delta of alluvial soil; and a village named *Fée* is planted close to the water-side. There is a blacksmith's forge, worked by the stream, and several houses are also close along its banks. The rush of the water upon these devoted buildings is described as having been awful in the extreme. The blacksmith, Michetti, a provident and industrious man, who has been utterly ruined by the calamity, described to the writer how there was a cry that the water was coming, — how he rushed to the door, which happened to face up stream, and saw a black wall of mud higher than himself sweeping down upon him with the velocity of an avalanche, and how he was splashed by the spray of the advancing torrent, as he hurried up the bank above him. Two seconds later, escape would have been impossible, and he must have perished with all that belonged to him. In another moment the wheels and hammers were smashed to pieces, or far on their way towards *Samöens*, and an hour after his workshop was one mass of mud, which had to be dug out as the ashes are dug out of *Pompeii*. The neighboring houses, of course, fared no better, and their inmates were happy to have saved their lives.

Sweeping past the hamlet of *Fée*, the torrent spread itself over the low-lying fields, and soon covered a great extent of land; but it appeared not yet to have spent the velocity of its current sufficiently to deposit the vast stores of mud and grit with which it was charged. It ploughed a deep channel through the soft soil for nearly half a mile, and even this was fairly silted up only at its lower extremity. The full measure of its destructive power was reserved for two smaller plains just below the junction with the Bas Giffre, separated from one another by a most remarkable gorge called *Les Tines*, where the Giffre flows through a narrow ravine cut in the course of ages through the solid rock, varying from

twelve to twenty feet in width, and about one hundred and fifty in depth, — a dark, sunless chasm, at the bottom of which the stream glides on out of sight, and in ordinary times out of hearing. This gorge of *Les Tines* saved the people of the rich plains below from infinite mischief, for it is so narrow that it speedily arrested the great trunks of trees and blocks of wood which the torrent brought down. Ten days after the storm a heap of logs and timber fifty or sixty feet high was still collected against the entrance of *Les Tines*. It dammed back the water, ponded it on to the little plain above, and let it out to the plains below far more gradually than it otherwise would have come. But a little flat just below *Les Tines*, stretching on both sides of the stream, and one of the most fertile spots in this fertile valley, was nevertheless buried, like its neighbor above, three or four feet in grit and sand and *débris*. Houses that stood near the water-side were nearly half filled with mud, and humble homes made desolate for many a day to come.

All this ruin was the work of half an hour. The violence of the storm had spent itself in that time, and what rain fell afterwards would not have been exceptional among the Alps. In that short time every bridge, large and small, between the *Col de Léchaud* and the gorge of *Les Tines* was swept away, and an amount of damage done, not great according to English notions, but disastrous in the extreme to the poor peasants who suffered from it. Skilled persons, directed by the government to investigate the mischief done, assessed it at little short of one hundred thousand francs. That it was not far greater was owing partly to the peculiar nature of the course of the Giffre, which flows for a great distance between high and steep banks where it cannot do any great harm, and partly to the remarkably circumscribed area of the storm. It was confined in its violence almost to the Buet itself. The Bas Giffre was scarcely swollen, a little plank bridge not four feet above the water, and within two hundred yards of its junction with the Haut Giffre, was not disturbed. The region of the *Col d'Anterne* felt only the outskirts of the storm. The "*Graignier de la Commune de Sixt*," a mountain which furnishes some of its watercourses with a provision of huge stones and boulders so extensive and destructive that they are always called "*des plus méchants*," was hardly touched by the tempest; and so the stream, swollen as it was, lacked the ruinous power given to such torrents by the presence in their waters of the boulders with which they are often charged. The neighboring valleys on the other side of the Buet and the *Col d'Anterne* were visited by no unusual downfall.

Most readers probably know the kind of exaggeration that a Swiss or Savoyard peasant indulges in when any misfortune that affects himself or his neighbors is in question. The good people of *Sixt* are certainly no exceptions to the general rule in this respect. Amongst the happy results of French rule, an increased sense of self-reliance is certainly not to be counted. The wildest rumors were afloat as to the extent of the disaster. "*Tout est perdu*!" resounded on all sides, and *Sambens* was filled in an incredibly short time with a clamorous crowd, besieging the authorities and people of influence to procure for them the assistance of government. Amongst the first rumors that were extensively circulated was that of the complete destruction of the *Eagle's Nest*. *Gurlic*, mentioned above as the major-domo of the establishment, was at *Sixt* when

the alarming intelligence was brought in, by witnesses whose testimony would have placed the fact beyond a doubt had not cross-examination elicited that they had neither been near the spot themselves, nor seen any one who had been. Gurlie sent at once to Vallon, a village an hour's walk down the valley, for his son Louis to accompany him on an expedition to ascertain the true state of the case. While he was waiting the arrival of Louis, fresh witnesses came in, who reduced the disaster to the annihilation of some of the "dépendances." By and by Louis arrived, having exercised his powers of observation by the way, and narrowly inspected the *débris* and broken timber cast up by the flood at the entrance of Les Tines. Louis's observations still further modified the gloomy anticipations of his father. "Il n'y a pas tant de mal," he laconically observed. "I have seen no timber such as would have come from the Eagle's Nest; some of the palisading is gone, that is all." And Louis's predictions were fully borne out by the facts.

The government help so anxiously clamored for came in the shape of a subsidy of fifteen hundred francs, which, by all accounts, was to be distributed *pro rata*, giving to each of the sufferers an absolutely useless dividend of about threepence-halfpenny in the pound. Of course, some of those whose land was injured were perfectly able to take care of themselves, and were not proper objects for any kind of assistance; whilst to others, who were utterly ruined, the pittance that came to them in the general scramble was so small as to be utterly valueless. But the sacred principle of equality was preserved. So many pounds of loss, so many sous of subvention. What could be fairer or more admirable? An anecdote which came under the writer's notice is too characteristic of the people to be omitted. Some few families, specially recommended by the curé and the maire as being reduced by the inundation to the greatest straits, were saved from utter destitution during the coming winter by the bounty of a passing traveller. One of them, an old wretch of the name of Michaud, was not forthcoming for some minutes when sought by the stranger. He had spent the time in hastily collecting together all the neighbors he could find at so short a notice, and on receiving the somewhat liberal benefaction bestowed upon him, scarcely thanked the donor; but introducing to him all the bystanders, asked if he would not do the same by each of them. The heads of two other families similarly rescued from the prospect of starvation, immediately gave out to all their neighbors that they had received just one third of the sum which had really been given to them. They were afraid the traveller's charity might be taken into account against them when the dividend of threepence-halfpenny in the pound came to be distributed!

A VISIT TO A LUCIFER-MATCH MANUFACTORY.

THE insignificant-looking lucifer match has become one of the indispensable adjuncts of modern civilization. Unknown to the public thirty years ago, it has risen with unprecedented rapidity into popular favor, effectually superseding the flint, steel, and tinder-box so familiar to our forefathers, and which, like the watchman's box, the sedan-chair, and the oil-lamp, have become things of the past, never to be revived in these days of express trains, steamships, and electric telegraphs. The con-

trast between the tiny splint and the ungainly form of its predecessor, the common brimstone match, is eminently suggestive of the difference existing between the past and the present. Yet, common as the lucifer match is, there are few who really know anything of the manner in which it is produced. Like the pin, the lucifer match forms one of the curiosities of modern manufacturing industry. Although its manufacture only dates from 1833, yet whole forests have already been cut down to supply the immense and still increasing demand for the wood of which the matches are made, to say nothing of the many tons of chemical matter likewise required; and when we come to consider that at present the trade is, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, the probable extent of its future requirements becomes sufficiently startling.

As is frequently the case with great industries, the lucifer match manufacture has risen from extremely small beginnings to its present magnitude, every new invention for simplifying the processes or economizing labor tending to give an immense impetus to production; the increased cheapness of the article invariably leading to a proportionate increase in the demand. The first lucifer matches were very defective. The splints were too large, and did not ignite easily; while, from want of experience, the chemical ingredients were badly mixed, a much larger proportion of phosphorus being employed than was necessary. They were also liable to be affected by the least humidity of the atmosphere, — a defect still characteristic of the generality of foreign-made articles.

During the earlier years of the manufacture, the factory system was unknown, and the matches were made on a limited scale, in small and unhealthy workshops, where few or no sanitary precautions were taken to protect the health of the workers, who generally followed their occupation in buildings utterly destitute of the proper amount of ventilation. It was during this period that the painful and loathsome disease known as "necrosis" of the jaw was found most prevalent amongst the workers, especially those engaged in the "dipping" process, that is, the dipping of the lucifer-ends into the liquid phosphorus. Mr. William Köhler, of Birmingham, stated, in his evidence to Mr. White, that there was a great dislike in Germany generally amongst the workpeople to working in a match manufactory, and that in many parts it is usual to employ prisoners for the work. In this country there is no difficulty in procuring the requisite amount of child or adult labor, no matter how poorly paid or dangerous may be the various processes.

Of late years, however, the factory system has been largely introduced into the trade, and bids fair to rapidly supersede the smaller establishments in which few workers only are employed. Amongst the larger of the London firms are those of Messrs. Bell and Black, Bryant and May, Hynam, Letchford, and Company, and Bell and Company. The various establishments belonging to these firms are conducted on a most extensive scale, and in a thoroughly scientific manner. Very different are the majority of small manufactories, which are generally so conducted as to be both a danger and a nuisance to the surrounding neighborhood. Mr. White's report is full of descriptive details of visits paid to such places, of which poverty, dirt, and squalor may be said to form the general characteristics. One of these small establishments was situated in a street

respecting which we are told that clothes, or rags, were hanging to dry in all directions, while hand-trucks filled with remains of most offensive fish, &c., made locomotion a difficult matter. The matches were made in the living-rooms of the house by the family. "A long tear between the body and skirt of the frock worn by the little bare-legged girl," says Mr. White, "showed plainly that this was her only covering of any kind; and her mother was equally ill-clothed."

The moral and social condition of this class of workers is lamentable. They seem to be the lowest of the low, their existence being too often little more than a constant battle with cold and starvation. The introduction of the factory system and mechanical appliances into the manufacture has led to marked results, the health, morals, and remuneration of the workers being in every way improved thereby. Such is the case at the Lucifer Match Manufactory of Messrs. R. Letchford and Company, Bethnal Green. Passing through the closely populated neighborhood of the Cambridge Heath Road, in the direction of Old Ford, we find ourselves in Three Colt Lane, once a pleasant country thoroughfare, with real green hedges and shady trees, but now lined with rows of habitations; the formation of Victoria Park having given an unprecedented impetus to building operations in this remote portion of the metropolis. In the lane alluded to is the establishment—Messrs. R. Letchford & Co.'s—which it is our purpose to describe. The factory stands in the midst of a clear, open space, forming part of the same premises, and consisting in part of grass and garden, the whole covering an extent of more than one and a half acre. This is in compliance with the provisions of the Metropolitan Building Act, which insists that buildings in which dangerous manufactures are carried on shall be situate at least fifty feet from any other building, and not less than forty feet from a roadway. This rule, intended to lessen the mischief arising from explosion or fire, has proved indirectly a means of promoting the health of the workers, by affording them a larger supply of pure air than they would otherwise have obtained.

The premises are divided into two clumps of buildings, in the central one of which the manufacture is principally carried on, the other being devoted principally to the preparing of the wood for the match-boxes, and the manufacture of ink and blacking. The wood used in making the matches consists of the best Canadian pine, a kind of timber which generally possesses an extremely fine grain. The wood is not cut on the premises, but is procured direct from the saw-mills, where, by means of steam machinery, it is cut first into lengths, then into blocks, and subsequently into splints, with beautiful precision. These splints, which are twice the length of the ordinary lucifer match, are made into bundles, each containing from two thousand to two thousand five hundred splints.

The first process to which the splints are subjected is the *scorching*. This is effected by placing the bundles upon a heated plate, by which means both ends are speedily heated, or charred, to a degree which greatly facilitates the process of *dipping*,—the heated wood more readily absorbing the melted brimstone or paraffine than would be the case had the wood been of the ordinary temperature. From the tropical-like warmth of the scorching-room the splints are passed (still in bundles) through a window into a room in which are several pans filled with

paraffine, kept in a melted state by means of steam. After both ends of the bundles have been saturated with paraffine, or, if needs be, with brimstone, the splints are taken to the saw-mill, where they are cut into two lengths. When brimstone has been used, the bundles are rolled about by boys, previously to being cut, for the purpose of preventing the splints from clinging to each other. The splints are next carried to one of the *framing-rooms*. There are two of these, each seventy feet long by thirty-five feet wide, proportionate height, and well ventilated. In these rooms the utmost activity prevails, upwards of three hundred children being employed in placing the prepared matches in frames, previous to the combustible mixture being attached to the ends. In each room there are twenty-four tables, each having a stand for twelve persons.

The table is similar to a large school desk, but more upright. An iron frame is placed in a standing position, and from a quantity of matches lying on the flat part of it the framer takes and places a run at the bottom upon a small piece of board with notches in it to receive fifty, at equal distances apart, then piles one board upon another, each run having the fifty notches placed in the grooves, and in a few minutes the task is completed. The whole is then screwed tightly together, forming a compact mass. Each child takes her full frame, and according to her number—each person being known in the building by one—a mark is made upon a slate by a person at the end of the room, when at the end of the day the number of frames each has filled is counted, and paid for her portion at the end of the week. It is curious to the visitor to hear the constant reports of lucifers being trodden upon, but the floor being either of stone or iron, all danger of fire is done away with.

The room in which the composition is mixed and prepared is called the *kitchen*, and a very important place it is. Great care is required, and the process is performed by two steady and skilful men. The ingredients are given to one of the men, who first mixes it in a pan dry, similar to a cook making paste, and when worked with the hands sufficiently, is laid upon a stone or iron slab. Water is then added to it, and a stiff paste made. It is then placed in pans, and a certain quantity of glue added, to make it adhesive to the matches. Steam is used for all the heating processes.

The next process is the *dipping*, or covering the ends of the splints with the explosive material. A panful of the mixture is taken from the kitchen, and put into a receptacle of hot water, which is kept at a certain heat during the time required. The dipper takes the frames, which are brought by the girls from the framing-room, and (after the mixture is placed upon the iron slab, and regulated by a gauge to about the thickness of one eighth of an inch) dips them into the thin paste, the whole of which is charged with the explosive ingredients.

After the matches have been dipped, they are taken by boys to the *drying-rooms*. These are three in number, one to each dipper, and they are built with every care for the prevention of accident. The floor is thickly spread with sawdust, which causes the loose matches to sink under the feet, and thereby escape friction. The rooms are of arched brick, having double iron doors, and should a fire occur, these doors could be closed, and the ventilators or air-traps at top let down by the dipper, and the rooms hermetically sealed; the fire is then smothered. For every frame taken into the

dipping-room, one of a two days' drying is taken out to the *packers*; and from there being 50 splints in a row, boxes containing 100 or 200 are easily filled, very little calculation being required. Nevertheless, it is surprising to see how dexterously the filling is done, as is also the framing; many of the children not being more than nine or ten years of age, and their little fingers acting like clock-work.

The *box-making* is the last round in the ladder, and forms a very good concluding part of the process of making a simple box of lucifers. The wood of the boxes is made of the best spruce-fir, pieces of a sufficient length having being placed upon a movable plane, which travels backwards and forwards upon a railroad. When the plane is cutting the wood, it is pulled by means of steam power along the under surface of the block, it being securely held in its place at either end by screws and blocks. The slices are cut with amazing rapidity, and it requires two of these powerful machines to keep supplied the boys who prepare them for the boxes.

The boys take the slips or slices, and, in quick succession, place them upon a block which is gauged with thin pieces of metal. They then bring down upon the slice of wood, with some degree of strength, a block indented with a corresponding gauge, which marks the grain of the piece of wood, so as to double it up into the shape of the box, and cut it off at the same time. One boy can cut or prepare twenty gross an hour.

Other articles, such as vestas, vesuvians, ink, blacking, &c., are made in this establishment; but the processes employed in the manufacture of these do not at present call for particular remark. Some notion may be formed of the enormous quantity of vestas and matches made by Messrs. Letchford and Co., by the assertion that the wax taper used for the vestas measures some 600 miles per week, or sufficient, in the course of the year, to go round the circumference of the globe, and leave more than ample length to stretch from England to America and back again. About 24,000,000 vestas are made per week, besides some 60,000,000 paraffine matches.

WHAT WAS IT?

MANY years ago — not much less, I am concerned to say, than fourscore — it fell, in the line of professional duty, to the lot of my uncle, — great uncle, you understand, — then a young officer of engineers, to visit, of all spots in the earth, the Shetland Isles. His journey, as stated in his note-book, from which this remarkable incident is taken, was connected with the intended restoration of Fort Charlotte, — a work of Cromwell's day, intended for the protection of the port and town of Lerwick, but which came to considerable sorrow in the succeeding century, when a Dutch frigate, storm-stayed, devoted an autumn evening to knocking it about the ears of the half-dozen old gentlemen in infirm health who constituted the garrison.

On the evening that preceded his departure from Chatham, my uncle appears to have given a little supper of adieu, at which were present Captains Clavering and Dumpsey, Messieurs Chips, Bounce, and The Tourist.

Whether the last three gentlemen belonged to the service or not cannot be ascertained. The army-lists of that period have been searched in vain for their names, and we are driven to the conjecture

that the sportiveness of intimate friendship may have reduced what was originally "Carpenter" to Chips, and supplied the other two gentlemen with titles adapted to their personal merits or peculiarities.

From my relative's memoranda of the overnight's conversation, it would seem to have taken, at times, a warning and apprehensive tone; at other times, to have been jocular, if not reckless. The wet blanket of the party was Dumpsey, whose expressions of condolence could hardly have been more solemn had my uncle been condemned to suffer at daybreak, with all the agreeable formalities at that time incident to high treason!

Chips appears to have followed the lead of Captain Dumpsey, and (if we may assign to him certain appalling incidents of the North Seas, to which my uncle has appended, as authority, "Ch.") with considerable effect. Mr. Bounce seems to have propounded more cheerful views, with especial allusion to the exciting sport his friend was likely to enjoy in those remote isles; while The Tourist has, to all appearance, limited himself to the duty of imparting to my uncle such local information as he was able to afford. In fact, so far as can be guessed, the conversation must have proceeded something in this fashion: —

"Tell you what, old fellow," Dumpsey may have said, "going up to this place isn't exactly a hop across Cheapside. If there's any little matter of — of property, in which I can be serviceable as administrator, legatee, and so forth — after your — in the event of your remaining permanently within the Arctic circle — now, say so."

"Prut! — Pshaw!" probably said my uncle.

"The kraken fishery has been bad this year, they tell me," said Chips, quietly. "Otherwise your friend might have secured a specimen or two of the bottle-nosed whale, and moored them as breakwaters in the Irish Channel."

"He did nearly as well," returned the unabashed Bounce. "Bill was bobbing one day for coalfish in rather deepish water, — thousand fathoms or so, — when there came a tug that all but pulled his boat under. Bill took several turns round a cleat, and, holding on, made signals to his sloop for assistance. Meanwhile, his boat, towed by the thing he had booked, set off on a little excursion to the Faro Islands; but a fresh breeze springing up, the sloop contrived to overhaul him, and secure the prize. What do you think it was? You'd never guess. A fine young sea-serpent, on his way to the fiords."

"I should, I confess, much like to learn, from rational sources," said Captain Clavering, "whether these accounts of mysterious monsters, seen, at long intervals, in the North Seas, have any foundation of truth."

My uncle was disposed to believe they had. It was far from improbable that those wild and unfrequented sea-plains had become the final resort of those mighty specimens of animal life, which it seemed intended by their Creator should gradually disappear altogether. Indifference, the fear of ridicule and disbelief, the want of education, preventing a clear and detailed account, — such, no doubt, had been among the causes tending to keep this matter in uncertainty. It was not long since that a portion of a sea-serpent, cast upon the Shetland shores, had been sent to London, and submitted to the inspection of a distinguished naturalist, who (the speaker believed) pronounced it a basking shark.

My relative's voyage must have been made under

auspicious circumstances, since, notwithstanding a brief detention at Aberdeen, a heavy tossing in the mis-called "roost" of Sumburgh, and a dense fog as they approached Lerwick, the good ship dropped anchor in the last-named port on the tenth day.

There were no inns, there are none *now* in Shetland, and my uncle took lodgings in the house of Mrs. Monilees, than whom, he observes, no woman ever less deserved her name. Living must have been cheap in those days, for Mrs. Monilees boarded, lodged, and washed her guest, for eighteenpence a day, and declared she made a handsome profit of him; the only "lee" of which my uncle ever suspected her.

Fort Charlotte was not a work of any remarkable extent, and my uncle's survey and report of all the Dutch had left of her were very soon completed. His orders being to await an answering communication, which could scarcely be expected to arrive in less than a fortnight, abundant leisure was afforded for making excursions in the neighborhood, and he resolved that the first should be directed to the lovely bay and ruined castle of Scalloway.

It was then the custom — if it is not still — to walk out upon the moorland, catch the first pony you fancied, take him whither you would, and turn him loose when you'd done with him. Arming himself, therefore, with a bridle and pad, my uncle stepped upon the moor, and speedily captured a likely-looking sheltie that had an air of pace. The pony seemed perfectly aware what was wanted of him; and, having hastily rubbed noses with a friend, — as if requesting him to mention at home that he had been pressed by an obtrusive traveller, but hoped to have done with him, and be back to supper, — at once trotted off without guidance towards Scalloway.

The day was fine overhead, but certain misty wreaths — the skirts, as my uncle conjectured, of an adjacent sea-fog — kept sweeping up the valley, crystallizing pilgrim and steed with a saltish fluid, and melting away into the blue.

It was on the lifting of one of these gauzy screens, that my uncle found that he had turned an angle in the road, and was within sight of the village of Scalloway, with its dismantled keep, memorial of the oppression of evil Pate Stewart, Earl of Orkney, hanged a century before, but still (as The Tourist would tell us, were he here) the Black Beast of Orkney and Shetland.

On a fine clear summer's day the coast scenery of this part is singularly beautiful. From the heights overlooking the picturesque harbor may be traced the blue outline of many of the hundred isles forming the Shetland Archipelago, while countless holms* and islets, green with velvety sward, stud the rippling waters. Far to the westward — nearly twenty miles, I think — heaves up out of the ocean depths the mighty Fughloe, now Foula Island, — Agricola's "Ultima Thule," — whose threatening bounds the most daring mariner approaches with reluctance.

As my uncle expected, a mist was hanging to seaward, and shut out all the nearer holms and headlands. He therefore devoted the first half-hour to a visit to the castle, being accompanied in his progress by four young ladies, carrying baskets of woollen-work, the produce of island industry, of which, he was sternly informed, it was the custom of every traveller of distinction to purchase about a ton.

The mist had by this time cleared considerably.

* The "holm," at low tide, is connected with the main.

Not a sail of any kind was visible on the calm blue sea, but so many coasting and fishing craft lay at anchor in the roadstead as to have all the appearance of a wind-bound fleet. Excepting when a small boat moved occasionally between ship and shore, complete inactivity appeared to prevail; and this was the more remarkable since the herring season was near its close, and my uncle was aware that on the opposite (the eastern) shore every hour of propitious weather was being turned to the best account.

Here, however, though there were many sailors and fishermen about the beach and quay, lounging, sleeping, or chatting in groups, there was clearly neither preparation nor thought of it. What made this state of things still more unaccountable was that the bay, even to my uncle's inexperienced eye, was absolutely alive with "shoals" of herring and mackerel, clouds of sea-fowl pursuing them and feasting at their will.

The goodwives, if, having their work in their hands, they did not partake of their husbands' idleness, certainly abetted it, since it seemed as if four fifths of them had assembled on the shore and the little quay.

Curious to elucidate the mystery, my uncle drew near to a man who had just come ashore from a herring smack, and seemed to be its master, and with some difficulty, for the sea-going Shetlanders are neither polished nor communicative, drew him into conversation.

"Would it be possible?" he presently asked, "to visit Fughloe; and on what terms could a smack — the skipper's, for instance — be chartered for the purpose?"

"Fughloe!" repeated the man, with a grin on his bronzed features; "why, fifty pounds."

"Fifty what?" shouted my uncle. "For a four hours' sail?"

"You won't get one of us for less," said the man, sullenly, and probably in a different dialect from that into which my uncle has rendered it. "And I would n't tempt you to try it."

"You have done so well with the cod and the herrings this season, that money's no object, I suppose?"

The man's face grew dark.

"We have done *bad*," he said, "and we're doing *worser*."

"With miles of fish yonder waiting to jump into your nets?"

"Waiting to do *what*? Why, sir, *they* knows it just as well as we, perhaps better," was the oracular reply.

"Know what?"

"Eh! don't you know?" said the man, turning to my uncle; "so you're a stranger. Will you come a little way along o' me?" he added, in a tone meant to be civil. My uncle assented.

Passing the remaining cottages, from one of which the skipper procured his telescope, they ascended the nearest height, until they had opened a large portion of the bay towards the west. Then the man stopped, and extended his shaggy blue arm in a direction a little to the south of the now invisible Fughloe.

"The fog's shutting in again," he said; "but you look *there*, steady. *That's what keeps us!*"

My uncle did look steadily along the blue arm and the brown finger, till they ended in fog and sea; but in the latter, *through* the former, he fancied he could distinguish a low, dark object belong-

ing to neither, the precise nature of which was wholly indiscernible.

"Now you've got him, sir," said the man. "Take the glass."

My uncle did so; and directed a long and penetrating gaze at the mysterious object.

Twice he put down the glass, and twice, as if unsatisfied with his observation, raised it again to his eye.

"I see the — the islet — clearer now," he said, at last; "but — but —"

"I know what's a-puzzling you, sir," said the skipper. "You noticed, when we was standing below, that it was two hours' flood; and yet that little islet, as you call it, lifts higher and higher."

"True. It was little more than a-wash when I first made it out," said my uncle; "let me see if —" he put the glass to his eye. "Why, as I live, it has heaved up thirty feet at least within this minute! Can any rock —"

"There's three hundred fathom good between that rock and the bottom, sir," said the man, quietly. "It's a creature!"

"Good heavens, man! do you mean to tell me that object is a living thing?" exclaimed my uncle, aghast.

For answer, the man pointed towards it.

His fingers trembling with excitement, my uncle could not for a moment adjust the glass. When he did so, a further change had taken place, and the dispersing mist afforded him for the first time a distinct and uninterrupted view.

At a distance from the nearest point of shore which my uncle's professional eye estimated at a league and a half, there floated, or rather wallowed, in the sea a shapeless brownish mass, of whose dimensions it was impossible to form any conception whatever; for while at times it seemed to contract to the length of perhaps a hundred feet, with a breadth of half that measure, there were moments when, if the disturbance and displacement of the water might indicate movements of the same animal, its appalling proportions must have been measured by rods, poles, and furlongs!

Through the skipper's glass, which was an excellent one, my uncle observed that its height out of the water had diminished by nearly half; also, that clouds of sea-fowl were whirling and hovering about the weltering mass, though without, so far as he could distinguish, daring to settle upon it.

Fascinated by an object which seemed sent to rebuke his incredulity, in placing before his eyes this realization of what had been hitherto treated as fantastic dreams, my uncle continued to gaze, rooted to the spot, until the mist, in one of its perpetual changes, shut out the object altogether, when the skipper, touching his hat, made a movement to descend.

On their way back to the village, the seaman told my uncle that, about a week before, the bay of Scalloway, and indeed all the neighboring estuaries, had become suddenly filled with immense shoals of every description of fish, the take of herrings alone being such as to bid fair to more than compensate for the losses of the season. Three days before, while the bustle was at its height, the wind light from sou'-sou'-west, and smooth sea, a sealing-boat from Papa Stour, approaching Scalloway, had rounded Skelda Ness, and was running across the bay, when one of the crew gave notice of an extraordinary appearance, about a mile distant, on the weather bow. The next moment, a mighty globe of wa-

ter, apparently many hundred yards in circuit, rose to the height of their sloop's mast, and, breaking off into huge billows, the thunder of which was heard for miles around, created a sea which, distant as was the vessel from the source of commotion, tossed her like an egg-shell.

Traditions of volcanic action are not unknown to the Shetland seamen. Imagining that a phenomenon of this kind was occurring, they at once bore up, and, having the wind free, rapidly increased their distance from the danger, while, in every direction, boats, partaking of their alarm, were seen scudding into port. The appalled seamen glanced back to seaward. The momentary storm had ceased, and the spray and mist raised by the breaking water subsiding, gave to view an enormous object rising, in a somewhat irregular form, many feet above the surface, and — unless the terror of the crew led them to exaggerate — not less than half a mile in extent.

"A rock thrown up," was their first idea. One look through the glass dispelled it. The object, whatever it might be, lived, moved, was rolling round — or, at all events, swinging — with a heavy lateral movement, like a vessel deeply laden, the outline changing every moment; while, at intervals, a mountainous wave, as if created by some gigantic "wallow," would topple over the smoother sea.

Dusk was closing in when the sealing-boat reached the quay. They had been closer to the monstrous visitor than any, except one small craft, — young Peter Magnus's, — which had had to stand out to sea, but was now seen approaching. When she arrived, nearly the whole population was assembled, and assailed her crew with eager question. Peter looked grave and disturbed, ("T is a young fellow, I'm afeerd, without much heart," said the skipper,) and seemed by no means sorry to set foot on shore.

"It's neither rock, nor wreck, nor whale, nor serpent, nor anything we know of *here*," was all that could be got from Peter, but one of his hands, who had taken a steadier look at the creature, declared that it made intelligent movements; also, that, in rolling, it displayed its flanks, which were reddish brown, and covered with bunches as big as bothays, and things like stunted trees! Pressed as to its size, he thought it might be three quarters to a mile round, but *there was more below!*

"Not many of us fishermen turned in that night," the skipper went on to say. "We were up and down to the beach continually; for, the night being still, we could *hear* the beast, and from its surging, and a thundering noise that might be his blowing, we thought he might be shifting his berth. And so he was; for at daybreak he worked to the east'ard, and 'has lain moored ever since where you saw. But we still hear him, and the swell he makes comes right up to our boats in the harbor. Why don't we venture out a mile or so? *This is why.* Because, if he's a quarter so big as they say — and, sir, I'm afeerd to tell you what that is — supposin' he made up his mind to go down, he'd suck down a seventy-four, if she were within a mile of him. We're losing our bread, but we must bide his pleasure, or rather, God's, that sent him," concluded the honest skipper, "come what will on it."

"There was one chance for us," he presently added. "The Sapphire, surveying ship, is expected every day, and some think the captain would n't mind touching him up with his carronades; but

when he sees what 't is, I don't think he'll consider it his dooty!"

They had reached the village during this conversation, and were approaching a group of persons engaged apparently in some dispute, when a young man burst out from the party, and, in a discomposed manner, was walking away. The skipper stopped him.

"Well, Peter, my lad, what's wrong now?"

"I think she's mad!" was Peter's doubtful answer, as he brushed back his hair impatiently from his hot, excited brow. He had handsome, but effeminate features, and seemed about twenty.

The skipper spoke a word or two with him apart, patted his shoulder, as if enforcing some advice, and rejoined my uncle.

"Young Magnus, my sister's son," he said. "A sweethearts' quarrel, sir, that's all. But she *do* try him sure! Ah, Leasha, Leasha!" he continued, shaking his head at a young woman who sat at work upon the gunwale of a boat, and appeared the centre of an admiring circle of both sexes, who stood, sat, or sprawled about her, as their fancy prompted. She was very handsome, haughty-looking for her station, and, at this moment, out of humor.

Though she could not hear the skipper's exclamation, she understood the gesture that accompanied it, and, smoothing her brow, appeared to stand on the defensive.

Young Magnus, who had returned to the circle, stepped forward.

"Now, Leasha," he said, "will you dare to say before my uncle what you did to me,—yes, to me?" repeated the young man, striking his breast passionately.

The word was ill chosen. Leasha's spirit rose.

"Dare!" she said, in a suppressed voice. "You shall see," she said. "But remember, Mr. Edmonston," addressing my uncle's companion, "this has nothing to do with such as *you*. I said that, among Scalloway men, we had both children and cowards. I said that, because a wrecked hull, or a raft of Norway timber, or, at worst a helpless, dying monster of some sort is floating on our shores, we are not ashamed to skulk and starve in port. Not a boat will put out to take up the fish within half a mile of this beach,"—she stamped her bare and sinewy but well-formed foot upon it,—"*nor* even venture near enough to discover what it is that has scared away your courage and reason. Shame on all such, I say, and shame again."

"You don't know what you are talking of, Leasha," said Edmonston. "We do. If there were not danger, I should not be *here*. I might be willing to risk my life, but not my ship, which, while God spares her, must be my son's and grandson's bread. You speak at random, girl, and Peter Magnus is no more to blame than the rest of us; less, perhaps," said the good-natured skipper, "for his boat is but a little thing. A 'wreck,' child? Who ever saw a rig with *nine masts*? 'Norway rafts?' Psha! Call it a sea-thing, you're nearer to the truth; but he's a bold seaman, and a precious fool to boot, that puts his craft near enough to ask whence he hails."

"I would do it if I were a man," cried the girl, beating her foot upon the ground. "And—and I will not say what I should think of the bold man that did it *now*."

Young Magnus colored to the temples, for the challenge was directed to him, but made no reply. There had stood, meanwhile, a little aloof from the group, a young fisherman, tall, athletic, and with a

countenance that would have been handsome but for a depression of the nose, the result of an injury, and for a somewhat sullen and sinister expression, which was perhaps habitual to him. The words had not left Leasha's lips before he uncoiled his arme, which had been folded on his broad chest, and strode into the circle, saying, quietly,—

"I will go."

"You'll not be such a fool, Gilbert Suncler (Sinclair)," said Edmonston.

"You'll see," said the other, in his short, sullen manner. "Some of you boys shove her off," pointing to his boat, "while I run up yonder."

He went to a cottage close at hand, and was back almost instantly, carrying something under his fishing-cape, and a gun. His boat was already in the water, and fifty dexterous hands busied in stepping the mast, setting the sails, and stowing the shingle-ballast. She was ready.

"Who's going with you, since you *will* go?" growled Edmonston.

"I've only room for one man living," said Sinclair, in his sinister way. "Now, I don't want to take advantage over Peter Magnus. Him, or none."

The young man stood irresolute for a moment, then, with one glance at Leasha, leaped into the boat. Sinclair pushed off eagerly.

"You have done well, girl," said Edmonston, sternly. "If either return alive, it will not be Peter Magnus."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, clutching his sleeve as he turned away.

"That Gilbert Sinclair is a treacherous, malignant devil, and at this moment mad with jealous—Stop—"

But Leasha had dashed down the beach.

"Peter! Peter!" she shrieked, "come back! For the love of Heaven—back! I must speak with you!"

"Too late!" replied Sinclair, with a grin. "Wait till he brings you what you want to know."

As the last word was uttered there was a splash astern. Magnus had leaped into the water.

"Ha! ha! *Coward!*" roared Sinclair, as his boat shot into the fog.

Evening was now approaching, and my uncle, deeply interested, and resolved to see the adventure out, accepted the skipper's invitation to pass the night at his cottage. After taking some refreshment, they strolled out again upon the shore and quay. The mist was clearing, and the moon had risen. My uncle asked what his host imagined Sinclair proposed to do, expressing his doubts whether he intended anything but bravado.

Edmonston was not so sure of that. Ruffian as he was, with a spice of malice that made him the terror and aversion of the village, Sinclair was a perfect dare-devil in personal courage, and, his blood being now up, he was certain, if he returned at all, to bring back tidings of some description. The man's unlucky passion for Leasha (who was betrothed, Edmonston said, to his nephew) had been the cause of much uneasiness to the friends of both. "God pardon me if I misjudge the man," concluded Edmonston; "but if ever murder looked out of man's eye, it did from his when Peter jumped into his boat to-day."

By eleven o'clock the haze had lifted so much that the skipper proposed to ascend the height, and try if anything could be seen. The night was still as death; and, as they rose the hill, the soft rippling murmur of the sea barely reached their ears.

"I never knew him so quiet as *this*!" remarked Edmonston; "I take it, he's—"

Before he could finish, a sound, compounded of rush and roar, so fearful and appalling that it can be likened to nothing but the sudden bursting of a dam which confined a pent-up sea, swooped from seaward, and seemed to shake the very rock on which they stood. There was a bellow of cavernous thunder, which seemed to reverberate through the distant isles; and, far out, a broad white curtain appeared to rise, blend with the dispersing fog, and move majestically towards the land.

"It's the surf! 'He has sounded,'" whispered Edmonston. "Listen—now!"

Perfect silence had succeeded the tumultuous roar, and again they heard nothing but the sough of the sea lapping the crags below. But, after the lapse of perhaps a minute, the hush was invaded by a soft, sibilating murmur, increasing to a mighty roar; and, with a crash like thunder, a billow—fifteen feet in height—fell headlong upon the rocky shore. It was followed by two or three more, each smaller than the preceding; and once again silence resumed her sway.

At daybreak it was seen that the terrible Sentinel of Scalloway had returned to his fathomless depths.

And where was Sinclair? He was seen no more; but, weeks afterwards, a home-bound boat, passing near the spot where the monster had lain, nearly came in contact with some floating wreck. From certain singular appearances, some of which seemed to indicate that the wreck had been but recently released from the bottom, the crew were induced to take it in tow, and bring it into port. There it was at once identified as the forward portion of Gilbert Sinclair's boat, torn—or, as Scalloway men insist to this day, *bitten*—clean off, just forward of the mast,—the grooves of one colossal tooth—the size of a tree—being distinctly visible!

There are persons, it is true, who have endeavored to lessen the mysterious interest of my uncle's story, by suggesting a different explanation,—hinting, for example, that the object might have been composed of nothing more extraordinary than the entangled hulls of two large vessels, wrecked in collision; and that Sinclair, suspecting this, and endeavoring to reduce them to manageable proportions through the agency of gunpowder, had destroyed himself with them.

But, if so, where were the portions of wreck? We have also the support of no less a person than the author of "Waverley," who, in his notes to the "Pirate," mentions the incident, and its effect upon the hardy seamen of Scalloway; while my uncle himself, at a subsequent visit to that port, smoked a pipe with Mr. Magnus in the very boat—then converted into an arbor—that had been bitten in two by the sea-monster. So that, with him, I frankly ask,—if it was not a kraken,—*What was it?*

A CHINESE LYING-IN-STATE.

An excellent opportunity, says a correspondent to the *London and China Telegraph*, has been afforded foreigners for witnessing the peculiar forms and ceremony of a Chinese lying-in-state and grand funeral obsequies, by the death of the wealthy mandarin baker, Takee, with whose name many of your readers may probably be familiar. On the evening of the second day of what might be termed the lying-in-state, accompanied by a couple of friends,

I went to Takee's house. On arrival there we found a large number of Celestials crowding and staring round the entrance, which was illuminated by lanterns, and over which a curious lofty structure had been reared, composed of small panes of window-glass set in a framing of white cotton cloth, puckered and arranged by bows, rosettes, &c., into a regular pattern and panels. A number of candles and lamps were placed behind the panels of window-glass on which figures of flowers and leaves had been roughly painted, the whole forming a light and rather elegant screen for the native orchestra, but who, no doubt, tired with their day's exertions, did not mar the pleasure of our sight-seeing by making the night hideous with their music.

Pushing our way through the good-tempered but odorous crowd, we came face to face with a municipal council policeman, stationed at the wide-opened doors, whose business was to allow all foreigners to enter, but only such natives as bore tickets of admission, or were friends of the deceased. Passing this amiable, though stern-looking, Cerberus and along a short passage or hall, in which we noticed a scarlet umbrella and several red wooden tablets, marks of the deceased man's rank, we entered a suite of rooms brilliantly lighted by hanging glass lanterns and some overgrown candles. The rooms were divided from each other by screens or walls of open lattice-work, cleverly and very neatly contrived by curious twillings and puckerings of white cotton cloth; the knowing ones said, "white shirtings." On two of these screens, forming a central room, we noticed two eight-sided medallions with grotesque representations of a deer and a crane, which must have required no small amount of ingenuity to compose, considering the nature and extraordinarily puckered form of the material employed.

From the ceiling of this room was hanging a large mysterious-looking ornament fashioned from the same stuff, adorned with tassels and streamers, whose use or object it was impossible to divine. On the walls of the rooms, and on the screens separating the rooms from each other,—or what seemed to me dividing a very large room indeed into several smaller ones,—hung strips of variously colored satin, inscribed with quotations from the Chinese classics, in gilt and silvered lettering,—votive tablets from the deceased's friends. These tablets were about twelve or eighteen inches in breadth and some six or eight feet high or long. Their more general hue was a rich dark blue or white; the former with gilt letters, the latter with silvered or gilt; but there were some of very delicate tints of other colors,—pink, lavender, lemon, &c. From the top of each on either side hung a long thin silken tassel, probably for securing the tablet when rolled up into a scroll. The effect was really very elegant. These rooms were furnished with mirrors, tables, and chairs, many of the latter being covered with richly-embroidered pieces of blue silk or satin. Several cheval-glasses presented an odd dressing-roomish appearance, and with some French gilt clocks, which did not go, looked quaintly out of place with their surroundings. When we arrived, these rooms were filled with numbers of Chinese, either seated round the tables, closely engaged with piled-up dishes of their mysterious eatables, resolutely determined on the enjoyment of no ordinary chow-chow, or by others gently walking about, smoking an occasional whiff, or in the arms of a comfortable chair taking their ease with the beaming cordial smile and loving look of well-filled, appreciative stomachs.

The rattling of cups and dishes, the hurrying to and fro of food-laden attendants and pipe-bearers, the fumes of the viands, the smoke of tobacco, the bustle, merriment, and chatter, the brilliantly lighted and decorated rooms, the cheerful glow and jovial gaiety of all, betokened a state of festivity rather than the presence of death. At the end of the central room, however, and in view of all, was a white lattice-screened portal, on the white doors of which was written, in large blue characters, "Ling Mung," — "Gate of the Soul."

Admitted through this portal, we found ourselves in a sort of chapel. Along the walls hung votive tablets on blue and white satin strips as in the rooms we had just left, and along the sides were ranged chairs, in which the female servants of the deceased were sitting as mourners. At the head of this chamber there was a kind of altar, with sacred vessels and Gargantuan candles burning, behind which stood a raised board covered with a number of dishes, heaped up with all kinds of sweetmeats, fruit, and strange confectionery. Hanging lamps shed a brilliant light here also. Lifting a narrow white curtain on either side of this chow-chow laden board, we saw a second table on a level with it crowded with more dishes or bowls of meat, fish, fowl, and vegetables, above which rested, somewhat after the fashion of an altarpiece, a portrait of Takee, and at his feet, placed on a miniature chair, rested the Sacred Book of his belief, — the "Tau-tih-King," or "Bible of the Taoists."

On one side below the picture, and with his back to it, a figure of a Chinaman, about three feet high, standing on a tea-chest, offered a pipe with one hand and invited with the other to the good things laid out on the table before him; on the other side stood a second inviting figure handing a cup of tea. From rude unpainted wooden racks on each wall funereal garments of some coarse fabric, ill-made and rough, were suspended, — fitting vestments for mourners in "sackcloth and ashes." The coffin of Takee was deposited immediately behind this portrait, in a small, dim, bare chamber. It was richly lacquered, about seven feet in length, two wide, and about three feet high, covered with a close-fitting crimson-wadded quilt or pall, and was placed on a slightly-raised bier; a coarse mourning robe and cap were carelessly thrown it, for the use of his adopted son at the funeral ceremony. In answer to a stranger's inquiry as to what it was — namely, the strange-looking cap — I heard an intensely practical, I will not say irreverent, foreigner reply, "Spanish stripes," by which I infer he alluded to the material of the quilted pall. No priests were officiating on the first night of our visit, though we saw several in their white robes and skullcaps moving about. Returning two evenings after, we were greeted by three loud explosions outside the entrance door, which we discovered were produced by a servant firing some gunpowder, as the signal of the commencement of a kind of mass or prayer, and during our stay this firing was repeated as often as the priests resumed prayers, after a break in them.

We entered with as little difficulty as on the previous visit. The rooms were as full and as brilliantly lighted as before, but there was no chow-chowing, and, as a consequence, I suppose, the Chinamen looked rather bored and tired with the thing than otherwise, though they seemed pleased with the visits of foreigners, and flattered with the curiosity displayed by them, taking every opportunity to enlighten the "barbarians'" ignorance.

Passing through the portal of the "Gate of the Soul," we added to the large number of strangers who were collected in the inner chamber or chapel, witnessing the Taoist ceremonial that was proceeding. There were nearly a dozen white-vestured and capped priests officiating. One read slowly aloud a sentence, at each word of which six or seven others, who were kneeling, bowed their foreheads to the ground. Then the chief priest, standing before the shrine or altar, and facing the portrait of Takee, receiving from a kneeling bonze on his right hand a small cup or bowl of food, sweetmeat, or confectionery, and after repeating the word of the first priest, elevated and lowered the dish of food; he then handed it to a kneeling bonze on his left, by whom it was also elevated and lowered, and delivered to a third to be carried away. The number of dishes seemed interminable, and the same proceeding appeared to me to be pursued with them throughout. At length the last dish was disposed of for that "go." The chief priest then read a paper, which I was given to understand was laudatory of the deceased's virtues, and having placed it on a brazier of burning charcoal, and thrown a handful of silver-paper imitation sycee on it, one of Takee's wives or widows, of whom, I hear, he has left a goodly number, rushed in, holding the adopted son, a child, by the hand. The paper and imitation sycee flamed up and were destroyed, to the howling, banging, musical uproar which introduces the gnome fiends and monstrous devils of a Christmas pantomime; the wife, or widow, and son rushed off as hastily as they had rushed on, and the service for a time ended. Refreshments in the form of tea and substantial "board and lodging" soup was brought in to the smiling, merry-looking priests, who seemed to have arrived at the end of a service that had restrained them to a serious comportment, with immense relief, and to hail the advent of the "prog" with unbounded satisfaction and many a lively joke.

Takee having been at the head of the Ningpo Guild in Shanghai, and a Ningpo man, was taken to that port for burial, after lying in state five days. The steamer Kiangsue's cabin was entirely appropriated for conveying his body at a cost of a thousand taels (more than £300), and a funeral cortege of extraordinary magnificence and extent left his house on the morning of the 16th inst. to carry the coffin down to the steamer, on which it was placed amidst the firing of many big guns. Owing to a misconception as to the time of the departure of the procession, I was, unfortunately, prevented attending it, and take the following description from the columns of the *Shanghai Recorder*.

As an out-door spectacle, it is reported to have been superior in splendor to any in the recollection of the oldest resident. Its commencement is stated to have been paltry. A paper figure, like an elaborate scarecrow of a Guy Fawkes, called the "Kan-loo," or Road Spirit, also the "Devil Steer," preceded the procession as herald of the dead. Next came a trophy of great value, — the "Tsing," or plumed standard, granted Takee by the Emperor; then a crowd, scattering imitation sycee with lavish hand to divert the malignity of evil spirits by exciting and then disappointing their cupidity. The municipal police band followed; then a long line of ancestral tablets and the Yaoutai's retinue; next, borne by four men, the "Tsi-tyung," or Imperial Scales, — another token of the favor of the court of Peking. Then came the "splendid" nor-

tion of the spectacle. Taoist priests by two, gorgeously robed in amber satin vestments, stiff with brocade and gold embroidery; to glean some idea of whose "shape and sheen," says the *Recorder*, you must examine the pall of Ambroise of Milan, in Vandyke's well-known picture.

After this glittering group a scarcely less gorgeous band of Bhuddist priests came, clad in scarlet, then a troop of by no means clean children, — rather dirty little beggars, in fact. After whom, in the deceased's chair, veiled in red crape, the Shintu-Ba, a mysterious tablet considered the seat of the human soul, now in happiness, and closely veiled lest it be perturbed by beholding the sorrow of those he loved. More Bhuddist priests of second rank followed in profusely embroidered green robes; then a closely clustered mass of tall narrow silk and satin banners inscribed with sentences recommending the soul of the departed to the genii, and recording his good acts in this life to insure him a kind reception in the next. Then another instance of Chinese contradiction, — the "Djur Lan," or mourning lantern, hung before the dead man's face to enable him to recognize his friends in the next world.

The friends of the deceased then followed with his adopted son, and in the coarse grass-cloth garments I have before mentioned; the coffin from Lintin, now covered with green instead of crimson, and surmounted by a paper representation of the "Seen-Hok," or Fairy Stork. This long cortege was closed by thirty-nine chairs containing the wives in mourning garments, and their friends crowned with chaplets of white china-asters. With such pomp and circumstance (writes the *Recorder*) was Takee borne to the Joss-house near the Maloo, then through the streets to the river-side, where, amidst salvos of cannon, his body was placed on board the steamer Kiangse, which was to convey it to the last resting-place at Ningpo.

Takee's wealth is reputed to be one million taels (about a third of a million sterling), and we were told by a mandarin, at the lying-in-state, that the cost of it, — the chow-chowing, priests, pageant, and other outlay, till the coffin was deposited in the grave at Ningpo, would amount to 50,000 taels (fifty thousand taels), which statement we took *cum grano* *salis*, but we were more inclined to believe this buttoned grandee when he said that four hundred candles were nightly consumed in lighting the house.

WHAT I SAW OF THE PEARL-FISHERY.

I. — CEYLON.

EARLY in the month of February, 1859, I found myself in the streets of Colombo, in the Island of Ceylon. How I came there need not concern the reader at present, though I may say that ill usage drove me to leave my ship without receiving the money due to me for wages.

The fear of being again put under the command of those I disliked prevented me from visiting that part of the town where the principal European residents of the place were dwelling, and I was compelled to acquire some knowledge of the inhabitants of that part of the city occupied by the descendants of the Dutch and Portuguese, and of the Pettah, or native quarter of Colombo.

The Pettah presented a fine school for acquiring some knowledge of the different races found in the East; for it then contained a population of about thirty-five thousand souls, including Malays, Moors,

Amongst these people, all very busy in accomplishing but little, I was trying to live on nothing per diem. During the day I would wander about the city, and occasionally give its inhabitants a lesson in economy by consuming a pine-apple, shaddock, or mango that had been rejected by others.

In the evening I would walk out of town, where, undisturbed by its inhabitants, I could find a night's lodging in some cinnamon-garden or grove of cashew-nut-trees. A man who lives in Ceylon must be industrious, and I recommend the place as a residence for any one who is constitutionally indolent, and wishes relief from the infirmity. Day and night existence demands a constant warfare against myriads of sand-flies and other annoyances, small in form, but great in the effect of disturbing repose.

A soft bed of snow and a blanket of ice were all I then desired for perfect happiness; but such luxuries are not to be had in Ceylon. If I did wrong in leaving my ship, I was amply punished for it. In the frenzy of struggling to maintain an existence against the myriads of tormentors all anxious to impress upon me some record of their love and hatred, I arranged my frantic powers of thought into a resolution to take the first opportunity of getting once more upon the water. A small brig was about to sail for the Bay of Condatthy, and I joined it as one of the crew, with the promise that I should be employed in the pearl-fishery when the vessel reached its destination. It was the first chance I had of leaving Colombo; a better might have been found the same day; but I had acquired all the experience of a vagabond life in that city that I deemed necessary for future use, and would run no risk in enlarging it.

The brig belonged to a Colombo merchant, who had purchased at auction the right of fishing on an oyster-bed that had lately been surveyed and sold by the government. The vessel was freighted with stores for the use of those who had been engaged for the fishery, and was commanded by a native of Colombo, of Portuguese descent, named Manos. Aboard the brig were several men who had been engaged as divers. They were called *Marawas*, and were most of them natives of Tuticorum. They had no duty to perform on the vessel, and seldom spoke but to each other. A high opinion of their profession or business evidently made them above associating too freely with those who have never tried to make themselves amphibious; but why they had conceived this exalted opinion of themselves I was unable to learn.

Four days after leaving Colombo we anchored in the Bay of Condatthy, and I again found myself on the animated soil of Ceylon, where the insects were quite as numerous, inquisitive, impertinent, and bloodthirsty as those of the place we had left.

We landed near a village containing about twelve hundred inhabitants, — most of them miserable-looking wretches, and many of them apparently suffering evils from which death would seem a relief.

Every species of animal and vegetable life seemed in its proper home excepting man, who was apparently maintaining a miserable, uncertain existence, in opposition to the efforts nature was making to remove him from the island.

II. — PEARL-FISHING.

WE found Condatthy Bay the scene of much animation; for more than one hundred and fifty boats, principally from the Commandal and Malabar

coasts, had reached the bay, and their crews were making preparations for engaging in pearl-fishing, which was not to commence until the 16th of the month, three days after our arrival.

An oyster-bank is divided into five parts, only one of which is fished in a year, and each in turns. This prevents the bank from being completely stripped, and gives the young oysters a chance of reaching maturity. The right of fishing on certain portions of the bank is sold at auction to the highest bidder, and purchased by speculative merchants, who generally lose money in the business. This, however, does not prevent them from engaging in it, since there is a chance of a large fortune being made at it in one season.

Each fishing-boat is manned by twenty men, besides a *tindal*, or man acting as pilot, who has authority over all the others. Ten of the twenty men are divers; the others attend on them, pull the boat, and perform all other duties.

The oyster-banks off Condatchy are about twenty miles from the shore; and early on the evening of the 15th more than a hundred boats were manned by men anxiously waiting for the signal for them to start for their respective fishing-grounds.

At ten o'clock in the evening a gun was fired at Arippo. It was a signal that the boats might start; and setting a sail to catch the land-breeze, then fairly on its way for the sea, we started. I had consented to form one of the ten of a boat's crew, whose duty consisted in managing the boat and looking after the divers; and, on our first excursion out, *Senhor Manos*, who had commanded the brig, was our *tindal*, or pilot.

We reached our station a little before sunrise, and preparations were immediately commenced for business. The divers divested themselves of all clothing except a small piece of calico about the loins; and to a belt around the waist each fastened a small net to hold the oysters. Each had a piece of iron weighing about ten pounds, to which was tied a small line with a loop in which a foot could be inserted. These weights were to enable them to descend with greater rapidity to the bottom; for, as they could only remain under water from one minute and a half to two minutes, it was necessary that no time should be lost on the way down.

One end of the small line attached to the weight was retained in the boat, to enable us to recover the weight after the diver had reached the bottom and withdrawn his foot from the loop. Although there were ten divers in each boat, only five went over at a time. This enabled each to have a rest, and still kept the work constantly going on.

Each man before going over had placed around his body, under the arms, a line by which he could be pulled to the surface, the end of the line being held by one of the crew in the boat; and as an additional precaution against danger, a line was hanging from the stem of the boat, and sunk with a weight to the bottom.

With a knife in one hand, and firmly grasping the nose with the other, five of our divers went over the side, and rapidly disappeared below, while those in the boats saw that the lines attached to their bodies ran out clear, and stood ready to pull them up, should the signal be given for us to do so.

This was the first work of the kind I had ever seen performed, and the minute and a half or more in which we waited for the shaking of the lines, which was the signal for us to haul up, seemed to me a period of nearly ten minutes.

All came up within a few seconds of each other, and each had not less than one hundred oysters in the net. The diver attached to the line I was holding was the first to make an appearance, and required much more force in pulling him up than what I thought was necessary; but as he reached the surface, the reason of this was immediately seen. He was bearing in his hands a mass of oysters adhering together, which he had succeeded in detaching from a rock with his knife. The mass could not have weighed less than forty pounds.

The other five divers immediately went down; and in this way the work was carried on until noon, the divers having gone down about forty times each since the time they commenced in the morning. The sea-breeze had then commenced blowing, and we started for the shore.

Thus far we had been fortunate; and yet there was a possibility that in the many bushels of oysters we had secured there might not be a pearl of the value of one shilling. But with this possibility there was another: the cargo we had procured might be worth five or ten thousand pounds.

On reaching the shore the oysters were taken from the boat, put into a pit, and then covered over with matting and some earth, there to die and decompose. The shells would then be open, when they would be picked over, and the pearls, if they contained any, would be extracted.

More than two thousand men had been at work on the banks that day, and many tons of oysters had been taken from their homes to die.

"What," thought I, "can be the real cause of this labor, — this waste of time for a substance that is of no practical use to mankind?"

To many of those I had seen employed that day an answer to this question would have been very simple. They would have told me that they were working for money; but I looked beyond this for the real cause of their toil.

The conclusion at which I arrived may be wrong, perhaps worse, — ungallant; for all this wicked waste of time I ascribed to the fact that ladies have vanity. From the result of this infirmity thousands of others have to suffer. It seems that the law of nature, that from the misfortunes of a few many must suffer, applies to pearl-oysters as well as human beings; for since being in the fishery I have learned that only oysters in ill-health produce pearls; yet the misfortunes of the afflicted bring all from their beds in the sea to the earth-pits to die.

III. — THE PILLAR KARRAS.

IN the evening after we had unloaded the boat, many reports reached us of the events of the day. All were favorable for the prospect of a good season at the fishery; for we heard no complaints as to want of success in procuring oysters. Other reports, however, gave the fear that the business of procuring was to be followed with danger; for we heard of three or four encounters with sharks, in one of which a diver had been killed.

For each boat employed on the pearl-banks there is a priest, whose business is to protect the divers from sharks. During the time the boats are out, these men are supposed to be engaged in prayers and other ceremonies thought necessary for the protection of those who have employed them. The pearl-divers will not work unless there is some one, either in the boat or on shore, who is paid by their employers for protecting them from sharks. The priests or conjurers are called *Pillar Karras*, or

"binders of sharks"; and their exertions in behalf of the divers are certainly of great assistance; for the superstitious men place the utmost confidence in their labors, and the absence of fear is necessary in encountering any danger.

The Pillar Karras work very hard for the money they receive for their services, and the contortion of their bodies and features when engaged in their conjurations or prayers is painful to witness. Frequently, when a diver is killed by a shark, the priest employed to protect him from harm has to make a sudden departure from the scene of his labors to avoid the vengeance of the lost man's companions, who pronounce him an impostor, incapable of commanding or exercising the power necessary for protecting them from the enemy they fear.

So great is the superstition of the pearl-divers, that each firmly believes his preservation from day to day is wholly owing to the labors of the priest. They know that thousands of sharks are cruising the tropic seas where the occupation of pearl-diving is followed; they also know that this enemy to man and everything else is ever hungry; and they require no further exercise of reason to believe that the "shark-binders" have saved them from being devoured.

The Pillar Karras generally remain on shore, and during the time the divers are at work they must be constantly engaged in prayer. Should one of the Marawas be seized by a shark, it is fully believed by his companions that at that particular instant the priest was neglecting his duty, and that his thoughts for a moment have been turned upon some sinful theme, giving the shark an opportunity of seizing its victim.

Before we had been employed on the pearl-banks a week, two incidents occurred that strongly confirmed the Marawas in their superstitious belief in the power of their priests.

There was a great commotion in a boat lying next to the one in which I was employed. The line attached to one of their divers commented rapidly running out. All who witnessed this knew the cause, and the Marawas were pulled to the surface. One of them never appeared again. He had been taken away by a shark. The companions of the lost man, having no confidence in their Pillar Karras, would go under water no more that day; and the boat returned to shore, the Marawas in it cursing their "binder of sharks" for what they thought his criminal neglect, while those in our boat seemed very grateful for the good fortune that had given them a conjurer whose incantations had protected them from the evil that had befallen others so near by.

On reaching the shore in the evening we heard what the Marawas thought a satisfactory explanation of the reason why the diver had been lost. While energetically engaged in performing his duty, the Pillar Karras employed in protecting the divers belonging to the boat from which the man had been lost, had been bitten by a *cobra de cappello*, or hooded snake, and had died about three hours afterwards.

Here, in the opinion of the Marawas, was positive proof of the necessity of a Pillar Karras to protect them from their enemy. A priest had been interrupted in his ceremonies and prayers, and the consequence had been the loss of a life placed in his care. The priest was buried that evening by the men who had been cursing him but a few hours before for what they thought neglect of duty.

IV.—THE MARAWAS.

THE Marawas are generally quiet, inoffensive men, simple in their amusements and manner of living, and yet they are not easily induced to do anything against which they have the slightest objection.

The season in which fishing on the pearl-banks is allowed only lasts six weeks, but in that time only about twenty-five days' work is performed by the divers.

Frequently all refuse to go out in the boats, and will give no reason for doing so. There is no use in trying to compel them, and all others have to wait their pleasure.

There is a great similarity in their appearance, and one is seldom met who possesses much character not common to others.

One of the divers of the boat to which I belonged was an exception to this rule: a man who looked and talked somewhat differently from his companions, and who, with some of them, was a little inclined to be quarrelsome. Uneven in disposition, he was also fond of playing practical jokes. When this man, who was called Latta, was in one of his merry moods, he often seriously interrupted our work, and by his conduct brought upon himself the ill-will of his companions.

Usually when a diver first reaches the bottom there will be a few feet of slack to the line attached to his body. A favorite amusement of Latta's was to shake the rope fastened to one of his companions in such a manner that the motion would be perceptible to those above, while the person to whom it was attached would know nothing of its having been agitated. This would be a signal for those above to haul up the line; and, knowing that the man had just gone down, they would suppose that the signal would not be given without some good reason, and would lose no time in bringing the man to the surface.

The astonished diver who had given no signal, and in ignorance that any had been given, would find himself dragged up immediately after coming down, and would use some strong Malabar language in expressing his opinion of those who had been exerting themselves in obeying the signal. Here would be a fine opportunity for a controversy, which was never lost.

The diver would swear that he had not given a signal, and we in the boat would be as certain that he had. On one occasion, when the same man had been suddenly pulled up twice within an hour, Senhor Manos, the *tindal*, was strongly impressed with the fear that he should have to take the lives of two men, to prevent them from killing each other. Latta was at last detected in his amusement, and emphatically threatened with death should he again offend in the same manner.

Before we had been three weeks on the banks, this man had made an enemy of nearly every other belonging to the boat; but an enemy more merciful than man was in search of Latta. It found him one day, and he was seen no more. He was taken away by a shark, and his loss was further proof to our Marawas of the power and wisdom of the conjurer retained for their special use. Latta they pronounced unworthy of the priest's care, alleging that he had therefore been allowed to meet the fate of the unprotected.

So inconsistent are the thoughts of the superstitious divers, that the loss of Latta apparently in-

spired our Marawas with more confidence in the power of the Pillar Karras to save them. Had the shark selected another, our priest, in their opinion, would have deserved some severe punishment; but, as the one who had been taken away was disliked, all were noisy in praise of the wonderful man who, at the distance of twenty miles from a shark, had not prevented it from getting a dinner.

Our business was followed until the 1st of April, the end of the season, without further loss of life, and with great success in procuring oysters. To all there had been some excitement, much amusement, and very good pay, yet none seemed to regret that the season was over.

The result of the speculation of the merchant who had employed us I never learned; for, before it was known in Colombo, I had sailed from that part of the world, delighted with the hope that I might never see it again.

SPIDERS.

"SPIDERS! What a subject for an article! Let us skip it, and get on to the next!" exclaims some one after reading the heading. But be in no hurry, my reader! Try to read this article. The subject is striking. In all creation there exists not a more remarkable set of beings than spiders. I will try to be brief in their story.

Let me venture to alter a word in the song of the Second Fairy, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and follow me, as the said Fairy calls,

"Weaving spiders! come ye here:
Come, ye long-legged spinners, come!"

Shakespeare, in these two lines, has touched with his master eye a leading peculiarity of the race.

Spiders are *weavers*. Who has not wondered at their webs?

A glance at any of our cuts will show that spiders have a body very different from that of insects, properly so called. They have their head and breast welded, as it were, into one piece,* while the body is in another piece, or division. To the first piece is attached that formidable apparatus, their mouth (Fig. 2); on its upper surface are generally six or eight eyes; the latter number prevailing, although one genus is said to have only two eyes. To the under side are attached eight legs.



Fig. 1. Female Diadem Spider.

The breathing apparatus of spiders, and indeed their general structure, from their palpi to their spinnerets, would take many papers to describe. Their very curious legs, with their combs, spines, and brushes, would alone furnish matter for columns. These structures must only be alluded to incidentally in this paper. The figures will show parts of these in sufficient detail to point out the curious arrangement of eyes, claws, and spinnerets, at least in two of the genera. But let us glance at the webs of spiders for an instant.

Come with me to that well-known point in Strath-earn, called Whitehill, on an autumn morning. The sun is breaking through the mist which conceals the lovely prospect all around. The view of the country, from the Ochils to the Grampians, from "fair"

Perth to the woods of Strathallan and Drummond Castle, is spread out before you, but hidden. So having no scenery to engage your attention on this

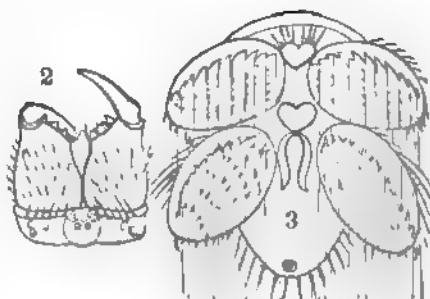


Fig. 2. Eyes and mouth of *Chelonia*, greatly magnified.
Fig. 3. *Spinnerets*, greatly magnified.

autumn morning, the many pretty fungi springing up all around attract your notice. The whin and broom bushes are a mere mass of close webs. The sun is shining on these. At a distance they are seemingly gray and dull. You go near to examine them more closely, and to make acquaintance with their makers and tenants, and perhaps also to see what prey their webs contain.

As you look on them, the webs shine with the lustre of mother-of-pearl, or opal. If an entomologist, you might fancy that the colors somewhat resemble the lovely hues that may be seen on the backs of some eastern beetles, found by Mr. Wallace. Naturalists like to be particular; and this last resemblance, at the time, occurred to me as being exact. The sheen of these webs, on the autumn morning of 1865 when I viewed them, exactly resembled at a short distance that on the back of a species of Weevil, of the genus *Eupholus*, brought from Celebes or some other Eastern island. As you approached more closely, the twinkling iridescence became more glorious. The rainbow hues glittered and glowed. Seldom had I seen anything more delicately beautiful; although the general impression was such as I had often witnessed in similar circumstances. This iridescence, however, did not entirely arise from the reflection of the sun on the dewy drops. I observed that the threads, on webs that appeared quite dry, glittered as my eye closely approached them.

Sir David Brewster* has described this, and gives Sir John Herschel's explanation of it. "These colors," says he, "may arise either from the cause that produces color in a single scratch or fissure, or the interference of light reflected from its opposite edges, or from the thread itself, as spun by the animal, consisting of several agglutinated together, and thus presenting, not a cylindrical, but a furrowed surface."

If the reader examine the cut (Fig. 3), he will find that each thread of a spider's web is formed by the combination of many threads from their spinnerets, so that each thread has lines throughout its length, which can cause the light of the sun, reflected to the eye, to show the prismatic colors. But whether this be the explanation or not, I had never seen a more fairy-like vision. William Blake or Noel Paton could have peopled it with fairies. The glittering webs would have become the magic carpet of the "little people" whom a gifted fancy might have conjured up.

* Naturalists call it *cephalo-thorax*.

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th ed., xvi. p. 683 (Optics).

I was on my way to examine for a second time the curious library of Lord Maderty at Innerpeffray, where are many books that belonged to the great Marquis of Montrose. I walked on, leaving the webs to entrap the flies, and the spiders to pounce on them from their secret recesses, while those gifted with fancy, like Shakespeare, might see or imagine what they chose. Any spider's web is well worth examination. Whoever cares to look at them will soon find that there are many different kinds of these very curiously fabricated net-like or woven webs. Some are close and dense; some loose and irregular: a perfect maze of lines. Many are geometric and concentric. All are wonderfully and most skilfully constructed. Some have long tubes connected with them; others are only tubes. Several of the foreign kinds, as we shall see, have regular trap-doors.

The habits of spiders are as various as their forms. Some spiders are essentially wanderers, regular vagabonds indeed! Naturalists in their books even call the Wolf spiders *Vagabondæ*. These Wolf spiders in summer and autumn may be seen wandering over fields or heaths, generally carrying their bag of eggs with them. The specimens you meet with are chiefly females. They are most careful of their precious charge of eggs. These eggs are enveloped in a cocoon, which is attached to the spinners by means of short threads of silk; on a summer or autumn day, one when walking can scarcely fail to see on a heath or in a garden, a specimen of some species of Wolf spider carrying this precious burden. If my memory does not deceive me, Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," has referred to it in his delightful story of the persecutions, "Helen of the Glen." He had often seen a spider of this kind (*Lycon*) on the hills and heaths of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire, and he introduces it as a characteristic object of the scene.

Many of the Crab spiders have such an arrangement of the legs that they can move backwards, forwards, or to the sides, with equal readiness. A slight search under stones or round their edges,—such stones, especially, as are slightly imbedded in the ground or among grass,—will be sure to reward you with one or more species of this genus. In the valley above lovely Dunira in Perthshire I found a pretty species of the group (*Thomis*), and witnessed its peculiar motions with renewed pleasure.

But, see! what little black spider is this on a sunny wall! How prettily spotted and banded he is with white! He stops, then goes on again, and stops, as if with these clear eyes of his he saw some ogle ready to arrest him. No doubt he has seen you, and tries to make you believe that he is only a black dot of a lichen on the wall. Do not look at him too closely, and you will soon see him, as Mr. Blackwall describes him, "moving with great circumspection, and occasionally elevating his front half or 'cephalo-thorax,' by straightening the anterior legs, for the purpose of extending his sphere of vision."

He runs with ease on the most perpendicular surface, for he has an apparatus below his toes by which he can take firm hold (Fig. 4). Look how he jumps on his prey, some little fly or other insect! He drew a line of silk from the spinners while in the very act of springing, and from the very point whence he vaulted. So that our friend, *Saliciscenicus*, has well earned his name *Saliciscenicus*, the leaper. If he has lost the object he jumped at, he has not lost his hold of the ground. It would be well for us to look

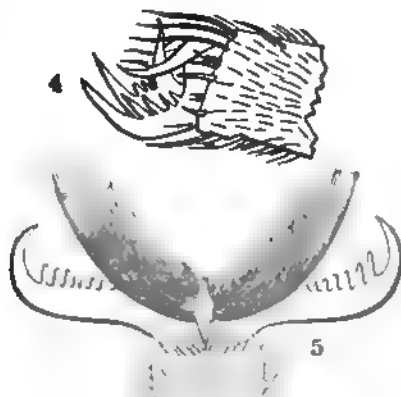


Fig. 4. Claws at the end of foreleg of *Epeira Anulata*.
Fig. 5. Claws at the end of foreleg of *Philodromus Cerealis*.

always before we leap. We have not, like the spider, a cord to attach us to our places.

Figs. 6 and 7 exhibit the form of a species of *Saliciscenicus*, and the peculiar arrangement of the eyes.

It would take a long treatise to enter into details of the manners of wandering spiders, or to describe the Vaulter, the Jumper, the Crawler, and the Pouncer. There are many varieties of them. Reference must be shortly made to a sedentary race, who spread a net for the wings and feet of their enemies.



These spiders are the commonest of our garden spiders, the spider which constructs the geometric web. These "symmetrical snares," as our great spider lover, Mr. Blackwall, calls them,* are described distinctly by him in words which sound somewhat "Johnsonian," but for which it would be difficult to substitute anything more short, simple, or clear.

"They consist," he writes, "of an elastic spiral line thickly studded with minute globules of liquid gum, whose circumvolutions, falling within the same plane, are crossed by radii converging towards a common centre, which is immediately surrounded by several circumvolutions of a short spiral line devoid of viscid globules, forming a station from which the toils may be superintended by their owner without the inconvenience of being entangled in them. Examine the strong movable spire near the end of the last joint of each hind leg in this spider, and you will find that they are of great use in the economy of the creature." "By the contraction of the flexor muscles," I again quote Mr. Blackwall, "they are drawn towards the foot, and are thus brought into direct opposition to the claws, by which means the animals are enabled to hold with a firm grasp such lines as they have occasion to draw from the spinners with the feet of the hind legs, and such also as they design to attach themselves to."

* See his noble contribution to British Entomology, *The Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland*, published by the Ray Society in 1862 and 1864, p. 225.

How true is Shakespeare's epithet, applied to Cardinal Wolsey in "King Henry VIII":—

"Spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way."
Act I., Scene 1.

The assiduity, the patient working and watching of spiders are most noteworthy traits. The story of Robert the Bruce and the spider—and there seems to be little doubt of its truth—is even classical. The perseverance of a spider to fix its line, notwithstanding many failures, attracted the attention of the Scottish King, and stimulated his courage in very adverse circumstances.

Watch the sudden issue of the spider from her recess when a fly is entangled in her web, and how soon she can secure her prey beyond possibility of escape!

But let me just allude to a fact mentioned by Mr. Blackwall, with regard to the web of *Epeira apoclia*. He says that upwards of 120,000 viscid globules are distributed upon the elastic spiral line in a net of large dimensions, and that yet under favorable circumstances the time required for its completion seldom exceeds forty minutes! There is a wonderful weaver! Why, it beats any spinning-jenny in the world, and yet the constructor is only a simple spider. Truly has the poet written,—

"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!"

In the month of May or June you may see against palings, or on the posts of a garden door, a little agglomerated mass,—a ball of yellow points. Touch it, and down drop the little creatures from the loose web amidst which the little yellow ball was hung. These yellow balls are spiders just hatched. Their mother carefully enclosed them in a silken cocoon, and now warm spring has brought them out.

How they drop, carefully suspended by their thread! The black spot on their abdomen sets off the yellow very nicely. If you look nearer, you will find a few members of the nest with a go-ahead tendency, like a Scot or a Saxon Yankoe,—commencing business for themselves,—spinning very passable geometric webs, rather too near for savage nature to tolerate when size has developed their powers. Pretty innocents! their strength is in combination. Midges are their prey, not blow-flies or buzzing *Volucella*,—light filmy flies, juicy enough for their baby fangs, and with no struggle in their wings or legs. I have often noticed this species; it is one of the *Epeiræ*. Space warns me, however, that this is a paper and not a book on spiders. How wonderful, again, is the ball of the water-spider! and how clever the constructor of that rare production! Read Professor Bell's observations on the habits of the *Argyroseta*, or water-spider, and if you have an aquarium you may test them for yourself.

But I must conclude this too brief notice of the habits of spiders with a mere allusion to the trap-door spider (Fig. 8). There are many species of these; I have seen only one alive. It was brought from Algeria. The nest was constructed in a clay bank, excavated by



Fig. 8. Trap-door Spider.

the cunning *Cteniza* or *Astinopus*. The tube, excavated to some depth, was lined with a dense web.

The top of this tube, where it was flush with the ground, had a door so constructed as to close, or rather to fall down, after the tenant had quitted it on some foraging excursion

(Fig. 9). It was thinnest at the hinge, and gradually thickened, and became heavier towards the outer edge. It is described as a curious sight, to see the spider suddenly escaping down this silken tube. I know he can hold down the door with his feet, so that it requires some force to raise it. The spider had actually holes on the under side of the lid, into which he must have placed his legs to resist any attempt at opening it. In the British Museum, we had two or three different specimens, which showed that, like a cunning workman, the trap-door spider could make a second door, when he had worked his way through the angle of a bank and had come out unexpectedly at the other side. Another spider of this group had evidently added a piece to his nest, and constructed a second door above the other. The fact was, some *débris* had fallen on the other door, and covered it up for an inch or so. Like a clever engineer, he had tunnelled through this, and to save trouble had left the old gate outside his work.



Fig. 9. Its nest. Figure much enlarged.

Had I space, I would be tempted to describe the great *Mygale* of the tropics, one of which, named by a naturalist *Mygale Emilia*, is most beautifully colored. Another, almost as finely colored, is named *M. Zebra*. Some of the *Mygales*, as Mr. Bates has seen them, can certainly destroy birds. I have seen a live *Mygale* tear a large cockroach to pieces in double-quick time.

A remarkable power that some, indeed many, spiders possess, is that of making themselves invisible. Any one may test this for himself. It has been described in so lively and admirable a way, by an author I had the privilege of knowing, that my readers will be sure to prefer his description to any that I could produce. Hugh Miller, when a boy, observed the habits of insects and spiders on Cromarty hill and its woods. He writes: "The large Diadem Spider, which spins so strong a web that, in pressing my way through the furze thickets, I could hear its white silken cords crack as they yielded before me, and which I found skilled, like an ancient magician, in the strange art of rendering itself invisible in the clearest light, was an especial favorite; though its great size, and the wild stories I had read about the bite of its congener, the *Tarantula*, made me cultivate its acquaintance somewhat at a distance."

"Often, however, have I stood beside its large web, when the creature occupied its place in the centre, and, touching it with a withered grass-stalk, I have seen it suddenly swing on the lines 'with its bands,' and then shake them with a motion so rapid, that, like *Carathis*, the mother of the Caliph Vathek, who, when her hour of doom had come, 'glanced off in a rapid whirl, which rendered her invisible,' the eye failed to see either web or insect for minutes together. Nothing appeals more powerfully to the youthful fancy than those coats, rings, and amulets of Eastern lore, that conferred on their possessors the gift of invisibility; and I deemed it a great

matter to have discovered for myself, in living nature, a creature actually possessed of an amulet of this kind, that when danger threatened, could rush into invisibility." *

To Gossamer Spiders, those most ancient of aeronauts, and to *Tarantula*, exaggerated accounts of the effects of whose bites are given in most popular natural histories, I can only allude in passing. The wonderful forms of spiders, especially of some of the exotic *Epeirida*, whose bodies are covered or ornamented with spines and warts, may be seen in museums. The brilliant colors of some *Salici* and species of *Eresus*, are very striking and remarkable. But to these and other things belonging to the history of spiders, an allusion must suffice.

The use of the threads of their cocoons by the optician would form an interesting subject. The micrometers, constructed for the astronomer and microscopist, have spiders' threads for their most essential parts. The finest lines yet obtained are those of a spider's thread.

Spiders' webs have also other uses, such as stanching the flow of blood, and even making pills. Mrs. Colin Mackenzie says, "After a very pleasant summer and rainy season at Chikaldah, I was attacked with Birar fever at the beginning of November, 1851, and continued for a year, having one or two attacks every month; after some time it became a regular intermittent fever, but set quinine at defiance. Cobweb pills, made of common cobwebs, and taken in doses of ten grains three times a day, not only stopped it, but greatly improved my general health, though they did not prevent my being ordered to Europe. They have been given with wonderful success in Labuan, and recently at Elichpur, in the hospitals."† Those skilful architects, the smaller British birds, often use spiders' webs and lines too in their beautifully constructed nests.

The web of the spider has at times afforded to the artist something to help him in illustrating his story. I need not refer to the wonderfully minute copies of groups of flowers and insects in which some of the Dutch painters excelled, although spiders and their webs are occasionally introduced. In this place I may, however, allude to the introduction of *Arachne*, or her web, by two British artists, William Hogarth and Noel Paton, R. S. A. In the fifth picture and plate of the "Rake's Progress," that in which the hero goes through the marriage ceremony with an antiquated dame, in the old church of St. Mary-le-bone, Hogarth has very cleverly introduced a dusty cobweb over the lid of the poor's box, a convincing proof that not even the widow's mite had for some time disturbed its repose. In the original drawings to illustrate the "Ancient Mariner," Mr. Noel Paton has very admirably given, in three of them, bits of spiders' webs on the ropes and woodwork of the becalmed ship. In the fine engraving by Mr. Ryall, of the touching picture called "Home," you may see on the rafters webs of the House Spider hanging over that feeling group, as mother and wife welcome home the Crimean soldier. These webs and spiders' works are introduced in the most natural and unobtrusive way. When observed, they strike you as being a true, though a very feeble part of the scene depicted. Mr. Noel Paton has a keen eye for objects of nature, and a rare power of drawing and painting them as accessories. He has ably introduced the story of two spiders into his great

picture of "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," having every authority in Shakespeare's page for doing so.

See that little imp on the side of the terminus of the statue of Pan; how aghast he looks at the great female spider who has left her fine concentric web over the fox-glove. Notice how the male *Epeira* is left on the web, in vain seeking for his mate who has wandered away. In the same picture he has introduced the tube of another British Spider, the *Agelena labyrinthica*, on the under side of a moss-covered stone. See how its tenant and maker drags in the *Ichneumon* fly through the entrance, covered with the wings and other remains of older captures.

With a quotation from a letter of the poet Keats * to his friend Reynolds, I must close this paper. He writes, "The points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul, and weave a tapestry empyrean, full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wanderings, of distinctness for his luxury."

A CENTURY OF POTTING.†

As every art has its technicalities, so we suppose that "to pot" is to be accepted as the verb which expresses the act of making pottery, as well as the act of planting flowers in the pottery thus made. To any other criticism Mr. Binns would probably reply, that so the word is used in the Worcester manufactory of pottery, of which he is now a managing director, and whose rise and fortunes he has here laboriously chronicled. It cannot be said that his book is very exciting or extremely interesting, or even strikingly valuable as a contribution to local history or the history of arts and manufactures. To the world in general it is not important to study the trade-marks and signatures of a series of successful china-makers, the names, dates, and squabbles of rival establishments, the business advertisements of old Worcester newspapers, or the entries in the visiting books, which chronicle in all the glory of impressive capitals the visits of the royal and noble personages who have gone over Messrs. Chamberlain's works, and given highly satisfactory orders for breakfast and dinner services.

Nor do we much care to learn what extremely bad verses were printed in the *Worcester Journal* in the year 1757, "on seeing an armed bust of the King of Prussia curiously imprinted on a porcelain cup of the Worcester manufacture." The record of the Regent's order for a vast dinner, dessert, and breakfast service is slightly more interesting, as showing how that excellent Prince got rid of his — or rather our — money; though we may not feel disposed to read the bill at full length, as here preserved for the instruction of posterity. It is enough to know that the sum total of the cost amounted to more than £4,000. Mr. Binns does not tell us whether the bill was ever paid, but, if not, the manufacturer made a good profit out of the transaction, for it became at once the fashion for the gay world to possess services of the same execrable pattern as that which pleased the Regent himself. Bad as the pattern is, however, it is not nearly so abominable (judging from the sin-

* *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, p. 64.

† *Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana; or, Six Years in India*, quoted in *Literary Gazette*, Sept. 17, 1858.

* Given in *Lord Houghton's Life and Letters*, Vol. I. p. 88.
† *A Century of Potting in the City of Worcester, being the History of the Royal Porcelain Works from 1751 to 1851*. By R. W. Binns, F.S.A. London: Quaritch. 1866.

gle specimen here engraved) as sundry other samples of the taste of our ancestors.

Contemplating such unmitigated deformities as the specimen plate of a service executed for Lord Nelson, and another, scarcely less ugly, executed in 1806 for the Duke of Cumberland, we cease to wonder that the Frenchmen and the Saxons, who knew what Sevres and Dresden could do, so long treated our English pretensions to art manufacture—a phrase, by the way, not then invented—with a quiet contempt. As a record of the manners of the day, the account of the visit of Nelson when he gave the order for the said service is one of the most interesting of the anecdotes in Mr. Binns's book. He came to Worcester on a Sunday evening, and was received by an enthusiastic concourse, who took the horses from his carriage, and drew it to the Hop-pole Inn. Sir William and Lady Hamilton were of his party, and so was the Reverend Dr. Nelson, and the Reverend Doctor's wife. Lady Hamilton hung upon the hero's arm, and her portrait was painted upon a vase in the china service, as a companion to another with Nelson's own portrait. This service ultimately passed from the family, and is now dispersed among collectors.

The most curious thing in the history of Worcester pottery is its origin. It was started chiefly as a political move. Dr. Wall, a clever physician and chemist, was stirred at once by an enthusiasm for old china and Liberal principles. The predominance of Toryism weighed heavily on his spirit, and justly arguing that the "working man" of 1747 would be of the same politics as the working man of 1866, he put his shoulder to the wheel, experimented carefully in clays and glazing, and finally assisted in starting the manufacture which, as Mr. Binns triumphantly proclaims, has caused during the last one hundred years the circulation of two millions sterling in the ancient and once Tory ridden city of Worcester. How the workers in pottery got their votes Mr. Binns does not say, but it appears that both politically and commercially the scheme was very soon successful.

On the whole, though Mr. Binns's volume is a fresh proof of the seductive influences of the "nothing-like-leather" principle, it is a book that was worth writing, so far as it is a record of the gradual rise of a most attractive art, and of the processes by which English porcelain has attained its present respectable position. At the same time, this account of the original part played by the Worcester manufacture, of its after declension until 1851, and of the revival to which Mr. Binns asserts that it has since attained, only serves to bring out into stronger light the claims and the influence of the one great English master of the ceramic art. Dr. Wall was an energetic, accomplished, and ingenious man; and the many workers in design and in execution who have made Worcester so long a representative name have often been laborious and clever artists. But, after all, there has been but one Wedgwood.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER AND COMPANY, of London, have just announced a volume that will find numerous readers on this side the water,—*"Venetian Life."* By W. D. Howells, United States Consul at Venice. The work is to be published simultaneously in London and New York.

A BALLOON train, to ply between the Place de

la Concorde and the Champs de Mars, is spoken of as one of the schemes to be tried during the great gathering in Paris next year.

GUSTAVE DORÉ very recently had an interview with the French Emperor. M. Mame, the publisher of Tours, who produced this artist's profusely illustrated Bible, begged permission to be allowed to present a copy to Napoleon. The Emperor is said to have granted the request on one condition, which was that the artist should accompany the publisher. After complimenting Doré upon his extraordinary success, the Emperor suggested subjects for two pictures, which he commissioned the artist to paint for him.

A MARBLE group, representing Leda and the Swan, recently brought from Florence by Mr. Millais, has been deposited in the North Court of the South Kensington Museum. By some, this work has been attributed to Michael Angelo.

MR. ISAAC BUTT, the Irish barrister, is also a literary man. In fugitive articles supplied to magazines, he has often sketched the salient points of Irish counsellors. He has just furnished a characteristic trait of his own which is worth literary annotation. On Friday, last week, in the great will case, *Fitzgerald v. Fitzgerald*, now being tried in the Dublin Court of Probate, Mr. Butt cross-examined Mr. David Courtney, a most respectable practitioner, so hurriedly that Judge Keating interfered, as such rapidity deprived the witness of clearness of recollection. Mr. Butt replied, that his method had that very end in view,—namely, of depriving the witness of recollection. "There is no other way," he said, "of testing a liar!" Judge Keating gravely remarked that such language did not become a gentleman in Mr. Butt's position at the bar; but that gentleman retorted, "I think it language I ought to use," and added, "I say again, there is no other way of testing a liar except by cross-examination,"—not, he further said, that he meant "to apply that language to the gentleman" he was cross-examining! They who think that the Irish barrister of the Irish novelists of a bygone time has died out, will find by this little incident that he is as lively as of old.

At the "Burns' Club" dinner which took place at Edinburgh on the anniversary of the poet's birthday, Professor Masson told an anecdote which, as reported, seemed rather discreditable to Wordsworth, though, as the professor has since explained, not intended in that sense. This drew a letter to the *Scotsman* from the Bishop of St. Andrews. After reminding Scotchmen how much his uncle did to show his respect not only for Burns, but Scott, the Bishop gives us the following new and interesting contribution to literary history: "When Scott was on the point of setting out as an invalid for the Continent in 1831, he was anxious that Wordsworth should pay him a farewell visit, which he did; and as I happened to be staying at Rydal Mount at the time, I had the honor of accompanying my uncle to Abbotsford. After remaining there three days,—a son of Burns, by the by, had left the house only a day or two before we arrived, and had expressed his regret that he could not wait to meet my uncle,—on the morning of our departure (which, if I remember rightly, was the same on which our host himself also started for Italy), he was so good-natured as to compose and write in the album of my cousin (afterwards Mrs. Quillinan) four original

stanzas, which were, I believe, — as he himself said at the time they probably would be, — the last verses he ever wrote. I do not think they have ever been published. The first stanza, I recollect, was as follows:—

'Tis well the gifted eye which saw
The first faint sparks of fancy burn,
Should mark its latest beam with awe,
Low glimmering from the funeral urn!

A touching record not only of the satisfaction felt by Sir Walter at Wordsworth's coming to see him at such a time, but of the fact — which proves, if proof be needed, the confidence which great Scotchmen have learned to place in Englishmen — that the MSS. of Scott's earliest poetry were submitted to my uncle's criticism, a fact of which I am otherwise assured, and received, as I believe, his warm encouragement."

MR. PUNCH administers the following neat rebuke to some of his slow correspondents:—

Though not disposed to go all lengths with Mr. Bright, and to declare that America is Paradise, inhabited only by angels, we have no objection to take a hint from our smart Transatlantic relations. It seems they sell the Dead Letters which lie at their Post-Offices. A great sale of this kind has just taken place at New York, and all kinds of articles, found in the unclaimed despatches, have been got rid of by auction.

It has occurred to *Mr. Punch*, that in these days of dear meat and outrageous millinery, he may as well turn an honest penny by the sale of his Dead Letters; that is, the effusions of ninety-eight per cent of his correspondents.

He hereby gives notice, therefore, that the first Dead Letter Sale will take place at a date to be announced in future bills.

Among the letters will be found the following interesting lots:—

Five hundred and ninety-seven bad jokes upon the name of Governor Eyre, recommending Jamaica to try "change of Eyre," congratulating him on "cutting the Gordon knot," &c., &c.

Nearly a thousand intimations (warranted original) that the Pope's Bull has got the Rinderpest.

Fifty-three attempts at pathetic poetry on a subject which needs no bad verse to insure its being remembered, the loss of the London.

Eighty-six caricatures of Dr. Pusey, with epigrams, the point of which is usually Pussy.

Ninety-seven caricatures of Mr. Spurgeon, with epigrams, the point of which is usually Sturgeon.

Forty-three protests against Lord Russell's trying to increase the respectability of his ministry by taking a Duffer in.

Heaps of Nights in Something or other, bad imitations of the Casual Gent. A Night in the Charing Cross Hotel, a Night in the House of Lords, a Night in a Night-cellar, and similar rubbish, are among these.

Several thousand obvious attempts on the part of auctioneers, hotel keepers, local nobodies, quack doctors, and the like, to obtain the awful puff which a paragraph in *Punch* would give them. The usual dodge is to send a letter, purporting to come from somebody who is surprised, or offended, at the proceedings of the fellow who wants the puff, begging that *Mr. Punch* will "show up" such a character.

Many hundreds of old jokes (sworn to have been heard on the date of the letters), with requests for

the smallest remuneration, as the senders are "hard up."

A cart-full of letters with pamphlets, into not one of which, of course, *Mr. Punch* ever thinks of looking.

Jokes carefully transcribed from early volumes of *Mr. Punch*. He may as well mention that he keeps a Memory Boy, who knows every line in the volumes, and who has never been at fault except twice, on both of which occasions he was immediately put to death.

Two thousand letters enclosing things which the writers admit to be under the mark, but which they beg may be inserted as encouragement to young beginners, who may do better hereafter.

Several hundred letters from snobs who have not even yet discovered that *Mr. Punch* arose to smite down the scandalous press, not to imitate it. The names of persons libelled by such writers are carefully expunged by *Mr. Punch*, but those of the scoundrels who send the letters remain for exposure.

Hitherto *Mr. Punch* has been burning the rubbish above described, but in future he intends to sell it. Purchasers must remove the lots at their own risk of mental demoralization.

THE Athens correspondent of the *London Times* furnishes the subjoined description of a new Greek island: "A new island began to rise above the level of the sea in the Bay of Théra (Santorin) on the 4th of February, and in five days it attained the height of from 130 to 150 feet, with a length of upwards of 350 feet, and a breadth of 100 feet. It continues to increase, and consists of a rusty black metallic lava, very heavy and resembling half-smelted scoria which has boiled up from a furnace. It contains many small whitish semi-transparent particles disseminated through the mass like quartz or felspar. The shape of Santorin on the map gives an idea of its volcanic formation. It appears to be the eastern half of an immense crater, stretching in a semicircle round a bay in which the sea now covers the seat of volcanic action. The destruction of the southwestern rim of the crater left in the water. The northwestern portion is the island of Therasia. The bay is about six geographical miles long, and upwards of four broad. Near the centre there are three islands which have risen from the sea during eruptions recorded in history, — Palaia, Nea, and Mikrè Kaiméné, or Old, New, and Little Burnt (Island), naming them in their order from west to east. The present eruption commenced on the 31st of January. A noise like volleys of artillery was heard, but without any earthquake. On the following day flames issued from the sea, in a part of the bay called Vulkanos, where the water is always discolored and impregnated with sulphur from abundant springs at the bottom. The flames rose at intervals to the height of fifteen feet, and were seen at times to issue from the southwestern part of Nea Kaiméné. That island was soon rent by a deep fissure, and the southern part sank considerably.

On the 4th of February the eruptions became more violent and the sea more disturbed. Gas forced itself up from the depths with terrific noise, resembling the bursting of a steam-boiler; flames arose at intervals, and white smoke, rising steadily, formed an immense column, crowned with a curled capital of dark heavy clouds. The new island was visible next morning, increasing sensibly to the eye as

it rose out of the sea at no great distance to the south of Nea Kaiméné. The new island has been visited by Dr. Dekigalla, a man of science and an able observer, who will record accurately all the phenomena of the present eruption as it proceeds. The heat of the sea rose from 62 Fahrenheit to 122 as near the vicinity of volcanic action as it was safe to approach. The bottom of the sea all round Nea Kaiméné appears to have risen greatly. In one place, where the depth is marked on the Admiralty chart one hundred fathoms, it was found to be now only thirty, and at another where it was seventeen, it is now only three fathoms. The new island, as it increases, will probably form a junction with Nea Kaiméné. It grows, as it were, out of the sea, the mass below pushing upwards that which is already above water. The lower part is hot, its fissures where they are deep being 170 Fahrenheit, and the upper part after four days' exposure was found to be still 80.

"At present the centre of the volcanic force lies evidently far below the bottom of the sea, and only gases and smoke work their way through the incumbent earth to the water, and escape in noise, flames, and smoke to the surface. But should a fissure at the bottom of the sea allow the water to penetrate to the fires that throw up the melted metal of the new island to the surface, an eruption may take place of a kind similar to that which destroyed Pompeii, but far more terrible. The eruption that formed the present island of Nea Kaiméné began in the year 1707, and the volcanic action continued, without doing any serious injury to the inhabitants of Théra, until 1713. It is possible the present eruption may continue as long, and be as mild in its operation. But as late as 1650 a terrible eruption laid waste great part of the island, and raised an island on its northeastern coast, which soon sank again into the sea, leaving a shoal. The island of Old Kaiméné made its first appearance in the year 198 before the Christian era. Its size was increased by several eruptions mentioned in history. The first addition it received was in 1457. The Small Kaiméné, which is nearest to Théra, was thrown up in 1573. All the eruptions in the bay have been attended with similar phenomena, and the best accounts of them will be found in the works of the Abbé Pégues and Dr. Louis Ross: 'Histoire et Phénomènes du Volcan et Iles Volcaniques de Santorin.' Paris, Imprimerie Royale, 1842. Reisen auf den Griechischen Inseln des Aegæischen Meeres. Von Dr. Ludwig Ross."

M. GLAIS-BIZOIN, the witty opposition deputy, has just dedicated his play, which has been condemned by the censorship, to M. Rouher. It will be remembered that last year M. Rouher answered M. Glais-Gizoin's speech in the Chamber asking for more freedom in France by saying that France already possessed every kind of freedom.

MR. JAMES GREENWOOD—the author of "A Night in a Workhouse"—is contributing a series of "Starlight Readings" to the *London Evening Star*,—descriptions of queer spots and strange phases of life in the dark places of London.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says, that credit is taken for the Empress Eugénie for not having been present at General Fleury's party when Thérèse sang. The heroine of the Alcazar now finds the best salons open to her, and in the fashionable prints her movements are chronicled as carefully and respectfully as those of Mdlle. Patti, or any of the great musical artists.

THE Americans in London celebrated the one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of Washington, by a dinner at Willis's Rooms. The Hon. Freeman H. Morse, United States Consul at London, took the chair, and among those present were his Excellency the United States Minister, Professor Goldwin Smith, Professor J. E. Cairnes, Hon. George Folsom, Mr. Benjamin Moran, Secretary of the United States Legation, London; Mr. Dennis R. Alward, Assistant Secretary of the United States Legation, London; Mr. Henry Lord, United States Consul, Manchester, &c. The chairman delivered a brief address upon the character of Washington and his place in American history, and concluded by proposing "His memory." The toast was drunk in solemn silence, the band playing "Washington's March." "The Memory of Abraham Lincoln" was then given from the chair, and similarly honored, the band playing "The Dead March in Saul." The next toast was "The Health of the President of the United States," spoken to by Colonel Griffith, of Chicago, and Mr. Mason Jones. "The Health of the Queen" was next drunk upstanding, the band playing the National Anthem. Mr. Adams's health having been drunk, he made a speech in which he adverted to the reserve which was imposed on him by passing events, spoke of Washington's patriotism and his concern for the preservation of the Union, commending that great man's last patriotic counsels to the consideration of his countrymen. "Our whole country" was next given, and responded to by the Rev. C. W. Denison and Mr. T. Walker. Professor Goldwin Smith responded to the toast of "The United States and Great Britain." He drew a sketch of Washington as the English gentleman, displaying an eminently English type of character even when English principles of liberty taught him to fight English soldiers, and distinguishing between his school of statesmanship fashioned on the best English model, and that of Jefferson, whose ideas had been formed under the influence of the French Revolution.

THE *Moniteur* states that the attention of the French government was in the beginning of the last year directed to the new disease called trichinosis. No instances of this affection have yet occurred in France, but it has proved fatal in many cases in Germany. At the request of the Minister of Agriculture, the Academy of Medicine last year appointed Dr. Delpech to collect information on the subject. The Minister has now appointed Dr. Delpech and M. Raynal, professor of the Veterinary School at Alfort, to study the disease from a veterinary point of view. They will immediately go to Germany, passing through Hay (Belgium), where the malady has appeared.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

[No. 12.

GONE TO THE TRUNKMAKER'S.

IN the Apologetical Dialogue, so called, which forms the epilogue to Ben Jonson's learned and laborious, or — to elaborate the labial emphasis — learnedly labored comedy of "The Poetaster," the author is made to congratulate himself on the conviction that his lines shall flourish in vigor and renown long after those of his enemies shall have been turned to all base uses; — "when, what they write 'gainst me," he says,

"Shall, like a figure drawn in water, fleet,
And the poor wretched papers be employed
To clothe tobacco, or some cheaper drug."

Horace is the central figure in the high-comedy department of that play; and, in penning these lines, rare Ben was mindful of Horace's

"in vicum vendentem pus et odorea,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis."

Of which pungent passage it has been observed, that the practice of applying unsalable authors to the ignoble uses of retail dealers in petty articles must have existed in Rome for some time before it could have attracted the notice of Horace, and upon some considerable scale as a known public usage, before it could have roused any echoes of public mirth as a satiric allusion, or have had any meaning and sting.

Macaulay was yet a young man when he amused himself with turning over some recent volumes of periodical works, and seeing how many immortal productions had, within a few months, been gathered to the poems of Blackmore and the novels of Mrs. Behn; how many "profound views of human nature," and "exquisite delineations of fashionable manners," and "vernal, sunny, and refreshing thoughts," and "high imaginings," and "young breathings," and "embodyings," and "pinings," and "minglings with the beauty of the universe," &c., &c., the world had contrived to forget, — the names of the books and of the writers being already buried in as deep an oblivion as the name of the builder of Stonehenge. It was in 1830 that the young Edinburgh Reviewer thus discoursed, — all on the text of Mr. Robert Montgomery and the art of puffing; and he went on to say: "Some of the well-puffed fashionable novels of eighteen hundred and twenty-nine hold the pastry of eighteen hundred and thirty; and others which are now extolled in language almost too high flown for the merits of Don Quixote, will, we have no doubt, line the trunks of eighteen hundred and thirty-one." A safe prophecy, well-ordered in all things and sure; and true not only of fashionable novels, but of panegyric performances

in every branch of literature, whether light as Plautus or heavy as Seneca. For this is the story of their lives from year to year. And, as saith the fool i' the forest, thus may we see (quoth he) how the world wags.

That amiable ex-tobacconist, Mr. Allison, in Southey's "Doctor," had acquired his liking for books by looking casually now and then over the leaves of those unfortunate volumes with which the shop was supplied for its daily consumption. It was not a bad thought to introduce a retired trunkmaker on the stage, who makes pithy allusions to the literature of his professional experience. Thus, in Goldthumb's interview with his neighbor, Sir Gilbert Norman, the ex-tradesman astounds the baronet by an incidental "For, as the poet says —" "Poetry!" exclaims Sir Gilbert, in amaze; and Goldthumb ambiguously explains, "For more than thirty years I was up to my elbows in it. (*Aside*: He has n't heard that I was a trunkmaker?) And the poet, speaking of wives, says — he says — ha! I forget the lines, but I remember the paper perfectly."

"Sir Gilb. The frequent fate of poetry with some people; insensible to its inspiration, they only dwell upon its rags.

"Gold. Rags? O, ha! the paper. Yes, it can't be otherwise, you know. . . . For as you say in one of your beautiful Parliament speeches —

"Sir Gilb. My speeches! . . . Is it possible? have you met with my speeches?

"Gold. Upon my honor, you never published one that it did n't somehow fall into my hands.

"Sir Gilb. This is strange, — yet gratifying. . . . And you really have dipped into my little orations?

"Gold. Dipped in 'em? I've hammered over 'em for hours. And so, I think, I know whole sentences of them."

The orator's speeches have, therefore, in this one instance, gone to the trunkmaker's to some purpose — such as it is, over and above the trunk line, or main branch, of his business. So, again, when D'Artagnan, Dumas's Gascon hero, expresses surprise at his old retainer, Planchet, quoting mathematics and philosophy, "Monsieur," Planchet explains, "in my grocery business I use much printed paper, and that instructs me."

One of the appliances of the street sweetstuff trade which Mr. Henry Mayhew saw in the room of a seller, was — Acts of Parliament. A pile of these, a foot or more deep, he tells us, lay on a shelf — used to wrap up the peppermint rock, and ginger-drops, and bull's-eyes, and toffy. The seller in question bought his "paper" of the stationers, or at the old-book shops. Sometimes, he said, he got

works in this way in sheets which had never been cut, and which he retained to read at his short intervals of leisure, and then used to wrap his goods in. In this way he had read through two Histories of England.

It is plain our linen manufacture is advanced, said Swift, by the great waste of paper made by our present set of poets; not to mention other necessary uses of the same to shopkeepers, especially grocers, apothecaries, and pastry-cooks. The topic is a favorite one with the Dean, as might be supposed. The mixed multitude of ballad-writers, ode-makers, translators, farce-compounders, opera-mongers, biographers, pamphleteers, and journalists he declares to be profitable to no living soul beyond the range of pastry-cooks, grocers, chandlers, and tobacco-retailers. Writers of polemical pamphlets — Rejoinders and Replies — are specially doomed to this degrading end, in Lord Shaftesbury's estimate. "An original work or two," supposes the noble author of the *Characteristics*, "may perhaps remain; but for the subsequent Defences, the Answers, Rejoinders, and Replications, they have been long since paying their attendance to the pastry-cooks." But to return to Swift. He makes Mrs. Curll, in her letter on her poor "empoisoned" husband's behalf, to his publisher, Mr. Lintot, conclude with a "Pray recommend me to your pastry-cook, who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper." So, in the Dean's matchless verses on his own death: —

"Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for 'Swift in Verse or Prose.'
Says Lintot, 'I have heard the name;
He died a year ago.' — 'The same.'
He searches all the shop in vain.
'Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane;
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.' "

To his familiar friend, Doctor Sheridan, on his Art of Punning, Swift addressed a copy of verses containing these, among other benignant aspirations: —

"May no vile, miscreant, saucy cook
Presume to tear thy learned book,
To singe his fowl for nicer guest,
Or pin it on the turkey's breast.
Keep it from pastry, baked or flying,
From broiling steak, or fritters frying,
From lighting pipe, or making snuff,
Or casing up a feather muff,
From all the several ways the grocer
(Who to the learned world's a foe, sir)
Has found in twisting, folding, packing,
His brains and ours at once a-racking.
And may it never curl the head
Of either living block or dead."

Curious that in so complete a list of contingent remainders the Trunkmaker should be left out. One would have supposed him no more likely to be forgotten than he used to be in that mysterious Cockney toast of forty or fifty years since, worthy of discussion in "Notes and Queries," when to the post-prandial proposition, "All friends round St. Paul's," was invariably attached this rider, "Not forgetting the Trunkmaker round the Corner." The good citizen had a meaning in it, no doubt, and knew the reason why.

Tom Sheridan reciprocated, after a sort, the kindly deprecation of Jonathan Swift. At least he invoked the Dean's cookery vengeance against certain snappish verses of his own: —

"Take those iambls which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,

And give them to your cook,
To singe your fowl, or save your paste,
The next time when you have a feast;
They'll save you many a book."

And then the Doctor suggests a nasty alternative, as his model, the Dean, was in the habit of doing in nearly all the passages from which we have quoted (never venturing to quote all); and as Peter Findar, again, loved to do, — for he, too, is profuse on this subject of the degradation of books. In one passage Peter introduces our toasted friend of St. Paul's Churchyard. It is in the recriminatory duel of words between Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi, on the merits of their rival biographies of Johnson. The lady says: —

"Where grocers and where pastry-cooks reside,
Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride:
Preach to the patty-pans sententious stuff, —
And hug that idol of the nose, called snuff;
With all its stories, cloves and ginger please,
And pour its wonders to a pound of cheese."

Mr. Boswell has his *tu quoque* always ready, even when a lady's in the case: —

"Madam, your irony is wondrous fine!
Sense in each thought, and wit in every line.
Yet, madam, when the leaves of my poor book
Visit the grocer or the pastry-cook,
Yours, to enjoy of fame the just reward,
May aid the trunkmaker of Paul's Churchyard,
In the same alehouses together used,
By the same fingers they may be abused.
The greasy snuffers yours, perchance, may wipe,
Whilst mine, high honored, lights a toper's pipe."

Boileau, as his manner is, again and again makes "awful mirth" of the rag-shop destinies of ephemeral literature, — now all the rage at the libraries, and anon selling at so much per pound: —

"Combien, pour quelques mois, ont vu fleurir leur livre,
Dont les vers en paquet se vendent à la livre!
Vous pourrez voir, un temps, vos écrits estimés
Courir de main en main par la ville semés;
Puis de là, tout poudreux, ignorés sur la terre
Suivre chez l'épicier Neuf-Germain et la Serre,"

or any other equally forgotten name. Elsewhere he speaks of the large proportion of verses which

"aussi peu lu que ceux de Pelletier,
N'a fait de chez Seroy qu'un sant chez l'épicier."

Sercy being the *libraire du palais* — whence at one bound, nay, at one step — like the fatal one step from the sublime to the ridiculous — these authors made their way to the grocer's shop, to be sold as so much dead weight avoirdupois. Again, in the Epistle of the King, —

"Il est fâcheux, grand roi, de se voir sans lecteur,
Et d'aller, du récit de ta gloire immortelle,
Habiller, chez Francœur, le sucre et la cannelle," —

Francœur being a *fameux épicier*, or, as modern Cockaigne would say, an eminent grocer, in the days of the Grand Monarque.

Christopher Anstey applies that very term, eminent, to a cook — in his lines "written at Mr. Gill's, an eminent Cook at Bath," of which one stanza is partly pertinent to this our theme: —

"Immortal bards, view here your wit,
The labors of your quill,
To singe the fowl upon the spit
Condemned by Master Gill."

There is an entry in Byron's Journal which describes that noble lord, at Ravenna, as out of spirits, reading the papers, and thinking what fame was, on seeing, in a case of murder, that "Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, cheese, and, it

is believed, some plums, to some gypsy woman accused. He had on his counter a book, the *Life of Pamela*, which he was tearing for waste paper, &c., &c. In the cheese was found, &c., and a leaf of *Pamela* wrapt round the bacon." What, asks Byron, would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of authors, have said, could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince's toilet, to the grocer's counter and the gypsy murderess's bacon?

"What would he have said? what can anybody say, save what Solomon said long before us? After all, it is but passing from one counter to another, from the bookseller's to the other tradesman's, — grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunkmaker as the sexton of authorship."

To pastry, however, in another place, if not in another mood, the cynical bard pretends to owe his acquaintance with

"Wordsworth, the grand metaquizzical poet,
A man of vast merit, though few people know it;
The perusal of whom (as I told you at Mestri)
I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry."

Nor does Byron shrink the prospect of himself contributing to the trade demands of the trunkmaker:—

"And though these lines should only line portmanteaus,
Trade will be all the better for these Cantos."

There is some consolation, perhaps, in the prospect of curl-paper uses, to a poet of sensibility. Mat Prior, in his verses addressed to a little miss of five years old, he being then forty, has a stanza which tells how

"she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear,
And all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby hair."

Whereunto a parallel passage in effect occurs in the lyrics of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

"Where go the poet's lines? —
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!"

Indeed, it must be allowed that the poets are ready enough to recognize their possible, if not probable, doom of professional connection with trunkmaker, confectioner, and the rest. And even in so grave and sad a poem as *In Memoriam*, Mr. Tennyson resists not utterance of the sportive fancy that

"These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks,
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

"A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief — then changed to something else,
Sung by a long-forgotten mind."

M. de Ségur appended to a volume of his poems a sort of *privilege en parodie*, supposed to be written by his wife, who was a descendant of the illustrious Chancellor d'Aguesseau: hence the style affected in the injunction following:—

"Nous défendons à tous confiseurs, pâtisseries,
Marchands de beurre, ainsi qu'à tous les épiciers,
De rien envelopper jamais dans cet ouvrage,
Quoiqu'il vrait dire il soit tout propre à cet usage;
On bien paieront dix fois ce qu'ailleurs il vaudra,
Modique châtement qui nul ne ruinera."

Daniel O'Connell one day met a prolific writer

of pamphlets which usually went pretty straight to the butter-shop, and said, "I saw something very good in your new pamphlet this morning." "Ah!" exclaimed the delighted pamphleteer, "what was it?" "A pound of butter," was the excruciating reply.

There are some speculations of Washington Irving's on what may be the fate of our current literature, — or such of it as was current once upon a time, when George the Fourth was king, and Geoffrey Crayon a Gent., — if retrieved piecemeal, by future antiquaries, from among the rubbish of ages; when, for instance, the festive and amatory songs of Moore may become matters of laborious research and painful collation. Let whoso can, find comfort in the assurance that it is not merely "such exquisite authors as Moore" that are doomed to consume the oil of future antiquaries. "Many a poor scribbler, who is now, apparently, sent to oblivion by pastry-cooks and cheese-mongers, will then rise again in fragments, and flourish in learned immortality." *

LA SONNAMBULA.

THE country between St. Nazaire and Vannes is neither beautiful nor interesting. Sombre forests of fir, stretching over mile after mile of undulating plain, and seldom varied by the appearance of a peasant's cottage or the mansion of a Breton noble, oppress the eye and fatigue the mind to such a degree that the wearied traveller is fain to turn his attention to the inside of the carriage, should he be unlucky enough to journey by the jog-trot railway that runs through this desert. There is not even excitement at the stations, — in fact, excitement of any sort is discouraged by the paternal government of France. It is unhealthy, it disturbs the mental equilibrium of the people; wherefore the utmost regularity of thought and action is produced by a discreet system of national education, which is just as visible at railway stations as elsewhere. You are not allowed, for instance, to walk up and down the platform; the impatience and suspense might produce agitation: you are therefore cooped up in an apartment according to the class whereby you travel; the train is placed so that its first-class, second-class, and third-class carriages are directly opposite these respective apartments, and at a given moment the doors are opened and you are propelled into your proper place in the train, under the superintendence of several *sergents-de-ville*. So that in travelling through the country there is not even variety met with at these halting-places. You glide into the empty station, suddenly the doors are thrown open, in scramble a few Breton peasants, and away you go again, through the interminable forests of fir.

For fellow-travellers I had a lady and gentleman of uncertain age: the latter might be about thirty-five; the former was good-looking, which ought to obviate all speculations as to years. They were not married, for he seemed particularly courteous and attentive to her; they were not brother and sister, for they were utterly unlike each other. I concluded them to be simply friends, or perhaps prospective husband and wife. The gentleman was somewhat reserved; answered her inquiries kindly, but curtly; and seemed more amused than interested by her remarks. But how shall I describe the admirable manner, the ever-varying beauty, the bril-

* Bracebridge Hall: A Literary Antiquary.

liant, witty, bashful, and simple conversation of his younger friend? The artless grace of every movement was pretty and perplexing as the motions of a squirrel; she was constantly changing in her look, in her mood, even in the attitudes she formed; while in her casual observations there were such subtle drolleries, such unconscious shrewdness and humor, that the longer you listened the more you were charmed.

She dropped her glove.

I picked it up; and this little circumstance made us friends. From a few words of thanks, she proceeded to remark upon the weather, then upon the country, upon the Breton populace, upon the French, upon the English, and their barbarous customs. She was indescribably engaging; she laughed and chatted, grew serious, and abruptly darted again into comedy; teased her companion for his austerity and reticent smiles; and gave herself such pretty airs and graces, that one could have fancied her a child of thirteen. She asked me if I had seen "Le Drac" when in Paris; if I had read the last new novel burlesquing the English; then hummed an air from the last page of the *Journal du Dimanche*, a very un-Sunday-like magazine which she held in her hand.

"It is a pretty air, is it not, Monsieur? The music is by Mme. Dentu, the words by Emile Cottenet. Listen:—

'La coquette Micheline
Doit épouser mon cousin,
Aussi va-t-il ce matin
Jusqu'à la ville voisine
Acheter en magasin
Pour le grand jour, j'imagine
Le voile de mousseline
Avec les bijoux d'or fin.
Oh! oh! Michelette,
Est bien coquette.
Pauvre cousin,
Pauvre cousin,
Que je plains pas ton destin.'

"The poor lover, Monsieur, returns with the jewels, and Michelinette runs off to the mirror, without even thanking him. She is so engaged in judging of their effect that she seems to forget even his presence, and in his eye there burns a tear, — alas! Monsieur, he weeps! —

'Mais elle a vu son chagrin,
Et remettant dans l'écrin
La parure qui la charme:
Ami, reprends ces bijoux,
Dignes, ma foi, d'une reine;
Et, puisque je t'ai fait peine
Le me mets à tes genoux.
Non, non, Michelinette,
N'est pas coquette,
Heureux cousin,
Heureux cousin,
Ne plains pas ton destin.'

So it is all over, and they are happy. You English have no such little quarrels, such pleasant reconciliations; you are always the same, — cold, formal, methodical. I think if I married an Englishman I should tease him to death."

"And who would not desire such a fascinating method of quitting life?"

"Ah, Monsieur, you flatter me! But what I reverence in these English is their power, their grandeur, their great wealth. They are all rich, — all very rich, are they not?"

Despite the charming simplicity with which the question was asked, I was obliged, in reply, to suggest that in England I knew of one or two people

who might be richer, with no great detriment to themselves.

"Why, you carry fortunes on your fingers, in your watch-pockets, in your purses. Will Monsieur think me rude if I ask to see his ring?"

At once the trinket was in her possession, and with quite an infantine curiosity did she examine it. She then passed it to her companion, whose attention had already been fixed upon it while it was yet on my finger.

"You will think us monsters of rudeness, Monsieur," said he; "but English workmanship is quite a novelty to us. The quaint figuring around the stone, for example, is purely northern. I presume Monsieur has also an English watch?"

"Of the eighteenth century," said I; "an heirloom in our family."

"What a treasure!" he replied, with more vivacity than he had hitherto revealed. "Would Monsieur have the goodness—?"

They were no less delighted with the watch, and insisted on my opening it to show its internal construction and the jewels which it contained. The back of the watch was also admired, with its quaint carving, and likewise its precious stones, which were more readily visible than those inside. The gentleman leant back in his seat, as though somewhat ashamed of having exhibited this curiosity, while the young lady remained as lively as ever, and continued her conversation during the rest of the journey.

Towards evening we entered the town of Vannes, the capital of the department of Morbihan. I pitched my travelling-case into the first omnibus that presented itself, which happened to be that belonging to the "Hôtel du Dauphin"; and I observed that my lady friend was also about to enter the same vehicle, when her companion made a slight gesture of dissent.

"Which hotel?" he inquired of the conductor.

"Hôtel du Dauphin," Monsieur."

He remained a moment in doubt.

"There is the 'Hôtel de la Croix Verte,'" he remarked to his companion, "and the 'Hôtel de France.'"

"Le voici — par ici, Monsieur!" cried another conductor, with an expressive motion of the hand, and courteous inclination of the body.

The lady terminated the little debate by a slight shrug of her shoulders at her companion's hesitation; then, giving the conductor her small quantity of luggage, stepped into the omnibus, and we all three drove off to the Hôtel du Dauphin. Having taken apartments, and ascertained that the *table-d'hôte* was fixed for half past five, we took advantage of the intervening hour to ramble through the quaint old streets of the town, and admire its extraordinary domestic architecture.

All this time I had been unable to discover the names of my companions; she only called him Louis; he addressed her sometimes as Denise, — oftener as Mademoiselle. As our acquaintance had begun without the usual English preliminaries of formal introduction or card-presenting, they were no wiser as regarded myself; nevertheless, we were soon on the most amicable terms, and our walk through the town was rendered doubly agreeable by the casual observations with which we greeted every fresh object of interest.

And of these there were plenty. The uneven, narrow, straggling streets were full of an old-fashioned, picturesque beauty. The projecting second-

stories of the houses, adorned with grotesque wooden carving and full-length figures of saints, the open casements of green glass crossed into diamond panes, the ancient walls of the town, the grass-covered fosse of the Tour du Connétable, the venerable and stately proportions of the cathedral, altogether presented an admirable picture of a feudal town of the Middle Ages, and only required the introduction of a few long-haired, sallow-featured, and strangely-dressed peasants, to add to it a thorough Breton character. Mademoiselle Denise was enraptured with these quaint characteristics of a former age. She seemed to have little acquaintance with the manners or appearance of the Bretons; every fresh object was matter for fresh wonder, and our walk was indescribably delightful.

She was no less agreeable when we returned to dine. She was the only lady present at the *table-d'hôte*: but she conversed freely, even when the subject of our talk became general. In fact, at one point, she led the conversation to that which had begun our acquaintance, the subject of watches, and, in her laughing way, said that if the gentlemen who were present would produce their watches, there would no two of them be found precisely to agree.

"And a gentleman always prides himself upon the correctness of his watch," she added, with a playful irony.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said one gentleman, "you compel me to contradict you. My friend's watch is precisely the same as my own."

Her companion laughed; but she insisted that she was right, and refused to believe it, until the gentleman politely handed her both watches.

"There is one second of difference, Monsieur; I swear it!" she cried, with the greatest glee, "and I am right, after all."

"You are rude, Denise," said her friend; "let me return these gentlemen their watches."

"He spoils me, Monsieur," she said to me, "and then reproaches me. Is he not cruel, then, — a savage? Behold, therefore, how he glares!"

The glaring savage was at that moment engaged in drying his moustache after having taken a draught of *vin rouge*, and neither in action nor in manner did he seem very terrible.

After dinner, having some letters to write to England, I bade my new friends good night, and went up to my own room, — not, however, until Mademoiselle Denise had been most particular in arranging for the following day an excursion to the Castle of Succinio and to Sarzean, the birthplace of the author of "Gil Blas." Considerably before midnight I was fast asleep beneath the soft, thick coverlet and large cushion which form the upper clothing of a Breton bed.

It could have been but a short time thereafter that I was awakened by a slight noise, — so very slight, in fact, that it still remains a mystery to me how I should have heard it. When I opened my eyes I found the room pervaded by bright moonlight, which was streaming in through the casement, and drawing shadows of the bars on the carpet. I was about to close my eyes again, and address myself to sleep, when my attention was arrested by the evident movement of the door, which stood on the right of the bed. It was certainly no miracle that it should open, — for I never bolt bedroom doors or shutters even when travelling, — but that it should be opened at that time of night was certainly surprising.

Gradually I perceived the distance between the door and the wall increase; and judge of my astonishment when I distinctly observed a white figure appear, — the figure of a woman that slowly entered without seeming even to look at me. I need not pretend to say I was not frightened; the lonely hour, the stillness of the house, the moonlight falling through the window, combined to make this vision a horror which chilled the blood in my veins, and made my heart beat audibly. But now, thoroughly awakened by the apparition, I shook aside the vague impressions produced on the mind when in a state of unconscious slumber; and as I sought with a severe scrutiny to fix my eyes upon the face of this woman, I recognized, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the features of Mademoiselle Denise.

Judge of my astonishment when I made the discovery! And there could be no mistake about it. As she turned her face to the moonlight, the clear definition of her outline was sufficient proof, had proof been required. There were the same finely-cut lips, the straight nose, the high but narrow forehead, even the dark gray eyes, which had grown familiar to me during our acquaintanceship of the previous dozen hours. She was dressed in white, as I said; but this loose outer garment seemed only to cover clothes of a darker hue, — in fact, I should have thought her dressed as usual, with the addition of this loose white robe. Her feet, as was evident when she walked, were bare, and her long fair hair hung down behind, until it almost reached her waist. Perhaps it was the striking resemblance she bore to the heroine of "La Sonnambula" that first suggested to me a solution of this seemingly inexplicable mystery; and as I further watched her movements, I was convinced of the correctness of my supposition. She was either an habitual somnambulist, or had been attacked by a sudden fit of sleepwalking. The more I became assured of this fact the greater became my desire to avert the awkwardness and unpleasantness of her being discovered in such a painful situation; but casting over the chances of the matter in my mind, I came to the resolution of allowing her to do as she pleased, judging that she would in a few minutes return to her own room, and the whole affair remain unknown to every one but myself.

So far as I could observe, her eyes were open; and on her first entrance into the room, she had fixed them upon me with a cold, glassy stare, utterly devoid of recognition or intelligence. In the pale, dim moonlight, this mechanical fixture of the eyes was exceedingly unpleasant; but I strove to look upon it simply as the result of a physical ailment. Slowly, noiselessly, she then stepped past the edge of my bed, and approached the small dressing-table which stood at the window. Her back was thus turned towards me; and it was only at intervals that I could observe her motions. She seemed to be examining the various articles which were scattered about the table, or hanging from the toilette mirror, and presently I heard her repeat, in a low, clear voice, these lines from the prayer-book, which the good landlord had left in the room: —

"Qui dit un soleil sur la terre,
D'éclairer tout homme et tout lieu?
Qui donne à la nuit son mystère?
O mes enfants, c'est Dieu!"

"Le bleu et le ciel superbe.
Qui les a teints d'un même bleu?
Qui vendit l'émeraude et l'herbe?
O mes enfants, c'est Dieu!"

"Qui donne au bosquet son ombrage?
Et quand l'oiseau chant au milieu,
Qui donne à l'oiseau son ramage?
O mes enfants, c'est Dieu!"

She replaced the book on the table, and continued her investigations among the other articles lying about. She took a long blue scarf, which I had hung over the mirror, and bending it round her head in the form of a turban, stood to contemplate in the glass the picture she represented. Anything more singular than this spectacle could not be conceived. The moonlight lent a pallor to her face, which otherwise her healthy complexion would scarcely have presented; and this ghastly whiteness, coupled with the long white garment she wore, looked almost hideous as contrasted with the bold blue crown which she had assumed. Preparatory, however, to placing the turban on her head, I observed her withdraw from its folds a cameo pin, which I had negligently left therein; and, as I supposed, place it on the table.

Still retaining the novel head-dress she had so ingeniously constructed, she seemed to take an inventory of my jewelry, which was likewise placed in front of the mirror. My watch, which hung from one of the mahogany knobs at the side of the glass, she detached, and held to her ear, with the manner of a child.

"Chick! chick!" I heard her murmur; "*mon Dieu, quelle vitesse!*"

I recognized in this exclamation the same artlessness which had characterized her conversation during the day, and was reminded of the school-boy who boasted to his playmate that "he had got such a splendid watch! such a magnificent watch! he would wager it would go faster than any watch, clock, or timepiece in the town!"

Mademoiselle Denise seemed in no hurry to depart, and my suspense was momentarily becoming greater. What the consequences might be of her suddenly awaking from this physical stupor I dared not imagine. I had heard of cases in which the somnambulist had been recalled to consciousness only to fall dead on the spot. And there were many reasons why this strange affair should not be known; to the lady herself the mortification consequent upon her being told of it would, I knew, be inexpressible.

In a few minutes, however, I was greatly relieved by observing her unwind from her head my scarf, which she hung over the mirror in the same position she had found it. She seemed to bestow a little attention in arranging the objects on the table, probably prompted by that dim consciousness which haunts us sometimes even in dreams. She appeared to be desirous of leaving everything in the order—or in the disorder—in which it had been on her entrance; and after having done this satisfactorily, she turned and walked to the door. As she passed I saw that her dull, glassy eyes were again fixed upon my face, yet still with the same vacant, expressionless stare. She opened the door, disappeared with noiseless steps, and I was left to my own reflections.

I can scarcely tell what had prompted me to get up; but no sooner had she gone than I stepped out of bed, and went to the table which had so interested Mademoiselle Denise. Here I made a discovery which first startled me, and then amused me. My watch had disappeared, likewise my chain, cameo pin, sleeve-links, and a ring set with pearls and diamonds, the gift of my mother. I was some-

what alarmed, but a moment's reflection showed me how unjust my first thought had been. Moved by some incomprehensible whim, the unconscious somnambulist had carried with her these trinkets, as a child lifts whatever gay bauble presents itself to its fingers; and I felt assured that when Mademoiselle Denise awoke in the morning and found herself possessed of such strange treasures, her surprise would only be equalled by her desire to restore them to the rightful owner. Probably, I thought, she is an habitual sleep-walker; and, knowing her infirmity, will perceive at once how the jewelry came into her possession, upon which she will, of course, make instant inquiry to insure its restoration. Even in this strange circumstance there was revealed one of the principles which are supposed to govern these fits of aberration. Somnambulists generally are interested in dreamy excursions by those things which interest them in daytime; and reflecting on the peculiar interest which Mademoiselle Denise had taken in my watch when it was first shown to her, I could not wonder that she should make it the subject of her regard when a peculiar fatality had drawn her towards my room. I returned to bed and slept soundly through the night.

Next morning I rose at eight, dressed, went down stairs and had the customary bowl of *café au lait* served in the breakfast-room; but though I waited and read the newspaper for a considerable time, neither Mademoiselle nor her companion came into the room.

I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter at what hour they breakfasted.

"The *table-d'hôte*, monsieur?"

"Yes."

"At eleven o'clock, monsieur."

"I shall return then."

"Thanks, monsieur."

Feeling sure of meeting my two friends at breakfast, I resolved to spend the intervening time in exploring those portions of the town which I had not visited. The morning was very beautiful for the time of year (October), and though the cropped and regular rows of limetrees in the central square had scarcely a leaf upon them, their more fortunate neighbors on the banks of the canal-like inlet which leads down to the Gulf of Morbihan were green and pleasant in the early sunshine. This was a portion of the place I had not previously seen; and the old gateway of the massive wall, the clustering barges, the groups of women selling vegetables, and sailors lounging about the quays, were eminently picturesque. Over the gateway, in a recess, is placed a large wooden saint, brightly painted, whose glaring white eyeballs and strongly marked eyelashes produced a strange feeling of mingled amusement and horror. The artist who produced this work was perhaps influenced by the thought that those people who were not drawn to the saint by love would be moved by terror; although the rest of the holy man's countenance was exceedingly insipid and commonplace.

At the appointed hour I returned to the hotel, and walked into the long apartment where I expected to find the residents in the house sitting down to breakfast. But in place of the calm propriety and graceful decorum of such a ceremony, I found the wildest commotion and confusion. There were a dozen people in the room, all talking at once; while loudest of all rose the voice of the landlord, who seemed beside himself with despair. No

sooner did he observe my entrance than he sprang rather than came, and in an eager voice, which seemed paralyzed by reason of its very eagerness, he exclaimed, —

"Ah, monsieur!"

"Well, what is the matter?" said I.

"Ah, monsieur!" he again cried, overcome by his emotion.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I am ruined, monsieur; I am lost! I am thrown down, I am trampled upon, I am debased!"

I suggested to M. Dutoit that his explanation, so far from being explicit, was the reverse; and that I should have to apply to some of the other gentlemen for an explanation.

"Mais non, monsieur, — c'est moi, moi, — voici le malheureux sujet qui parle!"

But during these few seconds I had caught a few of the sentences which were being rapidly interchanged by the others.

"She seemed so innocent, so *ingénue*!" said one.

"And I, — I should never have spoken of it," said another, "but for M. Dutoit discovering the loss of his plate."

"How incomparably cunning!"

"How miraculously skilful!"

"And by this time they may be anywhere; they must have gone by the first train in the morning."

"Of whom do they speak?" said I to the landlord, with a sudden alarm.

"Of the gentleman, monsieur, who came yesterday evening, and of mademoiselle his friend. Ah, monsieur, I am ruined, — the honor of the hotel is gone. That any one should be robbed in my house!"

"Robbed, — what do you mean?"

"Last night, monsieur, mademoiselle went into a gentleman's room, — the hair loose, the eyes fixed, the face pale. She appears to sleep, monsieur he remains still and will not kill her with affright; she takes his watch, monsieur, the watch she demanded to see last night at table. He observes not this, — he falls asleep, — this morning he misses his watch, but speaks not. Ah, well, monsieur, he expects to meet her, but she comes not; we go to awake them; they are gone, their apartments are empty; they have fled, monsieur!"

"Who is the gentleman who has thus been robbed?"

"I, monsieur," replied one of their number, stepping forward with a slight smile which was very apparently forced.

"And I also," I said, endeavoring to look quite as unconcerned, "have the honor to be your fellow-sufferer."

"You, monsieur!" cried they all, having never imagined that besides the unlucky traveller and the landlord there was still another victim.

"Mademoiselle also carries off my watch, chain, ring, and some other little matters! But what would you have? Mademoiselle is pleased, and we are too gallant to refuse her any enjoyment."

"Mon Dieu, what courage! This Englishman is, without doubt, French, thus to smile in misfortune."

"The wisest thing possible," said another, with a shrug, "for mademoiselle and her friend seem to have laid excellent plans, and by this time will be beyond all pursuit."

"With my plate," groaned the poor landlord, "and with the honor of my hotel. Monsieur, am I not a poor miserable?"

Certainly M. Dutoit looked sufficiently unhappy;

nevertheless he at once prepared to rush off to the Préfet, and this occupation relieved his mind. For myself, I resigned myself to fate and a French breakfast, judging that I should hear but little further of Mademoiselle Denise or her friend Louis. My judgment was correct; in spite of the utmost official vigilance, nothing more was heard of the charming creature who thus suffered from a painful habit which was even more awkward to others than to herself.

PERIODIC PHENOMENA.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to what may be termed the "periodic phenomena" of nature. Of such a character are the appearance and disappearance of animals, as bats and badgers, which conceal themselves during the winter, and pass through a period of hibernation; the change of dress at different seasons by the ermine, the stoat, and their allies; the coming and going of the regular winter or summer migratory birds; the retirement and hibernation of reptiles; the movements of certain fish up and down stream for the purpose of spawning; the appearance, transformations, and disappearance of insects; the leafing of trees; the flowering of plants; the ripening of seeds; the fall of leaves; — all these, and more, are worthy of the attention of the lover of nature, and not beneath the dignity of man. Linnæus constructed for himself a floral clock, in which the periods of time were indicated by the opening or closing of certain flowers. Gilbert White, and others since his time, not disdaining to be his disciples in such a work, constructed a calendar, of which periodic phenomena presented themselves to their notice. Humboldt observes of the insects of the tropics, that they everywhere follow a certain standard in the periods at which they alternately arrive and disappear. At fixed and invariable hours, in the same season, and the same latitude, the air is peopled with new inhabitants; and in a zone where the barometer becomes a clock (by the extreme regularity of the horary variations of the atmospheric pressure), where everything proceeds with such admirable regularity, we might guess blindfold the hour of the day or night by the hum of the insects, and by their stings, the pain of which differs according to the nature of the poison that each insect deposits in the wound. And the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, the naturalist, remarks, — "If an observant naturalist, who had been long shut in darkness and solitude, without any measure of time, were suddenly brought blindfolded into the open fields and woods, he might gather with considerable accuracy from the various notes and noises which struck his ears, what the exact period of the year might be."

All such observations as we have alluded to are easily made and as easily recorded, and of all, none are of more interest than the migratory movements of birds. We know that some visit us in the spring and abide during the summer; others direct their flight hither late in the autumn, and spend with us their winter. But *why* this change, *whence* do they come, and *whither* do they go? We can partly answer this question, but only partially. We may declare, in general terms, that self-preservation, and the perpetuation of the species, is the great moving cause. That the journey is undertaken in search of food, or a milder climate, or both, as a consequence the former of the latter, or in search of suitable conditions for rearing their young; yet there

are many special circumstances in which this answer is inapplicable or insufficient.

Knapp, in his "Journal of a Naturalist," a fitting companion to White's "Selborne," remarks of the Willow-wren: "It is a difficult matter satisfactorily to comprehend the object of these birds in quitting another region, and passing into our island. These little creatures, the food of which is solely insects, could assuredly find a sufficient supply of such diet during the summer months in the woods and thickets of those mild regions where they passed the season of winter, and every bank and unfrequented wild would furnish a secure asylum for them and their offspring during the period of incubation. The passage to our shores is a long and dangerous one, and some imperative motive for it must exist; and, until facts manifest the reason, we may, perhaps, without injury to the cause of research, conjecture for what object these perilous transits are made."

The record of periodic phenomena made in the same district over a series of years is always of interest; but contemporaneous records made at numerous stations, distant from each other, and in which the same kind of observations are made, would be of more interest still. Take, for instance, the first appearance of a swift for ten successive years in twenty stations between the Isle of Wight and Caithness; or the last note of the cuckoo heard between the Land's End and the Tweed. Many such trifles, apparently insignificant in themselves, become of importance when carefully and faithfully recorded, and such a work may be accomplished by those who make no pretensions to be men of science, but are content to call themselves "lovers of nature."

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

A CAMBRIDGE EPISODE.

THE senior wrangler of his year is certainly, for the time being, the greatest personage in the university. The proctors are, indeed, small in importance when compared with the gifted youth whose name appears first in the Mathematical Tripos: even the vice-chancellor himself is but a dim light when beheld by the side of that man whose profound knowledge has enabled him to excite the whole alumni of the university in mathematical science. There is a story on record which declares that a certain senior wrangler, upon going to a theatre in London fresh from his triumphs at Cambridge, imagined that the cheers which greeted her Majesty's entrance into her box were an ovation in his honor, and that, standing up on his seat, with his hand upon his heart, he bowed his thanks to the loyal and enthusiastic audience. On the whole I do not think that this youth, whoever he might be, was altogether so deserving of ridicule as may at first appear. Certainly a great gun at his university, which was his little world, as ignorant as a child, probably, of the usages of society, he might well imagine that his fame had travelled as far as the metropolis, and that a display of enthusiasm in his honor was not more than his labor, industry, and talents deserved. But to my tale. For months previous to the episode I relate, rumor with her many tongues had been busy throughout Alma Mater as to who amongst the many excellent and promising mathematical scholars of the year 18— should be fortunate enough to bind the laurel-wreath of the senior wranglership around his brows. The minds of those students who, though not happy in a talent for figures themselves, still felt an interest in

what was going on around them anent such subjects, had been perplexed and harassed by the respective claims of the various candidates for this distinguished honor, whose names arose one after another to the surface of that kettle of gossip which was perpetually boiling beside the Cam's turbid stream. Now it was a scholar of Trinity who was declared to be the coming man,—"The best mathematician, my dear fellow, which Trinity has ever seen," you were confidently informed; rather a bold assertion, considering the numbers of able men that large and venerable college has produced. Again, amongst a certain section a sizar of St. John's held the sway, but no Trinity man could be found to allow for one moment the merits of any individual belonging to the ancient and perpetual rival of their college. Certainly if a rugged, unwashed, and unkempt appearance, a pallid, unwholesome-looking countenance, and a general mouldy and seedy exterior are any indications of the brilliancy of the talent within, the individual pointed out to me as the Johnian favorite ought to have distanced all his competitors for this great university distinction. The names of one or two small college men, whose chances were considered to be pretty equally balanced, were also mentioned as those amongst which it was not unlikely that the senior wrangler might be found. Still nothing certain was known, and unlike the usual course of things in previous years, no one student had sufficiently—to use a sporting expression—"the call of the others" in the public favor, to warrant his college or his friends looking upon the result as at all sure. Indeed, a sporting undergraduate was heard to declare "that for the wrangler's stakes he would take the field against the favorites for a pony." By which dark and oracular saying he was supposed to intimate, that he preferred the chances that some student as yet unknown to fame might carry off the prize, rather than those of the men whose names were before the public; and that he was ready to uphold his judgment to the extent of risking, not a small horse, as the dictionary tells us the word "pony" means, but the sum of five-and-twenty golden sovereigns, as the term signifies in the phraseology of the betting ring. Such, then, was the state of affairs with reference to the senior wranglership at the close of the October term in the year to which I allude.

"I thought you would not like to dine all alone, sir,—particularly to-day," said old Tom, the porter, as I entered the hall of St. Dunstan's College on Christmas-day, "so I just laid for you at the sizar's table; there is only Mr. Smith beside you in college, but I reckoned as how you might perhaps think that he was better than no company at all."

"All right, Tom," I replied, as I crossed the hall to where a small table had been laid for two close to the stove, whose blazing fire burnt cheerful and bright, throwing a warm and comfortable glow over the otherwise gloomy and cold-looking refectory. "As you say, Mr. Smith is better than no company at all, though I doubt if we shall have much in common with one another."

"Not likely, sir," said Tom; "not likely that a gentleman like you would have much to say to a poor sizar like Mr. Smith; but they do say he is mortal clever; I knows he reads mighty hard, and I should not a bit wonder if he is not high up amongst the wranglers."

"Indeed," I observed carelessly, for I felt but little interest in Mr. Smith or his concerns, though not from the reason which the porter seemed to

imagine, but because just at that particular time I had plenty of food for my thoughts, in reflecting whether it was possible I could so make up for past idleness as to manage to scramble through the approaching examination for my degree, not indeed in the distinguished company of Mr. Smith, or any other of the great mathematical geniuses, but amidst the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons of the poll. "Well, here comes Mr. Smith, Tom, so let us have dinner," I exclaimed, as I saw a figure, habited in a long gown, and a cap which he wore far at the back of his head, the tassel of which hung streaming like a black cataract of silk down below, now enter the hall, and with a quick, hurried step approach the table at which I was standing.

A friend of mine once commenced a poem descriptive of the several groups to be seen between the hours of two and four in the afternoon on that well-known, well-worn university promenade, the King's Parade. I do not think this poem has ever been given to the public, but as a fair description of the manner and appearance of my dinner companion I cannot forbear quoting just two stanzas from it:—

"Here come two Dons.
That man 's from John's,
Who goes at such a pace;
With head hung down,
And streaming gown,
As though he walked a race.

"On problem vast
His thoughts are cast,
I'll bet he'll solve it soon;
How many feet
There are to eat
Of green cheese in the moon."

Whether Mr. Smith had solved the problem, be what it might, upon which his mind was at that moment bent, I do not know; but the sight of me standing in front of the stove in that attitude in which Englishmen so much delight, recalled his thoughts from the moon, if they had travelled so far, to this world below, for he started slightly, and his pale face—for he had lifted his head from its stooping position—flushed with surprise at seeing an undergraduate who, he probably knew, was not remarkable either for learning or industry, actually about to dine in hall on Christmas-day. Seeing his look of astonishment, I said, perhaps with a slight degree of patronage in my tone, "Old Tom tells me that you and I are two unfortunates left all alone in our glory in this gloomy old college, at this joyous and festive season. I propose, therefore, if you have no objection, that we should dine together; for it would be truly unsociable if we were to sit down to our meal, each in solitary grandeur at our respective tables."

"O, certainly, I shall be most happy," replied the sizar in a very sweet and gentle voice, as he made a step forward, and advanced to warm himself at the stove, where I had made room for him. It was my turn now to look astonished, for I had never expected tones almost as soft and gentle as a woman to proceed from any one possessing such an uncouth exterior. I looked, doubtless, as surprised as I felt, for Smith rubbed his hands nervously together as, stooping down, he held them to the fire. As he stood in this position, the light falling directly upon his face, showed me, spite of its paleness, and the lines telling of deep thought and hard study, if of nothing else, which it bore, was a very prepossessing one, for the brow was white and lofty, the features

regular, whilst a touching expression of tender, gentle melancholy pervaded the whole.

But just at this moment dinner was placed upon the table, and I deferred the contemplation of Mr. Smith's countenance until I had in some measure appeased an appetite which an excellent constitution and the cold, bracing weather had gifted me with. During our repast, Smith, though by no means anxious to lead the conversation, appeared ready enough to talk when spoken to, and the soft, sweet tones of his voice fell with such a peculiarly pleasant sound upon my ear that I did my best to draw him out, and encouraged him as much as possible to speak of himself and his studies. He told me that he was reading very hard, indeed he had done so ever since he came up to the university; that he was in great hopes of being able to obtain such a position in the honor tripos as would enable him to obtain a fellowship, and thus provide him with the means of supporting in comfort a widowed mother and invalid sister, who were now almost entirely dependent upon his exertions for the necessities of life. At the mention of his mother and sister the student's pale, rather melancholy face was lighted up with such a bright, beaming smile, and he spoke with such deep feeling about them, that, thoughtless as I was at the time, I could not help being struck with admiration at the poor sizar's filial and brotherly devotion, and a qualm passed through my conscience when I considered that my own mother and sisters would be but badly off if they had to depend upon my exertions and industry for their support.

In return for such confidences as he bestowed upon me, I related to my new acquaintance the difficulties I was in with regard to the approaching examination for my degree, and I declared my firm conviction that, so hard to understand were certain subjects which I had to get up, that it would be perfectly impossible that I could succeed in passing safely through the much-dreaded ordeal.

Most good-naturedly my companion offered, if I liked, to endeavor to explain the, to me, obtuse sciences, a knowledge or ignorance of which would tend to decide my fate. He also told me that during the long vacations he had devoted his time to taking pupils, and that he had been very successful in clearing away the difficulties which surrounded those subjects which I so much dreaded, and which I found so hard to understand. So impelled was I towards him by the sweet gentleness of his voice and manner, that, wishing to see more of one who had so irresistibly attracted me, I gladly accepted his offer, and with many thanks declared my readiness to avail myself of his assistance. After our meal was over, I said, linking my arm in his, "Come, my dear Smith, let us go up to my rooms and have a glass of wine; you can then explain to me some of those horrid subjects which I have to get up." A return of his nervous, shy manner, which had in a great measure disappeared towards the latter part of our social dinner, seized upon Smith at my proposition, for, hurriedly withdrawing himself from my arm, he said,—

"O no! thank you, I am much obliged, not now; I have very little time to spare, and wine would only make me sleepy, as I am unaccustomed to any stimulant stronger than tea."

"Well," I exclaimed, "your offer of helping me is too good a one for me to lose sight of it, and I am a great deal too ignorant of those things which you have promised to explain to me not to seek your

assistance; so if you will not come to my rooms, I will go with you to yours."

At this proposal of mine Smith blushed scarlet, and looked most uncomfortable, whilst in an earnest, imploring voice, he said, —

"O dear, no! you must not come to my rooms; if I can help you, I will come to you; but — but —" and he paused, as if reflecting for a moment, and then continued, "Well, perhaps there is no time like the present, and a change from constant study and learning one's self to teaching another may refresh and do me good."

"To be sure," I said; "nothing like a rest. When I am tired of grinding at Euclid, algebra, and such things, I get on a horse and have a good gallop, and you cannot think how much good it does me."

Smith smiled at this remark of mine, whilst he replied, —

"I do not think galloping on horseback would be much rest to me, as I should most likely tumble off, for I have never been on horseback in my life."

I dare say I looked astonished; for any one to have reached the age of manhood, and never to have been on the outside of a horse, as our set used to call riding, was to my mind a wonder indeed. My companion merely said, in his gentle way, "I have had too much dependent upon my exertions, since my poor father died, to enable me ever to indulge in so expensive an amusement as riding."

I led the way to my rooms, and when there insisted upon my tutor, as Smith was now to be, taking some wine, for I felt sure a glass of such good port as I flattered myself mine was, would invigorate and do the pale student good. For the next few days Smith came regularly to my rooms, after dinner in hall; and I had the satisfaction of thinking that the great benefits which his judicious explanations conferred upon me were in some slight measure returned by the good which the single glass of wine (for he would never take more) which I insisted upon his drinking, did him. The eventful day on which the examination for honors commenced at length arrived, and the sizar told me, as he came out of chapel in the morning, that whilst the examination lasted he should be obliged to relinquish his assistance to me. Of course I could not wish my kind instructor to imperil the result of his examination for my sake; but as I thanked him for his past kindness and efforts in my behalf, I said, "I shall be very anxious, my dear fellow, to hear how you get on, so let me know if you possibly can."

For the next few days I saw nothing of my newly found acquaintance. Many men who were engaged in the schools then going on, and who had run down home for a few days at Christmas, had again returned to Cambridge; and the college hall, which a short time before, when Smith and I dined together, was so still and quiet, again assumed somewhat of its ordinary noise and bustle. The pale student evidently avoided me; and, without going to his rooms, from which I shrank in consequence of the dread he seemed to have of my doing so, I could not obtain an opportunity of speaking to him. At length I resolved to know how he was acquitting himself, though I was even obliged to violate his wishes, and seek him in the privacy of his own rooms to do so. It was a dreadfully cold night, the thermometer below zero, and the snow and sleet beating in my face, as I crossed the quad to the staircase where Smith's garrets (for the sizar's rooms in St. Dunstan's are worthy of no better appellation) were situated, ascending the creaking old

rickety stairs, only lighted by the flickering light of the gas-lamp below. "Bless me!" I exclaimed, as I broke my shin over a coal-box which some careless gyp had left upon the landing, — "bless me, how dark it is up here! I suppose the authorities do not allow the sizar's oil-lamps which burn on the other staircases." After stumbling about in the dark, I at length reached the door of Smith's domicile, rapped, but without waiting to be bidden to enter, opened it and went in. I was certainly shocked at the sight which met my gaze. The room was without carpet or curtains; the furniture consisted of only two chairs and an old table, at which, wrapped in an old, rusty, moth-eaten railway rug, looking paler and thinner than when I had last seen him, my friend was seated, studying by the light of the oil-lamp which he had taken from the staircase, thus accounting for the darkness and the breakage of my shin. Not one morsel of fire was in the grate; indeed it looked, as I found out afterwards was actually the case, as if it had had no fire in it for a long time; the poor sizar begrudging himself the commonest necessities of life to enable him to send the proceeds of his well-earned scholarships to his widowed parent and ailing sister.

Smith started to his feet as he recognized me; the bright flush which had suffused his face on my proposing a few days before to accompany him to his rooms, again took possession of it, as he said, with a touch of annoyance in his tone, though still with the same soft and gentle voice, "O, why did you come here, when I asked you not to do so? This is not kind, when I do not want you." I was conscious that my presence was an intrusion; but, as my motives were pure and honest interest in my new friend's welfare, I felt less awkward and confused than I might otherwise have done. "My dear fellow," I replied, "believe me, I have no wish to intrude upon you; I was anxious to know how you got on in the examination, and, as you avoided me in public, I am therefore compelled to seek you in the privacy of your own rooms, if I would obtain any information concerning you."

The sweet, gentle smile again stole over his face, as, looking at me as though, with his large, melancholy, yet deeply-sunken eyes, he would read my sincerity in my face, he said, "It is very good of you to feel an interest in me. I have done even better than I expected, thank you; and if I can only manage to keep up during the next few days, I shall, I trust, have acquitted myself well; but I do not feel very well, and I have a dread which I cannot shake off lest I should break down before my work is over."

As he said this, he placed his hand upon his brow, and sank his head upon the table.

"Cheer up, my dear fellow," I said; "you are a peg too low, as some of our men say. You want a short rest; just come over to my rooms and coach me a little; I sadly want it, and the change from one occupation to another will do you good."

After a long resistance, as he saw he could not get rid of me on any other terms, Smith consented, and I led him in triumph to my rooms, where I took care that he should get thoroughly warm; which he did with the assistance of a good fire, supper, and some brandy and water. When he became more himself, we read together for an hour or more, as I wished it to appear — as, indeed, was really the case — that I was the person under obligations, and not him. After our reading was over, taking his hand, I said, —

"Smith, you cannot think how much good your

judicious explanations of these to me so difficult subjects have done me. I feel now, for the first time, that I shall get through the examination. You have saved me the expense of a private tutor, and most likely the great annoyance of a pluck; you must, therefore, allow me to repay you in some slight degree the favors you have conferred by permitting me to supply you with lights and fire, until the result of the examination makes you independent of all future care and anxiety on behalf of your relatives."

Tears started to the poor student's eyes as I concluded, and, pressing my hand, he replied, —

"I feel that what you have said has been said only out of kindness; and, though you really owe me nothing, to refuse your offer would be false delicacy on my part. I accept it, therefore, thankfully as a loan, and I trust that I shall be able in a very short time to repay you."

"Never think of repaying me," I said. "You are busy, and of course cannot spare time to come to my rooms; I must therefore come to you; and certainly, though tolerably hardy," and I laughed, "I cannot sit as you do without fire, when the thermometer is below zero." With this remark we parted for the night.

No one who has not been present at the reading of the List — for by this term the declaration of the result of the examination, both for mathematical honors and the ordinary degrees used to be known — can form any idea of the poverty of the ceremony as it was conducted some few years ago. Instead, as may be imagined would be the case on such an important occasion, the vice-chancellor, preceded by the polar bearers, as the esquire bedels were irreverently nicknamed by the undergraduates, and accompanied by the doctors in their scarlet gowns, and the proctors, followed by their bulldogs, as the attendant satellites on these functionaries are called, bearing the university statutes bound in crimson velvet and brass, and carried by a chain, — instead of these distinguished officials, proceeding in solemn state to the Senate House, there to read out in loud, sonorous tones the result of the most important examination of the year, whilst the undergraduates stood around in breathless and respectful silence, — one examiner, and one only, about eight P. M., hurried, list in hand, to the Senate House, and there, by the light of a wretched candle, which only helped to make the gloom more apparent, and barely served to illuminate the building sufficiently to enable him to read correctly, gave forth those weighty decisions, big with the fate of many of the eager and clamorous youths who flocked around.

To be present at this meagre and undignified ceremonial, if it deserved such a name, a few weeks after my evening with Smith, I pushed my way through the crowd of undergraduates who were congregated in front of the Senate House, waiting, with noisy impatience, for the doors to be open, and the list to be read out. The one examiner had not yet made his appearance, his delay being doubtless caused by the difficulty of deciding the fate of some luckless wight, who had managed matters with such nicety as to leave it a subject of considerable doubt in the minds of his examiners whether he had satisfied them or not, and, consequently, whether he should be permitted at that time to pass from an undergraduate to a full-blown bachelor of arts; the final chance being only decided in his favor — so university gossip declared — by the tossing up of a halfpenny, found in the M. B. waistcoat of one of the moderators.

The excitement which had so long been simmering, with regard to the proud position of senior wrangler, now burst forth into full boil. Numberless were the reports in circulation relative to the event. Now it was that three men had been bracketed equal; now, that the merits of only two had been so evenly balanced as to render it impossible to decide in favor of either. Next, it was confidently asserted that the Trinity student was far ahead of all his competitors; again, a noisy Johnian declared that the candidate from his college, he knew for a fact, was the learned and fortunate individual. A don, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who recognized me amidst the crowd, told me confidentially that he had it from undoubted authority that a hitherto unknown and unexpected student, from a small college, had perfectly astonished the examiners by the excellence of his papers, which were far superior to any that had been sent in for some time, and that he, and he alone, whoever he might be, would be found the first man. My thoughts immediately reverted to my friend Smith; and, wondering whether it were possible that he might be the individual alluded to, I anxiously asked my friend in authority if he knew either the name or college of the talented youth he had been telling me about. He was ignorant of both; so I had to wait for some time in breathless impatience for the reader of the list to appear, having promised my friend to let him know immediately the result of the examination, as he was unable to leave his bed, his delicate frame having succumbed to the intense strain which had been put upon it by his unremitting application and his self-sacrificing privations. At last the welcome sight of a well-known and learned examiner greeted our expecting gaze, and pell-mell, helter-skelter, we followed the bearer of the list into the dirty, ill-lighted Senate House. Being a person of small stature, the reader of this important document was mounted on a chair, and after having requested silence, and fumbled for some time with his papers, for which I could have throttled him, so impatient and excited had I become, he commenced his task.

As the sonorous voice of the little man pronounced the name, "Smith, of St. Dunstan" as the first on the list of wranglers, a loud cheer broke forth from all the small college men. But I waited for no more; heedless of my own fate, or that of any of my friends, save my newly-made one, I left the Senate House, tore headlong into college, rushed up the steep, narrow, creaking stairs which led to the poor sizar's rooms, three steps at a time, burst open the door, and, breathless with excitement and the pace I had come, sank down on his bed, gasping out, "My dear fellow, senior wrangler, — senior wrangler!" Smith evidently at first could not imagine what I meant by my wild, disjointed, disconnected sentences, and thought I had taken leave of my senses; but at length, when the truth burst upon him that his labors had been rewarded by the proud position of senior wrangler, he swooned away, and it was with some difficulty, so inexperienced a hand as I was in such cases, I could bring him to himself again. At length, after having nearly drowned him, by pouring the contents of his wash-hand jug, full of icy-cold water, over him, bed and all, he revived, and his first words, on regaining his consciousness, were, "Thank God! for my poor mother."

Years rolled on: thanks to Smith's judicious instructions, I managed to obtain my degree; and then, having nothing but debts to retain me at Cam-

bridge, I left that seat of learning, took orders, and had forgotten, amidst the cares of a small living (I mean small in a pecuniary sense) and a large family, all about senior wranglers, Smith, and university topics. Our venerable bishop had recently died, and a successor was appointed; but so little did the matter interest me, as I expected no promotion from his lordship, that, with the exception of his name being Smith, which must be allowed is not a very uncommon one, I was in the most utter ignorance of the antecedents of our new spiritual ruler. Our lately-appointed diocesan was to hold his first visitation in my immediate neighborhood, and, as in duty bound, I attended to pay my respects, and to hear what advice the head of the Church in the diocese of Churminster might have to impart. The church where the visitation was held was inconveniently crowded, which prevented my seeing the bishop on his entrance, or during the service; but the moment the charge commenced, I immediately recognized as familiar the sweet, clear tones of his gentle but dignified voice. By dint of changing my position a little, I managed, though with some considerable effort, to obtain a view of the speaker, and to my astonishment, though not less to my delight, I saw in the person of my diocesan the poor sizar, senior wrangler, my old friend and dinner companion, Smith. His face, though much changed for the better by freedom from the harassing cares of poverty and too intense study and application, still retained its sweet, gentle, and rather melancholy expression. Upon my name being called, after service was over, I saw the bishop start, look at the list of the clergy before him, and then whisper something to his secretary, who stood by his side.

This official, after the business of the visitation was concluded, took me aside, and informed me that he had the bishop's orders to present me to him. I was ushered into the room where his lordship of Churminster was sitting; but recognizing me at once, he immediately arose, and seizing me by both hands, whilst tears stood in his eyes, he exclaimed, "I am so delighted to see you! I have long wished to know what had become of you, for I wanted so much again to thank you for your thoughtful kindness to the poor sizar of St. Dunstan's, who," and he heaved a sigh, "but for your warm fire and daily glass of wine, would certainly have sunk under the fatigues and hardships he was compelled to endure." I was very shortly after invited to the palace, and spent some delightful days in the new bishop's society, my old friend constantly reverting, with evident delight, to the cold bath to which I treated him whilst recovering from the swoon he had fallen into on hearing the joyful news that he was senior wrangler.

It is needless to say that such a man as my friend was not one to be forgetful of past kindnesses, and it was not long before I was promoted to a good living in the bishop's gift, and all because I once dined in hall on a Christmas-day.

BALLADS FROM THE SPANISH.

The first of the following poems, like all good ballads, belongs to that class of compositions which suggests far more than it narrates. We may assume that the lady whose fate it describes was married against her will to the enemy of her family (see fifth stanza), and that the stranger knight is her early love, whom she had been compelled to renounce. The mode in which her husband convicts her, by

successive questions, reminds us of a well-known Scotch song of a purely comic character, and it is curious to trace this analogy between two poems of different countries, of which the spirit is so totally different. I allude to the song, the author of which is, I believe, not known, beginning with the following verse:—

"Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,
And hame cam he;
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Where nae horse should be.
O, how cam this horse here?
How cam this be?
How cam this horse here
Without the leave o' me?"

I ought to say, that I am by no means sure of the correctness of the reading in the original Spanish, nor of the translation of the two last lines of the fourth stanza. I know no authority for the words "El Moron," signifying "The Moor."

I am quite aware of the fact that the second ballad cannot be ranked among the highest productions of the class to which it belongs.

EDMUND HEAD.

"Blanca sola, señora mía,
Mas que no el rayo del sol," &c.
Primavera de Romances, Vol. II. p. 53;
Duran, Vol. I. p. 13; *Grimm*, p. 242.

"Thou art fair, thou art fair, O lady mine,
As the beam of morning bright:
May I rest unarmed in this bower of thine?
May I sleep without fear through the night?
"Seven years, seven years, it hath been the same;
These limbs have their harness worn,
And are blackened as if by the furnace-flame,
All scathed by the toils they have borne."
"Thou may'st sleep, Sir Knight, thou may'st sleep
till day;
Unarmed, thou need'st not fear;
To the mountains of Leon the Count is away;
He is gone to chase the deer.
"Pray God, that his hounds may in madness die,
And his hawks by eagles be slain,
And some Moorish chief to his stronghold nigh
May drag him off in his chain!"
Whilst thus they are talking, her lord is there,
And he calls in scorn and ire,
"Well, what art thou doing, my lady so fair,
Thou child of a traitor sire?"
"I was combing my hair, sir, in sorrowful cheer:
I was combing it all alone,
Because to the mountains to chase the deer
My lord and master had gone."
"This story, fair lady, a man may doubt;
This story is naught but a lie.
Say, whose is yon steed that is standing without,
And that neighed as I came by?"
"That steed is my father's, Sir Count," she said:
"He hath sent it a gift to thee."
"Whose arms are those in a heap thus laid
At thy chamber door I see?"
"My brother, Sir Count, he hath sent to thee here
Those arms which lie on the floor—"
"Ay, well! but the spear,—say, whose is the spear
That is leaning against the door?"
"Take thou that spear,—I reckon not of life,—
And slay me where I stand:
"T will be but the meed that a perjured wife
Hath earned at her husband's hand."

"Caballero de lejas tierras," &c.
Primavera de Romances, Vol. II. p. 88.

"Thou stranger knight from foreign lands, whom
passing by I see,
Rein in thy steed and ground thy spear, and speak
one word to me.
O tell me if perchance abroad my husband thou
hast seen?"
"How should I know unless I learn thy husband's
guise and mien?"
"My husband is a gentleman, full young and fair to
see,
Well skilled in chess, and courtly games, and sports
of chivalry.
A Marquis is he, and his arms graved on his sword-
hilt he bears:
A surcoat too of rich brocade with crimson lined he
wears.
There dangles from his lance's head, and glitters in
the sun,
A pennon fair of Portugal, which in the lists he
won."
"If so it be, O lady fair, I knew thy husband well:
In a quarrel at Valencia, that lord was stabbed and
fell:
He was struck at play by a Milanese; and many a
knight and dame
Grieved for his death, and cherish still thy gallant
husband's name.
Nay, more than that, men say one maid, the daugh-
ter of his host—
Of Genoa fair by birth she is—weeps for her lover
lost.
But shouldst thou deign to love again—is there
no hope for me?"
"No, no, Sir Knight,—urge no such suit,—a nun
I'm doomed to be."
"A nun! fair dame? Thou'rt surely bound to
pause awhile," he cried;
"For 't is the husband of thy heart who standeth at
thy side!"

CHERBOURG.

AFTER THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE inventions of science transform the modern world without noise, and almost imperceptibly. Let us suppose ourselves (says M. Théophile Gautier) in 1813, at the epoch of the flooding of the inner port of Cherbourg, excavated by order of Napoleon I., and desirous of being present at the ceremony. No railroad, no steamboats; the classical diligence, or, if you prefer it, the post-chaise, the only means of transport. Add to this all the carriages, carts, and wagons of every description, susceptible of movement, and of being dragged by any kind of quadruped, and calculate how many persons could be conveyed thither. In the present day, nothing is easier than to transport in a single day, from the centre of France to one of its extremities, a hundred thousand sight-seers. It is a mere question of multiplying the trains and the number of carriages. Such a thing would have seemed to be utterly chimerical at the commencement of the present century.

We never could have dreamt that so many travelling-bags and portmanteaus were in existence. On the day of departure and on the preceding days, they were accumulating in pyramids—nay, mountains—at the station of the "West," where cars were arriving one after the other, as if for a ball.

What a crowd, what a tumult, what a bustle;

And yet every one of these packages had its ticket and its number, and they were being wheeled away with unheard-of rapidity.

When the opening of the doors allowed the ocean of excursionists to pour into the station, the very first wave filled a train, which was itself of so great a length that it constituted a journey to go from one end to the other. There were human beings enough to people a town.

A second train was forthwith organized, in which our traveller, tourist, and feuilletonist obtained a seat. It was, he says, as long as that which had preceded it; and most assuredly the whole fleet of the Greeks starting for Troy conveyed fewer Achæans, with long hair and lustrous helmets, than that succession of boxes bore away of Parisians in Panama hats and summer paletots.

The population of Mantes were busy preparing a tent for the reception of the Emperor. It was of crimson velvet, relieved with golden embroidery and garlands of flowers. Around were trophies, not of arms, but of railway implements. But the train went onwards. It was long since the sketches of Roberts, Prout, and Bonnington had made M. Gautier wish to see St. Peter's of Caen. He had been in Spain, in Africa, in Turkey, but he had never been to Caen. All England has, he says, been there, but it requires to be a stranger to appreciate a country.

At the station at Caen, M. Théophile Gautier was much struck with a lofty chimney attached to steam-works, and which he declares to contain the rudiments of that new architecture which is seeking so painfully and so laboriously its new forms. More lofty than the obelisk of Luxor, this chimney, constructed of white and red bricks, is surmounted by a kind of capital, which makes it resemble a column of an unknown order, which may be designated as the "Industrial." It is thus that a new style of architecture, he argues, will arise from the new demands of the day, and not from mingling, right or wrong, the styles of all epochs.

Inscriptions and transparencies, with scaffoldings and balconies to let, announced that the town was preparing to receive majesty. A triumphal arch was carried across the main street. It was a felicitous mixture of the arches of Titus and of Septimius Severus. Why, asks M. Gautier, are not edifices about to be constructed tried first after this plan? Irreparable errors would not then remain to be regretted. But imagine the expenses of an experimental wooden National Gallery, and the discordancy of national criticism previous to its being constructed in brick or stone!

Caen, according to our art-critic, presents nothing particular to contemplate: it is an old city with a new face, mediæval structures are still to be met with, but not in sufficient numbers to give a tone to the place. The red cap—"the Norman degeneration of the Phrygian cap, which on the head of Paris seduced Helena"—is, however, still to be seen.

A friend had retained a room at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and, notwithstanding various rumors that were current of there not being a fowl within a circuit of ten leagues, of the buffet at the station having been stormed and devastated, of an omelet protected by four scullions, and of four fusiliers mounting guard over a fricandeau, our traveller declares that he fared well.

If the stranger is desirous of seeing St. Peter's at Caen in all its beauty, he must place himself on the other side of the rivulet which bathes its outer walls.

There is a stone there on which all "aquarellists" have by turns taken their seats. The rich Gothic, mingled with Renaissance of the cathedral, has an additional effect given to it by the mass of irregular, disorderly old houses, with projecting upper stories and broken outline of roofs, as also by the brook itself, the course of which is obstructed by stones, and its bed surmounted by a low, vaulted bridge. M. Gautier is one of those who would not remove the excrescences in stones which are so generally grouped around old Gothic monuments, just as gigantic toadstools fix themselves to the base of an old oak-tree. Convert that rivulet, he says, into a regular canal, tumble down these old houses, and erect new ones at a suitable distance, and St. Peter's of Caen will remain a fine specimen of mediæval architecture, but no artist will ever afterwards raise his umbrella on the opposite bank. That which stands good of the Gothic does not obtain with regard to the Greek. The one affects the pointed, the other the horizontal form. The latter requires to be detached, — nay, more, it requires rock for a contrast, as at Athens and in Sicily, as we have ourselves before expounded. Saint Stephen's of Caen is, according to our critic, notwithstanding its Anglo-Norman outline, cold, naked, and Protestant-looking, but the design is bold and pure. M. Gautier saw here, what he says is no longer to be witnessed in Paris, where religion is not permitted to leave its sanctuary (what of the consecration of the Eagles?), the Holy Sacrament borne in procession to a moribund. Nay, the procession, headed by the little choristers with their incense-vases, was protected by two soldiers with fixed bayonets.

Trains of exceeding length continued to transport whole populations, which did not prevent a crowd of disappointed applicants for seats being left behind at the station. Yet at every moment the telegraph sounded its little bell, proclaiming the advent of a train. Thanks to this electric courier, whose swiftness nothing surpasses, the formidable horses of steel and copper, fed with fire and boiling water, could be allowed to gallop away without any accident coming to cast a gloom over the *fête*. "Cantonnières" in short petticoats and blue blouses, tightened with a leather waistband, head-dress of varnished leather, and a horn slung to their sides, acted as signalmen. Women, M. Gautier says, are well adapted for such employment; they do not get sleepy and intoxicated, and they see and hear better than men. It is well to make a convenience out of a necessity. The men being for the most part decorated with red nether-garments, the women have to be put into blouses and leather hats.

M. Gautier seems to have been determined upon trying if he could not be as long in getting to Cherbourg by train as if he had gone by diligence, so he got out again at Bayeux, the view of which place, as seen from the station, struck him forcibly. A magnificent cathedral, with two pointed steeples and a tower at the intersection of the transept and the nave, as at Burgos, rose superbly over the houses, fluttering with flags and banners. There was no possibility of resisting a cathedral, and the day was passed in exploring that of Bayeux. The clerical element is strong in this town. The cathedral overshadows the houses. The grass grew in the streets, although sanded for the *fête*. There were few shops, but many long garden walls. An ecclesiastical repose reigned everywhere, and priests flitted about as at Rome. An almost solitary sign-board recorded that the tenant was one "Manuel, Coupeur de Sou-

tanes." "Tossed about," says Théophile, "like a straw in the Parisian whirlpool, we have often said that Time no longer existed, save in gilt bronze on old clocks. Time does exist; we found it at Bayeux in a very good state of preservation, considering its age."

The cathedral, as usual, fronts a "petite place." It has five porches, three of which alone are pierced for doorways. Two of these porches are richly decorated, especially with statues representing the dramas of the Passion and of the Last Judgment. It was impossible to explore the interior satisfactorily; it was undergoing repairs so urgent, that if delayed a little longer there was every possibility of the edifice sinking bodily. The choir is Gothic, but the nave is Roman. Among the artistic curiosities which most struck our virtuoso was an ancient sculpture coarsely colored, representing the litanies of the Virgin in a manner which reminded him of the genealogical trees of Christ in Spanish churches. The Eternal Father was represented at the top unfolding a banner, on which was inscribed *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te*. Around were Abraham, Elias, Isaiah, David, Solomon, and Ahas. In the centre, the litanies sculptured in relief, the rising sun, Jacob's ladder, the gates of heaven, the star of the sea, the full moon, the tree of life, the root of Jesse, the rose without thorns, the temple of Solomon, the tower of David, the well of water, the vase of incense, the fleece of Joshua, the fountain of graces, and the celestial city. There were also medallions representing subjects taken from the bestiaries of the Middle Ages, precisely similar to what are found on the casket of St. Louis, and belonging to the eleventh or twelfth century. There were hunters conquering the lion, panthers chasing hydras, and other allegories of faith triumphing over infidelity. One subject was supposed to represent Moses, attacked, after the Oriental legends, by leprosy, elephantiasis, or some other Biblical infirmity, and miraculously cured. One of the arcades was surrounded by a string of heads, or rather masks, which by their extravagance and monstrous ugliness appeared to have been copied from Mexican idols, or the Manitocs of the South-Sea Islanders.

The crypt was of the purest Roman style, and served as a mausoleum for the bishops of Bayeux. In the chapter-room, a casket is preserved which contains the cope of Saint Regnabert. It is a marvellous piece of workmanship in ivory of Oriental carving, apparently brought over by the Crusaders, and upon it is an Arabic inscription: "In the name of Allah, the all-merciful, blessings and grace to all."

Every one has heard of the Bayeux tapestry. According to M. Gautier, the so-called tapestry of Queen Matilda is an embroidery of colored wool upon white linen or canvas. It is preserved in a glass case, and our traveller pertinently remarks, what a strange thing it is, that whilst so many solid edifices have fallen to the ground, this frail piece of royal workmanship should have been handed down perfect amidst all kinds of vicissitudes and revolutions. A bit of canvas has lasted for eight hundred years!

No *table-d'hôte*, no buffet, could accommodate the crowd which were hurrying to the *fêtes* of Cherbourg. At Carentan tents were erected for kitchens, and spitted meats turned round improvised fires, exhaling their appetizing odors, just as we read in the Iliad of the fragrance of the victims ascending to heaven to delight the nostrils of the gods. Darkness had come on, and our traveller had to

wend his way, amid triumphal arches and masts with banners, in search of a bed. All the inns were full to overflowing; as to the hotel-keepers, who, it appears, can be as haughty to the Frenchman as in England to the Englishman, they turned him away with contempt. In the stables, quadrupeds had to give up their places and their straw to bipeds. In Spain, in Greece, or in Africa an open-air bed is a luxury, but on the shores of the Atlantic night had disguised itself like Scaramouche, and not a star displayed the end of its nose. Feeling his way, he at length came to an "auberge," where they did not deem it ridiculous that he should be desirous of supper and a bed. He was feasted on ham, cider, wine, and coffee, and then conducted to an uninhabited house at the extremity of the town, and, the door being with difficulty opened, he was left in a room with a bed, a chair, and a rickety table, as also a candle-end. There was a beautiful garden, he was told, in which he might walk if so inclined, which, considering the time of night, he deemed to be a very superfluous intimation.

The legends of Carenton, which are not all in honor of hotel-keepers, have preserved the memory of a famous breakfast of Junot, Duke of Abrantés, for which he was charged twelve hundred francs. Astonished at the demand, the gallant hero requested some details, in which a choice duck of Rouen, fattened on finest flour, figured for five louis. After a fair night's rest, in which no spectre came to put out his light with bony fingers, and no bandit with pointed hat and cock's feather came to take his purse, M. Gautier paid less for his breakfast than the Duke of Abrantés; but then, he says, there was no duck. It was impossible to obtain a place hence to Cherbourg, so he had fain to be satisfied with a seat among the baggage, the angles of which, he says, manifested a persevering hostility to his person. Crossing the vast "Marais," renowned for its water-fowl, the Fort of Roule, perched on a lofty eminence, whose precipitous acclivities displayed the naked rock, and the British flag towering over a tent, announced the approach to Cherbourg.

The crowd tumbled out of the carriages, and our accomplished critic from off the hostile baggage, and where does the reader fancy they were received? The paternal character of a despotism is nowhere so much shown as in the arrangements made in France for the accommodation of the masses. In a camp! Yes, government had provided streets of tents, all bearing the names of distinguished persons or events, effectively palisaded, and having only one entrance, which was carefully guarded. Each tent contained three beds, and tickets were delivered to successive applicants, — No. 1 bed, tent No. 103, Wagram Street. There was also a tent for information, a post-office, a marquee for a reading-room, and others for refreshments, with *tables-d'hôte* provided by Potel and Chabot. When was anything of the kind provided for the public in this land of ferocious egotism? Three gentlemen consigned to the same tent, in this country, must have an introduction; three roughs would fight it out before the morning.

M. Gautier, accustomed as he was to French supervision and ingenuity, was struck with the exceeding forethought of such an arrangement, where the ordinary resources of the town were utterly unequal to the demands put upon them. It struck him that a camp thus improvised would become one of the institutions of the country. Any great event may, in railroad times, attract a hundred thousand spectators or more to one spot, every town ought,

therefore, he argues, to be provided with its "camp for strangers," or "guests," if you prefer it, a caravanserai that can be improvised in a moment for the accommodation of the multitude. A limited liability company might organize something of the kind for the heaths of Newmarket, Doncaster, Ascot, and Epsom, or for Brighton Downs on the occasion of a review.

In the future, as M. Théophile Gautier observes, all will be able to visit places which have been hitherto accessible only to the few, and we cannot begin too soon to accustom ourselves to the gigantic developments of life. Seven hundred and twenty persons, he tells us, breakfasted and dined in the immense shed of the extemporized camp at Cherbourg. Nothing could more effectually mark the differences between the present time and the past.

Imagine a colossal gallery divided into two compartments, each with its tables. The kitchen at one of the extremities. As in all things that are too great, man was out of proportion with his surroundings. It would have required a railway with a little wagon to transport the dishes from the point of departure to the extremities. Relays of *garçons* were, however, employed in transmitting the viands, plates, and knives and forks. Notwithstanding the precautions taken of placing the buffets at intervals, and of mustering the consumers in squadrons, the unfortunate attendants had traversed leagues by the end of every repast.

"Restaurants on a gigantic scale will be the feature of the future. London will come in a body to dine at Paris, and Paris will go bodily to London. Machines will carve; tenders laden with bottles will be conveyed along the tables on silver rails; the turtle-soup and the *potage à la Reine* will be pumped out of the tureens; toasts will be given with speaking trumpets, and acoustic tubes will transmit messages from guests seated half a mile from one another. What would the Greeks have said, with their elegant precept as to a dinner, 'Not fewer than the Graces, not more than the Muses'?"

"This monstrously gigantic life of future generations occupied our thoughts all this journey, when we saw it first rudely sketched before us. Young forms are beginning everywhere to destroy the old moulds, and the old world, the world in which we have lived, is falling to pieces; although scarcely beyond the middle age, we are no longer contemporaneous with our epoch. None of the habits of our early youth remain, and no one thinks in the present day of what were our early passions. We must begin again like little children. We were acquainted with the metre of stanzas, the forms of sonnets, the music of rhythms; — a pretty thing indeed! We must study railway economy, permanent ways, locomotive powers, rolling stock, telegraphic signs, ironclads, and screw-steamers. If we make a mistake in the use of a word, the very boys laugh at us. We do not complain: we are at a climacteric epoch of humanity. This age will take a prominent place in the annals of the world, and it is now more than ever that the wise man's saying, 'I live by curiosity,' has a real meaning. Man valiantly petrifies his planet, and who lives shall see — great things."

And of Cherbourg, "No spectacle," we are told, "gives a more legitimate satisfaction to human pride than that of a port, and especially such a port as Cherbourg. When we think that a poor little animalcule, acarus of a planet, a point lost in space, executes such gigantic works with a few iron utensils, a few handfuls of black powder to which

he sets fire, one feels one's self filled with respect for so ingenious an atom, for so persevering an ephemera. The ocean, with its immensity, is less powerful than he is." And *à propos* of the ocean. "Let us," says Théophile, "leave our card, as it is proper to do, on old Father Ocean, whose passions will no longer terrify any one; day and night he receives blows from gigantic paddles without the least resentment, and he bears in his green bosom the Transatlantic cable without being able to decipher the messages that are exchanged between the Old World and the New." (We wish it only were so.) "Poor old Ocean become a mere postman! Separating nothing, preventing nothing, its very immensity is merely relative, for it is crossed in a week. Its beauty alone remains."

The whole port was full of vessels of all descriptions, men-of-war, frigates, ironclads, steamers, boats, all decked out with flags, and so crowded that it appeared impossible for any one of them to stir from its place. A compact crowd moved slowly along the quays, and as to the steamers that plied between them and the roadstead, they were so full, that the axiom, "that that which holds should be greater than the contents," was for once utterly reversed. One can form no conception of such an agglomeration of human beings.

The railway company of the "West" had chartered the steamboat *L'Éclair* for its passengers, and it is impossible to conceive with what dexterity and celerity it bore its living freight amidst this forest of ships, going and coming, and yet allowing everything to be seen that was worth seeing. Théophile says that on passing out of the harbor into the roadstead he could not refrain an exclamation of admiration; it was a serious infraction of the rule of dandyism, for to admire is to exhibit one's own inferiority; but he is not, he says, a dandy, and the spectacle that confronted him was marvellous!

The yacht which had brought her Britannic Majesty was in the roadstead, its paddle-boxes painted straw-yellow, and its chimneys of a salmon-color: the Royal Albert floated close by, like a respectful body-guard, its tapering sides reminding our traveller of the old French forms of the time of Louis XIV. Beyond, describing a slightly curved arc, was the flotilla of yachts, "for the most part," we are told, "English." (Were there half a dozen that were French?) "There could not be less than one hundred and fifty to two hundred of the most exquisite shapes, built of teak or other valuable woods, and most richly furnished. This is a charming luxury, which our sportsmen will also provide for themselves when Paris shall have become a seaport; they will find ready-made crews among the 'canotiers' of the Seine!"

Every minute packet-boats were arriving from Southampton, New Haven, Havre, Trouville, and Rouen; so crowded, that not a particle of the deck was to be seen, — nothing but hats and dark-colored coats. Beyond all, were the French men-of-war: Saint Louis, Alexandre, Austerlitz, Ulm, Donawerth, Napoleon, Eylau, Bretagne, Isly (not one name recorded a great naval victory), which, disposed in a line at regular distances, displayed to the greatest advantage "that grandiose outline with severe elegance, which is characteristic of our navy." "Severe elegance" is not an inapt term by which to describe the modern ironclads, which have few pretensions to grace.

Then there were regattas; but our Parisian admits that the "embarkations were kept at too re-

spectful a distance to distinguish the chances of the contests. It was the same with regard to the review of the fleet. It is true that the great guns *saluted* the august visitors audibly, and lights were seen to burst from a white cloud, a sound like a clap of thunder was heard, and then the great ships were enveloped in smoke, like the sides of a mountain with vapor. The sun seen behind these clouds had a remarkable effect. The discharges of the guns followed one another with chronometrical precision, without intervals, and yet separate. What close logicians! they gave reason upon reason. And the first series of arguments exhausted, a second took up the discussion, and so on through the whole fleet. Ancient civilization was on the scale of man, modern civilization is on the scale of humanity. Hence, great guns are much better adapted for a festival in the present day than little flutes. The whole population of Attica did not equal the number of visitors to Cherbourg. The fireworks at sea were pretty, but the effect was much diminished by the immensity of the space. To the spectators who lined the shore, it would have required colossal rockets loaded with hundred-weights of powder to vie with ocean and sky. Those on the "Place d'Armes" were more effective. M. Théophile is candid enough to admit that he has the passion of a Chinaman for fireworks; and who does not admire the wondrous transformations of light and form, and the play of incandescent rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topazes? The chief piece represented the equestrian statue of Napoleon I., the original of which, by Levee, dominates the ocean on its granite pedestal.

An agreeable surprise awaited our traveller on his return to the camp. A theatre had been improvised at the station. There were both vaudeville and pantomime. Madame Doche, and an actor of the name of Poirier, performed "Un Monsieur et une Dame"; Debureau and his troop, "Pierrot coiffeur." This is another hint for the master of ceremonies, who will be an indispensable adjunct to the "British Excursionist Camp Hostelry Company" (limited liability and unlimited accommodation). Unfortunately, the only scene available represented a forest, and was not precisely adapted for the incident of a gentleman and a lady obliged to pass the night in the same room at an inn. Again, what is always disagreeable to artists, in the midst of their zealous exertions a hiss now and then made itself significantly heard; but it came from the brazen lungs of a locomotive letting off its steam, for the theatricals were in no way permitted to interfere with the railway trains, which kept arriving, staring at the stage with their great red eyes, and bringing with them crowds of new-comers.

An early walk next morning before breakfast took M. Gautier to the château of Tourlaville, some three miles from Cherbourg, and of which he had heard much. It is an old ruinous castle, with a legend like those on the Rhine. It is a pretty walk, too, up hills, from whence Cherbourg, its harbors, and roadstead, are all seen to advantage. This castle, just sufficiently ruinous to be picturesque, is said to have been formerly inhabited by the family of Ravalets, who held the lordship of Tourlaville. Two descendants of this house, Julien de Ravalet, and the beautiful Margaret his sister, wife of John the Falconer, were said to have been guilty of incest, and were both condemned to death, and executed on the Place de la Grève, at Paris, on the 2d of December, 1603.

On his return to Cherbourg, Théophile found the

whole of the population, local and foreign, in movement to see the filling of the new port Napoleon, and the launch of the *Ville de Nantes*. The ocean precipitated itself through the ruins of the gaps opened for its ingress, carrying stones and earth, piles and planks, before it; and soon the granite bottom, which no human eye may ever see again, disappeared beneath the torrent. Two *Niagaras* pouring their waters into the gigantic bowl, took from two to three hours to fill it. But by the time anticipated the water attained the proper elevation, and the signal was given from the Imperial stand to launch the *Ville de Nantes*. "Nothing," we are told, "can be more noble or more majestic than a ship taking possession of the sea!" Next day the equestrian statue of Napoleon I. was unveiled, and Théophile Gautier returned to Paris, "to see if the vaudeville and the drama had behaved themselves well in his absence."

THE GOOD SHIP SHOOTING STAR.

L

"CAPTAIN RITSON, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Pennant, your new purser. Mr. Pennant, pray take a chair, while I have a little talk on business with Captain Ritson."

Mr. Blizzard, of the firm of David and Blizzard, 72 Limehouse Street, Liverpool, continued:—

"Captain Ritson, we want to make this first trip of the *Shooting Star* an auspicious trip; we want to have our vessel the first into Quebec this year. We save the dues; for they always return the dues to the first vessel that arrives from England; but it is not so much for the sake of the value of the dues as the *éclat* of the thing. Our trade with Canada is large, and we want to get our name up. We do not, of course, want you to run any danger. No, that is by no means the wish of the firm; but we wish you to skirt the ice, and run in on the very first opening. You will get off Labrador just in time for the frost to have thawed, and, with care, there need be no risk whatever."

Mr. Blizzard said all this leaning against his railed desk, and nestled in among the files of invoices and bills of lading. He was a hearty, fresh-colored, portly man, very neat in his dress, and remarkable for a white waistcoat, that seemed as hard and stainless as enamel. He played with his watch-chain as he spoke, and eyed the captain, the purser, and the first mate, who sat in an uncomfortable half-circle. With his well-polished boots planted on the immovable rock of a large capital, Mr. Blizzard seemed to look boldly seaward metaphorically, and consider wrecks and such casualties as mere well-devised fictions.

Captain Ritson was a big North-countryman, with a broad acreage of chest, clear gray eyes, and large, red hands,—a sturdy, honest, self-reliant man, without a fear in the world. The mate, Mr. Cardew, by no means so pleasant to look on, being a little, spare, thin-legged, cadaverous person, with yellowish eyes, sat in sullen subserviency on the very edge of his chair just behind the captain. The purser, a brisk, cheery, stout young fellow, sat deprecatingly (as if he thought he ought to stand) a trifle farther back still.

"Right it is, Mister Blizzard," said the captain, buttoning his pilot-coat across his chest, as if preparing for an immediate gale, and about to order everything to be battened down. "Right it is, and

a better vessel than the *Shooting Star* I don't hope to see. She's sound, Mr. Blizzard, I do believe, from main truck to keel,—sound, if I may use the expression, as a pious man's conscience. The only thing that vexes me, howsoever, is that, having been sent for to my native place, down Allonby way, on very sad business" (here the captain held up sorrowfully an enormous hat covered with black crape,) "I could n't see to the lading of this ere vessel as I generally likes to do with vessels I am called upon to command."

"That is of no consequence at all, Captain Ritson," said Mr. Blizzard, pouring out three glasses of sherry all in a row from a decanter on an inky mantel-piece near him. "I have been away at Manchester, and my partner, Mr. David, has been very ill with a touch of pleurisy, but our first mate here, Mr. Cardew, has seen to it all."

The mate nodded assent.

"And the cargo is—?"

"Agricultural implements, machinery, and cloth goods."

Mr. Blizzard referred to a ledger for this information, as he spoke, as if he scarcely knew, in his multiplicity of business, whether the *Shooting Star* might not be laden with frankincense, pearls, gold-dust, and poll-parrots,—but he would see.

Having ascertained the fact, Mr. Blizzard carefully replaced the ledger, and, turning his back on his company, poked the fire, and consulted a large sheet almanac over the mantel-piece, as a sign the interview was over.

"We sail to-morrow morning, Sunday," said Captain Ritson, who was a Wesleyan, to the purser, as they left the office of Messrs. David and Blizzard; "I likes to hear the blessed Sabbath bells calling to one another as I go out of the Mersey, and the men like it; and, what's more, it's lucky. It's like the land taking leave of us, as I always say, giving a sort of blessing on the ship; at least, I'm a plain man, and that's how I take it. It's the day I always start, Sunday is."

The purser expressed his hope that he should succeed in doing his duty, and pleasing the captain and all his employers.

"O, you'll do, young man, I can see; don't you be afraid. Won't he, Mr. Cardew? Clear, straightforward eyes, and all aboveboard."

Mr. Cardew thought he would do, but he did not look on the purser at all. His mind was running on very different things.

IL

"JOE," said the purser's wife, when Pennant returned to his little cottage at Birkenhead, and announced his new appointment, "I don't know how it is, but I've got a strong presentiment, and I wish you wouldn't go in this ship. I never did like ships with those sort of names. The best run you ever had was in the *Jane Parker*, and the worst one in the *Morning Star*. Stick to the plain names. Besides, it's too early in the season. Now, do oblige me, Joe, and give it up. Stay for a fortnight later; get an Australian ship. It's too early for Canada. It is, indeed. Mrs. Thompson says so."

"Jenny, my love, you're a silly little woman. A pretty sailor's wife you make! Come, pack up my kit, for I'm going, that is the long and the short of it. Nonsense about sentiments. And who is Mrs. Thompson, I should like to know? Who wants her poking her nose here? Why did she drive her husband away with her nagging, and temper, and

botheration? Tell her to mind her own business. Pretty thing, indeed! Come, dear, no nonsense; pack up my kit."

"But, Joe dear, there was your photograph fell off the nail on Tuesday, that night I saw a shooting star fall, close to the docks, and it was n't sent for nothing. Don't go, Joe; don't go."

"Go I must, Jenny dear, and go I shall, so don't make it painful, there's a good little woman. Come, I'll go up with you now, and kiss George and Lizzy. I won't wake them; then we'll go and look out the shirts and things for the chest. Keep a good heart; you know I shall soon be back. I've got a nice captain, and a smart first mate."

III.

"WHY, Captain Thompson, who ever thought to have found you here, and only quartermaster?" said the purser, as he stood at the gangway of the Shooting Star, watching the fresh provisions brought in. "Well, I am sorry to see you so reduced, sir, I am, indeed. How was it?"

The quartermaster drew him on one side with a rueful look. He was a purple, jolly, sottish-looking man, with swollen features.

"It was the grog, Joe, as did it,—all the infernal grog," he said. "I lost my last ship, the Red Star, and then everything went wrong; but I've struck off drinking now, Joe; I was n't fit to have a ship, that's about it,—lost myself, too, Joe; and here I am with my hands in the tar-bucket again, trying to do my duty in that station of life, as the Catechism used to say."

"And how do you like our captain and crew, sir?" Pennant said, under his breath.

"Captain's as good a man as ever trod in shoe-leather,—upright man, though he will have the work done, but the crew ain't much, between ourselves. Four of them first-class, the rest loafers and skulkers, wanting to emigrate, picked up on the quays, half thieves, half deserters, not worth their salt. They'll all run when they get to Quebec. Then there's the first mate, he's a nice nigger-driver, he is, bound for a bad port, I think. I wouldn't trust him with a ship, that's all I can say, unless it was a pirate ship, that he might get on with; but he is smooth enough before the captain,—he takes care of that,—curse him."

Just at that moment there came a shrill voice screaming curses from the shore.

"Look alive, you skulkers, there," it cried,—it was the mate's voice,— "or I'll let you know. We sha'n't be ready by Tuesday, if you don't hurry. Not a drop of grog before the work's done, mind that. I'll have no infernal grumbling while I'm mate; and what are you doing there, quartermaster, idling? Mr. Purser, see at once if the stores are all in, and hand in the bills to me to give to Captain Ritson."

The men, ragged, sullen fellows, worked harder, but cursed in an underbreath.

The moment the captain came on board, the mate's manner entirely altered. He crouched and whispered, and asked for orders, and spoke to the men with punctilious quietude.

Cardew had some strange hold over the captain, as the purser soon discovered,—some money matters,—some threat, which he held over Ritson's head, about his father's farm in Cumberland,—some power that the captain dreaded, though he tried to appear cheerful, trusting, and indifferent. At first tyrannical to the men, Cardew had now begun to

conciliate them in every possible way, especially when Captain Ritson was not on deck.

The purser was in his cabin, the twentieth day after the Shooting Star had started. He was head down at his accounts, and the luminous green shade over the lamp threw a golden light upon rows of figures and the red lines that divided them. He was working silently, honest, zealous fellow that he was, when a low tap came at the cabin-door. He leaped off his seat and opened the door; it was old Thompson, the quartermaster, who shut it after him with a suspicious care.

"Well, Thompson," said the purser, looking up with an overworked and troubled expression, "what is it?"

The quartermaster sat down with a hand on either knee. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Pennant, between you and me, there's mischief brewing."

"Thompson, you've been at the rum again," said the amazed purser, in a reproachful voice.

"No, Mr. Pennant, I have n't; no, I am sober as the day I was born. Never you mind how I learned what I am going to tell you. There was a time when no one dared accuse Jack Thompson of eaves-dropping, without getting an answer straight between the eyes, and quick too; but now I'm a poor rascal no one cares for; only fit to mend old rope and patch sails, and I can stoop now to do things I should have been ashamed of once, even if I had done them, as I did this, for good."

There came at this moment a pert rap at the door, and Harrison, the ship's boy, thrust in his head.

"Well, what do you want?" said the purser, in his sharp, honest way.

"If you please, sir, there's an ice-fog coming on, and Mr. Cardew says the men are to have an extra glass of grog round, as there will be extra watches."

"Did Captain Ritson himself give the order?"

"No, sir; Mr. Cardew. Captain's been up all night, and is gone to lie down."

"Tell Mr. Cardew, with my compliments, that the captain told me yesterday never to serve out rum without his special orders."

"Yes, sir." The boy left.

"Now, Mr. Quartermaster, let us know the worst. I think—I suspect—it is something about our first mate. This is going to be an unlucky voyage, I can see. Let us hear the worst quick, that we may do something to stop the leak."

The quartermaster, a stolid man, of Dutch temperament, and by no means to be hurried, proceeded as calmly as if he were spinning a yarn over the galley fire. "What I heard the first mate and the carpenter talk about only two hours ago was this. The ice-fog's come on, and the men (a bad lot in any weather, all but Davis and two or three more) are beginning to think we're running dangerously near the ice, and that we shall get nipped. The mate, when the captain is away, encourages them in this idea, and the worst of them talk now of forcing the captain to steer more southward, so as to keep clear of the ice-packs off Labrador."

The purser started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"Belay there, Mr. Pennant," said the quartermaster, forcing his sou'wester firmer on his head to express hatred for the mate; "that was only the first entry in their log. Then they went on to propose sinking the ship, lashing down the captain and those who would n't join them, destroying all evidence, and taking to the boats as soon as there was a sight of land."

"But what for?"

"What for? Why, for this. The first mate, as he let out, has had the lading of the vessel. Well, what did he do, with the help of some scoundrel friend of his, a shipping agent, but remove two thirds of the machinery from the cases, unknown, of course, to Mr. Blizzard, and pile them up with old iron, unknown to the captain, who was away because his father was dying, and now they want to sink the vessel, and then to go home and sell the plunder. That's about the size of it."

"Come this moment and tell the captain of this scoundrel," said the purser, leaping up and locking his desk resolutely.

"Now, avast heaving there, not just yet, Mr. Purser, by your leave; let the thing ripen a little; let me pick up what I can in the fo'ksal, they don't mind a poor old beast like me."

"What's all this?" cried a shrill, spiteful voice, as the door was thrust violently open. "Where is this purser fellow? Who is it dares to disobey my orders? What do you mean, purser, by not serving out this rum? No skulking here. Thompson, go on deck, see all made taut for the night, and the fog-bell rigged, or we shall be run down in this cursed fog."

Thompson slunk out of the cabin.

The purser did not flinch; he took his cap quietly from its peg. "Mr. Cardew," he said, "I only obeyed the captain's orders, and I shall continue to do so till you take command of the vessel. I'm going on deck for a smoke before I turn in. Good night, sir."

The mate's eyes became all at once bloodshot and phosphorescent with a cruel light.

"I tell you what it is, Pennant," he said; "if I was your captain, I'd maroon you on an iceberg before you were five hours older, and I'd let you know first, with a good bit of pickled rope, what it was to disobey your superior officer."

"Good night, sir; threatened men live long. And perhaps you will allow me to lock up my cabin? Thank you."

With this good-humored defiance the purser ran, laughing and singing, up the cabin stairs.

It was Sunday morning, and the ice-fog had lifted. The vessel had met with mere pancake ice, loose sheets thin as tinsel, but nothing more; the wind blew intensely cold as if from ice-fields of enormous size, but no bergs had been seen, and the captain, judging from the ship's reckoning, hoped still to make a swift and successful voyage, and to be the first to reach Quebec that season.

The men were mustered for prayers in the state cabin. It was a pleasant sight to see them file in, two and two, so trim, with their blue shirts turned back from their big brown necks, their jaunty-knotted black silk neckerchiefs and their snowy-white trousers; the petty officers in their best blue jackets, and all so decorous and disciplined, as they took their prescribed seats.

Pleasant, too, it was to see the hardy captain in that wild and remote sea so calmly and gravely reading the chapter from the Bible relating to Paul's voyage, with an unconscious commanding-officer air. If the ship-boy dared to cough, that stern, gray eye nailed him to his seat; if the boatswain shuffled his feet, there was a reproving pause between the verses; if even the spray broke over the hatchway, the captain was down upon it.

The purser was the last to leave the cabin when

the service was over. As he collected the Bibles, the captain touched him on the shoulder.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Pennant," he said, sitting sorrowfully down at the table with his hand on his telescope, and his large prayer-book still open before him. "You are an honest, faithful fellow, and I want to ask you a simple question. Have you seen or heard anything lately that makes you think the first mate is playing double, and exciting the men to mutiny? Yes or no?"

"Yes, captain."

The captain did not lift his eyes from the table at this answer, but giving a slight, half-disdainful sigh, poured out a glass of water and drank it, then rose, shook the purser by the hand, and looked steadily in his face.

"Come up with me, purser, on deck," he said, "and we will settle this matter at once. Some one has been altering the vessel's course, I feel sure, since the morning. If it is the mate, I will put him in irons. If it cost me my right arm, I'll keep him in irons. I'm a fool not to have seen it all before. I was warned about that man in Liverpool."

When the captain stood upon the deck, the chill, white ice-fog was again bearing down fast on the Shooting Star. It was bearing down with a spectral gloom that was depressing in a sea known to be still half blocked with ice-packs. A Sabbath calm reigned over the vessel. The men were lying down by the trim rope coils, some reading, some conversing; not a plank but was clean as a pink; not a bolt-head or brass but shone as well as anything could shine in that lurid light. The mate and carpenter were sitting near the wheel, looking at the advancing fog; at the entrance to the fo'ksal were some men stretched out half asleep.

The captain said not a word, but walked straight up to the man at the wheel, and looked at the compass.

"Why, you're steering south," he said, quietly, "and I told you nor-nor-west an hour ago."

"I am steering as the first mate told me," said the fellow, sullenly. "I can't steer as every one wants me. If it was my way, I'd 'steer home.'"

The first mate, as the man said this, came up and took the wheel from him insolently, as if in defiance of the captain.

"Jackson's steering right," he said.

"Right you call it," said the captain, storming. "I'm a plain man, and I like plain dealing. Mr. Cardew, I've had enough of your lying tricks; let go the wheel, sir, and go to your cabin. Consider yourself under arrest for mutinous conduct. Purser, you are witness; take this man down."

Cardew still refused to let go the wheel. With the quickness of thought, the captain felled him with a blow; in a moment the deck seemed alive with shouting and leaping men. Five sailors threw themselves on the captain, three on the purser. The mutiny had broken out at last. A cruel yell rang from stem to stern. All who favored the captain were in a moment, with curses and cruel threats, overpowered and bound to the mast and rigging.

"Now, Captain Ritson," said Cardew, as he rose with a yellow face, down which the blood streamed, and advanced to where the captain stood bound and pale with rage, "you see I am stronger than you thought. If I chose, I could at once let you overboard with a rope and freeze you to death; I could have you pelted with bottles, or put an end to in some other agreeable way; but I shall spare you now, to pay you out better for that blow and other

indignities. Last night you refused to join me in my sensible scheme for baffling the rascals who expose us to danger and then underpay us. Now I will not accept your partnership. O, you're a rash, violent man, though you are so pious; where's your Providence now? Come, my boys, leave these fools, and get out the wine; we'll have a spree to-night, for to-morrow we shall be on shore, and perhaps starting again for England. Come, get out this man's brandy. We'll have a night of it. It's cold enough for these fellows, ain't it? But it'll make them warm seeing us drinking."

That night, as the liquor went round, and the songs circulated among the mutineers to the doleful accompaniment of the monotonous and funeral fog-bell, the captain and seven friends lying bound against the frozen shrouds, the vapor lifted for a moment eastward and disclosed an aurora borealis that lit up all the horizon with a majestic fan of crimson and phosphorescent light that darted upward its keen rays, and throbbed and quivered with almost supernatural splendor. The electric lustre lit the pale faces of the captain and his fellow-prisoners.

"Why, here are the merry dancers," said the first mate, now somewhat excited by drinking, as he walked up to the captain, and waved a smoking hot glass of grog before his face. "Why, I'll be hanged if they ain't the blessed angels dancing for joy because you and your brother saints will so soon join them. What do you think of Providence by this time, Ritson, eh?"

The mutineers put their glasses together, and laughed hideously at this.

"Just as I always did. God watches us at sea as well as by land," was the captain's calm reply. "I'd rather even now be bound here, than change my conscience with yours, Cardew. I'm a plain man, and I mean it when I say that it's no worse dying here than at home in a feather-bed. It is less hard to part with the world here."

"O, if you're satisfied, I am. Here, glasses round to drink to the Pious Captain. All his gang are here but that boy, that little devil Harrison; search for him everywhere, men; he mustn't be left; if he is in the hold, smoke him out with brimstone; never mind if he does n't come out, he'll have his gruel if you keep the hatches well down."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply, with a brutal and disgusting laugh; and away the men went on their search, eager as boys for a rat-hunt.

An hour after, all but the watch to toll the fog-bell, the mutineers on board the Shooting Star were sunk into a drunken and wallowing sleep. That night, from time to time, Captain Ritson, kept his men's hearts up with cheerful words; the cold was hard to bear, but they survived it. When day broke, they all united in prayer that God would allow them to die soon and together. They had sunk into a torpid semi-sleep, when the sound of a gun through the fog, in the distance, aroused them. At the same moment, the loud taunting voice of the mate awoke the bound men to a sense of their misery and despair.

"Good morning, Captain Ritson," said the mate. "Lord, lads, how chopfallen that smart fellow the purser is, and look at those A.B. sailors, who used to sneer at you, and call you skulkers, loafers, and Liverpool dregs. How our fat friend the quartermaster must miss his grog; hard, is n't it? Captain Ritson, it is my painful duty to inform you (lower the two boats there, quick, men, and stave the third) that we are about to leave this ship, which will sink,

as I am informed by my excellent friend the carpenter here, almost exactly three hours after our departure. A more pliant disposition and a more graceful concession to those business arrangements, in which I solicited your co-operation, would have led to very different results; gentlemen, that gun is from a vessel lying off the ice-field which we are now skirting; that vessel will take us up. How about that blow now? We have money enough to pay for our passage. Farewell. Lower the boats there. Captain Ritson, I have the honor of wishing you a pleasant voyage to heaven."

Captain Ritson made no answer till the boats were lowered. "God will avenge us, if it seemeth good to him," was the only malediction he uttered. "Men, I thank God that I still trust in his mercy, and, worst come to the worst, I am ready to die."

"So am I," said the purser, "if I could only first look up and see that yellow rascal dangling at the yard-arm."

"It's all up with us," said the quartermaster. "I only wish the black villains had given us one noggin round before they left."

An hour passed, the last sound of the receding boats had died away. The sailors began to groan and lament their fate.

"Have you any hope left, Captain Ritson, now?" said the purser, in a melancholy voice. "O Jenny, Jenny, my dear wife, I shall never see you again."

"As for my wife," said the quartermaster, "it's no great loss. I'm thinking more of myself. Oh, those villains."

"I have no hope," said the captain, bravely, "but I am ready to die. I trust in the mercy of God. He will do the best for us, and he will guard my poor children."

Just then, like a direct answer from Heaven, the fog grew thinner and thinner, and the sun shone through with a cold yellow lustre, showing the line of land for miles; alas! it was not land, but ice-pack, miles of it, rising into mountainous bergs, green as emerald, blue as sapphire, golden as crysolite, and stretching away into snow-plains and valleys. The nearest cliffs were semi-transparent, and glistened with prismatic colors, but in the distance they merged again into cold clinging fog. The nearest ice was about two miles off.

The captain looked at his companions, and they at him, but they did not speak, their hearts were so full, for the water could be now heard gurgling and bubbling upward in the hold.

"We have two hours more to live, and let us spend it," said the captain, bravely, "in preparing for death. After all, it is better than dying of cold and hunger, and it is only the death us sailors have been taught to expect at any moment."

"I should n't care if it was not for my poor old mother," said one of the sailors, "but now she'll have to go on the parish. O, it's hard, bitter hard."

"Fie, man," said the captain, with his unquenchable courage, "have I not my children, and the purser his wife. What must be, must be, — bear it like a man."

At that moment a shrewd boyish face showed itself round the corner of the cabin stairs, and the next instant up leaped and danced Harrison, the ship's boy, with a sharp carving knife in his hand. He capered for joy round the captain, and was hailed with a tremendous shout of delight and welcome as he released the men one by one, beginning with his master.

"They thought I was in the hold," he said, "did n't they? but I was hiding under the captain's sofa all the time, and there I lay till I was sure they were gone. The vessel's filling fast, Captain Ritson; there is no time to lose. Hurrah!"

"It is quite true," said the purser, as he returned from below with the captain. "We have one hour, no more, to rig a raft in, so to it, my lads, with a will. The leak's too far gone, and we've not hands enough to make the pumps tell on it."

The men were shaking hands all round, intoxicated with joy at their escape.

"Come, men, enough of that. I'm a plain man, and what I say I mean," said the captain, already himself. "We're not out of the wood yet, so don't holler. Come, set to at the raft, and get all the biscuits and junk those villains have left. I shall be the last man to leave the vessel. I shan't leave her at all till she begins to settle down. Purser, get some sails for tents. Quartermaster, you look to the grub. Harrison, you collect the spars for the men; Davis, you see the work is strong and sure. It is n't the coast I should choose to land on; but any port in a storm, you know; and, purser, you get two or three muskets and some powder and shot. We may have to live on sea-birds for a day or two, till God sends us deliverance, death, or a ship; that is our alternative. Come, to work."

The raft was made in no time. But the stores proved scanty. The scoundrel mate had thrown overboard, spoiled, or carried off all but three days' provision of meat, biscuit, and rum. The captain had almost to be forced from the vessel. They had not got half a mile away when the great ice-pack closed upon it, just as she was sinking. As the Shooting Star slowly settled down, Captain Ritson took off his cap and stood for a moment bare-headed.

"There," said he, "goes as good a vessel as ever passed the Mersey lights; as long as she floated she'd have done Messrs. David and Blizard credit."

"Good by, old Shooting Star," said the men. "If ever a man deserved the gallows, it's that first mate of ours."

The raft reached the shore safely.

"I take possession of this 'ere floating pack," said the captain, good-humoredly, to keep up the men's spirits, as he leaped on the ice, "in the name of her blessed Majesty, and I beg to christen it Ritson's Island, if it is an island; but if it is joined on to the mainland, we'll wait and see what the mainland is. I wonder if there are many bears, or puffins, or white foxes, on it. And now let's rig the tents, and then we'll measure out the food."

The next day brought no hope. The pack proved to be of enormous size, and a deep ice-fog prevented its complete exploration. The food was fast decreasing. The few penguins on the pack would not come within shot. Once they saw a white bear, but it dived, and appeared no more. The men's hearts began to sink; half the spars had been used up for the fires; one day more and the fuel would be gone; the rum gone; the meat gone. Frost and starvation awaited them. There were now murmurs. Once the captain came on two of the sailors who were crying like children; another time he observed the men's fierce and hungry looks, as they watched the quartermaster cowering under the tent, and he knew too well what those savage fires in their hollow eyes indicated.

"It must come to the casting of lots for one of

us," he heard them whisper. "Every hour we can pull on gets us more chance of a ship."

The next day the purser shot two penguins, and ate greedily of the nauseous flesh. The fourth day the provisions were exhausted at the first meal. Then Captain Ritson stood up, his musket in his hand, for he had all this time kept watch at night like the other men, and shared every labor and privation. The quartermaster was lamenting his fate.

"If this voyage had only turned out well," he said, "I might have got a ship again; for the firm promised me a ship again if I only kept from drink and did my duty; and this time I have done it by them, and I should have saved the vessel if it had n't been for this mutiny."

Captain Ritson began,—

"Mr. Quartermaster, silence. This is no time for crying over spilt milk. I don't wish to hurt your feelings, for you're an honest man, though you sometimes rather overdid the grog. I'm a plain man, and I mean what I say, and what I say is this,—here we are, and we don't know whether it is berg or mainland, and no food left,—not a crumb. Now, what is to be done? We hear the bear growl, and the fox yelp; but if we can't shoot them, that won't help us much. We must spend all to-day in trying for the mainland; if we find the sea to the eastward, we must then turn back, commit ourselves to God, who directs all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath (you all heard me read that on Sunday, and I need n't repeat it), and take to the raft, whatever happens. But there's one thing I have to say, as a plain man, and that is,—if any coward here dares even whisper the word 'cannibalism,' I'll shoot him dead with this gun I hold in my hand, and mean to hold day and night. We are Christian men, mind; and no misery shall make wild beasts of us, while I am a live captain,—so mind that."

The exploration destroyed the men's last hope. The mile's painful march only served to prove that wide tracts of sea, full of shaking ice, lay between the pack and the shore.

"I see something ahead like a man's body," said the purser, who had volunteered to climb an eminence, and report if any vessel could be discerned. "It is partly covered with snow, and it lies on the edge of a deep hole in the ice."

The party instantly made for it. Harrison, being light of foot, was the first to reach it, and to shout,—

"O captain! captain! come here! it's Phillips, the carpenter, that went away with the mate."

And so it was. They all recognized the hard bad face. An empty bottle lay by the body.

"I see it all," said the captain. "He got drunk, he lagged behind, and they lost him in the fog. Some vessel has taken them off."

"I wish it had been the mate," said the purser.

As he spoke, a huge black head emerged for a moment from the water, and all the men fell back and cried it was the Devil come for the carpenter.

"Nonsense, you flock of geese," said the captain; "it was only a black seal. I only wish he'd show again, and we'd have a shot at him; he'd keep us for two days. Now then, push on, for we must get on the raft and into the open sea before dark, and the Lord guide and help us."

Slowly and silently the melancholy band, with only two sound-hearted men left among them, the captain and the purser, ascended the last snow hill leading to the shore, where the raft and the tents had been left six hours before. The sun, a globe of

crimson fire, was setting behind banks of gray and ominous mist. Two of the men were now frost-bitten in the cheeks, and lay down to be rubbed with snow by their companions.

The captain strode forward alone to the top of the hill to reconnoitre. He was seen by them all striding forward till he reached the summit, but slowly now, for that giant of a man was faint with hunger and fatigue. The men sat down waiting for him to return, and rubbing themselves with snow. He returned slower than he had ascended, feeble and silent. He did not look his companions straight in the face, but wrung his hands, pulled his sou'-wester over his eyes, and sat down by the tired men. Then he rose gravely, with his old impregnable courage, and said,—

"Men, I bring you bad news; but bear it like Christians. It's all sent for a good purpose. Our raft has been carried off by a flow of drift ice. We have only a few hours to live. I'm a plain man, and mean what I say. Let us die with a good heart, and without repining. It is not our own fault as to this."

Two of the men uttered yells of despair, and threw themselves on the ground; the rest seemed to actually grow smaller, and shrink together in their hopeless despair. The purser rocked to and fro, holding his head between his hands. The quartermaster shook with the cold, and turned purple with fear. The boy burst into an agony of tears.

"Come, men, let us light a fire," said Captain Ritson. "We are not women. Let us collect any remaining wood, and, having prayed together and committed ourselves into His hands (the captain took off his hat and looked upwards), let us sleep, and in that sleep, if it is His will, death will take us."

But nothing could rouse them now. The purser, and the purser only, had strength enough left to collect the few pieces of driftwood outside the tents. It was like digging one's own grave, as the night began to fall, and shut out the white cliffs and desolate tracts of ice.

"Light it, Pennant," said the captain, "while we kneel round and commit ourselves to Him who never leaves the helm, though he may seem to sometimes when the storm hides Him."

The fire crackled and spluttered; then it rose in a thin wavering flame.

"Before this is burnt out, messmates, we shall have started on another voyage, and pray God we get safely to port. Now, then, load all the muskets, and fire them at the third signal I give. If there is any vessel within two miles off the pack, they may perhaps hear us. One, two, three."

The discharge of the five guns broke the ghastly stillness with a crashing explosion, which seemed to rebound and spread from cliff to cliff till it faded far away in the northern solitudes, where death only reigned in eternal silence, and amid eternal snow.

"There goes our last hope," said the captain; "but I am thankful I can still say, His will be done; and I trust my children to His mercy."

"My wife don't need much praying for," said the quartermaster. "She'll fight her way, I bet."

Just then the purser, who had been staring at the horizon, trying to pierce the gloom to the right, leaped on his feet, shouted, screamed, cried, embraced the captain, and danced and flung up his hat.

Every one turned round and looked where he was looking. There they saw a light sparkle, and

then a red light blaze up, and then a rocket mount in a long tail of fire till it discharged a nosegay of colored stars. It was a ship answering their light. Then came the booming sound of a ship's gun. It was a vessel lying off the pack, and they were saved.

An hour's walk (they were all strong enough now) brought the captain and his men to the vessel's side. The ship was only three miles off along the shore, but the fog had hidden it from them when they had returned to lay down and die.

As honest rough hands pressed theirs, and helped them up the vessel's side, and honest brown faces smiled welcome, and food was held out, and thirty sailors at once broke into a cheer that scared the wolves on the opposite shore, Captain Ritson said,—

"Thank God, friends, for this kindness. I'm a plain man, and I mean what I say; but my heart's too full now to tell you all I feel. Purser, I did lose hope just now, when I saw the raft carried away."

One autumn afternoon, four months later, three men entered Mr. Blizzard's office and inquired for that gentleman.

"He is engaged just now," said a new clerk (the rest had left), and pointing to an inner glass door that stood ajar. "Engaged with Captain Cardew, of the Morning Star; he sails to-morrow for Belize. Take seats."

The muffled-up sailor-looking men took seats near the half-open door, through which came low words of talk.

"Ritson was too reckless," said a disagreeable voice, "and quite lost his head in danger."

"No doubt," said another voice. "Take another glass of sherry, captain. 'Do you like a dry wine?'"

"The purser, too, was not very honest, I fear, and very careless about the stores. By the by, did I ever tell you about that drunken quartermaster, Thompson, losing that ship of yours, the Red Star, off the Malabar coast. He had just returned from Quebec, so Pennant told me, who sailed with him. He had been sotting at Quebec, and when the vessel was ready to start, he said he would n't go. They found him obstinate drunk. Will you believe it, he remained drunk the whole voyage till they came and told him he was near Glasgow. Then he leaped up, shaved himself, put on his best coat and a white tie, and went on shore to see our agents, old Falconer and Johnson, fresh as paint. Ha! ha!"

The other voice laughed too. It was Mr. Blizzard, from his throne of large capital; he was probably about to replace a ledger, and consult the almanac, as he had done that afternoon four months before.

"You must make a better voyage with the Morning Star than Captain Ritson did with his unfortunate vessel," said Mr. Blizzard. "Don't be afraid of the sherry."

But Cardew never drank that glass of sherry, for the door just then bursting open, dashed the glass to pieces in his hand, and Captain Ritson seized him by the throat.

"I'm a plain man, Mr. Blizzard, sir," he said, "and I mean what I say; but if ever there was a mutinous, thieving, lying, false, shark-hearted scoundrel, it is this man who sunk the Shooting Star, and left me, and the purser, and six more of us, to die off Labrador on the ice-pack. Purser, bring in that policeman, and we'll have justice done!"

At the next assizes, Cardew was sentenced to nine years' transportation for frauds on the house of

David and Blizzard, and for conspiring to sink the Shooting Star, and part of her crew, off the coast of Labrador. A Liverpool paper, a few months ago, mentioned that a bushranger of the same name had been shot in an encounter with the mounted police. As the name is not a common one, the bushranger and the mate were probably the same persons.

The firm tried the quartermaster with another vessel, and he acquitted himself well; and as for Ritson, he is now the most respected captain in their service.

MODERN ECCENTRICS.

SCORES, nay hundreds of volumes, have been gathered upon the oddities of character which mankind, in all ages, have presented to the observant writer who loves to "shoot folly as it flies." Voltaire has said, "Every country has its foolish notions. . . . Let us not laugh at any people"; but it would be difficult to find any age which has not its curiosities of character to be laughed at and turned to still better account; for, of whatever period we write, something may be done in the way of ridicule towards turning the popular opinion. Diogenes owes much of his celebrity to his contempt of comfort, by living in a tub, and his oddity of manner. Orator Henley preached from his "gilt tub," in Clare Market, and thus earned commemoration in the *Dunciad* :—

"Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain;
O, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and haul."

Eccentricity has its badge and characteristics by which it gains distinction and notoriety, and which, in some cases, serve as a lure to real excellence. The preaching of Rowland Hill is allowed to have been excellent; but his great popularity was won by his eccentric manner, and the many piquant anecdotes and witticisms, and sallies of humor unorthodox, with which, during his long ministry, he interlarded his sermons. However, he thought the end justified the means; and certain it is that it drew very large congregations. The personal allusions to his wife, which Rowland Hill is related to have used in the pulpit, were, however, fictitious, and at which Hill expressed great indignation. "It is an abominable untruth," he would exclaim; "degradatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman. They would make me out a bear."

The success of Edward Irving, the popular minister of the National Scotch Church in London, was of a more mixed character. His sermons were not liked at first; and it was not until he was recognized by Dr. Chalmers that Irving became popular. But he was turned out of his church, and treated as a madman, and he died an outcast heretic. "There was no harm in the man," says a contemporary, "and what errors he entertained, or extravagances he allowed, in connection with supposed miraculous gifts, were certain, in due time, to burn themselves out. It was not so much the error of his doctrine, as the peculiarity of his manner, the torrent of his eloquence, his superlative want of tact, that provoked his enemies and frightened his friends. The strength of his faith was wonderful. Once, when he was called to the bedside of a dying man late at night, he went forth, but presently returned, and

beckoned one of his friends to accompany him. The reason was, that he really believed in the efficacy of prayer, and held to the promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done.' It was necessary, therefore, that two should go to the sick man. So, also, he had a child that died in infancy, to whom he was in the habit of addressing 'words of godliness to nourish the faith that was in him'; and Irving adds, that 'the patient heed of the child was wonderful.' He really believed that the infant, by some incomprehensible process, could group what he was saying, and profit by it. His love for children verged upon eccentricity; and he, a man of mark in London at that time, might be seen, day by day, strolling along the streets of Pentonville of an afternoon, his wife by his side, and his baby in his arms."

No great cause was ever inaugurated with more eccentric or more genuine fervor than the advocacy of temperance principles by Father Mathew, the Capuchin friar. "Here goes, in the name of God!" said the Father, on the 10th of April, 1838, when he pledged his name in the cause of temperance, and together with the Protestant priest, Charles Duncombe, the Unitarian philanthropist, Richard Dowden, and the stout Quaker, William Martin, publicly inaugurated a movement at Cork destined in a few years to count its converts by millions, and to spread its influence as far as the English language was spoken. In this good work, the habitually impulsive temperament of the Irish was acted upon for the purest and most beneficial of purposes; and one element of its success lay in the unselfishness of the Father, who was himself a serious sufferer by the results of his philanthropic exertions. A distillery in the south of Ireland, belonging to his family, and from which he himself derived a large income, was shut up in consequence of the disuse of whiskey among the lower orders, occasioned by his preaching. But his "Riverance" was most unscrupulously tyrannized over by his servant John, a wizened old bachelor, with a red nose, privately nourished by Bacchus; and he was only checked in his evil doings when the Father, more exasperated than usual, exclaimed, "John, if you go on in this way, I must certainly leave this house." On one occasion there was a frightful smack of whiskey pervading the pure element which graced the board, which he accounted for by saying he had placed the forbidden liquid, with which he "cleaned his tins," in the jug by mistake.

The temperance cause prospered; but Father Mathew, through his eccentric love of giving, found it impossible to keep out of debt, which ever kept him in thralldom. The hour of his deepest bitterness was when, while publicly administering the pledge in Dublin, he was arrested for the balance of an account due to a medal manufacturer; the bailiff to whom the duty was intrusted kneeling down among the crowd, asking his blessing, and then quietly showing him the writ. This is one of the many anecdotes told by Mr. Maguire, in his admirable "Life of Father Mathew," who, we learn from the same authority, at a large party, attempted to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted, good-humoredly but resolutely, the efforts of his dangerous neighbor. "I drink very little wine," said Lord Brougham; "only half a glass at luncheon, and two half-glasses at dinner; and though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so." "They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity,

and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do; but I have my hopes of you." And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the Order of the Bath. "Then I will keep it," said Lord Brougham, "and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet the old Lord —, the worse of liquor, and I will put it on him." Lord Brougham was as good as his word; for, on meeting the veteran peer, he said, "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon quietly over his neck. "Then I'll tell you what it is, Brougham, by —, I will keep sober for this day," said his lordship, who kept his word, to the great amusement of his friends.

One of the most eccentric emblems set up in our time was the wood-cut of a gridiron, which for many years headed the *Political Register* of William Cobbett, as a sign of the political martyrdom which he avowed he was prepared to undergo, upon certain conditions. He often threatened to set up an iron gridiron over his publishing office in Bolt Court and Fleet Street, but did not carry his threat into execution. The gridiron will be recollected as one of the emblems of St. Lawrence, and we see it as a large gilt vane of one of the city churches dedicated to the saint. As he was broiled on a gridiron for refusing to give up the treasures of the church committed to his care, so Cobbett vowed that he would consent to be broiled upon a gridiron, in his *Register*, dated Long Island, on the 24th of September, 1819, wherein he wrote the well-known prophecy on Peel's Cash Payment Bill of that year as follows: "I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry their Bill into effect is impossible; and I say that if this Bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

On the hoisting of the gridiron in triumph, he wrote and published the fulfilment of his prophecy by the following statement: "Peel's Bill, together with the law about small notes, which last were in force when Peel's Bill was passed, — these laws, all taken together, if they had gone into effect, would have put an end to all small notes on the first day of May, 1823; but to precede this blowing-up of the whole of the funding system, an act was passed, in the month of July, 1822, to prevent these laws, and especially that part of Peel's Bill which put an end to small Bank of England notes, from going into full effect; thus the system received a respite, but thus did the Parliament fulfil the above prophecy of September, 1819."

A large sign gridiron was actually made for Mr. Cobbett. It was of dimensions sufficient for him to have lain thereon (he was six feet high); the implement was gilt, and we remember to have seen it displayed in the office window in Fleet Street; but it was never hoisted outside the office. It was long to be seen on the gable end of a building next Mr. Cobbett's house at Kensington. Cobbett possessed extraordinary native vigor of mind; but every portion of his history is marked by strange blunders. Shakespeare, the British Museum, antiquity, posterity, America, France, Germany, are, one and all, either wholly indifferent to him, or the objects of his bitter contempt. He absurdly designated the British Museum a "bundle of dead insects." When he had a subject that suited him, he is said to have handled it, not as an accomplished writer, but "with

the perfect and inimitable art with which a dog picks a bone."

Eccentricity in men of science is not rare. The Hon. Henry Cavendish, who demonstrated, in 1781, the composition of water, was a remarkable instance. He was an excellent mathematician, electrician, astronomer, meteorologist, geologist, and as a chemist shot far ahead of his contemporaries. But he was a sort of methodical recluse, and an enormous fortune left him by his uncle did little to change his habits. His shyness and aversion to society bordered on disease. To be looked at or addressed by a stranger seemed to give him positive pain, when he would dart away as if hurt. At Sir Joseph Banks's *soirées* he would stand for a long time on the landing, afraid to face the company. At one of these parties the titles and qualifications of Cavendish were formally recited when he was introduced to an Austrian gentleman. The Austrian became complimentary, saying his chief reason for coming to London was to see and converse with Cavendish, one of the greatest ornaments of the age, and one of the most illustrious philosophers that ever existed. Cavendish answered not a word, but stood with his eyes cast down, abashed, and in misery. At last, seeing an opening in the crowd, he flew to the door, nor did he stop till he reached his carriage and drove directly home. Any attempt to draw him into conversation was almost certain to fail, and Dr. Wollaston's recipe for treating with him usually answered best: "The way to talk to Cavendish is, never to look at him, but to talk as if it were into a vacancy, and then it is not unlikely you may set him going."

Among the anecdotes which floated about it is related that Cavendish, the club Cræsus, attended the meetings of the Royal Society Club with only money enough in his pocket to pay for his dinner; that he declined taking tavern soup, picked his teeth with a fork, invariably hung his hat upon the same peg, and always stuck his cane in his right boot. More apocryphal is the anecdote that one evening Cavendish observed a pretty girl looking out from an upper window on the opposite side of the street, watching the philosophers at dinner. She attracted notice, and one by one they got up, and mustered round the window to admire the fair one. Cavendish, who thought they were looking at the moon, bustled up to them in his odd way, and when he saw the real object of attraction, turned away with intense disgust, and grunted out "Pshaw!" the more amorous conduct of his brother philosophers having horrified the woman-hating Cavendish.

If men were a trouble to him, women were his abhorrence. With his housekeeper he generally communicated with notes deposited on the hall-table. He would never see a female servant; and if an unlucky maid showed herself, she was instantly dismissed. To prevent inevitable encounters, he had a second staircase erected in his villa at Clapham. In all his habits he was punctiliously regular, even to his hanging his hat upon the same peg. From an unvarying walk he was, however, driven by being gazed at. Two ladies led a gentleman on his track, in order that he might obtain a sight of the philosopher. As he was getting over a stile he saw, to his horror, that he was being watched, and he never appeared in that path again. That he was not quite merciless to the sex, was proved by his saving a lady from the pursuit of a mad cow.

Cavendish's town-house was near the British Museum, at the corner of Gower Street and Montague

Place. Few visitors were admitted, and those who crossed the threshold reported that books and apparatus were its chief furniture. He collected a large library of scientific books, hired a house for its reception in Dean Street, Soho, and kept a librarian. When he wanted one of his own books, he went there as to a circulating library, and left a formal receipt for whatever he took away. Nearly the whole of his villa at Clapham was occupied as workshops; the upper rooms were an observatory, the drawing-room was a laboratory. On the lawn was a wooden stage, from which access could be had to a large tree, to the top of which Cavendish, in the course of his astronomical and meteorological observations, and electrical experiments, occasionally ascended. His apparatus was roughly constructed, but was always exact and accurate.

His household was strangely managed. He received but little company, and the few guests were treated on all occasions to the same fare, — a leg of mutton. One day, four scientific friends were to dine with him; when his housekeeper asked him what was to be got for dinner, Cavendish replied, "A leg of mutton."

"Sir," said she, "that will not be enough for five."

"Well, then, get two," was the reply.

Cavendish extended his eccentric reception to his own family. His heir, Lord George Cavendish, visited him once a year, and was allowed an audience of but half an hour. His great income was allowed to accumulate without attention. The bankers where he kept his account, finding they had in hand a balance of £80,000, apprised him of the same. The messenger was announced, and Cavendish, in great agitation, desired him to be sent up; and, as he entered the room, the ruffled philosopher cried, "What do you come here for? what do you want with me?"

"Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and we wish your orders respecting it."

"If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!"

"Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least: but we thought you might like some of it to be invested."

"Well, well, what do you want to do?"

"Perhaps you would like £40,000 invested."

"Do so, do so! and don't come here to trouble me, or I'll remove it," was the churlish finale of the interview.

Cavendish died in 1810, at the age of 78. He was then the largest holder of bank-stock in England. He owned £1,157,000 in different public funds; he had besides, freehold property of £8,000 a year, and a balance of £50,000 at his bankers. He was long a member of the Royal Society Club, and it was reported at his death that he had left a thumping legacy to Lord Beesborough, in gratitude for his lordship's piquant conversation at the club meetings; but no such reason can be found in the will lodged at Doctors' Commons. Therein, Cavendish names three of his club-mates, namely: Alexander Dalrymple, to receive £5,000, Dr. Hunter £5,000, and Sir Charles Blagden (coadjutor in the water question) £15,000. After certain other bequests, the will proceeds: "The remainder of the funds (nearly £100,000) to be divided: one sixth the Earl of Beesborough," while Lord George Henry Cavendish had two sixths, instead of one: "it is, therefore," says Admiral Smyth, in his "History of

the Royal Society Club," "patent that the money thus passed over from uncle to nephew was a mere consequence of relationship, and not at all owing to any flowers or powers of conversation at the Royal Society Club."

Cavendish never changed the fashion or cut of his dress, so that his appearance in 1810, in a costume of sixty years previously, was odd, and drew upon him the attention which he so much disliked. His complexion was fair, his temperament nervous, and his voice squeaking; the only portrait that exists of him was sketched without his knowledge. Dr. George Wilson, who has left a clever memoir of Cavendish, says, "An intellectual head, thinking, a pair of wonderful acute eyes, observing, a pair of very skilful hands, experimenting or recording, are all that I realize in reading his memorials."

It may take some readers by surprise to learn that there have been true believers in alchemy in our days. Dr. Price is commonly set down in popular journals as "the last of the alchemists"; he died in 1783, in his twenty-fifth year, by taking a draught of laurel-water rather than repeat his experiments before a committee of the Royal Society, on pain of expulsion.

At the beginning of the present century, some persons of eminence in science thought favorably of alchemy. Professor Robison, writing to James Watt, February 11, 1800, says, "The analysis of alkalis and alkaline earth will presently lead, I think, to the doctrine of a reciprocal convertibility of all things into all . . . and I expect to see alchemy revive, and be as universally studied as ever."

Sir Walter Scott tells us that "about 1801, an adept lived, or rather starved, in the metropolis, in the person of the editor of an evening newspaper, who expected to compound the alkahest, if he could only keep his materials digested in his lamp-furnace for the space of seven years." Scott adds, in pleasant banter, "the lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then unluckily it went out. Why it went out, the adept could never guess; but he was certain that if the flame could only have burnt to the end of the septenary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded."

The last true believer in alchemy was not Dr. Price, but Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist, and a fellow of the Royal Society, and who made experiments to show the nature of Mosaic gold. Little is known of Woulfe's private life. Sir Humphrey Davy states, that Woulfe used to affix written passages and inscriptions on recommendations of his processes to Providence. Woulfe lived many years in chambers in the oldest portion of Barnard's Inn, Holborn, where his rooms were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fireside. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande (the venerable chemist, who died last month) that he once put down his hat, and never could find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the room. Woulfe's breakfast-hour was four in the morning; a few of his select friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner-door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the Elixir, and attributed his repeated failures to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented

the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail-coach; and a cold, taken on one of these expeditions, terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died in the year 1805. Of his last moments we received the following account from his executor, then treasurer of Barnard's Inn. By Woulfe's desire, his laundress shut up his chambers and left him, but returned at midnight, when Woulfe was still alive; next morning, however, she found him dead! his countenance was calm and serene, and apparently he had not moved from the position in his chair in which she had last left him.

Twenty years after Woulfe's death, in 1825, there was living at the village of Lilley, between Luton and Hitchin, one Kellerman, an "alchemist," who was believed by some of his neighbors to have discovered the Philosopher's Stone and the Universal Solvent. Here he had lived for twenty-three years, during fourteen of which he had pursued his alchemical researches with unremitting ardor, keeping eight assistants for superintending his crucibles, two at a time relieving each other every six hours; and he assured a visitor that he had exposed some preparations to intense heat for many months at a time, but that all except one crucible had burnt, and that, Kellerman said, contained the true "black-er than black," or "the powder of projection for producing gold." One of his assistants, however, protested that no gold had ever been found, and that no mercury had ever been fixed; adding that Kellerman could not have concealed it from his assistants, who frequently witnessed his severe disappointment at the result of his most elaborate experiments.

Kellerman's room was a realization of Teniers's alchemist; the floor was strewn with retorts, crucibles, alembics, jars, and bottles of various forms, intermingled with old books. He had been assured by some persons of kindred pursuits in London that they had made gold. He had studied the works of the ancient alchemists, and believed that he had discovered the key which they had kept secret, adding that he had pursued their system under the influence of new lights; and after suffering numerous disappointments, owing to the ambiguity with which they describe their processes, he had at length happily succeeded; had made gold, and could make as much more as he pleased, even to the extent of *paying off the National Debt in the coin of the realm*. Kellerman grew eloquent upon the merits of the old alchemists, but ridiculed the blunders and impertinent assumptions of modern chemists. He quoted Roger and Francis Bacon; Paracelsus, Boyle, and Boerhaave, and Woulfe (of Barnard's Inn) to rectify his pursuits. He alleged the Philosopher's Stone to be a mere phrase to deceive the vulgar; but he fully credited the silly story of Dee's finding the Elixir of Glastonbury, by which means Kelly for a long time lived in princely splendor. Here we must leave our village alchemist.

Of late years there have been many revivals of alchemical pursuits. In 1850 there was printed in London a volume of considerable extent, entitled, "A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery,"—the work of a lady, by whom it has been suppressed; we have seen it described as "a learned and valuable book."

By this circumstance we are reminded that some

five-and-thirty years since it came to our knowledge that a man of wealth and position in the City of London, an adept in alchemy, was held in *terrorem* by an unprincipled person, who extorted from him considerable sums of money under threats of exposure, which would have affected his mercantile interests.

Nevertheless, alchemy has, in the present day, its prophetic advocates, who predict what may be considered a return to its strangest belief. A Göttingen professor says, in the *Annales de Chimie*, No. 100, that in the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will make gold; kitchen utensils will be of silver and even gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxide of copper, lead, and iron which we daily swallow with our food. Before all this takes place we shall, doubtless, have many additions to our MODERN ECCENTRICS.

A GERMAN ATHLETIC FESTIVAL.

THE great characteristic of the Germans, as a people, is their nationality. The love of the Fatherland is the ruling emotion which in everything nerves and inspires Germans to fresh endeavors; and this trait we find in them wherever they are, whether members of a small fraternity in a foreign land, or of a great nation in their own country. A German never forgets that he is a German, and that those of his nation, with whom he is thrown in contact, are his brethren. And it is in great measure, I think, this feeling which leads Germans to establish and maintain associations of all kinds; associations for the cultivation of music, of gymnastics, and various other pursuits; associations whose members are ever ready to obey the call of the parent association in the Fatherland, and to assemble from all parts of the world to do honor to one of the fêtes held by the parent society. An instance of this occurred last year, at the time of the Singers' Festival at Dresden, when upwards of thirty thousand Germans flocked from America, Australia, and other distant lands, to attend a festival which lasted but three days, many of them leaving Germany again as soon as the fête was over.

I was never more struck with German enthusiasm than when, in the course of last long vacation, I was fortunate enough to be present at two German Turn Fests, or Athletic Festivals, the one at Darmstadt, the other at Freiburg. I think it may interest some of your readers, who are now looking forward to the third anniversary of our greatest English athletic meeting, to read even a brief account of what they can do, and are doing, in a similar way on the other side of the Channel, though much that I would gladly relate cannot be condensed into the space of so short a notice.

These Festivals do not appear to be regularly held at the same towns, nor on any fixed days; but they take place annually, and are celebrated in turn at most of the principal towns in Germany. On these occasions about four acres of ground are specially enclosed, and gymnastic apparatus, of which more hereafter, are erected temporarily; for although there are always two or three gymnasiums in every German town, yet these would be quite inadequate to provide accommodation for the vast numbers who, as competitors or spectators, frequent these popular gatherings.

It is worthy of note that any idea of gain or profit is quite foreign to these gatherings; the expense incurred in preparing the ground is very great, and the prizes are merely nominal, every one contending out of pure love for the honor and glory of these contests. In many cases the victors are only crowned; in none are their rewards of any substantial value. The ground was circular, and surrounded by gayly decorated booths and tents, which provided for the refreshment of the wearied spectator or competitor, for I need not remark that the Germans do nothing without beer. Round the circumference of an inner circle were arranged eight sets of apparatus, each set consisting of two fixed parallel bars, about four feet out of the ground; a movable horizontal bar, and apparatus for high jumping, and that curious-looking machine — familiar to every German, but comparatively strange to most English athletes — called the "horse," which consists of a padded body about four feet long, raised on four adjusting legs, with two ribs, a foot apart, running transversely across the body of the horse, each six inches from the centre. In the middle of the ground were erected poles and ropes for climbing, trapezes and ladders, among which were scattered rough blocks of unhewn stone, weights, and dumbbells.

The festivals always commence on a Sunday, when those of the competitors who have already arrived at the town, march in procession to the largest available building, where they partake of a midday meal, and afterwards are addressed by one of the leading men of the fête.

The Sunday afternoon is spent in practising for the coming struggle; for it is not until the Monday that the actual contests commence. By that time many more competitors and spectators have arrived, the town wears its holiday garb, the streets are thronged with crowds of holiday-makers, among whom the neat gray dress of the competitors is everywhere distinguishable. The ground itself is early beset by those who are anxious to secure the best places for witnessing the various contests.

The proceedings commence by dividing the competitors into squads, or companies, of about twenty or thirty members, each squad being then placed under the command of three officially-appointed judges, who lead them away to that particular competition which they are directed or choose first to attempt. The programme included running high jump, running broad jump, putting the weight, exercises on the bars and horse, and foot-racing. I cannot do better than take you, as I went myself, from one exercise to the other, and tell you in which they seemed to equal, surpass, or fall short of our standard. But here I must note a feature peculiar to these competitions, that every competitor who is desirous of obtaining a prize must reach a certain standard in every exercise, so many points being allowed for each, according to merit, and the winners of the greatest number of points in the aggregate being declared victors. This system I believe might with advantage be introduced into England, where individual excellence is much more highly valued and rewarded than general proficiency. Here a man must be *Cæsar aut nihil* in every contest he undertakes; for the moderate performer in a great many contests is quite unrecognized.

First, then, we looked on at the running high jump. The competitors jumped from a sloping board two feet square, and raised about two inches in front. This board had not much spring in it; but still it

presented incomparable advantages over the turf from which we learn to spring. The style of jumping was decidedly bad; they all went at it too fast, and were very weak about the legs, having great difficulty in clearing the rope cleanly. They all jumped fairly well up to four feet ten inches; but few cleared the five feet. The best man in each company cleared about five feet two and a half inches, which may be considered equal to five feet from the grass itself. There were very few "naturally" good jumpers; all used more or less effort; and what struck me very much was, that they all jumped exactly in the same style. This I afterwards attributed to the fact that Germans always learn to jump or run, &c., in classes, several being taught by the same master; and as every exercise is performed by rule, the same rules prevail universally, and lead to uniformity in style.

The best broad jumpers covered about seventeen feet and six inches, though very few sixteen feet fairly; there was a great want of that power about the hips and thighs so essential to excellence in this exercise, nor did they lift themselves enough at the commencement of the jump. In fact, I saw few, if any, who could get well over fourteen feet of water, with a three feet hurdle on the take-off side of it.

From the broad-jumping we adjourned to putting the stone; and were surprised to find that they put a rough piece of stone, fresh from the quarry, which seemed to me to be much more unwieldy than the shot of weight with which we practise. Among the heavier men were some very fine putters, equal to any I have ever seen; they put a stone which, from a rough guess, must have been over nineteen pounds, from thirty-five to thirty-eight feet; but the winners in this class were, as a rule, large, powerful men, and not small men of great muscular development, as we not unfrequently see in competitions of the kind in England.

The gymnastic feats on the bars and horse formed the next event; and we followed the squad we had watched all the day, and with whom we were now quite friendly, — having drained cups of wine together, and conversed as to the prospects of the success of each competitor. In these gymnastic feats the judges first set a qualification exercise; one of their number — in this case a well-knit, English-looking man — performing it with great grace and ease. This exercise was designed to test strength as well as activity, and all the competitors followed in turn, each doing his best, but one failed out of thirty. They all seemed thoroughly at home in these exercises; and the only distinction between their feats was the degree of neatness and ease with which they were executed. After qualifying in this manner, each competitor was at liberty to perform two exercises of his own choosing, and were marked by the judges according to their respective merits. It was very astonishing to me to see so many men, of all weights and ages, adepts of this kind of exercises, which were remarkable as displaying great strength in the muscles of the back and arms. In these feats they would have as far surpassed any set of Englishmen of equal numbers, as Englishmen would have excelled them in the running and jumping competitions. By far the greater number of those who competed could perform easily feats which none but the most practised in England could achieve without great efforts.

The foot-racing, I must confess, much disappointed me; they ran two at a time, ninety-three yards out and ninety-three yards home, turning round two

posts three yards apart. They showed no style, and, in but very few instances, any pace. The best time I saw done by any out of two hundred competitors was twenty-four and a half seconds for the one hundred and eighty-six yards; and many were twenty-eight or twenty-nine seconds. They had none of the "springy" or elastic action of a good sprint runner, but a short, slouching style of going, such as one sees in a man quite out of condition after he has run three hundred yards.

Gladly, when the long series of foot-races were over, we turned to the horse (*Pferd*), and watched with interest the feats thereon performed. The contest was carried on on the same principles as those described before at the bars; and the feats themselves consisted chiefly of some difficult vaulting feats, and twisting the body between, round, and over the hands, which firmly grasped the projecting ribs. My companions and I attempted several, but found them very difficult, though they evidently required more knack than strength.

At the close of this contest we were compelled to leave, so that we did not witness the ceremony of crowning the victors.

Throughout the whole of these games I was astonished at seeing so very few uniformly well-developed men; in many cases there was a wonderful development of particular muscles, but in very few the symmetry arising from active exercise in youth. But throughout there was the German spirit of enthusiasm and fellow-feeling, infusing such life into the whole proceedings as one never sees among others than Germans, — a spirit quite different from the clamorous partisanship which the impulsive English nature adopts, but a more quiet, peculiar method of taking the whole as part of the duty of every German. The whole nation, men, women, and children, seem to be alike imbued with the love of the exercises, and all seem to know one another perfectly, owing to that national fellow-feeling which, as I have said, so strongly pervades all they undertake. I think it is this feeling which we want a little more in England, — the feeling which makes one say, "Well done, old fellow!" to the man who beats you; and the movements now being made in all parts of England to make these gatherings general will doubtless tend greatly to this, as well as other good objects. Much I learned, and much, I believe, we might all learn, from an athletic meeting in Germany, although we are so apt to think Germans indolent and lazy.

MARY ANERLEY.

LITTLE Mary Anerley, sitting on the stile,
Why do you blush so red, and why so strangely smile?

Somebody has been with you, — somebody, I know,
Left that sunset on your cheek, left you smiling so!

Gentle Mary Anerley, waiting by the wall,
Waiting in the chestnut-walk, where the snowy blossoms fall,
Somebody is coming there, — somebody, I'm sure,
Knows your eyes are full of love, knows your heart is pure.

Happy Mary Anerley, looking O so fair,
There's a ring upon your hand, and there's myrtle in your hair!
Somebody is with you now, — somebody, I see,
Looks into your trusting face very tenderly!

Quiet Mary Forester, sitting by the shore,
Rosy faces at your knee, roses round the door, —
Somebody is coming home! Somebody, I know,
Made you sorry when he sailed: are you sorry now?

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

JOHN BOHUN MARTIN,

CAPTAIN OF "THE LONDON."

KEEPING his word, the promised Roman kept
Enough of worded breath to live till now.
Our Regulus was free of plighted vow
Or tacit debt: skies fell, seas leapt, storms swept;
Death yawned: with a mere step he might have stept
To life. But the House-master would know how
To do the master's honors: and did know,
And did them to the hour of rest, and slept
The last of all his house. O thou heart's-core
Of Truth, how will the nations sentence thee?
Hark! as loud Europe cries, "Could man do more?"
Great England lifts her head from her distress,
And answers, "But could Englishman do less?"
Ah England! goddess of the years to be!

SYDNEY DOBELL.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1866.

[No. 13.]

MR. BANCROFT AS THE "YOUNG COLUMBIAN."

AMERICA *does* great things, but is too apt to say small and silly ones. This is certainly, we fear, the case with the great oration of Mr. Bancroft before the House of Representatives on the birthday of the late President, — and it is the more to be regretted because Mr. Lincoln, of all American statesmen, showed the most power of maintaining the dignity and reserve of his country, by reticence of feeling, and luminous impartiality of thought.

There was something singularly fatuous in celebrating the birth of so simply great and so humorously wise a man as Mr. Lincoln by bombastic panegyrics on the greatness of America, and thrilling invectives against the iniquity of England and France. It is, we know, nearly the unforgivable sin in America to maintain that any part of Mr. Dickens's caricature is founded in truth; and we are well aware that our able and instructive New York correspondent will convict us of showing ignorance so gross in what we are about to say, that Mr. Thompson, pointing to our bewilderment, may obtain a fresh chance of carrying his point with the University of Cambridge, getting the recent vote rescinded, and a professorship of American history, literature, and institutions founded out of hand. Still, even with this deep moral conviction of our doom before our eyes, we cannot help saying that Mr. Bancroft has apparently proved Mr. Dickens's "Young Columbian" to be a real and not a fictitious person. Was it not he who was engaged in an imaginary struggle with the British lion, very much like that in which Mr. Bancroft engaged heart and soul before the House of Representatives and the Senate — the *Senatus populusque Americanus* — of Washington? "Bring forth that lion," said the Young Columbian; "I dare that lion, I taunt that lion; I tell that lion, that Freedom's hand once twisted in his mane he lies a corse before me, and the eagles of the great Republic laugh ha! ha!" Mr. Bancroft was almost as impassioned. He indeed divided his metaphors, and kept the wild laughter of nature for the rebellious Southerners, and the "corse" for the British Constitution. Of the Slaveowners he said that they maintained that "the slavery of the black man is good in itself, — he shall serve the white man forever. And nature — which better understood the quality of fleeting interest and passion — laughed, as it caught the echo 'man' and 'forever.'" Did Mr. Bancroft's audience laugh when they caught the echo 'man' and 'forever'? We fear that Mr. Bancroft understood his audience too well. But

then why do American politicians like rant so very silly as this? When Mr. Roebuck — the Cassius Clay of England, as he has been called — speaks of England driving every American flag from the sea forever, the House of Commons does laugh as it catches the echo of these tremendous words, and Mr. Roebuck is aware that he is esteemed a goose.

But let us see the equally impressive language which Mr. Bancroft uses of our dead Constitution. After he has fairly got "the mighty winds blowing from every quarter to fan the flame of the sacred and unquenchable fire" of liberty, — a very curious meteorological phenomenon, by the way, by the side of which the spiral hurricanes of the tropics seem devoid of all interest, — Mr. Bancroft artfully introduces England looking coldly on at this curious convergence of the winds. "There was a kingdom," he says, with a grand indefiniteness, "whose people had in an eminent degree attained to freedom of industry and the security of person and property," but a people whose "grasping ambition had dotted the world with military ports, kept watch over our boundaries on the Northeast, at the Bermudas, in the West Indies, held the gates of the Pacific, of the Southern and the Indian Ocean, hovered on our Northwest at Vancouver, held the whole of the newest continent, and the entrance to the old Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and garrisoned forts all the way from Madras to China. That aristocracy" [which we conclude is the English] "had gazed with terror on the growth of a commonwealth where freeholds existed by the million, and religion was not in bondage to the state, and now they could not repress their joy at its perils." Then Lord Russell, as Foreign Secretary, had spoken of the "late Union," and this gives our "Young Columbian" his opportunity for his grand burst of invective: "But it is written, 'Let the dead bury the dead.' *They may not bury the living.* Let the dead bury their dead. Let a Bill of Reform remove the worn-out government of a class, and infuse new life into the British Constitution by confiding rightful power to the people. It was no doubt well that Mr. Bancroft pointed out the impropriety of the dead burying the living, as the difficult and recondite character of the suggestion itself might otherwise have prevented the gross impropriety involved in that procedure from being clearly seen. "While the vitality of America," as Mr. Bancroft observes, "is indestructible," the indecency of burying her would have been frightful, and it is well that the eloquent orator has warned us in time. A country which "had for its allies the river Mississippi, which would not be divided, or the range of mountains which car-

ried the stronghold of the free through Western Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee to the highlands of Alabama," and which "invoked the still higher power of immortal justice," would certainly have tested the utmost energies of any dead nation to bury it,—so that we might have been warned off the task by considerations at least as urgent as the moral impropriety of attempting it.

Now this sort of nonsense would have been worthy of no attention, however transient, if it had been uttered at a common meeting on a common occasion. If Mr. Bancroft had spoken in Faneuil Hall, or Tammany Hall, or any other of the great party meeting-places, we should have thought just as little and just as much about it as we should of a lunatic speech from Mr. Roebuck to his constituents at Sheffield, or an oration from Mr. Bereasford Hope on the glories of slavery. But when an orator is selected by public or by official choice, and speaks in the presence of Congress and the representatives of foreign nations on a great state occasion, the first qualities that we look for are dignity and reticence, and the power of suppressing idle irritation; and if he does not possess these qualities, some of the discredit attaching to his folly and his weakness is necessarily inflicted on the officials who chose and the public who applauded him.

We do not deny, — indeed we have often maintained, and shall often have to maintain again, — that England gave grave cause for offence to a great, friendly people, by the needless and wilful injustice of her prejudice with regard to a quarrel, in which, by all our antecedents and principles, we were bound to have taken the other side. We were heartily ashamed of the public tone of England then, and we are not going to apologize for it now. We believe that no American could have spoken of Mr. Lincoln's noble career, and the many and grave difficulties which he had to encounter, without a feeling of quiet but grave displeasure at the temper of the dominant class in England which caused him so many of those difficulties. But on public and official occasions, and in the presence of those who, while they have no power to reply, still represent the nation assailed, grave displeasure, if expressed at all, should be expressed negatively, by weighty and impressive allusion. A man who feels he has grave cause of offence against another may, if he meets him at another's table, ignore his acquaintance, or recognize it by the coldest of bows, — but what should we think of his dignity and self-respect if he began a regular assault upon him in the presence of others, and a pompous enumeration of his grievances?

The Americans are puzzled why we are so unjust to them. Cannot Mr. Bancroft teach them the true cause? The true reason is, that in England few are aware of the significance of the silent qualities of Americans, — their indomitable energy and tenacity, their kindliness of temper, their love of freedom, their profoundly patriotic feeling. But many hear their noisy folly, and interpret its significance at something far above what it deserves. How is it possible to read such an oration as Mr. Bancroft's, — the selected orator of a state ceremony, — and not feel something like scorn? What would not Mr. Gladstone have said on any similar occasion as the spokesman of the English nation! What did he not say on one far less important only yesterday week, when pressed to declare whether we had applied to the government of the United States to suppress the Fenian preparations in that country? Was his

not language self-restrained, dignified, weighty, and calculated to fill his audience with self-restraint and dignity also? Did he not tell us how poor and unworthy a figure England would make, if she went whining to the United States about their not doing for her what she had been, in her own case, so unable if not reluctant to do for them?

As to the comparative public conduct of England and the United States as nations, there may of course be very different opinions. It is natural and right that an American should believe that his own nation has far excelled ours, and even the most prejudiced of Englishmen may concede that we have made blunders, and been guilty of injustice which an American could not overlook. But as to the comparative public *language* adopted by the two countries, it is impossible to feel any doubt. Mr. Seward himself, while wise in action, has been boastful and vulgar upon paper. And now here is the official spokesman of a great occasion actually decoying, as it were, the ambassadors of foreign countries to come and hear themselves denounced with all the insulting gesticulation of a rhetorician making points for the galleries. Nor is this sort of thing exceptional in the United States. There public men's mode of expressing themselves seems to be habitually so wanting in dignity and reticence, that it was long before the world began to believe that people who could talk so big were capable of the greatness in action which they have since shown.

Mr. Bancroft is supposed to stand to the United States in something of the same relation in which Mr. Hallam once stood to England. And what would English society have thought of such an attack on a public occasion by Mr. Hallam, on the foreign countries whose ministers had been invited expressly to hear him speak of the achievements of a great English statesman? If Mr. Thompson's proposal to found a lectureship of American history at Cambridge had not been already rejected, this folly on the part of one of the men who had been spoken of as possible nominees for the lectureship would probably have put a final end to the chances of the proposal. If the graver historians of America can shriek criticism of this sort on foreign countries when they are supposed to be teaching the history of their own, foreigners will scarcely be likely to profit much by their lessons. Cambridge undergraduates might not improbably indeed attend the lectures of "A Young Columbian" in sufficient masses. It would be great fun to them to hear him challenging the British lion to come forth at once to the contest: "Here," said the Young Columbian, "on this native altar, — here," said the Young Columbian, idealizing the dining-table, "on ancestral ashes, cemented with the blood poured forth like water on our native plains of Chickabiddy Lick." But the instruction derived from such lectures would be infinitesimal, and the "larks" to which they would give rise would distract the authorities.

How is it that Americans, with all their wonderful qualities, — qualities in which, as we quite admit, they often far surpass their English cousins, — cannot see the necessity of bridling their tongues a little, if only in order to give weight to what they do say? How could any one hear Mr. Bancroft's rubbish, and not feel rather more than before that American talk is a little of the nature of wind? Sir Frederick Bruce, with notice, to some extent, of the assault to be made on him, quietly and wisely, we think, attended and sat out the nonsense, and we wish he had not thought it necessary, as we see

he is reported to have done, to have refused to meet Mr. Bancroft subsequently in private. For our part, we should as soon have thought of refusing to meet a jester. The mischief of these fiascoes is, not in any immediate effect, which is *nil*, but in the false impression they produce of the emptiness and vanity of one of the greatest and most earnest nations on the face of the earth.

The erroneous European prejudice that braggadocio and a noble earnestness of purpose can never go together is so strongly rooted, that a few official displays of Young Columbianism do almost as much to eradicate the impression produced by the great actions of the great men of silence, like Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman, as if they were displays of unstable national purpose, instead of mere symptoms of "gas on the brain." Some of us know how false and injurious that notion is, but it obtains nevertheless, and it would do more to give America her true place among the nations, that her tongue should become a little less glib and her language a little less grandiloquent, than even that her actions should grow rapidly in magnitude, and her substantial statesmanship in wisdom.

THE LAW OF BOROUGH ENGLISH.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

WE often speak of "an adverse fate," or "a piece of good luck," and with that definition of our good or bad fortune most of us stop; only a few thinkers go deeper into the question in what fate or luck may be. Philosophers and theologians have expressed many and diverse opinions thereupon; their explanations usually taking the view, either that the world, with its vast and multitudinous lives and activities (including its journey round the sun and the pilgrimage of a child to the school round the corner), is one great machine, wound up by some unknown power ages ago, and now left to go on wheels by itself, like a clock,—those wheels being what they call "the laws of nature"; or that it is under the constant supervision and interfering care of some great Being whose hand is continually turning our earth round and round, and arranging the minutest accidents of our lives. Between those two extreme views are various modifications,—one of the simplest of which seems to be this: The world is ruled by an individual, supervising Being, who has given laws for its government, and who has multitudinous servants at his command to carry out His behests. His servants vary in the perfection of their obedience, and His laws are diverse, and sometimes apparently contradictory. Some of them are known to us, of others we have no idea, and hence what may seem to us an unexpected piece of luck or an unfortunate accident may simply be the interference of one law with another, or superseding it. An example of this, drawn from daily life, will show what we mean.

Sir John Williams, knight, of Eastwood Park, Co. Herts, who died a few years ago, began life as "John Williams, yarn and worsted merchant, Clerkenwell, City." He started in business with a small competence as junior partner in an old house. The firm was prudent, and trade was good, and as the elder partners died off he purchased the whole business. By degrees he amassed a large fortune, and became a member of the corporation. He had married early, and his first abode after that act was over the shop; but as his children increased in number and requirements, a cottage was occasion-

ally taken in Clapham. The cottage, in a few years, was exchanged for a house, and as more money came in, the country house was left for a mansion in the then fashionable Russell Square. During his residence there he was elected Lord Mayor; and a grand civic reception being given to royalty that year, he was knighted.

His children, two boys, were now at school. John, the eldest, was at Eton. He had been destined from his cradle to be the "gentleman," and representative to the world of the Williams family. But the mode in which he was to represent its greatness altered with the increasing wealth of the yarn and worsted shop. So that at the period of which we now speak, the business having been sold to a "Limited Liability Company," and Sir John having purchased Eastwood Park, young John was to enter the cavalry for a few years, so that, if a baronetcy could not be obtained, he might put something more than mere "Esquire" after his name. The second son, William, might go into any profession and work his own way; he would have a comfortable fortune; but it was absolutely necessary that the ex-city merchant should make more impression on the world than he would have done by merely leaving two sons well off. No! there *must* be an "eldest son and heir, and the world should know it: unfortunately John knew it too soon,—he was utterly spoilt: and still more unfortunate, though destined to be the "gentleman," he was not one. The cloven foot would peep out through the polished boot, meanness would display itself despite the well-filled purse; in short, the prudence and sharpness which had enabled John Williams, senior, to make an honest livelihood, were exaggerated into meanness and cunning in John Williams, junior; and, with the addition of selfishness, gross tastes, and want of principle, helped to make him a scamp and a scoundrel. As is, however, so often the case, the more anxiety and trouble he gave his parents, the more favor did he receive. William, the second son, was, on the other hand, a puzzle and mystery to his parents. They did not know what to make of him; he was a sort of ugly duckling,—an oddity. He was not dashing like John, nor mildly commonplace like his parents. What was he? No wonder he was a puzzle to himself as well as to others: for he was—a thinker and an honest man.

Now thinkers and honest men are *rare aves*, and are not generally the best climbers to the top of that tree whose fruits are the good things of *this* world. Though thought and honesty are grand qualifications, it is odd to see what useless creatures some thinkers are; and as to honest men,—why, in this clever world of ours, some of them seem absolute fools! The fault lies partly in themselves, and partly in the world, which cannot understand them, or understands them only enough to abuse them. The mere theorist is only half a man: to complete himself he must be practical also; thought and honesty are useless, unless they can be brought to bear on the matters of daily life. The thinker is simply a dreamer, unless he can seize hold of facts and mould them and his theories together. As to the honest man who cannot understand selfishness and deceit, he is truly to be pitied, for he *must* suffer; he must go to the wall, unless he can kill his conscience and learn to cheat like his neighbors: not even the *wisdom* of the serpent united with such innocence would be sufficient now-a-days.

William, luckily, was not a mere dreamer; he was of a practical and combative disposition, and conse-

quently could not be moulded into any form to which his parent might desire to shape him. At school he had held his own and had more warm admirers than enemies, though he could not bring himself to the school-boy's code of honor: the master was not fair game, in his eyes, just because he was the master, nor the "softy" because he was a simpleton. He had strong ideas of right and wrong, and in a quiet way he put them into practice; and though not a general favorite, in time he commanded a great deal of respect, and was hated by none but the most evil disposed.

When he left school his profession could have been easily chosen, as far as his parent's choice was concerned; for Sir John was growing daily more indifferent to the interests of his younger son in his anxiety to transmit to posterity "a name": this he thought could be done only by making an heir of the eldest son and by changing the knighthood into a baronetcy, which feat he hoped to accomplish in his son's person if not in his own. And as a baronetcy cannot be obtained by merely the asking, he thought the nearest road to it would be *via* politics, for which purpose money must be spent. So Sir John became a strong conservative, and purposed standing at the next election; and by thus diligently serving his party, and by cleverly making a show of his good deeds, he hoped in time to receive from the government a reward for his zeal in the shape of a baronetcy. But all this would require money; therefore much could not be spent on William, who might thus have chosen any profession in which he could make his way. Had he not been a thinker he might have gone into the Church, — but his honesty prevented him from entering a profession (the highest of all in intention, he called it) for which he would have to belie himself and to forswear liberty of thought. At a counting-house he kicked and shied. The bar was open to him, and he would at once have joined it, but that for some time he could not find it in his conscience to "make the worse appear the better part," as he might be called on to do. So he went abroad for a year or so, and at nineteen behold him at home ("more crotchety than ever," his mother said), an idle fellow, but a little demigod to a certain set of youngsters, who had a glimmering notion that somehow Will Williams had got hold of a good idea when he said that honesty would master falsehood in the long run, and that there were other things in this life more desirable than money and the praise of men. These quaint ideas of his gave a charm and grace to his demeanor, and made him a true gentleman.

He was not really idle; he was reading, thinking, learning, teaching his adorers, and making love to Mary Ilsted, the eldest of the Rector of Eastwood's six daughters; and so after half a year's wooing, having found out Miss Mary's opinion, he asked his father's leave to marry at once. Of course by "leave" he meant "the money." Arguing that since he and Mary loved each other, they ought to marry, he did not imagine that any substantial objection could be raised; but Sir John was not a philosopher, at least not of the same school as was his son. "Too young, too young," said he; "no profession, no means yet." And Lady Williams chimed in, —

"She's a penniless girl, William, and with your expectations you might marry anybody"; *anybody* meaning an heiress.

These expectations were well known to the boys. It was their father's intention to leave £20,000 to

William, and the remainder of his fortune, £40,000, to John with the estate.

"If my expectations are good," said William, "then I don't need an heiress. But good or bad, Mary and I love each other, so there is no further question. Father, will you give me £300 a year to start on?"

"Not a penny till you have a profession and can make an income for yourself."

The wisdom of this economy did not appear to William, who was thus brought to a standstill. Now this peculiar young man had thought it best not to ask Mr. Ilsted for his daughter till he could say he had the wherewithal to marry upon. But, after this decided rebuff from his father, he went to the Rector with this simple statement and request: —

"Sir, I love your daughter Mary, and she loves me; will you give your consent to our engagement till I have the means of taking care of her, as my father will not give me the money to marry upon yet?"

And the Rector, counting over the pros and cons, consented; for he thought, "the money *must* come some day to the lad. I have six girls and no portion for them; and living here they are not likely to take the world by storm." Moreover, he had an esteem for William, knowing his sterling worth and being able to appreciate it. This conduct of the Rector gave great affront to Lady Williams, and caused a coldness between their two families.

William having now an object for making money, went to London at once, entered at the Inner Temple, and worked closely for the law. Here he remained till startled by the news of Mr. Ilsted's sudden death, by which his family were thrown adrift on the world, nearly beggars. The change in their circumstances was greater than can be imagined by any one who has not witnessed the effect of a rector's death. With the small but certain tithes from the living, Mr. Ilsted and his family could live comfortably, though not affluently; they were respected and looked up to by the lower and middling classes, and could mix with their wealthier neighbors on the footing of equality given by the rector's cloth. But when her husband died Mrs. Ilsted was no longer mistress of the Rectory; she was merely "a clergyman's widow," and she soon learnt the painful difference of her position. Of course she left Eastwood, and as she obtained a clerkship for her son in the city, she went to live in the suburbs of London so as to be near him.

The poverty of the Ilsteds' circumstances made William more than ever anxious to marry at once, but his father would still do nothing for him, so he returned again to London; and, after keeping all his terms, he took up any law business that he could find, and made a small purse by writing, preparing notes on divers subjects for other men, and so forth. So that when, at the end of three or four years, he was sure of a small income, he went to Mrs. Ilsted and asked for her daughter. Mary's prudence urged her still to wait, but consideration for her mother's scanty means urged her the other way. Therefore they were quietly married, and as quietly they lived in London. Before his marriage he informed his parents of the step he was taking; his mother wrote to "hope he would be happy, despite his unfortunate circumstances." As he solicited no aid, he was agreeably surprised by the £500 check which arrived on his wedding-day; but that was all the notice or help he ever received.

John, now a dashing captain, had of course noth-

ing to say to one "who had so disgraced the family and had made such a fool of himself"; indeed, beyond the tie of blood there was no affinity between the brothers. Their ideas and tastes, pursuits and society, were not only different, but entirely opposite; and the strong preference shown to John by both parents would alone have precluded much intimacy between the brothers; for even in early days, he, presuming on their indulgence, was overbearing and insulting to William.

Thus five or six years passed on, William gradually rising in his profession and becoming distinguished in the literary world, though unrecognized by the family.

John was now quartered at Brompton and was paying his addresses to the only daughter of Owen Evans, the owner of enormous Welsh copper-mines; it was necessary, indeed, that he should secure the heiress, for he was in great difficulties, despite the liberal allowance from his father, who had moreover twice paid his debts, — Lady Williams pleading for her son and softening down the irate father, who however told John that, if ever called on again to meet his creditors, he would pay the debts out of the capital to be left to his son. But, alas! John was compelled to exceed his income: money must be spent to keep him in that position which poorer men held by their birth and gentle breeding: and a lavish expenditure did obtain for him a certain class of friends who were not too proud to sponge on, and yet laugh at, him, — and who led him into habits creditable neither to the gentleman nor soldier. So when creditors again became pressing, he had no choice but to resort to the money-lenders, with whom he found it so easy to arrange that in the course of a few years he had anticipated nearly all his expectations, — including Eastwood, which, not being entailed, was considered by the Jews a bad security, and a heavy interest was put on accordingly. With all these difficulties, John found it very necessary to secure Miss Evans and the copper-mines. He was successful in his suit, — father and daughter consented; and his own parents were delighted with the proposed match: the settlements were grand in prospect, — neither of the old gentlemen knowing that every penny and every inch of ground John would have left him were already promised to the money-lenders. But this mattered little to the expectant bridegroom, who was as happy under the circumstances as any man could possibly be; for now he would be able to retrieve his fortune; or at least when the storm should burst he would be able to hide his head deep in his wife's copper-mines and disappoint his creditors by paying them their dues. Only let him secure the heiress, and then no matter how soon the discovery would be made.

But now when all was promising so well, by a piece of ill-fortune there came a slip between his expectant lips and the anticipated cup. The wedding-day, which was fixed, was unavoidably postponed by the death of Sir John Williams, who was killed by a fall from his horse. "No matter," thought the new squire of Eastwood, "three months won't make much, and it is the Jews' interest to keep quiet till I have secured the copper-mines." But his father's death *did* make a difference; for he had died intestate, having destroyed his old will three months before, without having made a new one; consequently the money would be equally divided between himself and his brother. This was a serious blow, but one which did not quite annihi-

late him; Eastwood remained; so he went down there, arranged with his mother that she should stay there till he brought his bride home, and was on the point of leaving her there, when his lawyer appeared in person, bearing a tale of horror which he broke gradually to the unfortunate young man.

"Are you aware of the law of Borough English?" said Mr. Sheepskins.

"No," said the captain; "I don't know anything about law. Why?"

"Estates," said the mellifluous lawyer, "estates which are not entailed go to the eldest son, when the possessor dies intestate."

"Just so," interrupted John, "therefore here I am; it's little enough I have got."

"But," continued the placid man of law, "there is another law to which some estates are subject by their title-deeds; and which law can be nullified only by a will devising it otherwise. By this law, called the law of Borough English, the estate goes to the *youngest* son. To this law, my dear sir, Eastwood Park with its demesnes and appurtenances is subject; consequently you see, my dear sir —"

"The devil!" cried young Williams. "Sheepskins, it's impossible! It can't be true! It's nonsense! I don't understand you! tell me again."

Carefully did the lawyer repeat the too true tale, — how that, in looking over the title-deeds since Sir John Williams's death, he had discovered that the estate was subject to the law of Borough English, whereby (in default of a will devising otherwise) it became the property of the youngest son. There was no mistake, no eluding it. Mr. Sheepskins was the family lawyer and knew that there was no will existing.

"I am a beggar," was all John could say.

"Nay, nay, you have half the money, £ 30,000."

"Which," sighed the young man, "must all go to the Jews."

It was now Mr. Sheepskins's turn to raise his respectable hands in astonishment, for he had no more idea of this than the departed knight had had. For once the young man was honest, and told his lawyer the true state of his affairs; from which it was obvious that, be the creditors ever so merciful, he would not have enough left to purchase Eastwood from his brother, supposing he would part with it. He requested the lawyer to take counsel's opinion whether or not it would be worth while to litigate the estate with his brother; and suggested at the same time to sell his commission, and then try to compound with William.

"William has not a bad heart, I believe," said John, "though he is such a fool. Anyhow, Sheepskins, if you can but keep my head above water till I have secured the copper-mines, I can face the storm afterwards."

Everything that could be done honorably the lawyer undertook. His first business was to inform William of the intestacy of his father, and of the equal division of the money, also of this peculiar law whereby Eastwood became his property.

William's astonishment was intense; such an event had never entered the dreams of his philosophy. Suddenly, after a long struggle to keep love inside the window when poverty had entered the door, he was raised to ease and wealth. But he was not thrown off his balance; he examined very closely into the tenure and title-deeds of the estate before he would allow his fancy to recognize himself as the owner of Eastwood. When this fact was ascertained, then came the more difficult question of

"legality *versus* truth." The estate was certainly his by the law of the land; but was that the highest law which he recognized? Should not his particular duty to his father take precedence of the general obedience due to legal intricacies? Since his father could no longer enforce his wish by word of mouth, was it not doubly incumbent on him to attend to that wish? So he made up his mind at once to give it to John. He told Mary of the whole affair, adding instantly his intention of restoring the property to his brother; but rapidly as he had told the tale, it was not quick enough to prevent Mary from running up an air-castle in which she figured as mistress of Eastwood. So that her husband's oracular announcement that "of course it was John's, just the same as if the will had been forthcoming," fell on her as a disappointment. She said nothing just then; but a few hours afterwards, when her husband was dressing for dinner, she came in, sat down, and opened her mouth.

"William! about Eastwood;—I certainly think, with you, that you owe a duty to your father's memory: that is *one* duty; but you owe six duties to your six children. Since Providence has given you this estate and money, have you any right to reject them?"

William was at that moment putting a stud into his shirt; the stiff front was crushed as he impatiently turned round.

"Mary! Is that *you* speaking? Is it not enough that I have been fighting all day with twenty devils suggesting such follies? Must you also turn right into wrong, true into false? How could I sit in my father's chair at Eastwood knowing his intention was that John should be there? How could you and I look each other in the face afterwards? Higher than any legal claim is the call of honor, for it is a *moral* law. No, no, Mary dear; I dare say you, like me, have had your dreams to-day of all the pleasant flatteries of living in wealth at Eastwood; but it cannot be. You must still manage, dear wife, to drudge on in London, independent and honest, which we should not be if we kept possession of Eastwood."

So William directed Mr. Sheepskins to announce to John that William wished to relinquish the estate to him, and bade the lawyer prepare a deed of gift accordingly. But before this could be done the affair had got published, unfortunately for John; for having consulted counsel, some time elapsed before a decision was received, and during that time the news of the case spread far and wide. It was an unusual incident, and caused much sensation, and soon came to the ears of John's creditors, who were wild with rage when they heard they could not claim the property, and they felt what fools they had been to lend money on the security of an unentailed estate. Mr. Owen Evans also heard of it, and requested his son-in-law to purchase the estate of his brother. John could not do so; and now the storm burst on his devoted head, for his creditors would no longer be silenced, and issued their writs against him. Of course, when Mr. Evans heard of this, he broke off his daughter's engagement, making it quite clear that if she chose to run away with the captain, she would never receive a halfpenny out of the copper-mines. Thus John found every man's hand against him, and was unable any longer to deceive friend or foe. Brought in this manner to bay, he tried three modes of escape. He sued Miss Evans for breach of promise of marriage; he sold his commission to meet pres-

ent expenses; and was on the point of recklessly litigating the estate with his brother, when he received letters from William and from Mr. Sheepskins to say that William gave him the estate, feeling it his duty to do so, and also that he begged his brother to accept the ten thousand pounds which it was their father's intention to give to the eldest son.

This was another and most wonderful change in the aspect of affairs. John scarcely apprehended it at first; he fancied himself restored to wealth and "respectability," for the happiness was too great, and the complication of his affairs too puzzling for him at once to understand his new position. One thing, however, was prominent in his mind. William was either a downright fool, or he was—what? The alternative was at first beyond John's range of perception; but slowly it dawned on him that his brother was an *honest* man. Having once perceived this, William's conduct acted on him as the sun does on mists and fogs; it chased away (with the help of the severe winds of misfortune) his own selfishness and dishonesty, and worked such a marvellous change in him that he went to William, and, grasping his hand, he said,—

"Brother, you are a brick, and I am a scoundrel! The fact is, I can't make you out! Why do you give me the estate? Don't you believe it is really yours? I can't find any flaw in your right of claim to it. Why do you give it up? Is it really because of our father's wish?"

"Why, what else should it be for?" answered William. "Don't you think that his wish is law? Would not you have done this yourself, had you been in my place?"

"No," said John, "I certainly should have done nothing of the kind; and I must say, William, that you are either an angel or a fool."

"I don't think I am either. But now, all we have to do is to sign a deed of gift, and then you will be all right, though not so wealthy as I could have wished; I had no idea, John, that you were so heavily in debt as I hear you are. Why, what's the matter, John?" he exclaimed, as John's face suddenly gathered blackness; and he rose hastily to leave the room.

"Stop a bit, my dear fellow," said John, "I'll be back in half an hour; wait for me."

He rushed out of the house, and took a cab to his lawyer's.

"Sheepskins!—Mr. Sheepskins, the world is certainly going mad; for here is William making a present of Eastwood to me, and I am going to give it him back again, or, rather, I won't take it! Did you ever hear of such generosity as that?"

John spoke excitedly, and it was some time before the placid lawyer could draw from his client an explanation of his words, which was to this effect,— "That as he had raised money on the expectation of having Eastwood, and as he was not able to meet his creditors, they would, of course, seize the estate directly he came into possession. Consequently, if William gave it to him, it would immediately pass from his hands into that of the Jews."

"Now, Mr. Sheepskins," continued John, "William may just as well have it as the Jews; in fact, a deal better. I am nearly at my wits' end; and really William's honesty puzzles me much more than all the chicanery I ever met with. Come with me, and let us make him keep it."

Arrived again in William's house, John left it to the lawyer to explain this new idea. But, strange to say, having made up his mind to relinquish the

estate; William could not be prevailed on to retain it. "Let us do justice by everybody, even by those extortionate money-lenders," said he. "John, how much money do you owe?"

"£20,000 at least, including the ten per cent interest; but of course they claim a higher interest, and bring it up to about £60,000 or £70,000; so that if you thrust Eastwood upon me, it must pass on to them. Do keep it, there's a good fellow: even Sheepskins thinks with me."

"Give me time to think about it," said William, "give me two days before I decide."

The first thing he did was to look closely into the details of John's debts. Mr. Sheepskins showed him that really all lawful and ordinate demands of the creditors could be satisfied by £30,000; and that the best way to assist his brother, and the most substantial kindness to him, would be to stand for the present on the law of Borough English, to claim and keep Eastwood and the money. "I should rather enjoy," continued the passionless lawyer, "seeing the Jews balked of their unrighteous usury, and yet fairly paid; both of which ends will be accomplished by letting Mr. Williams take the consequence of his extravagance by declaring himself bankrupt, and by allowing his creditors to have the £30,000. And then (after he is whitewashed) you can satisfy all the demands of honor by giving your brother the extra £10,000, now yours by your father's intestacy, but which Sir John meant him to have."

Never had William passed such anxious hours as he now did, whilst cogitating what course he should pursue. His father's wish, justice to the creditors, and kindness to his brother, had all to be taken into consideration. He soon perceived that the first and last of these three items were the same in result. Whatever would be most beneficial to John would best fulfil his father's wish; and as regarded the creditors, William had to choose between just and unjust claims, or, rather, what he considered just and unjust demands. His thoughts resulted in the following conclusion, which he announced to his wife:—

"Mary, I have been plaintiff and defendant, judge and jury, in my own person, about this matter of Eastwood. Now, my dear, will you please to represent a committee of her Majesty's Privy Council, as a higher court of appeal. I will not go over the ground you already know, but will call your lordships' attention to the following facts. If I carry out the letter of my father's wish and give the estate to my brother, it will be instantly seized by the creditors. Now I conclude that my father would rather even I should possess it than that the Jews should. So on that plea I would keep it; but—the creditors must be treated fairly. I am dubious if I am doing justice by them if I balk them of their prey, although I am told by the lawyers that £30,000 will meet their just claims. This is the first point. The second is simpler. Sir John left £60,000, intending that I should have £20,000, and John the remaining £40,000. Now, as my father left no will, the money is equally divided between us; £30,000 each. Question of her Majesty's Privy Council to decide:—What shall I do?"

"Her Majesty's Privy Council," sighed Mary, "is of opinion that you retain the estate permanently; and the extra £10,000 until after your brother has freed himself of his creditors, by passing through the Bankruptcy Court; and that then you give him back the £10,000."

William agreed to this decision, with one exception, rather an important one. He could not keep Eastwood permanently, he said; though he would not mention this at present. So he settled with his brother that he would retain both the money and the estate till after John had cleared himself of his debts. There was no escape from the Bankruptcy Court; Philosopher William had strong ideas of justice, and he felt that, though the sinner were his own brother, sin must be allowed to be its own avenger. John himself quietly acquiesced in this plan, so in a few weeks his name appeared in the *Gazette*.

After this William felt himself at liberty to restore the money and the estate to his brother, on whom the strange vicissitudes of the last few months had taken a great effect, and had worked a wonderful change. Adverse circumstances alone, like unchecked prosperity, would have only driven him from bad to worse. The legal justice of the world would have hardened him; but his brother's extraordinary conduct in giving, knowing he could receive nothing again, in pursuing a course so contrary to his worldly interests, and in obeying a code of honor higher than that generally recognized, had done more good than all else to John. His misfortunes had taught him the *unreality* of his former life, pursuits, and friendships; and his brother taught him the reality of honesty and the power of truth, for the love of which William had striven (to his own detriment) to carry out the wishes of a parent, who, to say the least of it, had been harsh and unkind to him, and had thus benefited one who had shown himself neither a friend nor a brother. So deeply had this wrought upon John that it had awakened in him feelings which had hitherto lain dormant; always impetuous, he was now as anxious to do right as he had formerly been headstrong in folly. So he went to William, and said,—

"William, I take the £10,000, because otherwise I should be a beggar; but I neither can nor will accept the estate. If you give it me I shall relinquish it to my late creditors."

But William would not consent to keep it. He completed the deed of gift, which, in the course of a month, was forwarded to John, who had gone to Scotland. He accepted it now quietly and unresistingly, to the private astonishment of Mr. Sheepskins, and to Mary's bitter disappointment at John's "relapse," as she called it. She held her husband's silence to be acquiescence in her opinion. John wrote, courteously and formally thanking William for the gift, after which they heard nothing of him for a long time. Some four months after he called on the lawyer, but forbade him to mention his visit to his brother. He was so changed in manner and appearance that Mr. Sheepskins hardly recognized him; quiet, self-contained, and reserved, all his pretentiousness and overbearing manner had left him; and though less boisterously cheerful, he was obviously much more happy. He went several times to the lawyer, and at last, one evening, made his appearance at his brother's. After a little conversation on his visit to the Highlands, he said,—

"William, can you go down with me to Blackwall to-morrow?"

"Well, if another day would suit you, I should be glad, as I have an engagement to-morrow. Will the next day or Friday do for you?"

"Scarcely," said John; "for the fact is I am going out to Queensland. I have a fancy for farming, and I sail to-morrow. Come, there's a good fellow?"

Neither Mary's volubility nor William's tender silence could elicit more from him than this, that he could not settle down idly in England, and that therefore he meant to make work for himself in Australia; and after an hour's chat, he left them, promising to call for William next day. As soon as the door was shut on him, Mary, with a courtly reverence, went up to her husband, saying, —

"All hail, my lord; hail to thee, Thane of Eastwood!"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see," she said, "that John means to give you back the place?"

"Mary, your wits are going, from your hankering so much for those fair acres. What do you mean?"

"O, nothing," she said, poutingly. "I was only prophesying."

The next day John did not appear as he had promised, but sent to fetch his brother to his hotel, whence they went down together to the ship. They were both rather silent, though John assumed a light-heartedness in talking of his prospects. As the hour drew near for William to leave the vessel, he wondered that his brother had no last words to give of directions about his property. "John," he said aloud, "of course you have put all your affairs into Sheepskins's hands? I ask, because with your sudden departure I shall be glad to know that your property is in good care."

"O yes, Sheepskins knows everything I want done."

At the last moment, as William was leaving the ship, John called to him, "O William, give this parcel to your eldest boy as a remembrance from his uncle."

And thus the brothers parted.

William did not return home till after the children were in bed, so he laid the parcel on the table; of course Mary took it up and looked at it. "Open it, William, open it," she said, impetuously.

"Nonsense, my dear! Laurence shall have the pleasure of opening it himself to-morrow."

"No, no," she said, dancing round her husband, "you *must* open it! William, if you don't, I will. O, do open it!"

She spoke with such wild excitement that he undid the outer string and paper, after which he came to an inner cover sealed. Then even the philosopher became puzzled as he opened a large piece of parchment. What excited him seemed to quiet Mary. She sank on a chair, gasping out, "Read it!" He read it to himself, so she got up to look over him. There was a long pause, and then William cried for the first time since he left the nursery.

"The noble fellow, the poor, noble-hearted fellow! Mary, we never did him justice! This is another deed of gift. John has hereby given the estate to our eldest boy; but I am to enjoy it during my life; or as he has worded it, 'he has given Eastwood in fee to Laurence with an usufructuary interest to me for life.' Wife, there is a stronger will than mine at work in this matter."

It is needless to tell the reader that a letter, expressing William's appreciation of his brother's generosity, was sent to John by the next mail; but it never reached him. The great vicissitudes of the past year, the changes in his circumstances (greater *within* than even *without*) working on a frame weakened by years of hard living, had been too much for him. As long as the excitement of returning the estate to William lasted, he kept up. This intention of dispossessing himself of Eastwood was the

purpose which had induced him so quietly to accept it from his brother, and which had taken him privately to Mr. Sheepskins. The change in his thoughts, likes, and pursuits was so great that he felt he could not settle in England, where he could not quite free himself from old associates, so he determined to emigrate. But when on board — his great purpose achieved — he sank into a silent condition; he did not appear unhappy, but soon prostration of the body followed on that of the mind, and he died before the ship reached its destination. Doubtless all was well with him. He had during the last four months striven to repair the evils of his youth. As far as he could, he had worked justice on himself; and now he could begin again in a country less known to him than Queensland even, and where it is hoped he would make use of the experience so dearly bought in this world.

By leaving the estate to his nephew, and by giving his brother only a life interest in it, John prevented William from getting rid of it on any plea. But the news of his death, a few months afterwards, gave William a melancholy assurance that he was really the rightful owner.

Thus it was that the youngest son of Sir John Williams became "William Williams, Esq., Q. C., of Eastwood Park, County Herts."

The question is left to the reader to answer, — Was it by mere chance that these circumstances occurred, or was there an overruling Intelligence at work, who out of confusion brought order, and made contradictory laws subservient to one great end?

A LOST ART.

AMONG the many wrongs that I suffered during my school-time — a period which it is only the poets who venture to misrepresent as agreeable — I set down as the most mischievous this wrong, that my handwriting was ruined. The seminary at which I was a pupil was unfortunately a Classical or Fashionable one. No young gentleman was supposed to be in a position that so vulgar an accomplishment as calligraphy could possibly become necessary to him in after-life. If you gave them the ideas and a dictionary, there were few of us who had not the "faculty divine" of constructing Latin verses; but as for the hand in which they were transcribed, — you might think it had been an ingenious effort of our little toes. In a school preparatory for Eton, however, such learning as how to write was no more to be expected than the art of book-keeping by double entry, and therefore parents and guardians were not disappointed. Once in a term, indeed, we each indited an epistle to our friends at home, under the surveillance of Dr. Swissem and his crew of ushers; but it was felt on all hands to be a very unsuccessful affair. The composition, it is true, was elaborate and ornate, and about as unlike what a boy would write, if left to himself, as can be conceived.

MY DEAR [M. or P.] — I write to inform you that the school-term will be completed on the 29th inst., upon which day please to make arrangements for sending for me, if you can conveniently. Dr. and Mrs. Swissem request me to convey to you their best compliments. Hoping you are in good health, I remain, dear [M. or P.], your Affectionate Son.

It would not be credited by Messrs. Piesse and Lubin, perfumers, how execrably those "holiday letters" were permitted (in so fashionable a seminary) to smell of india-rubber. But the fact is, that

not only had the parallel lines, without which our communications would have been more or less diagonal, to be rubbed out, but also an immense amount of dirt, produced by tears, perspiration, jacket-cuffs, and other matters all incident to this tremendous ordeal; not to mention that half a dozen blades of penknives were used up in the work of erasures.

The delicate manner (we called it "gingerly") in which the second *r* in "arrangements" (omitted in the original) was inserted by the Doctor himself, in as good an imitation of the writer's own style as his sense of propriety would permit, and the final flourish in which the signature was enveloped, as at the conclusion of some pyrotechnic display, were efforts which would have excited our admiration, if boys had such a tribute to give. They were really wonderful to us, most of whose native hieroglyphics would have defied the subtlety of Colonel Rawlinson or any other decipherer who had been only accustomed to deal with cuneiform inscriptions. I say *most* of us, because some of us had been very respectable writers before we came to Dr. Swishem's, and owed our subsequent failure entirely to him and his system.

I myself, for instance, remember the time in my early boyhood when I could read with tolerable ease any sentence that I had once written, no matter though forty-eight hours might have intervened; whereas, as an adult, such a feat has been utterly impossible. The learned sergeant in the *Pickwick Papers*, who is described as so indifferent a penman that his best efforts could only be read by his clerk, his moderate ones by himself, and his usual ones by neither, was yet better than I; for after a day and night have elapsed, I can make absolutely nothing of my own writing. It was a "Caligraphic Mystery" long before the Stereoscopic Company patented *theirs*; and were it not for my wife, to whom the gift of interpretation has been revealed, and who copies out all my manuscripts for the press, the general public would know nothing of their favorite author. But stay, I am anticipating. It was never supposed at Minerva Lodge that any pupil would subsequently so far degrade himself, and it, as to endeavor to make a living by his pen. The possibility of such a misfortune — to do my revered master justice — never entered into the Doctor's brain. We were all country gentlemen's sons, and it was hoped that we should remain in that position of life in which it had pleased Providence to start us.

But even a country gentleman has sometimes to write an invitation, and even an Address to his Constituents, if he aspires to sit in St. Stephen's (and does not get it written by somebody else), and therefore I contend that Dr. Swishem should have taught us how to write. Perhaps he imagined, as the advocates of classical education maintain in the case of History, Geography, and the Modern Languages, that Writing is too contemptible a subject for the intellect of youth to grapple with, and may be safely left for subsequent acquisition. But, at all events, he need not have spoiled "the hands" of those who *had* hands. This, however, was effected most completely by his system of punishment by Impositions. If I was caught "out of bounds," or eating sausages in bed, or putting slate-pencil into a keyhole, or (worse than all) if nature, overburdened by an early dinner, gave way during the Doctor's sermon, and I fell asleep at church, there ensued an imposition; that is, I was compelled to copy out, from a classical author, a certain amount of lines, varying from a hundred to one thousand. In the

case of a very flagrant outrage, — swigging the Doctor's table "ale" (it never wore Mr. Bass's triangle, I am certain) upon the sly, — I say, in the case of that depraved young gentleman, Maltworm *minor*, I have known an imposition of *Two Thousand Lines* of the poet Virgil to be set in punishment.

There was not much in common between Dr. S. (who was a foolish little round man, given up to heraldry) and the bard of Mantua, but they were always hereby connected in our minds, and hated with an equal rancor. How our fingers scurried over those odious hexameters, until they grew stiff and sore, and refused to form the letters! How we scratched and scrawled, and dug into the paper, with those execrable steel pens! What strange inventions were made use of (though never patented) to shorten the cruel mechanical toil — surely almost as bad as the Crank of our model prisons — by tying half a dozen pens together, and imputing the vice of repetition where our author had never been suspected of it before!

In short, although of the positive results of my education at Minerva Lodge I have but little to boast (for I soon forgot how to compose Latin verses), that little was more than balanced by the fact, that my handwriting was utterly ruined by its Imposition system. Excessive speed was the only virtue which it nourished in the way of penmanship; we soon got to write "running-hands." But as for the art of writing, as a means of communicating information to others, it lapsed altogether, and was lost from amongst us, as completely as the method of staining glass is said to have disappeared from the whole human family.

"Spirit-hands," to judge from the few specimens of the penmanship of the other world with which we have been favored, are not particularly adapted for setting "copies," and, indeed, much remind one of the wanderings of a spider, recently escaped from an ink-pot; but "spirit-hands" are as copperplate specimens of caligraphy compared to *my* hand. To people who can't spell, a bad handwriting is some advantage; for in cases of doubt — such as, whether the *i* or the *e* come first in Believe or Receive — they have only to make their customary scrawl, and the possible error becomes undiscoverable; but the nature of my profession has compelled me to acquire this accomplishment (no thanks to Dr. Swishem), and I have rarely any occasion for concealment.

There was one person who discovered ground for congratulation upon this my shortcoming, and only one. He was a gentleman who lived a life of leisure, and he confessed that my letters gave him greater pleasure than those of other friends, because they "lasted him so long." The first day upon which he received one, he would discover, after half a dozen perusals, a glimmering of what was intended to be conveyed; the next day, some interesting detail would crop out; and by the end of a week, if some sentence did not emerge with a flash which altered the entire complexion of the affair, he found himself (with the assistance of his family, and any ingenious friend who happened to be enjoying his hospitality) in possession of all that I had wished to say. But this gentleman's case was an exceptional one. When my wife was unable to copy my deathless works, the compositors murmured and rebelled. They only knew English, they said; not Sanscrit. My *Essay on the Assyrian Bull*, for instance, with some Remarks on its Treatment under Rinderpest, as suggested by Nineveh "Friezes," cost my publisher seventy pounds in printer's charges for "erasures

and alterations" alone. I am so ashamed of my own performance, that I dare not save my fingers by employing a "multiplying machine," even for business-letters. My small children make me blush for my inferiority, when they show me their "pot-hooks and hangers," and I shall not easily forget that moment of embarrassment, when one of them, in the absence of her governess, asked me to set her "a copy." "Dear papa, please write me out a line of Rs." I could as easily have written down the genealogy of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. Even the two ingenious "blind men" at the post-office were unable to decipher me except by mutual consultation. My envelopes took ten times the period that other Illegibles did in passing through their hands. They doubtless puzzled over the efforts of all those who had, like myself, been educated at Minerva Lodge, but the profession of literature — the trade of the constant scribbler — had in my case so thoroughly completed the evil which Impositions had begun, that I was *facile princeps* among even them: the most infamous of all bad writers. Literature needs have no such effect as this, if the previous training has been good. Some foolish persons think it is a mark of genius to write ill, but this is a great mistake. I look over my own epistolary treasures, and see with shame how quite otherwise is the case.

Place aux dames. This neat little microscopic hand, every letter of which is legible, belongs to the authoress of *Our Village*; and these bold and well-formed lines are from the same fingers which wrote *Deerbrook* and the *Crafton Boys*.

This free and manly hand (the best I know) is that which set down the *Domestic Annals of Scotland*; and this, perhaps the next best, so firm, distinct, and yet so flowing, is the same which has moved mankind at will to tears and laughter, from the days of *Pickwick* until now. To judge by this bold running-hand, the *Woman in White* was no Dead Secret to the printer; and here is the clear legible work of those dead fingers which shall paint, alas! no *Colonel Newcomes* for us any more.

Had I possessed the genius of all these writers combined, I should yet have been as one who preaches in an unknown tongue, edifying no Reader (and least of all "the Reader" who is employed by the printer), but for the fair Interpreter of whom I have spoken; and even she was useless to me in some things. There are letters which one cannot get one's wife to write for one; and my correspondents grew rebellious, and threatened to cut off all communication with one who gave them so much trouble. A business-friend in the city, declaring that "my telegraph-hand was much better than my writing-hand," insisted upon hearing from me by the wires only. Finally, a "round-robin" was addressed to me from the members of my own family, requesting that I should take writing-lessons of a professor, and enclosing thirty shillings to defray his charges for the first six lessons. I make it a rule never — under any circumstances — to return people's money, and, at the same time, I am too well-principled not to apply what I receive to the purpose for which it is intended. At the age of forty-five, therefore, I began to learn that science which I had acquired at eight years old, and lost during my residence at Minerva Lodge.

"Impositions, eh?" remarked the Professor as soon as he set eyes upon a specimen of what the painters would call my "latest style."

"Yes," said I, "that was the beginning of it; but Literature was the finishing-school."

"Don't believe it, sir," returned he. "I have had hundreds of adult pupils, who all write like this — only certainly not quite so badly. Not one school-boy out of ten who has been brought up on classical principles can write a legible hand. The head-masters ought to be flogged all round."

"Or even where the boys are flogged," suggested I; but he did not understand this allusion.

"You will require to take a dozen lessons instead of six, sir," continued he, severely.

And he spoke within the mark, for before I left his establishment, *cured*, I had to take eighteen. I consider that if the law of England was framed upon equitable principles, it would enable me to "recover" the sum of four pounds ten shillings from the executors of the late Dr. Swishem; but I need not say that such is not the case.

My friends, of course, with the exception of the Gentleman of Leisure, were delighted with the result attained; and the compositors who have the pleasure of setting up this paper can scarcely believe their eyes. But I am by no means altogether freed from the consequences of my late deformity (for that's the very word). A most respectable tradesman, to whom I gave my first check after this wondrous change, was, upon presenting it in person at my banker's, at once taken into custody upon the charge of forgery. He has brought an action against the firm for defamation of character, and I am subpoenaed as a witness in the Central Criminal Court. My old check-book will be there produced, and the signatures (?) contrasted with the way which I have recently acquired — including a beautiful flourish like an Eagle — of subscribing my name. It will not, therefore, be necessary to humiliate myself by further confessions, since, for the culmination of this sad history, readers may consult the public papers for themselves.

THE BROOCH OF BRUCE.

THE Highland plaid, called the *breacan-feile*, or "checkered covering," was, originally, a far more important article of dress than it is at the present day, forming, in fact, the chief portion of the costume. Professor Cosmo Innes would appear to disbelieve the antiquity of the Highland checkered dress, and is hard upon "the man of fashion who can afford to ape the outlaw of the melodrama." But General Stewart says that "in the toilet of a Highlander of fashion," the arrangements of the plaid were of the greatest consequence. It had a length of four yards and a breadth of two, and was so folded that it covered the body and came down to the knee, being confined round the waist by a belt, except in wet weather, when it could be adjusted so as to shelter the whole person. When the wearer required the free use of both his arms, the plaid was fastened across the breast by a bodkin or brooch; but when the right arm only was left bare, the brooch was worn on the left shoulder. The brooch was circular in its shape, and was frequently adorned with crystals, cairn-gorms, and precious stones; while its silver rim was engraved with various devices and mottoes. Martin mentions some "of one hundred merks value, with the figures of various animals curiously engraved."

These Highland brooches were preserved as family heir-looms, and were treasured with a superstitious care. Their resemblance to the Roman *fibula* seems to have greatly impressed the mind of Wordsworth, who, in the brooch and plaid (worn

kilt-wise), could see vestiges of the earliest history of the people, and their communications with the Roman invaders. He says that, before Columba's visit,

"was not unknown
The clasp that fixed the Roman gown;
The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
Still in the Highland Brooch is seen."

The Brooch of Lorn, that "brooch of burning gold," is historical, and forms the subject of the minstrel's song at the feast of the *Lord of the Isles*. It was at the defeat at Dalree, in Breadalbane, in 1306, that Bruce, being hotly pursued by one of the Macdougals of Lorn, slew him with his battle-axe, but left in his death-grasp his plaid and brooch. This brooch was carefully preserved at Dunolly Castle, where it was said to have been lost at the burning of the Castle in the seventeenth century, and a statement to this effect is made by Sir Walter Scott, in the notes to his poem, and also by General Stewart, in his "Sketches" (ii. 442). This, however, is erroneous, for the brooch is still preserved by Admiral Macdougall, at Dunolly House, and an illustration of it is given in the last edition (1864) of Professor Wilson's "Prehistoric Annals."

Another brooch of Bruce, but acquired in a friendly instead of a hostile manner,* has also been preserved to the present day. The brooch is very large and handsome; the central stone is a fine cairn-gorm, surrounded with Scotch pebbles, set in silver, much tarnished by age. Within the brooch the letters F. M. K. are rudely marked, being the initials of Farracher Mac Kay, to whom Bruce gave the brooch. The clan of the Mackays of Ugadale was one of ten of the second class of vassals of the Isles; and Gregory mentions that Gilchrist Mac Imar Mackay had a grant of lands in Cantire from King Robert Bruce, and "that from him were descended the Mackays of Ugadale, who, after the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles, attached themselves to the Macdonalds of Islay."

The history of this brooch given by Bruce to Mackay is a curious page in the romantic annals of loyal fugitives. According to Cantire tradition, in those days when King Robert Bruce was a fugitive, and had a price set upon his head, he was nigh perishing from hunger and fatigue during a night passed upon the bleak mountain of Sliobhghoil, in North Argyleshire, but was kept warm by a goat who also refreshed him with her milk, in grateful remembrance of which he afterwards made a law that forbade the pointing (or pounding) of a goat. The next morning he walked on to Cantire, South Argyleshire, and met a beggar-man, who gave him a little meal, which the king mixed with water in the heel of his shoe, and ate heartily, saying, "Hunger is a good cook; it is bad to slight food; barley-meal brose out of my shoe is the best food that ever I used." Then he came on to Cantire's monarch of mountains—2,170 feet high—Beinn-an-tuirc. "the wild boar's mountain," so called because Diarmid had there slain the dreaded boar, and had lost his own life through the jealousy of Fingal.

Bruce wandered in the forest of Bunlaradh, where he met a man who would not tell who he was. So they fought; and when they had fought till they were exhausted, they agreed that it was pitiful work, and that it would be better for them to tell their names. Whereupon they did so, and Bruce discov-

ered in his opponent his friend General Douglas, who was also a fugitive. Then they came down to Ugadale, on the eastern shore, and gained admittance at the house of one Mackay, who was entertaining his friends at a merry-making, and who welcomed them with Highland hospitality, compelling Bruce to drink a quagh of usquebaugh, saying, "I am king in my own house." Then Mackay gave them their beds and breakfasts, and took them up Beinn-an-tuirc, in order to show them the way to the western coast of Cantire. Then Bruce disclosed himself, and promised that when he had regained his throne he would grant Mackay any favor that he should ask of him; whereupon Mackay replied, that if he had the two farms of Ugadale and Arnicle, he should be as happy as a king. Bruce promised him this, and bade him farewell at the spot still called *Cross Mhic Caidh*, or "the Cross of Mackay," telling him to come and see him in Edinburgh whenever he should perceive a bonfire blazing on a certain hill in Gallo-way. Mackay did so, and received from the king the title-deeds of the two farms; and when he declined drinking a goblet of wine, Bruce constrained him, reminding him that he, in his turn, was king in his own house.

Such, told briefly, is the purport of the popular stories relating to Bruce and Mackay that I collected on the spot in 1860, and which were published in the following year in my "*Glencreggan*";* and in these, as will have been seen, no mention is made of a brooch. Further inquiries on this subject, made during the five past years, have put me in possession of fresh particulars relating to this story, which have not hitherto been published. A Cantire laird tells me: I believe the true version of this story to be as follows, and this I had from old John Macdougall of Killmalaig, and the late Ugadale so far confirmed it; moreover, the tenure of the Ugadales further vouches for the truth of the story. It would appear, then, from this version of the story, that the king slept at Killmalaig, a farm (now belonging to Glencreggan) of which Mackay was then tenant. The king was in disguise, and was hospitably entertained by Mackay, who spoke strongly against the Bruce. The king asked Mackay if he could direct him to the ferry for Arran. Mackay not only could do so, but offered to escort him on his way in the morning. They started accordingly, and rested where a stone now marks the spot on the hill of Arnicle, which is still the property of the Ugadales. From this spot Mackay pointed out to the king certain crown-lands, namely, the lands of Arnicle. They proceeded on their journey, and came to Ugadale, which was also pointed out as crown-lands. At length they came to the ferry, where the king sat down on a stone—which is still shown—and where, after thanking Mackay for his hospitality, and giving him his brooch as a farewell token, he declared to him who he was. This put poor Mackay in a great fright, from which, however, he was soon relieved by the king telling him that he need not fear, for that he had entertained him hospitably as a stranger, and that, if he should succeed in obtaining his rights, he would give unto him those crown-lands of Ugadale and Arnicle. The king afterwards carried his promise into effect, and the lands are now held on the obligation of entertaining the sovereign on coming to Cantire.

In this version of the story, General Douglas disappears into his original mythical mists, and there

* Now in the possession of Captain Hector Macneal, of Ugadale and Loest, in Cantire.

* "*Glencreggan*, or a Highland Home in Cantire."

are other slighter variations that can surprise no one who observes how rapidly even historical facts become incrustated with fable. A Cantire correspondent, to whom kinship to Bruce's Mackay has afforded peculiar means of information, has given me a version of the story in which some new and interesting particulars will be found. He says, that when Bruce had entered Mackay's house, the farmer offered him a seat at the supper-table. Bruce refused it; whereupon Mackay, bent upon hospitality, said that he *must* be seated, when Bruce replied, "Must is a word for kings to use to their subjects." On which Mackay said, "Every man is a king in his own house." When, on the morrow, Mackay had escorted his guest on his way, "Bruce presented his entertainer with the massive and curious silver brooch which is now in the possession of the laird of Ugadale," and asked him as to his position and prospects, and what would be the greatest boon that could be conferred upon him. Mackay's reply was, "To be possessor of the land that I now farm as tenant." According to this version of the story, Bruce did not disclose himself to Mackay at this interview; but, when he "enjoyed his ain again," sent for the farmer to court, and there desired him to be seated. On Mackay's hesitating to do this, Bruce said, "Every man is a king in his own house"; whereupon Mackay recollected the occasion on which he himself had used the words, and then recognized the stranger whom he had befriended in the person of his king, who then presented him with the two farms of Ugadale and Arnicle in perpetuity. The original grant is still preserved. It is a piece of sheepskin, three inches square, bearing the words, "I, Robert the First, give the lands of Ugadale and Arnicle to McKay and his heirs forever." On this grant the family held the lands till the reign of James IV., when it was formally confirmed by a crown-charter.

The spot at Arnicle where Bruce and Mackay parted is marked by a cairn, on which was an inscription, which, according to tradition, recorded the history of the event, but it is now illegible. The glen still bears the name of Mackay's Glen. Ugadale is still a farm-house, as the Macneals reside at Lossit Park, near Campbeltown. The late Laird of Ugadale was prevented from claiming his right to entertain his Sovereign, when the Queen visited Cantire, Sept. 17th, 1847, as she did not leave her yacht, which was moored for the night in Campbeltown harbor. It was publicly stated by Douglas Jerrold that, on this occasion, the Provost sent the bell-man round the town to announce that "the Queen is now in the Loch!" though the real words are reported to have been, "the Queen's ships are now in the Loch." But even if the proclamation was made as reported, it was not a greater blunder than that which occurred at the Queen's visit to Aberdeen, when one of the announcements to the public was, "Her Majesty is now in the Dock."

The Mackays retained possession of Ugadale and Arnicle till the end of the seventeenth century, when the estate passed into the hands of the Macneals, of Tirfergus and Lossit, by the marriage of Torquill, a younger son of Lauchlan MacNeill Buy, of Tirfergus, with Barbara Mackay, heiress of Ugadale, from whom the present laird and possessor of Bruce's brooch, Captain Hector Macneal, is lineally descended. The grave of Mackay, to whom Bruce gave the brooch and lands, is pointed out among the many interesting gravestones that crowd the old burial-ground of Saddell Monastery, Can-

tire, where lie the bodies of "the mighty Somerled," and of his descendant Angus Oig Macdonald, — the "Ronald" of "The Lord of the Isles," — who, with his "men of Argile and Kintyre," as Barbour says in his poem of "The Brus," gave his king such important aid in the fight at Bannockburn, and who had also entertained him in his wanderings at his castle at Saddell.

THE MINISTER'S SANDY AND JESS.

I.—WHAT SANDY WAS TO BE.

SANDY, Mr. Stewart the minister of Clovenford's only son, was to be a minister like his father and grandfather, who had both wagged their heads in pulpits before him. Second-sight had seen him in a Geneva gown and pair of bands from the time he wore long-clothes and bibs.

With the great end in view, many a day Sandy came in fear and trembling from making bour-tree mills on the Hare Water, and playing shinty with his sister Jess and the neighboring farmers' sons on the country roads, to construe his *Cæsar* or his *Salust* in the minister's little brown bedroom.

Fifty years ago, Mr. Stewart was a Tory and an autocrat in rusty black, walking over his parish, not unlike Dr. Johnson, in snuff-brown, taking a turn down Fleet Street. The minister had made a love marriage. Mrs. Stewart had been an orphan, with a very slender patrimony, — a parlor boarder of the Miss Allardyces, the old ladies who from time immemorial had kept the boarding-school in the neighboring town of Woodend. Mr. Stewart had met his fate at a Woodend subscription ball, when it was customary for ministers to carry to balls their white neckcloths and silver shoe-buckles as a testimony in favor of innocent enjoyment, and as a protest against Dissent and Jacobinism. There he succumbed in a single evening to Miss Jean Clephane's dancing, though he did not dance a step himself.

The marriage was a happy one. Mrs. Stewart paid the minister loving homage as the greatest and best of men, and called him lord and master to the extent of keeping her bedroom scrupulously free for his study, and spending the choicest of her accomplishments in needlework on the plated frills of his shirts and the open-work of his bands. In his turn, Mr. Stewart was tender to his wife, brought home what he supposed her taste in gaudy caps and spencers, as connubial gifts, on the striking of the fiars and the meetings of Presbytery, Synod, and Assembly; took notice of her pets, her flowers, her work, — for Mrs. Stewart was almost as great in knitted bed-covers, tent-stitch-worked chairs, and cambric flowers, as Mrs. Delany; humored her in her habits, squiring her three evenings a week in summer, when she walked with her shawl over her head to the Kames, to see the sun set behind the Beld Law, until the servants and the country-people called the beaten footpaths through the corn and the clover "the Minister and the Leddy's Walk."

The manse children consisted of Sandy and Jess; and it was a common remark with regard to the two, that Sandy should have been Jess, and Jess Sandy.

Sandy was not a scapegrace and a numskull. He was a bonnie laddie, very like his mother both in her sweet, fair, sunshiny face, and her sanguine, sensitive, imaginative temperament. He was a shade thoughtless as regarded a divinity studied in prospective, with a greater bent for drawing on the

margins of his books and copies, and every scrap of paper he could come by, wonderfully faithful transcripts of "the hills, and woods, and streams around" Clovenford, and clever comical likenesses of the master, his school-fellows, and his acquaintances, than for severe reading.

But his father was persuaded that sedateness and application would come to Sandy with riper years; and except in one instance, when he punished the lad with austerity for depicting the manse cat with a pair of bands round its neck, holding forth from a water-stoup to the cocks and hens, and the rats peeping from the stacks in the glebe yard, calling the sketch a profane and scurrilous jest, he did not trouble himself much about Sandy's shortcomings. Sandy was the apple of the minister's eye, secretly; while openly, the father addressed the son by the comprehensively disparaging corruption "min," — a term which, in Scotland, with the alteration of one letter, converts the honorable appellation "man" into an ostentatiously condescending and slightly contemptuous soubriquet. "O, min, is that all you're good for?" "There was more lost at Flodden, min." And it was true Sandy would have worked a more wonderful sampler, and proved a meeker and more gracious woman than Jess, for whom, with a spice of chivalry, all Mr. Stewart's outward favor was reserved.

As for Jess Stewart, she would have responded splendidly to her father's wishes but for the trifling accident of having been born a girl, coupled with the Apostle Paul's prohibition to a woman. She would have made a fine minister, — frank, straightforward, imperative, with a passionate tongue when she was roused; having a real relish for the solid study of history and geography, in opposition to the practice of the spinnet and the execution of satin pieces in the Miss Allardyces' course of instruction.

But there was nothing unwomanly or repulsive in Jess; on the contrary, as she outgrew the boisterousness of her childhood, — when she distressed her mother by playing more uniformly at boys' games (Sandy in his tender years took up with an old-fashioned, hard-featured doll, Jess's rejected property), and destroying three times as many clothes as Sandy, there was the prospect of her growing up a woman of noble proportions. There was a charm in Jess's fresh, candid, intelligent face — her short, thick black curls in a crop about her brow and neck; her tall, broad-shouldered, firm, erect figure — at least equal to that of Sandy's bright blue eyes, sanguine complexion, and slight, but active, long, elegant limbs.

Jess was the young queen of the parish, and the position lent her an ease, a power, an air of born authority and command which became the girl, and which did not leave her when she passed from the yeomen's houses to those of the gentry, where she could claim no precedence of birth and breeding, and where, on the other hand, her best cloth mantle and white muslin frock were homely and out of date. Young Adam Spottiswoode, of Birkholm, his own master, who opened the balls at Woodend, would rather dance a reel with the minister's than a minuet with the member's daughter. Jess could dance minuets, too; a little French dancing-master, a poor *émigré*, had imported the true *Minuets de la Cour* at the service of the public of Woodend, but Jess's reels were something inspiring.

Again, Jess, with the few old and ailing men and women, who were "on the box" (that is, parish paupers), with bairns, with her mother's endless

train of calves, chickens, dogs, cats, pigeons, laverocks, linties, was also "beyond compare." Jess, carrying a stray lamb in her arms, or a broken-winged bird in her bosom, showed unmistakably whether she was womanly — that is, motherly — or no.

Clovenford kirk and manse, with moss, lichen, and weather-stain, doing something to redeem the barn and bothy order of architecture, lay in a nest of wooded and bare hills. The parish did not have the grander and more peculiar features of Scottish landscape, — neither the height nor the breadth of savage mountains and moors, where the eagle rears her bloody-beaked young, and "the whaup cries dreary." But it had the Fir Tap and the Beld Law, the Hare Water and the Den of blackthorns and whitethorns, crabs and geans, ending in the feathery birks and stiff, dark-green boxes and hollies round the old white house of Birkholm. The fields were all heights and hollows, sunshine and shade, like dimpled faces. There were hedges tudded with dogroses and honeysuckles; water-courses yellow with kingcups; feal-dykes nodding with harebells, and twittering with the swallows nestling beneath their eaves. At Clovenford manse the servant lasses still span and sang ballants every afternoon, — on the bink by the kitchen-fire in winter, and at the back-door in summer. Andro Cornfoot, the minister's man, lived with his deaf wife and his catecheesed laddie, the minister's herd, in the thatched cottage at the manse offices, came to the house every evening and was present with the family at "the worship," when the minister commended his house, people, kirk, country, and the world to the care of the Great Creator. Andro came again at sunrise to awake the lasses, and to speak in at the minister's window and tell him what the weather was like, never thinking to avert his light gray-green fishy eyes from the night-cap, broad-bordered, and with a large bow right over the forehead, which bore the picturesque Kilmarnock cowl loving company on the pillow.

The cloud, the size of a man's hand, in the Clovenford sky began with the expenses of Sandy's college terms; notwithstanding they were met without finching, bravely borne, and every member of the family took a part in defraying them.

The minister trudged many a long and weary mile to do duty at neighboring kirks and canonical meetings, in place of hiring a gig from the Crown in Woodend. Mrs. Stewart gave up much of her visiting, for the reason that she was delicate and unable to accompany the minister in his long walks. Jess could walk with the best, and thought nothing of crossing the parish, six miles from one end to the other, and dancing half the night afterwards; but Jess was called on to resign all the little advantages and enjoyments such as even the farmers' daughters could claim. These were her going to Edinburgh and lodging with her Aunt Peggy, the writer to the signet's widow, in the High Street, and there learning to bake pastry and cut out patterns for her gowns; and her attending the dancing and singing classes for grown-up ladies and gentlemen, opened every winter in Woodend. The very table at the manse was rendered plainer and more frugal on Sandy's account. The box which travelled every fortnight with the carrier to Edinburgh seemed to carry away all the dainties. Mrs. Stewart relinquished her little cup of tea in the morning, protesting she found it bad for her nerves, and made a fashion of supping porridge along with the minister

and Jess. The minister denied himself his bit of Stilton cheese and glass of Edinburgh ale after dinner, pretending they made him sleepy. Jess had to be more sparing in preserving the fruit, though it was hanging in abundance in the garden, and the whole cost was the sugar; and to substitute for the old home-brewed wines, the currant, ginger, elder-flower, and elder-berry — welcome cordials to the sick of narrow means, who knew no better — the still humbler beverage of treacle beer.

At first all these sacrifices, regarded as temporary in their nature, were made light of. But as sessions came and went, and Sandy brought home no honors, got no bursary to ease the burden, no private teaching, except once a summer tutorship, they pressed more heavily.

The fact was, that young Sandy Stewart, in the most critical years of his life, in place of settling down to hard head-work, was flightier and more prone to trifling — as it was regarded at Clovenford — than ever. He showed himself addicted to company; not bad company, — a true son of the manse could not at once have degraded himself so far without great moral corruption, — but to free mixed company, — the company at harvest-homes, fairs, and the clubs, in which Woodend aped more famous places. Gentlemen of higher degree than the minister's Sandy, — the young Laird of Birkholm, for instance, — and even ladies, the eccentric old dowagers and spinsters of the period, frequented these scenes blamelessly; but no one of them was to be a minister, a Presbyterian divine, whom a single breath of scandal was sufficient to blast.

The word was not widely applied then; but Sandy was tainted with Bohemianism. And the lad was still fonder of making facsimiles of the rural and genial life, inanimate and animated, he loved, — the very materials a waste of money, and the practice, which might have been amusing enough to his family in other circumstances, miserable child's play in a lacking divinity student.

Lines of care began to be drawn on Mr. Stewart's full massive face. He left off, with scornful magnanimity, inquiring into his son's progress in his classes, when the result was invariably disappointment; but he suffered his tongue to scoff bitterly at the degeneracy of the times, and the effeminate puppyism of "birkies," who put their pride in tying up their hair with ribbons, and sporting tights and silk stockings.

The ribbons at least were cheap, and the stockings were a fond transfer of the last pair of six-and-thirty shillings' worth, — a present to Mrs. Stewart, in handsome discount from the gallant old bachelor, the true kirk man, in his snuff-brown wig and purple rig and fur stockings, whom she called genteelly her "merchant" in Woodend. Mrs. Stewart would ten times rather see the stockings on Sandy's legs than on her own, that for once she might have the pleasure of looking on her bonnie laddie in the guise of a fine gentleman, as gentlemen at the Queen's levees and state footmen still figure. It was neither just nor generous in Mr. Stewart to taunt Sandy with his mother's silk stockings, and to add the gratuitous reflection that puppies neither cared where their indulgences came from nor to what they led; but the minister's big heart was sore.

On the other side, Sandy had a hasty as well as an affectionate temper, and was in constant danger of rebutting unfair aspersions, and speaking back to his father words ill-considered and unjustifiable in the circumstances.

Mrs. Stewart, moving gently about in her little apple-green shawl, filled in with what manufacturers and women call "pines," and the cap of her own netting as fine as gossamer, a light cloud about a face still fair and delicate — too fair and delicate for her years — was kept with both body and mind on the rack, acting as a piteous mediator between her two sovereigns.

Yet Mr. Stewart had not swerved for a moment from his purpose, and never supposed that Sandy had committed any grave offence to forfeit what was in a sort his inheritance. Mr. Stewart knew full well that many a distinguished divine and good man had begun life by sowing a crop of wild oats. Could the minister have been aware of it, his heart might have been comforted by the seeming coincidence that gray old St. Regulus was ringing at that moment with the characteristic exploits of "Mad Tam Chaumers," as Scotland was yet to ring with the virtues and renown of her great orator and philanthropist. And the minister would spare his bread as well as his cheese; he would take off his coat, and break stones by a dike side for day's wages, if the laws of the kirk and his parishioners would suffer it, sooner than Sandy should miss his natural call to do his family, his parish, it might be his country and the world, credit.

It was Jess who came to a different conclusion. It was Jess who declared plainly in her secret chamber: "I don't believe our Sandy will ever be a minister. Better he should not if he do not put more heart into his work, or he will cover himself and us with disgrace, and bring down his father's and mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. It is not so long since Mr. Home was put out of the kirk for writing a play; and Sandy has songs, though he has not sermons, flying loose about his room when I go in to make up his bed; it is well it is not one of the lasses who sees them. He brags of going every night to the theatre when Mrs. Siddons is in Embro' (I wonder where the price of his tickets comes from); and I am sure, if the Assembly put out one man for writing a play, they could not in honesty keep in another whose pencil is never out of his hand. I caught him drawing the bethel and Miss Mysie Wedderburn below the book-board at the very summing up of the "heads" last Sabbath; and his excuse was, he must have *their* heads out of his head to be at peace to listen. He cares a deal more for the glint of a sunny shower, or the gloom of a thunder-storm, or the crook of a scrag of a tree, or the red of a gypsy's torn cloak, than ever I could see he cared for the bearing of a doctrine. What about the minister of Duddingstone? I would like anybody to tell me whether he was not licensed, presented, called, and placed, before he was known, to gentle and simple, as a drawing-master? If Sandy would but mind his own business. I have no faith in a man, however quick, who does not mind his own business. There is Birkholm, as good a judge of a straight rig, or a round stack, or a head of nowt, as ever a farmer in the country; yet he kept his terms at an English university, and he is a member of the Hunt, and well his red coat sets him."

It was Jess who grew to grudge, almost fiercely, every shilling spent on Sandy. Yet deal gently with Jess's memory, for she was no miser, and she was the chief sufferer. She had her father's sense of justice outraged without any of the blindness which accompanies a besetting desire; and Jess was sensible that Sandy's idleness and extravagance

were fatally depressing the balance in which hung the fortunes of her life.

Adam Spottiswoode of Birkholm liked Jess, and there was no constraint on his will beyond the influence of his three sisters, whom he could shake off or bring round to submission at his pleasure. Jess Stewart would be a poor, but not an unsuitable mate for the Laird of Birkholm; and far beyond the consideration of the white house at Birkholm being a grand down-setting for a portionless bride, Jess liked the comely, courteous, frank young laird, — not half so clever as Jess herself, or Sandy, but attractive by the goodly glamour of his superior birth and breeding, with the manly, honorable character corresponding to it. Adam Spottiswoode and Jess Stewart had a kindness for each other; but so long as it was no more than a kindness, or tender fancy, it was no stigma on their liking to say that, if the couple had no opportunity of meeting, it would die the death of starvation, — gradually on the woman's part, more rapidly on the man's. There should be a middle ground for the liking to wax into love. There was no middle ground left to the couple; for the kirk, where Birkholm took his seat in the Birkholm loft, fronting the minister's burch, and where he and Jess were not always so engrossed with the sermon (in spite of Jess's despotism to other people with regard to their treatment of the "heads") as they should have been, was not a middle ground.

Poor Jess had no longer gloves, shoes, sashes, to go to the subscription balls in the Woodend and the parties in the country-houses: and when the manse family had to dismiss one of the servants, and Jess's hands got red and her face blowsy with continued housework and garden-work, she felt more and more that, without the commonest finishes to her toilette, she was no longer fit to appear in refined society and be Birkholm's chosen partner.

Birkholm attempted one great advance. Spas were then the height of fashion, — not foreign spas, but native, — and not so much as fountains of health, but as favorite resorts, where men and women saw the world, met every morning in the pump-room, drove together every afternoon, two by two, in high-pitched gigs, to all the show-houses and breezy views in the neighborhood, and danced together a couple of long country-dances without sitting down, under the countenance of a master of the ceremonies in pumps, and with the powder in his hair not blown away by the tempest of the French Revolution. Birkholm bribed an accommodating married cousin and one of his sisters, by their share of the gayety, to invite Jess Stewart to accompany them for a fortnight to one of the Wells. The excursion would have been like an admission to the Elysian fields, with the temple of Hymen at the end of the principal vista, to Jess. It would have been the gala of the girl's life, and she would assuredly have come home from it engaged to Birkholm, and counting herself, with reason, the happiest woman in the world.

But *noblesse oblige* in all noble ranks. The project had become simply out of the question. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and Jess herself, would not submit to Birkholm's paying Jess's share of the travelling expenses, which, in the days of travelling post, were a serious calculation to families with moderate incomes. But the Stewarts could and would have made a push to afford the necessary sum, had not Sandy's delay at college and want of success rendered it impossible. And Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were deficient in their duty to their daughter, and

made no account of Birkholm's attentions to her, because they had forgotten similar passages in their youth in the trouble of their middle age.

Jess said to herself she did not want anybody's regrets, and told the world she did not care for jaunting, — she found too much to do among the spring calves and chickens at the manse, — and carried her high head as high, and looked as strong, stately, and blooming as ever. And the worst of it was, Birkholm believed her, and was as much piqued as the slightness of the relation between them permitted. The prosperous young laird could not altogether comprehend the straitness of the manse finances, and draw his inferences from them. He went off in a huff to enjoy himself at the Wells without the hard-hearted mistress for whose sake he had planned the holiday, — not so much to enjoy himself either, as to prove to Jess that he could be foolish to the top of his bent without her.

So Jess was cut to the heart by hearing rumors presently, now that Birkholm was on the eve of his marriage with a beauty and fortune he had been introduced to at the Wells; now that he and other young men had indulged in frolics for which the license of the time offered some apology, but which were far more culpable than any follies of Sandy's, and, to put the matter on the lowest footing, were far from becoming in the young man who aspired to the honor of being the minister's son-in-law.

And if Birkholm were utterly lost to Jess, or if he should turn out wild and come to grief, would not Jess lay that to Sandy's charge as the heaviest portion of the debt he owed her?

II. — WHAT SANDY WAS.

"To desert his post and renounce the highest commission a man can carry, — to starve, or feed off the great as a painter of false faces, an idolater of stocks and stones, — give me patience."

The minister had need of patience when he received the letter with the tidings that Sandy, after passing through four of his years at college, with what effort the family knew, had abandoned the ministry and adopted the profession of a painter.

Mrs. Stewart and Jess were amazed and appalled beyond presuming to say a word.

It is difficult to measure at present the headlong downfall of Sandy in those good people's estimation. Though they were familiar with his passion from his earliest years, they had not once contemplated the probability of his taking to painting as a calling.

It was not that Mr. Stewart had any puritanical scruples as to the lawfulness of art. But Mr. Stewart had no scruple as to the lawfulness of dancing, and that would not have reconciled him greatly to Sandy's becoming a dancing-master. Actually, old M. Le Roy, the dancing-master, had a far more accredited and dignified position, both socially and morally, at Woodend than any of the poor portrait-painters who had found their way there. And it was not the poverty of the trade that was its crowning drawback.

The minister, like all wise, honest men — Scotchmen particularly — had a due respect for wealth and its power; but the ministers of the Kirk of Scotland had also need to be disinterested, and their hardy habits of mind and body were not much affected by the prospect of poverty. But though the minister had little doubt that Sandy would starve, or lead a life of miserable dependence, perhaps vicious compromise, it would not have made a

material difference in this case had the minister been acquainted with the changes in the world which put a moderate competence within Sandy's reach, and caused the step he had taken to be within the bounds of right reason. Sandy was right that, in the Edinburgh of the day, not only was there a wonderful and glorious maiden literature among "the writer lads," whom the minister classed together rather contemptuously, but painting, as an art, for the first time coyly blushed and smiled as a true sister of the *belles lettres*, which Mr. Stewart's cloth did not altogether despise when Robertson wrote history and Blair rhetoric. Runciman's painting of the Clerks of Penicuik's house seemed to promise a new era never attained, such as prevailed at Venice when Tintoretto and Paul Veronese painted marble palaces both within and without. Better still, a national academy was really to confer status and impart instruction where youthful genius was concerned. But what was the struggling infancy of art to the minister, who indulged in the pictorial faculty in his own way, and quite another way, by drawing Sandy, as he had fondly hoped, standing up severe in youthful beauty, not unlike one of Milton's archangels, swaying by the breath of his mouth, for their salvation, multitudes in simple country kirks, or in what the Reformation had spared of rich abbeys and cathedrals in towns and cities; and again, Sandy, haggard, and sordid, and soiled, haggling with Jewish dealers, whom Mr. Stewart confounded with pawn-brokers; or journeying wearily from town to town, taking in scanty orders, and flattering obsequiously the owners of the puffed-up, vulgar, mean faces, which he copied with secret disgust?

Mr. Stewart did not absolutely forbid Sandy his course, or threaten him with utter reprobation if he pursued it, because the minister's reasonable soul, in the middle of his wrath and mortification, revolted at violence. He wrote to his son in stern reproach and rebuke. Sandy defended himself like a creature at bay, and refused to force himself into the priesthood, for which Providence could not have designed him, since he had not the necessary qualifications.

Mr. Stewart, beside himself, accused Sandy of going nigh to blaspheming, — of proposing to take Providence into his own hands. Afterwards, Sandy came home for a few days; a wretched visit, when his father never addressed him directly beyond helping him at table, and his mother "lookit in his face" as if her gaze would melt stone. Sandy was now as stone to his father; for the sweet temper of the lad had been goaded and driven to the point when sweet tempers steel themselves to doggedness, less hopeful and tractable in its despair, than any amount of original arrogance and perversity.

Sandy saw that he had broken the family circle and rendered himself an alien from it. He said to his mother and Jess that he had better go away and fight his battle for himself, and it would be best that they should not hear the accounts, because these would only cause fresh strife and condemnation. Some day they might see he had not been so far wrong.

Sandy watched his opportunity; and one fine harvest-day, when the minister, the servants, and Andro Cornfoot, who had borne "the young minister" on his back many a sunny morning lang-syne, were all abroad engaged in the ingathering of the glebe corn, he kissed his mother and shook hands with Jess, and departed without other leave-taking or

blessing out into the world, which is generally cold enough for a penniless painter, taking no more with him than the stick and the wallet of one of the wandering apprentices of the kindly land of Wilhelm Meister.

When the minister returned and found his son's place vacant, he must have guessed that Sandy was gone; but he made no sign. Wandering apprentices are generally good pedestrians, and wonderfully endowed with friends; but when the first touch of frost nipped Mrs. Stewart's gillyflowers that night, Sandy's mother dreamt of him lying down like Jacob, with a stone for a pillow, but unlike Jacob, the heir of the promises, under the serene sky of Palestine, rather like an Esau, getting his death of cold, shivering under the gray clouds and the bleak wind, by the bare Scottish roadside.

The door of the manse was thenceforth shut against Sandy; his name became a forbidden sound, not only as that of "a stickit minister," — and the Scotch, with grim humor, deride a failure in proportion as they applaud an achievement in a favorite line, — but as an ill-doer. Neighbors carefully avoided mentioning Sandy to his family, while they talked loudly among themselves, and pitied the poor Stewarts for the sore hearts they had got from the prodigality and ingratitude of their only son. The minister strove manfully not to visit his pain on the blameless women-folk. He was so far left to himself as to call Andro "a pompous idiot," and the herd "an impudent blackguard"; but they were of the same sex as the delinquent, and in that light fair game. He refrained from ebullitions of temper to his wife and daughter, and was considerate, forbearing, almost caressing, to poor Mrs. Stewart, who, in her coming and going about her house, was forever coming in contact with the empty kist which had passed to and fro for many happy years, as they looked now, stored with her choicest provisions for Sandy, and bringing Sandy's clothes to his mother's care, while in her drawer up stairs lay the pair of silk stockings which in the pride of her heart she had made Sandy sport when he was the escort of his sister and the darling of the young people at the Woodend parties, — far before Birkholm in his mother's estimation.

To Jess the minister turned with open arms, saying nothing to admit that he had overlooked and injured her, but with something almost pathetic in his dumb determination to make up by every species of indulgence for the irrevocable past.

But with all this courage and kindness, the minister's disappointment sat stiffly on him. To escape from its influence he busied himself in his studies, and became more polemical and dogmatic. He shrank from meeting his brethren of the Presbytery, over whom he had reigned supreme, and to some of whom, with sons of their own, he had allowed himself, in the fulness of his heart, to boast of the career he had carved for his son, and before whom Sandy had humbled him in the dust, — for none of their sons had turned fiddlers, the only vocation to which Mr. Stewart could compare that of a painter. He shrank from his very parishioners, unless in the way of duty as a clergyman, discontinuing largely his share of the old pleasant neighborly visiting.

Peace was restored to Clovenford, but the heart-ache there was acute and incessant. Almost the only event — and it was never spoken of — was the arrival of one or two foreign newspapers, with foreign postmarks, addressed to Mrs. Stewart, in Sandy's handwriting, which proved that Sandy had

managed to go abroad to follow his studies, possibly as a travelling tutor; but his family knew nothing about him.

Mr. Stewart could not have interdicted the newspapers, and he did not throw them into the fire; but he never looked at them, though he alone could have read any part of their contents.

To Mrs. Stewart and Jess the newspapers were a dead letter; but the moment the minister had gone to his books, Mrs. Stewart unfolded them, spread them out on her knee, regarded them wistfully, as if their hieroglyphics could tell her something of Sandy; and had they only anticipated modern improvements, and conveyed to her woodcuts, they might have spoken to her in appropriate language of her boy. At last she folded them up, and deposited them carefully where they were all found one day, in the drawer with her best gown, and the silk stockings, as if she waited for the arrival of a scholar at Clovenford, who would bring the key and unlock the mystery occasioned by the confusion of tongues.

Sandy went away in the harvest, and towards the close of the next spring Birkholm, who had been in Edinburgh all the winter with his sisters, came back to his own house, and called afterwards at the manse to announce the marriage of his eldest sister to a gallant naval captain, who had been fortunate in obtaining prize money, was on shore only for a short time, and as he was already posted to another ship, and had no time to lose, had so expedited matters, that he wanted Mr. Stewart to tie the knot at once at Birkholm.

It is said that one marriage lightly turns a roving fancy to the thought of another; and with more shyness to cover his anxiety, the young laird alluded to his sister's expectation that Miss Stewart would pay her the compliment of being present at the ceremony, and would remain a few days at Birkholm as company for his youngest sister Nancy, because Effie was to accompany Betsy, the bride, in the capacity of bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were altogether propitious, and very glad that Jess, who had lived a dull life for a long time, should have the grand entertainment, when to their astonishment Jess declined the invitation for herself with the greatest promptness and decision, wished Miss Spottiswoode every happiness, hoped to see her before she left the country, but regretted that she had engagements at home which would prevent her having the honor and pleasure of being one of the company at the wedding, and staying behind the other guests to console Miss Nancy, — thus sending off the laird with another flea in his ear, and vowing vehemently to have nothing more to say to "a haughty hizzic," though she was his early flame, Jess Stewart, ten times over.

"Jess, my woman, why did you give Birkholm the cold shoulder when he came on so kind an errand? If it is for the purpose of making yourself of consequence, and if the lad be of my mind, he will not put himself in your power again, madam," observed the minister, with affected lightness.

"He need not try it," answered Jess, shortly.

"And you are not like your mother," persisted the minister, changing his cue; "for if I know her, she would be wild to this day to dance at a wedding, and have the chance of walking every day in Birkholm Den, when the birks are shaking out their buds and smelling like balm, and there are more primroses on a single bank than in the whole of her garden beds."

"My dancing days are over, minister," Mrs. Stewart told him, with a shake of the head, but a smile; "still a wedding is a bonnie sight, and I should like very well to walk down the Den again, and fill my lap full of primroses, and sit and rest, and get a drink, and gather the hyacinths round the Lady Well, and listen to the throstle in the thorn, if I were as good a walker as I have been. I cannot think what has come over our Jess."

Jess made no reply till the minister was gone, and her mother began to press her gently for an explanation of her conduct. Then she raised a pair of bent black brows, and opened her lips. "Mother, do you think I have no feeling? Do you think, because I first stood up against Sandy, that I have no regard for my own brother? Would I go and enjoy myself, and not know what has become of Sandy, or what he may have to bear? Adam Spottiswoode used to be Sandy's friend; he might have more sense than ask me such a gate."

Mrs. Stewart said not another word.

But the minister was troubled at Jess's reticence, cast about in his mind for a cause or cure, and stumbled on one of his old acts of lavish generosity, and extraordinary misconception of his daughter's taste and of the laws of harmony. He surprised her by the arrival from her mother's merchant's shop in Woodend of a gown of yellow crape, with a pink silk scarf to match.

After Jess had overcome the shock at the sight of the articles, and her resolution to find they were not for her, she took them up in her arms and went straight with them into the minister's study.

"Well, Jess, what is in the wind now? Have you changed your mind about going to the marriage at Birkholm?" he demanded, looking up from *Campbell on Miracles*, and pretending ignorance and innocence.

To the minister's consternation, Jess's tears, kept for special occasions, began suddenly to fall like rain. "Father, do not think that I do not value your presents. I shall wear the one or the other at the kirk whenever the weather will permit, and as long as two threads hang together. But I cannot go to Birkholm: it is not fit that I should go and show off among the fine folk there, when somebody who has as good a right to your favor as I have, and wants it far more, has to live without."

"Jess, is it a fit return for my kindness that you should be so bold as question my judgment? I forbid you to speak another word to me on the subject of your brother."

The minister dared her with flashing eyes, and conquered her so far as to drive her from his presence to burst out to her mother, —

"Mother, my father is cruel to Sandy; we have all been cruel to him. And what has he done to lose a son's place? It is we who have brought reproach upon him. Where is the righteousness and the mercy of laying burdens on other men's backs? I do not care whether he is ever to be a fine painter; I am not sure that I have seen a fine painting in my life; but he was free to be a painter if he liked. I never thought more of Sandy than when he walked out at the gate, with his stick in his hand, last harvest; he was a petted lad before, but he was a proud man then. If I catch any mortal man save my father looking down on Sandy, I will never speak to him again. And for my father, I say he is hard to Sandy. He need not think that I will take my pleasure, and Sandy cast off for a lad's madness, (I wonder why they profess that 'to

the pure all things are pure,' if Sandy was not as innocent as a bairn,) or that I will flaunt like a butterfly, when, for aught I can tell, my brother Sandy, who was a hundred times more dutiful than I have ever been, may be pining in a garret or perishing in the streets."

"O whisht, Jess, whisht!" implored Mrs. Stewart. "Why do you bid me 'whisht,' mother; why do you not interfere?" cried Jess, worked into a noble passion, sweeping backwards and forwards through the confined space of the manse parlor, herself like a mother robbed of her young. "Why do you not stand up for Sandy? He is your son, and you liked him, with reason, twice as well as your daughter. I would not suffer my father's tyranny."

"Jess, Jess, you do not know what you are saying. I could not rebel against the minister. And do not you misjudge your father: he groans in his sleep; and think how good a man he is. And oh, Jess! you cannot mind, but I can, how he took the candle and held it over Sandy in the cradle. And when your little sister died, and your father at the Glenork preachings, and I sent the nearest elder to meet him to break to him the distress at home, he guessed it before Mr. Allan could get out the words. He was always a sharp man, your father, and he just put up his hand and pled with the messenger, 'Not Sandy; tell me it is not Sandy.' It was not that he was not fond of his lasses, Jess, you know; but they could not bear his name and uphold his Master's credit as his lad would do."

Though Mrs. Stewart did nothing, — could do nothing, — when Jess came to think of it, sobbing in her own room in the reaction after her recantation, both for Sandy and for Birkholm, from that day's confidence mother and daughter were knit together as they had not been before. In the beginning Jess had been a little too vigorous and energetic for her mild, tender mother; but Mrs. Stewart clung to Jess in the end with mingled fond respect, deep gratitude, and yearning affection.

On Sabbath days, when the minister left his wife in the kirk porch to go into the session-room, it was on Jess's arm that Mrs. Stewart now leant for the short distance up the aisle to the minister's bucht, on the right hand of the pulpit. On the few other occasions when she crossed her threshold, while she was able to move about among her flowers, or stroll to the Kames for the spectacle of the setting of the sun, which shone on other lands besides Scotland, she sought to have Jess on the one side of her and the minister on the other.

Another peculiarity of Mrs. Stewart's this summer was her struggle against her feebleness, her efforts to convince herself and others that she was gaining strength, the eagerness with which she applied every means for the restoration of her health, — new milk, port wine, even to the homely, uncouth superstitions of a stocking from the minister's foot wrapped round her throat at night, and the breath of the cows in the cow-house the first thing of a morning. It was as if something had happened which would not let her die when her time came.

It was well for Jess that she was much with her mother during the summer, and that their communion was that of perfect love; for before the summer was ended Mrs. Stewart was attacked by a sudden increase of illness, and after a week's suffering was gone where she might have clear intelligence of Sandy, to which all the knowledge of this world would have been no more than the discordant words of an unknown tongue.

There could have been no time to write for Sandy, even had the minister and Jess known where he was to be found, and Mrs. Stewart had not asked for her son. No immediate danger had been anticipated by the doctor, or apprehended by the patient and her relations, until within a few hours of her death, and then speech and in part consciousness had failed her. Unless the look of the eyes, which, heavy with their last long slumber, roused themselves to search round the room, once and again, referred to the absence of Sandy, Mrs. Stewart passed away with her love, perhaps like most great love, silent.

But when all was over, Jess thought with a breaking heart of the ignorance of him who had most cause to mourn, and of his place filled by others less entitled to be there on the day when the wife and mother was borne to her grave beside her baby who had passed from her mother's bosom to the bosom of the second mother of us all, the earth, who, if she had lived, would have been an older woman than Jess; and beside the old divines who had filled the minister's pulpit, and their faithful wives, of centuries back, in the grassy kirkyard within sight of the windows of her old home, where a stormy wind might carry the leaves from her garden and scatter them on the mound. That mound, whether white with May gowans or December snows, would never be out of the minister's and Jess's minds, and near it distance-divided families and former neighbors would still meet and "be glad to have their crack in the kirkyard," and not forget to say softly in her praise what a fine gentlewoman the minister's wife had been, and how the minister, poor man, would miss her.

If Adam Spottiswoode had been at Birkholm, Jess might have applied to him in her desperation to learn if he had heard anything of Sandy, and to beg of him to intercede with her father for his son. But Birkholm was absent at the moors, and Jess had respect for her father's affliction, and would not torture him to no end. Therefore Mr. Stewart and Jess bore the brunt of that dark day — the darker that it was in the height of summer, the prime and pride of the year — alone, but for sorrowing neighbors and dependents.

When Mr. Stewart returned to the manse after the funeral party was dispersed, and retired to his room, Jess could not intrude on him. It was the room to which he had brought her a bride, and she had died in it. It was her room now while his time of the manse lasted, though she had vacated it humbly during her life. Jess had too much fellow-feeling with her father not to divine that no hand but his own would be suffered to dispose of its mistress's little shawl and cap, which in the hurry of her last illness had been put on the side-table among his books. He would see them there, sitting in the gloaming at his meditations, and half believe that her light foot — at her feeblest it was a light one — would be heard again on the threshold, and her fair, faded face, which had been to him as none other but Sandy's, would look in upon him, smiling, while she asked some simple kind question, Why was he sitting without a light? Was he sure he had shifted his feet on coming in from christening the bairn at the Cotton Bog? Was he ready to ask a blessing on the sowens for supper? Jess had her own sorrows, but they were a little lightened when, the long afternoon over, her father re-entered, the sleeves of his coat looking conspicuous in their white cuffs, with which she would grow so familiar that they would seem more than any other details of his

dress — white neckcloth and black vest — a part of the man, as he would come to her every second day and stand patiently while she removed and replaced them for him.

The minister wanted his tea, and tried to speak on indifferent subjects, — on the long drought and the burned-up pasture, — but stopped abruptly because he could not put back the thought, and he knew that Jess shared it, that Mrs. Stewart not ten days ago had been lamenting the drought in that room, and had been making her arrangements to send out the servants every evening with their books to cut grass at the ditch-sides, and bring back their aprons full of a fresh, green supper for her beasts.

He walked to the window and looked out beyond the flowery garden, where the evening wind soughed sadly in the grass of the kirkyard. Then he turned and said, emphatically, "Our wound is deep, though we need not let it be seen. But, Jess, it is not by a gloomy token like that that she would like us to mind her; not that it is not good in its way, — everything is good or changed to good, even parting and death, when they are but a stage to meeting and everlasting life. But, Jess, we must take care of her beasts and birds and flowers, that they may never miss her as we shall do, always (though we troubled the last of her days with our discord). We must keep up her habits, that every day may have its trace of her." He went on speaking with unusual openness for a strong, reserved man, on the sweet and winning morning light which had lingered with his wife and Jess's mother amidst the dust and clouds of the heat of the day; on her love of animals and plants, quaint books, plaintive old songs, primitive sayings; her walks to the Kames to see the sun set; her reveries looking into the blazing coals on the winter hearth. And Jess knew she was her father's trusted friend, and that he saw in her one who comprehended and shared his life-long loss and sorrow.

III. — THE PICTURE.

FOR some time after her mother's death, Jess was thrilled with a nervous expectation that Sandy would "cast up," as she expressed it, in the gloaming or the dawning, any day, to take his part in their mourning. The news of his mother's death would reach him through friends or the announcement in the newspapers. But as months passed, Jess was forced to renounce the expectation, and submit to the obscurity which hung over Sandy.

The minister and Jess lived together in strict seclusion, until the sharp edge was worn off their sorrow; and then the minister had grown a quiet, absorbed, gray student, whom Jess could only wile from his household gods — the books — for the benefit of his health, by ingenious stratagems and unremitting pains. And Jess was a fine-looking, composed woman, with the eye and the hand of a mother, and the carriage of a duchess.

It was summer again at Clovenford, and the whole place and people were pervaded with a grave, shaded, softened brightness, not wanting in flashes of mirth, relieving what was pensive in domestic life, — for both Jess and the minister possessed the composite quality of humor, and not only raised the laugh in others, but were subject themselves to sudden ringing peals of laughter; the wisdom being as old and common as sin and misery, which the wit of Grizel Baillie set in one memorable line, —

"Warena my heart licht I would dee."

The month of May, with its lilac — lily-oak they called it at Clovenford — and hawthorn, was about its close, and the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland was about to conclude for the season its time-honored, pious, benevolent, virulent squabbles.

The minister of Clovenford was not a member this year, but he took it into his head late one evening that he would like to be present at a certain debate next night, and, with constitutional rapidity, fixed that he would go to Edinburgh next morning by the early coach which passed through Woodend, take Jess with him for a treat, be present in the gallery of the Assembly, spend what was left of the night at Jess's Aunt Peggy's, and return by the late coach the next night to Clovenford; "for there will be nobody sitting up for us at home," he put in, with an involuntary touch of pathos, when he found how easy the scheme was. But the minister had not been in such good spirits for a long time, and it was with something of his old animation that he entered into the details, congratulated Jess that she would have an opportunity of seeing the Lord High Commissioner, and graphically detailed the marks by which she might distinguish the leaders of the kirk.

Jess was glad that her father should feel able for the excursion, and soberly pleased with it on her own account. She had been in Edinburgh just once before, and had seen the Castle, Holyrood, Princes Street, George Street, and St. Andrew's Square already. Two days in Edinburgh were of such rarity and importance that few country-women of her circle attained them more than once in their lives, and then it was on such momentous occasions as the celebration of their marriages in the capital, or the scarcely less serious step of going with bridegrooms, mothers, and matronly friends, to buy their "marriage things" out of metropolitan shops, gloriously combining love and adventure, pleasure and profit. Jess, though far behind in other respects, felt a little elated at the double feat.

The minister and Jess were on foot by five o'clock next morning; found even the end of May rather raw on the top of a coach at that early hour; spent the greater part of the day on the road, indefatigably enjoying the scenery, and sheltering themselves under cloak and mantle from pelting showers; alighting and swallowing slices of salt beef from perennial rounds, glassfuls of sherry and tumblerfuls of porter, leisurely, while the coach was changing horses in the inn-yards of country towns; and, after inquisitively scrutinizing and formally addressing fellow-travellers, ending by establishing fast friendships with them before the coach and its burden rolled up the High Street of that Auld Reekie which, whether in ancient or modern guise, is one of the most picturesque of cities.

The journey, which occupies so large an amount of old travellers' narratives, safely and creditably performed, the rest of the play remained to be played out.

Aunt Peggy received her unexpected visitors with a cordial recollection of summer weeks spent by her and her old maiden servant in country quarters at Clovenford, and attended them to the Assembly, where the minister procured the party's admission. And Jess saw his Grace the Commissioner; was duly impressed by his throne; heard, with all the interest a minister's daughter ought to feel, the question of "teinds" amply discussed; and just as her high head, with its gypsy bonnet, was beginning to nod in a manner the most undignified and unlike Jess, and when she was thinking she could not keep

her eyes open a moment longer, though the Commissioner asked it of her as a personal favor, or threatened to turn her out by his usher if he caught her napping, the vote was taken, and Jess was released, to repair to Aunt Peggy's and her bed.

The next morning the minister and Jess were abroad betimes, while Aunt Peggy gave herself wholly to solemn preparations for the midday dinner. The walk was for Jess's pleasure, that she might see again the more remote rugged lion couchant, Arthur's Seat, and the nearer, smooth, polished, glittering lions, the shops and the passengers. Among the fellow-passengers of Jess and the minister, while there were some women who ridiculed the country cut of Jess's black silk pelisse, there was more than one man who turned to look after the pair, and remark what a noble-looking lass that was with the gray, stout, old black coat.

The minister had fully discharged his obligations as a *cicerone*. He had pointed out the "White Hart," at which Dr. Johnson alighted on his way to his tour in the Hebrides; the bookseller's shop where Robbie Burns, in boots and tops, with a riding-whip dangling over his arm, once corrected proof-sheets of his songs; Richardson's, frequented by young Mr. Scott, the author of the poem of *Marmion*; the houses of Professors Dugald Stewart and Sir John Hall, — Captain Basil, the great traveller's father; and the Flesh Market Close, where the best beef-steaks in the kingdom were to be eaten. And Jess had wondered, but found it impossible to ask, whether they were near the street where she remembered Sandy's lodgings had been, and where it was just within nature he might be.

"Father," said Jess, suddenly, with a rush of color into her face, "I would like to go in here."

Mr. Stewart and Jess had been proceeding on the plan of a fair division of labor and recreation. The minister's part performed, he had been walking along abstractedly, only waking up occasionally at the distant glimpse of a book-stall, where Jess stood quietly beside him, as he stood quietly beside Jess when the attraction was a linen-draper's or a jeweller's window.

The minister had inquired of Jess whether she wanted anything, and Jess, after a few modest purchases, had answered in the negative; but he supposed now she had met with an irresistible temptation, or recalled a forgotten commission. He followed her into the entrance of what looked more like a museum than a shop, and yielded up his stick, not without an inclination to resist the demand, to a porter, while Jess was hurriedly getting two tickets.

The minister stopped short in the doorway of another room, aggrieved and ireful; but he had never turned back in his life, — never refused to face an annoyance or a difficulty, — and his hesitation terminated in his marching sulkily at the heels of Jess into one of the Royal Society's earliest exhibitions.

The minister and Jess entered into no explanation and offered no comment as they walked slowly up the room, literally dazzled by the display on the walls. However connoisseurs might have disdained the crude attempts of Wilkie, Allan, and Thomson, they were marvels to the country folk, who were only acquainted with the simpering or scowling representations of ladies, like full-blown roses in their own persons, clasping rose-buds between their fingers and thumbs, and gentlemen with fierce tops of hair, breaking the seals of letters, with as much

cruel satisfaction as if they had been crushing beetles. But all at once both Jess and the minister's eyes were fixed, while their feet were drawn to a picture some yards in advance of them, which they could distinguish through the scanty sprinkling of visitors at that hour in the room.

It was not one of the classic pieces, which were the stock pieces there, nor of the battle-fields, nor of the landscapes, but a little family group which was strangely well known to them. They had seen the round table, the straight-backed chairs, the very ivory netting-box, many a time before; and even these dumb pieces of furniture, so far from home, awoke a thousand associations.

Then what of the figures, with living eyes looking out at them? The elderly man putting down his book to ponder its contents; the young man with his face half hidden by his hand, as if weary or sad; the girl entering the room on some household errand; and *she* was there, sitting in the centre of them as she would sit no more, looking not as she had looked when she was passing away, not as Mr. Stewart with a backward bound of his memory had been given to see her lately, the innocent, ingenuous, lovely girl who had come to the manse of Clovenford, bringing with her sunshine, poetry, and the first tremulous dewy bloom of life, but Sandy and Jess's mother, whose presence, weak woman as she was, had been like a shelter and a stay, full of the security and serenity of experience, the sweetness of the household content.

The drawing might be faulty, the coloring streaky, but there again was the family, — those of them who were still going about the streets, and one who on this earth was not. It was a God-given faculty and a loving heart which thus reproduced and preserved the past.

The minister and Jess stood as if spell-bound among the unheeding spectators, and gazed at the image of what they had lost as if it had been given back to them, with inexpressible longing; when, at a start from Jess, the minister turned round and saw his wife's dead face in Sandy's living one, gazing at them in agitation, as they were gazing at the picture. He was in mourning like themselves, but except that he looked older, his brown hair darker, and that his blue eyes were dimmed for the moment, he was not altered, — had as much the air of a gentleman as ever, and had emerged from a knot of gentlemen who were making the circuit of the room and an examination of the pictures with the ease and free-masonry of privileged professional frequenters of the place.

Jess scarcely noticed this at first. Her heart leaped to greet her brother, and at the same time she was terrified lest her father should think there had been an appointment perhaps through Aunt Peggy, and that she had deliberately betrayed him into a meeting with his son; whereas Jess had known nothing even of the picture, had been as much struck by the sight of it as the minister, and had only entered the exhibition on the impulse of the moment when she read its name, determined to pay that mark of respect to Sandy, and with what lurking notion of establishing a communication or provoking an encounter between them she had not dared to tell herself.

Jess was in dread of how the minister would behave to Sandy; she might have known her father better, in his sound sense and old-fashioned code of politeness.

"How are you, Sandy?" the minister asked,

holding out his hand to his son, as if nothing had happened.

Sandy was a great deal more put out as he took the offered hand and shook it, and said in a breath, "I am glad to see you looking so well, father; and, Jess, when did you come to town?"

Mr. Stewart satisfied his son's curiosity with a word, and then it was in entire keeping with the man, that his next words were in indignant reprobation, —

"Sandy, how dared you make your family a gazing-stock on the walls of a public exhibition without even asking their leave?"

"I did not think you would dislike it so much, sir," stammered Sandy. "There are many portraits here. I have not put the names, and I did not fancy the original would be generally recognized. The picture is sold to a friend."

"Sold!" exclaimed Mr. Stewart, with a great increase of anger and a quaver of consternation in his voice: "how could you do such a thing? Who is the buyer?"

"I meant to take a copy, as I could not afford to keep what I believe is the best thing I have done, though I have sold some other subjects readily enough since my return. I dare say I should have altered this, had not the buyer been an old friend. He bought it at my own price the first morning he saw it," Sandy expatiated, with pardonable pride. "He should be a judge of the likenesses, when he is one of your own parishioners. He was here to-day, and yonder he is finding you out — Birkholm."

Misfortunes do not come alone, nor do old friends meet singly. Adam Spottiswoode was delighted to come in this manner upon the Stewarts, and share the pledge of reconciliation which the group implied, — to take it boldly as an omen of other alliances. For Birkholm still hankered after Jess with an inextinguishable hankering, which was beginning to deepen into the glow of true love. In all his experience of life for the last year or two, he had seen nobody yet to come up to Jess Stewart.

People from the same parish of Clovenford, the Stewarts and the laird, encountering each other in the wilderness of a city, were like one family already, and the laird improved the occasion by attaching himself assiduously to the Stewarts, as he would not have had the confidence to do in the Den of Birkholm, acting on the principle that it would be disrespectful to his minister not to join his ranks when they turned up in a public place among strangers, and that in these circumstances he had as good a right to investigate narrowly when the minister and Jess had come, where they were staying, and when they were going home, as if he were as minutely acquainted with the daily routine of their lives when he was at Birkholm and they at Clovenford. And without doubt Birkholm's comely, manly, gentleman-like presence was like a "kind, kenneled face" to the minister and Jess in Edinburgh, however lightly they might regard it in their parish. Jess opened her eyes a little at his attention, but she did not repulse him, and the minister only staggered him for a moment.

"Birkholm, you'll give up that picture; it is mine by a double right?"

The next instant Birkholm was eagerly assuring the minister, "It is yours, Mr. Stewart; do not say another word about it," and accrediting with a throb of triumph that he had earned the minister's gratitude.

The picture was not Mr. Stewart's, however, in

the sense which Birkholm intended at first. The minister would pay him back every pound of his money for it, though it should stint his small purse; and the laird had the wit to see, soon, that if he would stand well with the high-spirited old man, he must refrain from offering him a gift of his wife and children's portraits (as for the minister's own, the minister might not have minded that). Until Birkholm had a title to be painted on the same canvas, he had better be modest in his favors.

Mr. Stewart took another lingering look at the picture after it was his own, and examined Sandy strictly on its removal and packing, a little nettled that it was at the service of the Academy for a week or two longer. Afterwards the minister made the rest of the round of the room on Sandy's arm, freely availing himself of his son's information, and making pertinent remarks, which were honorable to the shrewd criticism of an old prejudiced ignoramus.

Before a picture of "John Knox Preaching to the Regent," not without corresponding fire in the handling, Mr. Stewart stood still again, and commended it warmly. He finished by a more personal admission, worthy of the minister, a half-smile playing over his powerful features: "Sandy, your art is far below the cure of souls, yet I own there is something in it, after all. But it was your mother's face that beat me."

Birkholm accompanied Jess, and saw no necessity for concealing from her what had been his intention regarding the picture; and Jess was not offended, but thanked him softly even when he spoke of a copy, and his project of hanging it opposite the pictures of his father and mother in the dining-room at Birkholm. And if that was not a broad hint, the laird did not know what was.

Jess was so happy — and humble in her happiness — that she could not find it in her heart to contradict Birkholm; and the young laird, not being at all used to his own way with Jess Stewart, and finding it intoxicating, went on at a fine pace. But first he had the grace to tell her how well Sandy was spoken of among artists, of what promise he was held, and to point out some of Sandy's friends who were not like the portrait painters Jess had seen at Woodend; and to say the picture of the family had excited a sensation, and that if Jess and the minister were doubly recognized as two of the originals, and as the sister and the father of the artist, they would have to bear some staring for Sandy's sake. Here Jess's credulity broke down. This statement was more than she could swallow, though she had been devouring the rest, — the notion that though Sandy should be the greatest painter in the land, the minister would be pointed at as Sandy's father!

Next, Birkholm's tongue wagged wildly on his own affairs. There was word of his sister Effie's marriage, — indeed, he might say it was as good as settled, — with one of the Edinburgh writers; and Betsy's captain was with his ship, and Betsy, who was not sailing with him on his present station, was delicate, and wanted Nancy to keep her company in her lodgings at an English seaport, and he would be left all by himself at Birkholm. It seemed he thought no shame of appealing to the charity of a friend, and arrived speedily at direct insinuations that Jess might visit Edinburgh again with him and the minister in a month or two, — after harvest and before the hunting season, — or even might make the present visit serve two purposes, as, where people were of one mind, the sooner "these things" were done the better.

Jess was forced to interpose and put a check on the honest, gallant laird, lest he should come to the point of affronting her by proposing plainly that her stay in town should extend over the Sabbath, and then there would be time to send word to the session clerk and precenter of Clovenford to have their names cried in the kirk, and the minister would celebrate the ceremony on the Monday, without the trouble of wedding clothes or wedding guests, or "riding the broose." "These things," as the laird called them with agreeable, self-conscious vagueness, were thus performed frequently.

The world had awakened to perceive a want of delicacy in the old ostentatious parade and riotous rejoicings at marriages, and had run into the opposite extreme by encouraging couples to steal off and be married in secret,—fine ladies at Richmond, their maids at Chelsea. Half of Jess's acquaintances quitted their homes, not in the accomplishment of elopements, but with the full consent of friends and relatives, and posted in the all but universal white gowns and yellow buckskins, affording no clue to their design, to Edinburgh or some other large town, to be married in the privacy of a crowd.

But Jess Stewart was not so minded. If Birkholm had penetrated her secret, she had arrived at her conclusion with the swiftness of lightning, while mechanically reviewing the specimens of early Scotch art in the Exhibition. Women are seldom at fault when they stumble unawares on the leading transaction of their lives,—they have rehearsed it too often in imagination,—and women like Jess Stewart, never.

"I shall not be back in Edinburgh till the spring," said Jess, composedly, glancing at her black silk pelisse; "I think my Aunt Peggy wants me over at that time," she added, with the duplicity which even a woman like Jess could not resist being guilty of, in the strait. Had she been clear as crystal in this as in other matters, she would further have comforted the laird; "and then, Birkholm, after I have accustomed my father to the thought of not seeing me every day in my mother's place, and have made every provision for his comfort, we will be wed,—but I think on a bonnie April afternoon, in the Clovenford dining-room, where the sound of the healths and the cheering will reach to the kirkyard, as far as my mother's grave. You and me have spirit enough not to be feared at the ringing and firing; we would rather give the folk the play." As to Birkholm, he took the comfort for granted, and did not need it expressed in words.

Birkholm dined with the family at Aunt Peggy's on the dainty early lamb and the mythically-sounding forced potatoes and strawberries,—the stereotyped luxuries of the Assembly weeks in Edinburgh. Aunt Peggy, that estimable and convenient kinswoman, though she had never been in the same room with the laird and her niece before, her eyes probably opened by her hospitality and its good cheer, followed Jess when she retired to prepare for her homeward journey, and folded her in her arms as soon as they were in the best bedroom; called her a fine lass, who had done her duty by father and mother and brother, and enthusiastically predicted her reward. For Aunt Peggy's part, she had always promised that she would give Jess her tea china, and she would take care that Jess had a set which would not disgrace the brass-mounted tea-table of old Lady Birkholm. She would not say but, all things considered, Jess might not count on her tea trays forbye.

Jess and the minister hied home to Clovenford, well supported. They had the willing convoy of both the young men,—Sandy to remain for a month's holidays. He was to inaugurate his picture, and be a witness to all the parish coming to see and admire it, and to the minister never tired of showing it off till he succeeded in discovering subtle touches which the painter had never laid on. "My hand is closed on my spectacles. Jess is bringing in the eggs. She is copying a leaf from her rose-tree in her work. She had the first China rose in Clovenford, and she was very ingenious. It is from his mother he takes his talent."

But beforehand, when Mr. Stewart and the young people returned late in the summer night to Clovenford, and the latter delayed for a moment at the manse gate to take leave of Birkholm and enter into an appointment with him for the next day, the minister walked up the garden path alone to the door. "It is all dark," he thought, looking up in the purple gloom at the quiet little house and the neighboring kirk and kirkyard, on which the morning would soon dawn in midsummer gladness, "where her light should have shone, and she would have liked well to have seen the two lads and the lass come home, and to have got her picture by her son's hand, though she had behoved to admit for once that I had been in the wrong. But who says she's blind? She has gone where faith is sight, and where they know the end from the beginning, and she has her share of the knowledge. I warrant she sees farther than any of us,—to having us all round her again, and her, bonny Jean Clephane, restored to immortal youth. I cannot rightly understand how the lass and the wife and mother can be one and the same; but I am sure it shall be, and that will be perfection. And oh! Jean, woman, when I've sorted and settled the bairns, and done something more for my Master, I will be blythe to go home to my old friend and my young wife."

MANUSCRIPT HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

THE bibliophiles of the present century have seen, more especially since the fall of the first French Empire, the largest and most important part of rare and valuable books taking their way to England; thus, instead of being disseminated in the public libraries of Continental Europe, they are now to be found in English libraries. It happens, therefore, that Continental scholars and antiquaries are constantly in want of information which cannot be got at except in England. Hence arises an ever-recurring demand for literary researches in the collections on this side of the Channel.

When the books or manuscripts wanted are in the public libraries of London, Oxford, or Cambridge, the task of a literary correspondent is easy enough. But if they are in a private collection, it is quite another question, and one by no means to be solved without a great deal of trouble, expense, and loss of time.

On the Continent, time is not money, distances are next to nothing, and anybody at all known as a literary character is at liberty to introduce himself to an amateur of old books, whatever may be the social position of the latter. On the Continent, literary treasures are kept in town residences, and their inspection, rather pressed on visitors than otherwise, is readily available. In England, the best part of the private collections is to be found out of large towns, scattered all over the country, at immense

distances from each other, and cannot be reached but by arduous toil over rail and road, and sometimes in remote corners, where book-worms, not often provided with a carriage and pair, are obliged to tramp, like dismounted knights-errant of old, in search of a night's lodging. Moreover, nobody is admitted in an English mansion, unless properly introduced and provided with the necessary recommendations.

Our friends on the Continent are then carefully warned that literary researches in England impose on their correspondents rather heavy losses of time and travelling expenses, which deserve somewhat more than polite grameracy.

A Roman prince, well known in the scientific world for his learned discoveries in the history of science during the Middle Ages, had sent one of his secretaries to ransack the old books of the public library of one of the thirty-four capitals of the Germanic confederation. In the mean while he was informed by one of his friends in England, that a gentleman of this country was the fortunate possessor of a manuscript, which the prince had vainly hunted for in all the libraries of the Continent, and which contained invaluable information on the subject of his laborious researches. Having written to the gentleman, whom he knew personally, and ascertained that the manuscript was actually in his possession, he received for his secretary full permission to inspect it and make as many extracts as he pleased. He ordered his amanuensis to interrupt for the present his work in Germany, and to repair to London in order to avail himself of the permission granted.

The secretary, delighted to see London, which he had never visited, soon arrived in the English metropolis; but he heard there, to his no small dismay, that Sir John Oldbuck lived in town but a short time during the season, and was to be found during the rest of the year at his country-seat, about two hundred miles farther north, where he kept all his books and manuscripts. The prince was not aware of this fact; and when acquainted with this startling *contre-temps*, considering the distance very little compared with the move already accomplished from Germany, he sent instructions to go forward; the secretary accordingly started on his journey northward, in the uncertain hope of finding the country-seat of Sir John near the railway-station at which he was directed to stop.

Arrived there, our Italian was in the greatest possible trouble to make the definitive end of his journey understood. The station-master at length discovered it, and informed him that Sir John resided in a very retired part of the country, somewhat over twenty miles from the station. However, no post-master would undertake to convey the Italian over the distance, on account of the particularly dilapidated state of the roads, and he would have been obliged to retrace his steps towards London, if a horse-dealer had not agreed, for a very nice consideration, to take him in his gig and put him and his carpet-bag down in view of the mansion of Sir John. On they went, but the roads were so bad, the ruts so deep, that the Italian, nearly jolted to death, and incessantly coming in contact with the unwashed and rough horse-dealer, fairly exhausted his Italian vocabulary of maledictions on English bibliomaniacs hiding their treasures in corners accessible only to birds, and heartily wished that some day a swarm of mythological harpies might alight upon them and spare a future Hercules the trouble

of attempting the conquest of this garden of the northern Hesperides.

However, this flood of rolling curses, being in Italian, fell on the ears of the horse-dealer as on a solid rock. He, perhaps, poor soul, had he been able to understand them, might have been sorely scandalized by the outrageous outpourings of his companion. At length the mansion of Sir John was in view. According to agreement, the Italian was deposited with his carpet-bag on the road to a stately avenue of old trees, and he felt himself relieved from the awful joltings of the gig, and the by no means desirable companionship of the horse-dealer. Was Sir John at home? Would he offer to the weary and sore traveller the hospitality so much wanted? The secretary had now met with so many difficulties, he had so ruthlessly sent his future host to a place not to be mentioned, that, in the hypothesis of an invisible magnetic current between two human brains, he was not at all certain of a kind reception; and, what was worse, as far as his view could extend in the fast coming darkness, he could not see another roof where he could for love or money find a shelter and a tolerable supper.

The mansion was respectable enough, although surrounded by grounds as badly cultivated as they could be, and so covered with decayed trees, untrimmed hedges, and unrestrained undergrowth, that they revealed at once a careless landlord. Our traveller nerved himself to ring the bell, and after a rather long delay heard the bolts withdrawn from the inside, and saw the rosy face of a buxom girl appearing through the half-opened door. Unable to explain his errand in English, the Italian handed Sir John's letter granting permission to visit his library, and was forthwith requested to squeeze himself, as best he could, through the still half-opened entrance.

The secretary's first impression was that such a reception implied a hospitality with a vengeance. But when, according to the polite request of the buxom girl, he had squeezed himself through the aperture, he at once understood the real state of things. The passage was so full of books, heaped in all sorts of queer ways, that actually the door could not be opened more than it had been for himself. Sir John was at home. The secretary was received with the open-heartedness which behooves an English squire. Dinner was on the table, and although there was neither *pasta frolla* nor *mortadella di Bologna*, our Italian enjoyed it more than any dinner he had ever had. The host spoke fluently *la favella toscana*, and the guest, who had felt the impression of being under the incubus of an awful nightmare ever since his arrival in England, was most cheerful when the cloth was removed and Sir John began to talk about old lore with which the Italian was eminently conversant.

All went so smoothly and satisfactorily in the exchange of post-prandial civilities and learned dissertations on mediæval antiquities, that our Italian had nearly forgotten the object of his mission, and did not care a bit where he might have to sleep. Nevertheless, the subject was in due time introduced by Sir John himself, who informed the traveller that he had a nice room for him. "But do you move much in your sleep?" inquired the host, after having imparted this information. "Not particularly," replied the Italian, waiting for an explanation. But Sir John gave none, and merely said in answer, "Then it is all right!" and as the time to go to bed was fairly arrived, he took a light and showed the secretary his way to the bedroom.

The house was full of books from top to bottom. The very passages from one room to another had their rows of presses, moaning under the weight of endless folios and quartos, reminding the traveller of the catacombs of Rome, with their awful array of mouldering bones and empty brainpans. He found himself, indeed, in the catacombs of Thought, a little less dreary than those of his native country, but with an atmosphere loaded with nearly the same offensive smell of decaying matter. The very steps of the staircase were covered with volumes resembling the fallen bricks of a tumbling pyramid. His bedroom had, besides the presses filled to the ceiling, half a dozen huge piles of manuscripts in their wooden bindings, towering high over the iron bed, which had been prepared in a corner.

"*Corpo di Baccho!*" exclaimed the Italian, "I now fully understand the bearing of the enigmatic words of Sir John! I must not move in my sleep! Damocles had only a paltry sword suspended over his head, and I see two hundred heavy folios, bound in oak boards with brass clasps, ready to crush me at the first motion of the bedstead!" The perspective was by no means a comfortable one. Heartily disgusted with his impending fate, the Italian fastened the door, tried the piles of books, which were only kept in perpendicular columns by the law of gravitation, removed the bed as far as he could from the threatening mass towering high above him, and, harassed by the joltings of the horse-dealer's gig, he gently crept into bed with sorrowful misgivings. He had prudently left the candle alight, but after a while found it impossible to forget his position. The book-shelves all around the room seemed to reel before his eyes. When looking above his head, he caught a glimpse of the pillars of Knowledge heaped behind him, he saw their tops moving as if to take a leap towards him. Slipping out of bed with minute precautions, he held out the light, and ascertained that the books had not moved from the perpendicular. Ashamed of his fears, our traveller crawled again towards his couch, and after a manly struggle with his fears, at length contrived to get to sleep. But awful dreams haunted his brain. All at once he fancied himself buried under the weight of gigantic folios; he felt myriads of book-worms issuing from the mouldy boards, at first crawling all over his body, then penetrating through the pores of his flesh to attack his heart with their sharp mandibles. He saw himself pierced through and through like a sieve by innumerable round holes; while his face, of which he was proud enough before, was tattooed with labyrinthian zigzags which a New Zealander might have envied, but which were not yet come into fashion in civilized Europe.

Horror-stricken and unable to endure any longer such deadly torture, our traveller jumped out of bed with so tremendous a bound, that he would have brought down all the books on his head if they had not been steadily poised by their own weight. Thus his fears had been groundless; and it occurred to him that he had perhaps after supper indulged too freely in the powerful drinks poured out with lavish hands by the hospitable Sir John. He therefore ceased to consider his life in jeopardy, but on no account whatever was he tempted to expose himself to the return of the terrible nightmare, by imploring again the favor of the pagan Morpheus. The night was far advanced, his light still burning, so he dressed himself quietly, and found on the shelves before him so many treasures of mediæval antiquity, that he entirely forgot the harassing journey; and

long after the break of day was found by his host deeply engaged in the perusal of a most interesting manuscript of the celebrated Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln, written on splendid vellum, and full of valuable information.

As soon as breakfast was over, the Italian inquired about the manuscript wanted by the Roman prince, and expressed his readiness to commence at once his work. At this announcement, the good and open features of Sir John became decidedly clouded. "I have not been able," said he dolefully, "to put my hand on this accursed manuscript for the last ten days, although I had carefully put it aside for you, and during the whole week I have incessantly looked for it in every possible corner of the house. But you see I am alone here, without librarian or secretary, surrounded by stupid clowns, who know nothing about books; and so many lots are coming every day from public sales, that it is almost impossible for me to find a book, when unluckily it has got on the wrong shelf."

The Italian cheerfully offered himself to help Sir John in the search for the missing manuscript. Alas! it was bound in vellum, like many thousand similar ones in the house; there was no title on the back; the catalogue of the library, a tremendous work, was still merely in embryo; there was, it is true, some sort of methodical arrangement on the shelves, according to subjects; but the scientific books alone filled two good-sized rooms, and a fortnight would not have been sufficient to ascertain the title of each work and fish out the object wanted. To sum up; after hours of useless search, the manuscript was nowhere to be found, and our Italian, in awful dread of passing another night under the roof of Sir John, insisted for taking leave immediately after dinner, and was seen to the station by a neighboring farmer, who took him in a cart far less comfortable than the gig of the horse-dealer. From London the Italian secretary returned to Germany, where, it is said, he carried so vivid a remembrance of the night at Sir John's mansion, that he cannot remain in the dark in a library without feeling a creeping sensation as of book-worms crawling up his legs to feast upon him.

AN OLD SCANDAL IN A NEW LIGHT.

SOME mention has been made in the Court of Probate upon one or two recent occasions of the case of "*Ryves against the Attorney-General*." It may not be generally known that, although the cause has not as yet assumed a very important shape, it involves points of historical interest; and when it shall have come fully before the court, it will, we have no doubt, attract a large share of public attention. The suit is undertaken by a mother and her son, who, though they are now living in comparative obscurity, aspire to the high honor of being recognized as members of the Royal Family. In endeavoring to accomplish their end it will be necessary for them to inquire somewhat closely into the private history of King George III., and many curious incidents must of necessity be brought out by the evidence and documents exhibited in reference to this part of the case; for Mrs. Ryves, the petitioner, asserts that she has descended from the issue of a private marriage contracted by the fourth brother of George III., who was known as Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. The lady to whom the Prince is said to have been married was Olive Wilmot, the daughter of Dr. James Wil-

mot, Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire. His wife, the mother of this Olive Wilmot, was a Polish princess. How much interesting matter it will be necessary to disclose, for the purposes of this suit, respecting the private relations existing between the Prince and Olive Wilmot prior to the alleged marriage it is impossible to say at present; but, as the whole suit hinges upon this point, everything incidental to the intimacy of Prince Frederick and Dr. Wilmot and his family will no doubt be thoroughly canvassed.

But whether this marriage can be proved or not, it is quite certain that it was acknowledged at the time, for the gossips of the period seem to have made it one of their stock subjects, and the daughter born of the marriage was also publicly recognized. It seems, however, that in the course of time the Prince got into a scrape with Mrs. Horton, a sister to the Colonel Luttrell who was afterwards returned member of Parliament by Court influence in place of "Demagogue Wilkes." The Prince eventually married Mrs. Horton, and it became necessary that something should be done to hush up the scandal. The histories referring to the period show that the King about this time would not receive his brother at Court, and it is conjectured, with some show of reason, that the prohibition arose out of the disagreement between them consequent upon this bigamous marriage. The Prince, accordingly, unwilling or unable to deny himself the pleasure of Mrs. Horton's society, and equally loath to be denied the Court, neglected his first wife, who afterwards died in France. He also consented to a proposal that his daughter should be brought up in ignorance of her parentage until the scandal had died a natural death, and certain distinguished personages had died too.

When this had been settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, save those who, if the story be true, had been most grievously wronged, the marriage of the Prince with Mrs. Horton was allowed to pass without interference, and it is this Mrs. Horton who has continued to be acknowledged as the only and childless wife of Prince Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. It is easily conceived, that an arrangement such as that which, it is said, was come to between the Prince and the King was not concluded without some writing, and it is asserted that several documents were signed touching the legitimacy of the daughter of the Prince and his wife, *née* Olive Wilmot. These documents, it is further asserted, were witnessed by more than one minister of state of the period, and carefully preserved at the King's request. They were ultimately committed to the care of certain eminent persons, upon whom a solemn obligation of secrecy was laid, until the happening of certain events, which have long since occurred. The names of all these persons will, we have no doubt, be made known, in the course of the proceedings before Sir J. P. Wilde.

The case has already been before the public, not only in courts of justice, but also in Parliament and by petition to the Royal Family. The first petition to the Crown was made in 1819, and the last in 1858. In 1861 Mrs. Ryves, then sixty-four years of age, obtained a decree against the Attorney-General establishing the marriage of her father to the lady to whom we have already referred as the daughter of the Duke's first marriage, and the chief object of the present petition is, as we have already stated, to establish Mrs. Ryves's descent through this lady from Prince Henry Frederick,

Duke of Cumberland, proving her as the daughter of the Duke of Cumberland.

The case was brought forward by Sir Gerard Noel. He moved for a declaration of the truth of statements he had presented, and was very earnest in the genuineness of the statement, announcing that he "had no royal personage" to whom he would continue to refer. It was proved and declared by the Select Committee of the House of Commons that day seemed to be a declaration of Mrs. Ryves's descent, but also to the acquisition of the Civil List. Sir Gerard Noel "had always believed that every member of the royal family was upon the Civil List, and was a member of the royal family quite sufficient for."

The present petition was filed in the Court of Chancery, under the Legitimacy Declaration Act of August last, and the case has been set down for hearing by a special jury; but a series of delays have caused it to be put off for another three months. An application for an adjournment was made on Tuesday, the 27th of February, by Mr. Bourke, on behalf of the Attorney-General, and opposed by Dr. J. W. Smith and Mr. D. M. Thomas on the part of the petitioner. The Attorney-General desired delay because he had just come into possession of a number of documents which could not be arranged in time for the trial. These papers, the petitioner asserts, are simply copies of certificates furnished by her or her mother to the Sovereign, in company with petitions concerning the claims we have referred to. A significant observation was made by Sir J. P. Wilde on Tuesday, when he granted the application for postponement. He remarked that it was an important case, — an important public case, — and all information bearing upon it that could reasonably be obtained should be produced in court, and, when tried, it should be tried once for all.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MADAME DE CASTELNAU requests the French Academy to direct its commissioners to examine with the aid of the solar microscope the animalcules to which she attributes the development of cholera, and specimens of which she offers to place at their disposal.

MESSERS. CASSELL's subscription list for the English edition of Gustave Doré's famous Bible illustrations has been an extraordinary one. The first impression has been almost entirely absorbed, and the booksellers of London alone put down their names for nearly 30,000 copies.

A SHORT time since, a little brochure was issued in Paris, price fifty centimes, giving a history of the popular subscription in Paris to the Lincoln Medal. From this we learn that it is intended to present the Medal to Mrs. Lincoln on the 14th of next April, the anniversary of the assassination. The brochure is entitled "La Medaille de la Liberté," and contains, besides the narrative and correspondence in relation to the medal, a biography of the late President.

THE original manuscript of Humboldt's "Cosmos" has just been presented to the Emperor Napoleon by M. Buschmann, Royal Librarian, and member of the Berlin Scientific Academy. This very valuable collection consisted of five immense volumes in quarto, containing the corrected sheets from which the first edition of the work was struck at Baron Georges de Colla's printing-office at Stuttgart. The Emperor has sent the MS. to the Imperial Library, as he conceives that so valuable a gift ought not to remain in any private collection.

GALIGNANI mentions that a bottle was fished up out of the Seine at Paris a few days since. It was lying in contact with the side of a steamer engaged in conveying goods between Paris and London, and contained a narrative, written in English, signed J. Griffith, of Manchester, of a shipwreck said to have taken place on the coast of Iceland. The bottle is supposed to have attached itself to the packet during a passage across the Channel.

MR. FREDERICK HUTH, the well-known London book-collector, who purchased at the sale of the late Mr. George Daniel's library the celebrated unique collection of seventy black-letter ballads, printed between the years 1559 and 1597, for £750, is about to reprint them in a single volume, as his contribution to the members of the Philobiblon Society, and that the impression will be very limited, and only for private distribution. A more important addition to our collection of old English poetry can scarcely be imagined, whilst to the student of English philology the book will have a value beyond all price.

In a paper lately published in the *Archives des Sciences*, Professor Leuckart states that the brilliant spots grouped with more or less regularity upon certain fish of the group *Scopeliniæ* are really accessory eyes. The existence of more than a thousand such eyes in a vertebrate animal is quite unexpected. They are distributed over the hyoid apparatus, and on the head and belly, where they form two rows, which are parallel. Herr Leuckart bases his opinion upon the anatomical structure of the organs known as spots, these having really the form of little cylinders, the anterior part of which is occupied by a spherical body like a crystalline lens, behind which is a sort of vitreous humor.

THE *London Review* says: The very curious library of the late Edward Higgs, Esq., which Messrs. Sotheby have just sold, contained some exceedingly rare books. Amongst them was a copy of that all but unique volume, "Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain," written and printed by Benjamin Franklin, when a journeyman in London, in 1725. The book was somewhat atheistical, and, although the author issued it privately, he was ashamed of his performance directly he had completed it, and resolved forthwith to destroy the edition. It is supposed that not more than two copies are in existence.

A TERRIBLE story reaches us from France of an unfortunate writer in fiction—M. Ponson du Terrail—who has been condemned to pay a fine of 1,000 francs for having made his landlord figure in one of his works under the name of Grapillard. What would English novelists think of this? There is hardly one who is not popularly believed to have indulged in sketching off the peculiarities of friends. Mr. Dickens has indeed in one instance admitted

the charge; and some of Mr. Thackeray's readers, justly or unjustly, are ready to point out the originals of plenty of his characters. The temptation to sketch a living subject is undoubtedly strong; and perhaps no writer of fiction, unless he is content to construct characters on abstract principles, can altogether avoid it. But think of paying for this luxury at the rate of 1,000 francs a man! exclaims the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Fancy Mr. Disraeli compounding at that rate for the Rigbys, the Vivian Greys, and Sibyls of his salad days of literary fame! Successful novel-writing is generally believed to be profitable; but it could hardly be expected to bear that.

THE only deficiency Mr. Gladstone has shown as leader of the House of Commons, is a deficiency of memory. On Thursday week he spoke of the Princess Helena as having been the "eldest unmarried daughter of the Queen" at the time of the Prince Consort's death, though all the gossip of the time was of the comfort given to her mother by the Princess Alice, who was not married till many months later. And on the same night he forgot Sir Robert Peel, in enumerating the Prime Ministers to whom a statue had been erected in Westminster Abbey. He repaired one slip on the same evening, and one on the following evening. But both were odd slips of memory, and there would be even more reason for forgetting who is the present Prime Minister than either of them, though the mistake would be more serious.

MRS. M. MIGGS, of Bouverie Street, writes to the *Times* correcting Mr. Gladstone upon a question of historical accuracy. Mrs. Miggs says: "Being myself a mother, although I do not wish to speak severe of Mr. Gladstone, as would be ungrateful in one of a class has to thank him in regard of tea and sugar, still, truth is truth, and having read in the *Times* daily newspaper to-day that he should say Princess Helena were the eldest unmarried daughter at the time of the demise of the great and good Prince Consort, beg to say that if you will look in 'Dod's Peerage,' which one of my lodgers have left here, but not the rent, will see that the late prince's loss occurred the 14th of December, 1861, and that the dear Princess Alice Maud Mary, whose conduct at the time were generally spoke of with admiration and love, were married 1st of July, 1862, and I think that right is right."

IN France, a dead body must be buried within twenty-four hours of decease, and a petition has recently been presented to the Senate praying that the time should be enlarged to forty-eight hours. Cardinal Donnet supported the petition, mentioned several cases of premature interment, and related a story which produced a profound sensation. A young priest, in the summer of 1826, fainted in the pulpit, and was given up for dead. He was laid out, examined, and pronounced dead, the bishop reciting the *De Profundis*, while the coffin was preparing for the body. All this while, and deep into the night, the "body," though motionless, heard all that was going on in an agony of mind impossible to describe. At last a friend, known to the "deceased" from infancy, came in, his voice aroused some dormant power, and next day the corpse was again preaching from the same pulpit. The sufferer was the venerable cardinal then telling the tale, and, in spite of official resistance, the Senate voted that the petition should be referred to the Minister of

the Interior for action. The idea of the French authorities is, that, as the living and the dead are among the poor forced to remain in the same room, interment cannot be delayed; but twenty-four hours is a horribly short space of time in a country where it is not sufficient to produce any symptom of corruption.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Athenæum*, writing from Rome, says:—"An interesting novelty has sprung up amongst us, in a city where all our surroundings are of the olden time. Miss Edmonia Lewis, a lady of color, has taken a studio in Rome, and works as a sculptress in one of the rooms formerly occupied by the great master Canova. She is the only lady of her race in the United States who has thus applied herself to the study and practice of sculptural art, and the fact is so remarkable and unique that a brief sketch of her life, given almost in her own words, will, I am sure, be acceptable to the wide circle of your readers. 'My mother,' she says, 'was a wild Indian, and was born in Albany, of copper color, and with straight black hair. There she made and sold moccasins. My father, who was a negro, and a gentleman's servant, saw her and married her. I was born at Greenhagh, in Ohio. Mother often left her home, and wandered with her people, whose habits she could not forget, and thus we her children were brought up in the same wild manner. Until I was twelve years old I led this wandering life, fishing and swimming,' she added with great glee, 'and making moccasins. I was then sent to school for three years in McGraw, but was declared to be wild,—they could do nothing with me. Often they said to me, 'Here is your book, the book of Nature; come and study it.' From this school I was sent to another, at Obolin, in Ohio, where I remained four years, and then I thought of returning to wild life again; but my love of sculpture forbade it. Some friends recommended me to go to England, but I thought it better first to study in Rome.'

"And here she is, the descendant and member of a much-injured race, struggling against ignorant prejudice, but with genius enough to prove that she bears the image of Him who made all nations under the sun. Whilst her youth and her color claim our warmest sympathies, Miss Edmonia Lewis has a very engaging appearance and manners. Her eyes and the upper part of her face are fine; the crisp hair and thick lips, on the other hand, bespeak her negro paternity. *Naïve* in manner, happy and cheerful, and all-unconscious of difficulty, because obeying a great impulse, she prattles like a child, and with much simplicity and spirit pours forth all her aspirations. At present, she has little to show; she appeals to the patronage and protection of the civilized and the Christian world. There is the cast of a bust of Colonel Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment that was ever formed, and who died 'a leader for all time in Freedom's Chivalry.' The bust was executed from a photograph, and now, as a commission from the sister of Colonel Shaw, is being transferred to marble. Another commission is a bust of Mr. Dio Lewis, I believe of New York. Her first ideal group was to be executed under promise for some gentlemen in Boston, and, in the true spirit of a heroine, she has selected for her subject 'The Freedwoman on first bearing of her Liberty.' She has thrown herself on her knees, and, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, she blames God for her redemption. Her hair is

norant of the cause of her agitation, hangs over her knees and clings to her waist. She wears the turban which was used when at work. Around her wrists are the half-broken manacles, and the chain lies on the ground still attached to a large ball. 'Yes,' she observed, 'so was my race treated in the market and elsewhere.' It tells, with much eloquence, a painful story."

MR. J. PARNELL sends the *Reader* the following observations touching Chinese mirrors: "A Chinese mirror consists, as many of your readers doubtless know, of a plate of white metal, polished on one side, and embossed, sometimes with letters, always with representations of birds and trees, on the other. Some, but only a few, of these mirrors possess this property: if a beam of strong light, such as that of the sun or of the electric or oxyhydrogen lamp, be allowed to impinge upon the polished surface of the mirror, and to be reflected upon a screen, a bright image of one or other of the raised letters upon the back of the mirror can be seen in the patch of light produced. A short time ago my attention was drawn to this fact, and I was informed that the cause of this phenomenon was not known. I beg your permission to lay the results of my investigation of the subject before your readers.

"I obtained the use of one of these mirrors, which possessed the property in question, in order that I might examine it. The polished surface was not plane, but very slightly convex. On observing the image of the glass globe of a gas-burner, as the mirror was slowly moved so that the reflected beam came to the eye from that part of the mirror on the back of which there was a raised letter, I saw first a depression on the edge of the image, followed by an excrescence which lasted for a short time only, and then another depression which gradually disappeared. Now these effects would be produced by, first, an increased curvature, then a plane surface, followed by another increased curvature, and ultimately the ordinary convexity of the mirror.

"This observation, combined with the fact that the appearance of the image of the letter upon the screen is *bright*, suggested at once the solution of the problem. Those parts of the mirror which are immediately in front of the raised letters do not possess the same convexity as the rest of the surface, but are more or less plane. It would seem as if the mirror, in cooling, had warped into a convex form, with the exception of those parts in front of the raised letters, which, by pressure, in all probability, had been forced to retain a plane surface. As a further proof of the truth of this explanation, I may mention this fact. A few days ago, I went to an antiquarian shop in Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Church, and inquired for a Chinese mirror. I was shown four, all of them being so tarnished that, independently of the dulness of the afternoon, I could not examine them directly for this particular property. Two of them appeared to be plane mirrors, these I at once rejected; of the remaining two, one appeared to be more convex than the other, and this I examined by cleaning the surface over one of the raised letters, and observing the image of an object, as seen by reflection in the mirror; distortions, similar to those which I have described, were plainly visible, and I at once purchased the mirror. On subsequently trying the effect of a beam of powerful light, reflected from it upon a screen, the image of one of the letters became distinctly visible."

"EVERY one," says a foreign journal, which by accident I have just laid hands on, "knows that the famous Nelson was blind of one eye. Few, however, know, we believe, the cause of this misfortune and the place of the accident. Moreover, biographers and encyclopædists differ on the subject. The *Biographie des Contemporains* and the *Dictionnaire de la Conversation* assure us that it was before Calvi, in the Island of Corsica, when he commanded the *Agamemnon*, which formed part of the squadron of Sir Charles Stuart, that Nelson was struck by sand and gravel in the eye. The *American Cyclopædia* and *Appleton's Cyclopædia* declare that the accident took place in the waters of Bastia. They both advance an error which we are happy to have it in our power to rectify, at the same time bringing to light an act of courage and boldness altogether unknown on this side the Atlantic.

"About the year 1780, Nelson cruised in the waters of Spanish America, with the official object of taking soundings in this part of the New World, but really for the purpose of opening up in the country new channels for English commerce, then under a ban, and to do the Spanish colonies all the possible injury he could. In the execution of this duty, Nelson arrived at the mouth of San Juan de Nicaragua, mounted the stream in flat-bottomed boats filled with sailors and marines, and came within sight of the fort San Carlos, the goal of the expedition. With an energy and activity which were salient points in his character, he took the necessary dispositions to carry the place by storm. The Spanish garrison, trembling with fear, even before the first shot was fired, refused to fight and abandoned the defences, resolved to evacuate the fortress. The governor, seriously ill, was unable to offer the least resistance to this cowardly determination. Fortunately, the governor had a daughter in whose breast beat the heart of the immortal heroines of Saguntum and Numantia.

"Doña Rafaela Mora rushed to the ramparts; at a glance, and with a clearness of comprehension worthy a consummate soldier, she surveyed the situation. She saw the guns pointed and charged, but without any one to serve them, the wall dismantled by their defenders, and the English flotilla, at some cable's length, advancing resolutely. Her decision was taken in an instant. Seizing one of the lighted matches which had fallen from the trembling hands of the fugitives, she applied the torch to all the cannons pointed towards the stream. Her success surpassed all expectation. One of the balls struck the boat in which was the commander, who, wounded in the left eye by a fragment, fell back into the arms of the sailors. The flotilla, deprived of its chief, descended the stream as fast as oars could impel it, and regained the ships, which immediately after quitted those coasts. The Fort San Carlos thus escaped certain capture; Doña Rafaela covered herself with glory, having saved the honor of her father, as well as that of the Spanish arms; and Nelson was blinded.

"The narrative of this deed, perfectly authentic, is preserved in the archives of the town of Granada,

in the State of Nicaragua, the present president of which is Don Thomas Martinez, a descendant of the heroine. Doña Rafaela behaved like a soldier: she received a soldier's reward. A royal decree named her captain on active service, and conferred upon her the right to wear a uniform and insignia. An annual pension was also granted her."

PIO'S NO—NO!

"Travellers visiting the Pope's dominions should be very careful not to bring forbidden books or Colt's revolvers with them, the custom-house officers having strict orders to confiscate them, and it is not always possible to recover them after the owners have left the Roman States. Forbidden books are those condemned by the Congregation of the Index, books on religion or morality in general, political and philosophical works of every description, and more especially Italian religious tracts published in London. But, above all, travellers should be careful not to bring English, Italian, or other Bibles with them, the Bible being strictly prohibited." — MR. ODO RUSSELL to LORD CLARENDON.

"FROM our dominions we exclude —
(*Urbis et orbis Papa vindex*) —
All Colt's revolvers, and that brood
Of Satan — books named in the Index.

"Books on the Church (St. Peter's mystery),
The State (St. Peter's principality);
Books upon politics and history,
Books on religion and morality.

"Tracts, one and all, but chief therein
Such as are in Italian written,
And printed in that seat of sin
And hold of heresy, Great Britain.

"Above all, ye, of every nation
Who seek the sacred soil of Rome,
Be warned, if ye'd 'scape confiscation,
Your Bibles must be left at home.

"No matter what the tongue or text is,
By whom translated, when, or where;
The Bible upon no pretext is
Allowed to pass St. Peter's Chair."

Wise Pope — that Peter's seat guard'st well,
'Gainst heretics' invasion free —
With the dove's innocence how well
The serpent's wisdom shows in thee!

While Popes remain doubt's sole resolvers,
Sole founts of truth, sole whips of sin,
What use in keeping out revolvers,
If Revolution's self's let in?

What all the Colts that e'er exploded,
All Garibaldi's guns and swords,
To the live shells, time-fused and loaded,
Between the plainest Bible boards?

What Revolution into ruins
So like to hurl St. Peter's Dome,
As God's word gauged with Papal doings,
The Bible face to face with Rome?

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

[No. 14.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE is something dreadfully uncomfortable in the feeling with which one reads the recent debate in the French Senate on the report of the committee on a petition by Dr. Cornol, for an extension of the *Code Civile* in the matter of ante-burial ceremonies. The French law is exceedingly tiresome in all that relates to the conveyance of corpses from one place to another, and indeed in everything connected with death, so that if an Englishman is by any misfortune charged with conducting the last rites for a friend or relation who has chanced to die in France, he will find it about the most annoying piece of business he has ever had anything to do with. It is nothing of this kind, however, against which Dr. Cornol has petitioned, for in all probability a Frenchman accustomed to paternal government may not feel its solicitudes in season and out of season to be so much a *gêne* as a less profusely governed man does. The law requires that twenty-four hours shall elapse between death and burial, and the minimum thus fixed Dr. Cornol declares to be not nearly sufficient, — a declaration which he supports by numerous instances of suspended animation, showing that he has good ground for his opinion that a large number of persons are annually buried alive in France. No subject would provide a more ghastly theme for the pen than this, and there is a fascination about it against which men like Edgar Poe have not been proof.

The whole question is in itself sufficiently striking, but a dramatic effect was produced in the Senate when the matter was brought before that body, such as very few assemblies in the world have had an opportunity of witnessing, — an effect which might have appeared in one of the elder Dumas's more dashing and improbable novels, but would certainly up to this time have been held to be scarcely legitimate in ordinary works of fiction. M. de la Guéronnière, in presenting the report, argued against the petition, and proposed to shelve it by the technical motion to proceed with the order of the day. Thereupon his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux rose and expressed his dissent from the Vicomte's conclusion. In the first place, he declared that the precautionary regulations of the law were very frequently evaded in practice, but the strength of his argument was, that even if strictly carried out they were wholly insufficient. He had himself, while yet a *curé*, saved several lives about to be sacrificed to the indecent haste of survivors. He had seen a man taken from his coffin and restored to perfect health. Another

man, of advanced years, had been already put in the coffin, and yet lived for twelve hours after. Moreover, he had performed in his own person a miracle such as would have given him a good chance of becoming a canonized saint had he lived in the Middle Ages, when people believed in the continuance of miraculous power. He had seen the body of a young lady laid out for dead, the attendants covering the face as he entered, but allowing him to observe so much as convinced him that the maiden was not dead, but slept. Thereupon, with a loud voice (how Scripturally it runs), he cried out that he was come to save her. He adjured her to feel convinced that by an effort she could shake off the lethargy which oppressed her, and could return to life. His voice reached her numbed sensations, she made the effort, and has lived to be a wife and mother. This very remarkable account throws light upon the miracles of early times. Thus when Empedocles, the philosopher, got the credit of restoring to life a deceased woman (see the story told by Diogenes, Laertius, and others), there can be little doubt that the person whom he saved was suffering under one of the various forms of *coma* to which all nations have given so many different names, and to which we ourselves in common parlance, rightly or wrongly, do the same. It is as well to add, in passing, that, although this remark might apply equally well to the case of the damsel whom the words "Talitha Kumi" brought back to life, that miracle was only one out of a very large number, to the majority of which no such explanation could apply.

But his Eminence had a more striking instance to adduce. A young priest fell down dead, as it was supposed, while preaching in a crowded church on a sultry day, about forty years ago. The funeral bell was tolled, the doctor came and examined him in the perfunctory official style, much in the same way as the two inspectors at Hull examined the fatal six hundred head of diseased cattle in three hours and a half, and certified that he was dead, all in the dead man's full hearing. Then came the measuring for the coffin, the *De Profundis* recited by episcopal lips, accompanied by the intense agony of one who was conscious of the preparations that were being made for his own burial. At length some one present spoke, whose voice the dead man had known and loved from very early years. A chord was touched which galvanized the frame, the corpse rose up, and became once more a living soul. Such stories are to be found in many story-books, and probably few of the Archbishop's audience were not familiar with something of the kind as the result of their reading at an age when the marvel-

lous and the horrible have a peculiar fascination for the mind. But there was something in the speaker's manner which led them to suppose that it was no ordinary tale that was being told in their presence, and they hung upon his further words: "That young priest, Gentlemen, is the same who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

It is satisfactory, really, to run such a story to earth. We have never felt quite clear about the truth of the dreadful stories that are told of facts observed, and the horrible suggestions of unknown terrors to which these facts give rise. Every one has heard of the lady whose ring tempted a servant to violate her tomb, and even to endeavor to bite off the finger from which it refused to be drawn, the shock of which brought back the dead woman to life and consciousness. And there is that ghastly scene where corpses are laid out in full dress, with wires in their hands connected with bells, so that the smallest motion of the muscles would summon an attendant. And a tale is told of a corpse suddenly rising up from the bed on which it was laid out, terrifying the watcher so that she fled half-fainting, and the reanimated body was left without assistance and once more died, this time completely. The horrors of being buried alive are so manifest and manifold that it is almost unnecessary to point out how such a death has been reserved as a punishment for the direct offences only. Vestal virgins with broken vows and nuns convicted of unchastity are among the most ordinary examples, their offence being held to be the most heinous conceivable under the peculiar circumstances of their position. And the ancient Goths, *teste* Blackstone quoting Fleta, buried or burned alive indiscriminately for a peculiar crime, *peccatum illud horribile inter Christianos non nominandum*, as the reticence of the English law styled it in indictments.

Calmet, in his dictionary, states that so did the Jews, and in the earliest edition of his work is an engraving of the procedure, among those horrible engravings of ten or twelve sorts of punishment inflicted by that nation, of which many remain even in the later editions, such as putting under harrows of iron, and scraping with claws of iron, and hurling from the tops of towers. Nay, so lately as the year 1460, a very barbarous period, the punishment of burying alive was inflicted in France upon a woman named Perrette Mauger, who had been convicted of many larcenies and was buried alive, by order of the Maire d'Estouteville, before the gibbet in Paris. So at least the "Chronique Scandaleux" says in one of its opening paragraphs, though an English version of that curious piece of history reads *burned alive for enfouye toute vive*. And at Ensbury, in Dorset, there is a tradition that many years ago a man was put quick into the earth as a punishment, buried up to the neck, a guard preventing any from rescuing or feeding him till death relieved him. The Irish rebel, Shane O'Neil, used to get right after drinking himself drunk with usquebaugh by a like process, being placed upright in a pit and covered with earth to his shoulders, by which means, says Holinshed, his body, being "extremely inflamed and distempered, was recovered to some temperature."

There are several very remarkable instances, or

supposed instances, of burial during suspended animation to be met with in history. One of those which attracted great attention long ago was that of Duns Scotus, known as the Subtle. Bacon has given the story of his death an existence among us by stating that Scotus was buried while suffering from a fit to which he was subject, in the absence of his servant and of all who knew that such fits were periodical with him. The story, as told by Abrahamus Bzovius, is to the effect that when his servant returned, he at once declared that his master had been buried alive; and on opening the vault, the corpse in *gradibus mausolei devoratis manibus repertum fuisse*, which it is as well not to construe. The Brother Lucas Waddingus, in the third book of his Annals, argues, much to his own satisfaction, that this could not possibly have been the case, and for the sake of the Subtle Doctor we are fain to agree with him. The same sort of story is told of Boniface VIII., the enemy of Philip of France, though in the hands of the fiercer Ghibellines, it took the form of determined suicide. The old annals state that being buried alive *extrema manuum devorasse, et caput ad parietem elisisse*; but in Tosti's Life it is stated that, at the exhumation of the body, more than three hundred years after, (Boniface VIII. died in 1303,) it was found whole, without any marks of violence. The most dreadful story of all is that of the Emperor Zeno Isaurus, so famous by reason of his Henoticon, who was subject to attacks of *coma*, and while undergoing one of these attacks was put in the mausoleum by his wife, Ariadne and kept shut up there till he died, although his cries could be plainly heard by the attendants. It is evident, from comparatively ancient and from modern history alike, that the possibility of persons being buried alive has always been before men's minds, and the French Senate has wisely determined to consider the petition of Dr. Cornol.

KALAVARDA.

ABOUT eight o'clock A. M. on one of the numerous Greek *fête* days, a motley crowd was assembled in our street, — solemn Turk, careless Greek, obsequious Jew, our cavass with important bearing, Greek women with kerchiefed heads and queer little bundles of children in their arms, bronzed muleteers with whip in hand, standing by their sturdy mules whose headbands of shell-work had a gay effect.

A bright morning as usual, and a cheery party preparing to start for Kalavarda, our sumpter mule in front laden with all sorts of things, including my crinoline, carefully secured in a bag. The little people were gathered round to watch our going off, Primrose on my knee, on mule-back till the last moment. Away we went on clumsy country saddles that baffle description; away through the narrow streets, friendly faces, kindly voices, wishing us good speed.

Leaving the town behind, erelong we entered on a narrow winding path, huge overhanging rocks obliging us to bend low on our saddles as we slowly passed beneath them; such unshapely rocks that seemed as if a touch could hurl them on our heads. On the hillside to our left, and down into the sea on our right, were scattered those enormous conglomerate blocks which have been detached from the parent rock during some of those fearful earthquakes with which this island has been so often and so fatally visited.

The sun became intensely hot; but a pleasant breeze from the sea prevented our being altogether stifled.

A new scene awaited us in the beautiful vale of Trianda with its fertile gardens and fine trees all around, olive, fig, mulberry, terebinth, and the myrtle with its glossy leaves, giving us welcome shelter from the burning sun.

The church at Trianda is simple, the village picturesque, many of its houses dating back to the time of the Knights. Almost every house has a graceful little turret attached to its upper story; handsome women looked out from the windows, laughing children stood in the door-ways, bunches of bright red pomegranates hung high on many of the cottage walls. Being a *fête* day, brought out the good villagers in their best; they stood smiling as we passed, while a forlorn Turkish woman, who had crept out to meditate in her garden, seeing our cavalcade approach, hastily pulled her yashmac over her face, and waddled away, taking care, however, to secure some parting peeps at us. Trianda might be called the Brighton — the Portobello — of Rhodes, if one can compare those busy watering-places to a spot where the railway-whistle is replaced by the muleteer's "um—um—um—um," and where the postman's knock is unknown.

After passing the village of Kremasto, where plump fowls were sunning themselves at the cottage doors, the ruins of an ancient knightly castle, and Villanuova, founded by Helion de Villeneuve, one of the grand masters, we alighted, spread a Turkish mat, and lunched beside a sparkling fountain, under the friendly shade of a magnificent platane-tree. As it was a fast-day, the muleteers had a humble repast of watermelons and bread, the mules feeding meekly near them. Beside the fountain were grouped many villagers, fine men, good-looking women and girls, whose brilliant kerchiefs were placed over their heads and fastened under the chin in a homely style; little boys with glittering teeth and sparkling eyes. Almost all those villagers had the same type of countenance. Most of the women and girls had gorgeous African marigolds in their dark hair. They brought us fresh figs and golden marigolds; the former we ate, the latter we women fastened, village fashion, in our hair, and thus bedecked, again addressed ourselves to our journey.

On, on through long desolate plains, hills rising afar-off to our left, the tideless sea to our right. Now and again, one of those blessed roadside shelters — vaulted stone buildings, with a fountain, generally, at one end, and ample room for wayfarers to rest awhile — brought this verse to my mind, — "And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain." Isaiah iv. 6.

Occasionally we met a few peasants mounted like ourselves. At one place, a country woman joined our party for an hour or more. Herds of cattle sheltering themselves under the spreading Valonia and gloomy Carouba, bore a great resemblance to the Alderney breed; but I doubt their possessing the thirty points of a good Alderney. The pasturage was wretched. A strange sound broke the silence. Looking round to the left, we descried at some distance, on the ground, great gray vultures, and hovering in the air were more of those ominous birds of prey. What brought them to that lonely spot?

On we journeyed, by grotesque olive and gnarled juniper trees, by rose, laurel, and wild mastic, on

by solitary cottage nooks with their green patch of garden, over dry watercourses that make rapid brooks in the rainy season, on by the little village of Tholo or Soloas,* where we were thankful again to dismount, and rest under our neighbor's fig-tree. A peasant woman, in a dress of thick white calico, brought us water to drink, for which we paid. Our broad straw hats were scarcely shelter enough from the intense heat of the sun, as we continued our route by barren brown wastes, by parched shrubs, and plants that love the sea-shore. At a turn of the road, we came upon a little brook, almost hidden by a clump of old trees. Here we watered our mules with bent heads, as the straggling branches threatened to carry off our hats at least.

The rest of our party had gone by boat to Kalavarda, and occasionally we had a glimpse of the caique beating against the wind.

In the early part of the day we passed the lepers' huts. Those unfortunate people have a few wretched cottages, and a garden by the wayside, and are kept apart from the rest of the world. On passing, one of our party placed a few pieces of money on a little Greek altar at the end of the path leading to the cottages. As we moved away, a leper stole timidly to the spot for the little offering. Standing in the garden, and dressed in rusty black, another of those miserales, a woman, stood gazing at us, as we rode slowly on. God help them! there is no Saviour on earth now to heal them with a word!

In misgoverned Rhodes, little is done to help the poor and wretched. Unhappy island, where of old stately forests, waving corn-fields, and fruitful orchards filled the land; where Phœnician ships floated in the ports, where Greek temples crowned the hills, and where the great men of Rome delighted to retire for study and repose. With the knights of St. John died away the lingering glory of Rhodes. The inhabitants, faulty though they be, — and who would lay the whole burden of blame on them, with their illiterate priesthood, their grasping rulers? — have no inducement to better their lot by cultivating their fields, by engaging in commerce, by the introduction of anything that would improve agriculture, or encourage manufacture. A spirit of enterprise, a love of industry, immediately calls forth for fresh taxes, for fresh exactions and injustice.

Thus does the Moslem trample on the people, and ruin the land he conquers, and thus does he lay the foundation of his own ruin, ere many generations pass.

As we drew near Kalavarda, the church-bells welcomed us with a joyous peal, and bright-eyed women and smiling children gathered round, and accompanied us over the *braes*, and across a broad torrent-bed, that must make a noble river when the rain falls, till we alighted at "Les Baraques." You must come to Kalavarda ere you can realize its peaceful beauty, its freedom from care and world-engrossing vanities. "Ici on ecoute le silence."

Nestling beneath a picturesque hill, where sweet-scented herb and luxuriant shrub vie with each other in decking its rugged side, are two small wooden houses, a draw-well, a tent, a hammock suspended beneath the branches of an old fig-tree, and an iron stove in the open air. Overshadowing this primitive house are noble platane and fig trees; a

* Théologos is the proper name, so called. Guérin tells us, from the theologian, St. John the Evangelist, to whom the church here is dedicated.

gigantic vine, after twisting round the platane and clambering up the hill, has found a resting-place round the trunk, and among the branches of a stately pine-tree that overlooks the principal *baraque*. You know this is the country residence of our good friends who are making excavations in that neighborhood. The rest of our party had not arrived; it was getting dark and the wind was unfavorable. One of the workmen told us the boat was approaching. After refreshing ourselves with strong coffee, we sallied forth to meet her, across arid fields, where prickly plants tore our boots, and scourged us unmercifully, making us do penance whether we would or no. There is neither pier nor landing-place at this point. As we scrambled down to the shore, a striking scene met our sight. Huge crackling signal-fires, throwing an unearthly light around; myriads of sparks and clouds of dust making us retreat to the windward side; groups of villagers, a Greek priest among the rest, with high cap and long cloak, gathered round the fire. The church-bell again sent forth its voice across the hills; the waves broke crashingly against the beach; dogs roved about and barked wildly; the excited people talked loudly and gesticulated. The boat was coming in!

But it was long of coming! We stood watching it making its way slowly towards the beach; the unruly waves disputed its progress inch by inch.

Our friends had left the *barque*, and were now rowing towards us in the little boat. Pietro, the head workman, a stalwart man, with a fine Italian face, swam boldly into the sea, and catching a rope from one of the sailors, fastened it round his waist, and, in defiance of surf and wind, gallantly drew the little craft ashore. Imagine the shouts of welcome from the people, the glad meeting of our party!

The signal-fires roared and blazed; the waves, unheeded now, murmured hoarsely, and somehow prickly plants had more mercy on us as we wended our steps homeward.

Ten pleasant days I spent at Kalavarda, — a charming gypsy life, a life of freedom and of peace! In the early morning, ere the sun had risen high with "fervent heat," the view from the hill-tops was splendid; the blue sea, with white-winged caiques, tiny fishing and sponge boats, dancing over its glittering waters; the bold gray mountains of Anatolia; the sterile isles of Symi, Halki, and other sister islets, dimly seen in the distance; the lofty mountain of Taiyros, the Atabyros of the ancients, frowning afar off; rugged brown hills; broad plains stretching far away; herds of cattle seeking for pasture; mules laden with firewood; here, a falcon chasing its prey; there, broad-winged pelicans on their way to the south. Strange birds winged past me; strange trees waved their branches in the morning air; strange flowers nestled at my feet. And the glorious pine-trees, — those regal evergreens, whose aromatic perfume and soothing melody filled the air! One could have listened by the hour to that unearthly music, sung of old by the poets, and altogether different from the sound made by the wind among other trees.

Sometimes of a morning we took our books and work, and, crossing over the heights till we came in view of the site of Camirus, seated ourselves under a spreading juniper-tree. Here we had breakfast or luncheon, — Schelling, the Flemish servant, sending everything up in the nicest order and well cooked, with a *carte* of the viands, spelt according to his notions of orthography. Virtue, — so her

name signified in Greek, — the wife of one of the workmen, in short white gown, and red scarf round her waist, brought us our luncheon, and did messages for us. She had her needlework, too, — embroidering, in bright colors and neat pattern, the border of a home-woven, strong, white cotton petticoat. Often, while we were at our midday meal, the workmen came and offered us olives and gherkins, and water from their skin bottles; these bottles they hung on trees in the shade. While we talked and worked, we watched the workpeople busy at the excavations, which I leave to abler pens than mine to describe.

One day, after sitting for some time in the sun, by the side of a tomb where the men were at work, my head ached so violently I was obliged to leave the spot and rest under a tree. Half an hour's sleep removed the pain, and warned me to avoid the noonday sun again. One morning, when the men were excavating, I saw taken from the grave of a Phœnician woman a small round bronze mirror, with a short handle. It had been placed beneath her head, as was the Phœnician custom. There lay the skull and the rust-eaten mirror, more than two thousand years old. Beside them stood people of many a race and many a clime, — from east and west, from the sunny south and far northern shores. Beckoning to a Greek workman to accompany me with a spade, I carried that skull and two others to a green bank under a shady tree, where the man dug a little grave, and there I buried them with their faces turned to the sea they loved so well. The foreheads were low, and the heads small.

Some of the excavators were Turks, others Greeks; a negro, a Mahometan, ate apart from the rest. Of an evening, this tall African, in the gaudy colors so dear to his race, used to seat himself under a fig-tree in the court, and eat his solitary meal.

Clear and sparkling, and almost hidden in the nook of a wooded ravine, between the sea and the Phœnician and Greek burying-ground, was a well of exquisite water. Good water is so scarce in many parts of the island, the discovery of a spring is hailed as a blessing. I call this spring the Tamerhinda Well, in memory of my friend Madame S——'s love for that sweet-scented flower of her native Egypt.

The juniper-trees grow luxuriantly, making quite a leafy tent; their berries are quite different from those of the juniper-tree at home, being large and brown, and tasting somewhat like a medlar. In the fields around were many of the tiny ant-lion traps, ready to entrap any unwary insect that might venture near them.

From the hill one morning we saw the Pacha of Egypt's yacht pass, *en route* for Alexandria. The village supplied us with good dark-colored bread, — the top strewed with sesame seeds, — fresh eggs, and the best of honey. Our sugar having come to a low ebb, we sent to the village for more; no sugar was to be had there, but one poor woman begged our acceptance of five lumps, all her little store.

Of a Sunday morning the Kalavarda villagers, and others from a greater distance, came and sat in the court, inspecting all our movements. Some of the women, bolder than the rest, came and peeped into the windows; and one, with bare head and necklace of gold coins round her throat, actually walked into the house, and would have poked into every corner, had she not been summarily sent away.

We visited the village church, whose bell began

to ring as we drew near; the bell was presented to the people of Kalavarda by Mr. S—, and this is why it is always ready with its voice of gratitude when any of his family or friends arrive. The church is good, its floor of gray and white mosaic stone-work, so common in Rhodes and the other islands, which gives a clean, gay look; some of the patterns are prettily and ingeniously done. Our hall and summer-house in town are paved in a similar way. The Rhodiote villagers vie with each other in trying to see which will have the best church; and as the inhabitants of each village are always ready to help either in the transport of materials or in building, the expense of constructing a church is not really so great as one would suppose.

We had seats in front of the café, and being a *fête* day, groups of villagers gathered round as usual to stare at us. The café is kept by a gigantic Albanian with a bad countenance. He served us with excellent coffee. A stately girl passed, dressed in blue, bearing a jar of water on her head, and slightly supported by one hand. Her expression was pensive, and every movement graceful; she might have stood for a Rebekah. Another *fête* day found us in one of the best houses in the village, where dancing was going on right merrily. Men and women crossing their hands, formed a circle, and, beating time heavily with their feet, performed a monotonous dance to monotonous music. One man led the dance vigorously, snapping his fingers and keeping time. Most of the women were dressed in strong white calico, the border of their petticoats, and sometimes their jackets, prettily embroidered in colored silk; their heads were kerchiefed, gaudy colors predominating; strong black or red shoes, and no stockings. Many of them wore ornaments, and had flowers in their hair, — a red scarf round the waist. Very short-waisted and somewhat unshapely most of the women were; their teeth were superb and white as snow, fine eyes, and good feet and ankles.

The men wore the usual Greek dress, and some of them had also a flower stuck behind the ear. In the midst of this circle was seated the musician, jingling zealously on a small wooden lyre. Beside him stood the *improvisatore*, singing loudly, and making grimaces. A few of the men in the circle took up the song, which they sang verse about. Some of the verses were thus translated to me:—

"Fourteen young girls are seated under a fine tree,
The most beautiful among them is chosen to crown the
tree with flowers."

"A young girl sits beside the king and spins cotton,
Other girls come and throw perfume round her."

Then they sang of the pleasure the villagers have in the dance; of the village maidens, with their beautiful eyes and pretty dresses. And they sang, too, of the strangers who were present, and wished them bright and happy days.

At Symi the dances are more varied, and the people dance better.

Many of the women present were taking care of their children; every one of the little creatures had something attached to his or her cap to keep away the evil eye, — a shell, a cross, a sprig of garlic, or some equally efficacious protection.

The large room in which this village ball took place served as bedroom, kitchen, reception-room, and all. In one corner was a raised platform, piles of cushions at one side to make *shake-downs* for the family. The furniture was very simple, — a large wooden chest, a clumsy dresser, and a few chairs.

In another corner were several sacks of cotton, and a weaving apparatus; the village families grow and weave their own cotton. A partial partition at one side of the room contained the primitive quern, jars of wine, water, and provisions. Over the fireplace and round the walls were arranged quantities of earthenware jars and plates of common brown crockery. Among those homely dishes was an antique plate of Lindos china. This rare and quaint china was made at Lindos some three hundred years ago, and specimens are still to be had in that ancient city. It is a good time to buy Lindos china immediately after an earthquake, as the people will then sell it cheap in their anxiety to make something of it ere another earthquake comes and destroys the little store they have left.

Over a few embers in the fireplace was a little iron tripod, the hot hearth, oven and stove of those simple villagers.

The Rhodiote villagers will not take a mate from any village but their own, thus causing constant intermarriages. The inhabitants of Kalavarda are descended from two families who settled there ages ago. On our way homewards, some of the dancers presented us with fruit and flowers. An old blind man coming slowly along the road with a bunch of tobacco-leaf in his hand begged some one to prepare it for him. A neighborly old dame sat down by the wayside to arrange the precious weed, while the man standing in the middle of the road, and, opening his mouth to its fullest extent, began a nasal chant, more startling than agreeable. All the people sing through their nose.

On the *fête* day of the Emperor of Russia, we went to one of the churches in Rhodes, where all the singing and chanting was nasal.

The archbishop and bishops were in gorgeous robes, the priests in picturesque costume, the mosaic floor strowed with evergreens. It had altogether a fine effect, if one could have been deaf to the singing! In the Greek churches, the men and women sit apart, as they do in the Temple church. The Rhodiote priesthood is extremely illiterate; some of the priests, I am told, can neither read nor write, and can only repeat the prayers. The people in consequence, poor souls, are ignorant and superstitious, their fast-days forming the chief part of their religion. To eat meat on a fast-day is a deadly sin, to pick an employer's pocket a trifling offence. There is no end of fast-days; you want a washer-woman; it is a *fête* day, she cannot come. You want a workman, the same excuse offers. Any man may be made a priest. The peasant who is tilling the ground to-day may minister to the people to-morrow.

I was amused by hearing a peasant express a strong wish to become a priest; one thing alone deterred him, — his love of dancing, and a priest should not dance!

The priests are poorly paid, and labor in the fields like the rest of the peasants. Most of the peasants have a field of their own which they cultivate, and it descends from father to son. Oxen are employed for the cultivation of the land. After collecting the taxes in one of the villages, some time ago, the tax-gatherer proposed a new exaction to requite him for his trouble in coming so far to collect taxes, and finished his *duty* by carrying off some fowls belonging to a poor woman. Having a spirit of her own, she made such an outcry that the fowls were got back, at least the value of them was returned.

We saw a beautiful meteor one evening, — it

glided over the *baragues*, and disappeared behind the great pine-tree.

How beautiful those days were by the sea-shore! where not a sound broke the silence, save the "eternal murmur, the everlasting psalm" of the sea. On the hillside those moonlight nights, when the wind and the pine-trees made sweet music together, and every fantastic bush seemed to take a human form.

We were alone one evening, and *eerie*, for the men had not come back from town, and stirring stories of the Zeibecks and their barbarous doings helped to make one remember that the house was not very secure, and that one dog was ill, the other too small and youthful to be of any service. There was a loaded gun, but in the hour of need who could use it?

If a Zeibeck had come and frightened us, my letter would have been more interesting; but, honestly, nothing save a platane branch rustling against the roof, or a solitary rat scampering below the floor—the *baragues* are on castors—disturbed our rest that moonlight night.

The Zeibecks are robbers and murderers, who infect the mountains of Anatolia. Like the ticket-of-leave man, they have their intervals of apparent respectability, and are sometimes employed as servants or *cavasses*. A Zeibeck proves a faithful servant to his master, though he may not think it a crime to rob any one else, should a convenient occasion occur. I was told of a Zeibeck servant, whose employer trusted him with large sums of money, which had to be conveyed to different places. He never wronged his master a farthing!

Those men will not injure any one who has broken bread with them; they profess the Mahometan religion, say their prayers at the appointed times, fast at the Ramazan, and commit robbery and murder when opportunity offers. They wear a peculiar dress: short trousers reaching to the knee; very short embroidered jacket and waistcoat; elaborately-worked greaves, and strong shoes; an extremely high cap; the sash or waistband about half a yard wide. Thus equipped, two men passed our house in Rhodes one afternoon. They had been to the Konak for a passport, where they astonished the officials by not knowing one word of Turkish; they could only speak French. The bewildered authorities were amazed to see Zeibecks who could not speak *their own mother tongue*. They were taken to the French consul, where the enigma was solved. They were respectable European merchants, who, being obliged to travel through a wild part of Anatolia, had donned the Zeibeck dress as a protection.

Among my recollections of Kalavarda, I must not omit special mention of Schelling,—the *factotum* of *les baragues*, the most handy of servants.

One morning, having prepared breakfast in an incredibly short space of time, he exclaimed, in triumph, "*Voilà Schelling qui n'est jamais embarrassé!*" Another evening, when he was going off to meet some of our party who were out in the boat, he placed his hand on his heart, and assuming an attitude, exclaimed, "*Ayez confiance en Schelling.*" Another time, after clambering up to the loft to look for something, he turned round from his perch, and said gravely, "*Quand il y a quelque chose à faire, il faut appeler Schelling.*"

Tears, smiles, odd phrases in French, English, German, and Flemish, were always at his command. On coming to Rhodes, he candidly told his mistress that he was betrothed, so that she might have no anxiety on account of her female domestics.

Years may go on, other countries be visited, and other scenes pass before me, but Kalavarda, with its memories, will never be forgotten. The sunny mornings, when Madame S—— and I sat at work within the tent at home, or under our leafy canopy over against Camirus; the cheery evenings, when, gathered round the lamp, stores of information were kindly tendered to me by my hospitable and gifted friends. There I learned fully to appreciate the search for knowledge and truth; and there I listened to many a story of beautiful Egypt, with its holy associations, its noble river, and its far-famed Arab race.

IN THE DARK.

I WOULD N'T have been Robinson Crusoe, not for five hundred a year and no slack. It's all werry well being your own foreman and master, and so on, but then such a life to my mind's like a well-flagged deal board just made ready for flooring. You've been over it, and touched it well down with your jack-plane, and finished off with your trying-plane, and there it is,—or ought to be, if it ain't,—scamped just like a bit o' satin, every knot just like a smooth brown eye, and every bit o' grain standing out as if polished; but then turn it over, and it's all as rough, and shaggy, and splintery as can be. It's all werry well being master and gauger, but then you has to be journeyman and laborer into the bargain. But that ain't it so much, for I would n't give a clout nail, let alone tuppence, for a feller as can't turn his hand to anything in a push; it's the lonesomeness of the thing.

I expect it's not liking to be alone made me get married; and I must say that now there's an old bird at home, and five little ones in the nest, I ain't werry lonesome there. How they do open their precious young beaks, and what a sight o' stuff it does take afore you can persuade 'em to shut again! But I ain't grumbling about that, mind, and I hope I never shall. However, as I said afore, I don't like being alone, for it puts me in mind of a werry lonely time; but I do like having a mate come in for an hour's chat, and join me over a pipe and a pint of half-and-half in a quiet sociable manner, same as you have to-night, Dick Smith.

That's a good trying-plane o' yours,—the one you had in the shop to-day,—but I never did see, and don't suppose I ever shall see, such a tool as one I lost about four years ago,—leastways I did n't lose it, for I sold it; but it was a loss, for all that. Fine sound bit o' beech as ever you saw; while as to the iron, there was never a better bar o' stuff came out o' Sheffield. Just show it the ile-stand now and then, and knock it up to the right set, and then—whish! wish!—the shavings would seem to run off a board as fine, and thin, and soft as—as—well as shavings, you know.

I sold that plane for two shillings, and the next week I'd have given five to get it back, but was gone again, and I've never set eyes on it since. You see, nothing looks worse than for a man to be parting with his tools; and when you see a fellow doing of it, he's either one as is n't worth his salt, or else he's werry hard drove.

Now I suppose I do make my salt, mostlings, or else I should n't have been two years in this shop; but about the time I told you of, I was going to part with one o' my tools, so you may suppose that I was hard drove. It don't matter where it was, but it worn't a hundred miles from Gray's Inn Lane; and,

after being out six weeks, I was took on, and got my order to be off with a lot more down into Surrey, where there was a cottage army, as they calls it, a-building.

I slips off out o' the yard, ready to bust with the good news, and I was at the bottom o' the lane and across Holborn in no time; and in less than that I was down our court where we lodged, and up two pair o' stairs, and into the room before my wife had time to hide what she was doing of.

"Hooray, mother," I says, "took on!" and then I stops short; for though I would not let her think I knew she had been having a good cry, it all at once struck me that I should be setting her off again; for I'd engaged to go down into the country for a month certain, and I should have to leave her behind, — so I stops short.

"O father!" she says, "I am thankful; for I don't know what could have gone next."

We had, somehow, then got into the way o' call-in' ourselves "Mother" and "Father"; and so she said she did n't know what could have gone next; and I'm sure I could n't have told her, for a many of our things had gone about that time; for what with no work, and a long spell or two o' sickness, we had to make a good many visits to a certain relative, as I'm sure every honest, hard-working man hates the werry name of.

And now I ain't speaking fair, for I said we had to make a good many visits; but it warn't we, for I'm blest if I wasn't such a coward myself that I dare n't go, but stopped sneaking at home, and let the wife go instead, which worn't at all manly, says you; no more it worn't.

Howsomever, when she said that, I knew that something must go; and I felt so light-hearted with the idea o' that work that I made up my mind to go myself, and wrapping my old favorite plane up in a red handkercher, I slips out into Fetter Lane, where our uncle lived. Off I goes, full swing, as if it was all right, and with my mind made up to run right in, pawn the plane, and, then let the missus have the money, and make shift till I could send her some more; and then what with thinking about having to tell her I was going into the country, and about how soon the foreman would let me draw something on account, if I did n't shoot right past the shop.

"Don't turn back yet," I says to myself, "or people will think there's something wrong." So I walks right on, and gets into Farringdon Market, and makes a bit of a twist, and comes back again, meaning not to miss it this time.

There it was, — three golden balls hung out, and a window full of everything one could find a name for; workmen's tools and watches, silk handkerchers and silver spoons, flutes and fiddles without any strings, pistols and telescopes, — the one to make a hole in you, and t'other to look at it with, — glass decanters and tooth-drawers, pincers, rings, and chains, and ear-rings, and musical boxes, and composing-sticks; but there was n't neither a smoothing, nor a rebate, nor a moulding, nor a jack, nor a trying plane in the whole window; and I cut by as hard as ever I could; and, "Tom Scott," I says, "you're a fool! You've come to the wrong shop!"

All at once I pulled up, and pretends to be looking in at the fishing-tackle shop, and stood there a-talking, as it were, to an old stuffed Jack that was a-staring at me with his yellow eyes, and his mouth wide open and full of hooky teeth, that would let anything go in, but precious little come out again;

and then, somehow or another, it seemed to me as that great stuffed jack, or pike, or whatever you call it, was a sorter imitation o' that precious relation as I came out on purpose to see.

"Ah!" says I, "and we poor chaps is the gudgeon as he lives on. And a precious gudgeon you are, Tom Scott, — six feet high, fourteen stone weight, and humbugging yourself, and pretending all sorts o' gammon, because you ain't got enough stuff in you to go in like a man to pawn that plane. Tom," I says, "I'm ashamed of you! Take it home again, and ask the missus to do it for you, and don't be a humbug and say you got to the wrong shop."

And so I gave it him — that's me, you know — hot and strong for about five minutes, and then I felt better.

"Don't be a donkey," I says; and then I hugs the plane up tight, and walks on; but I'm blessed if everybody did n't seem to know where I was a-goin', and kep' staring at the red handkercher, when they would n't have took a bit o' notice if I had carried the plane in my hand, open like.

"Now for it," I says; for I'd made my mind quite up, and meant business, when I meets a policeman, and he looks at me, and I looks at him; and I don't know how a chap feels that has stolen a plane, but if he feels half as bad as I did that afternoon, why, the sooner he turns honest, and earns the tool instead, the better for him.

I knew I was a fool to mind, and kep' telling myself so; but it was n't no use, bless you, for before I'd got a dozen yards past the policeman, if I did n't turn round to look, and, as a matter of course, there was he turned round too, and staring at me. Talk about a look! why, his eyes went through me like mortice chisels in a door jamb!

I turns round again, and scuffles on, meaning to rush into the shop. "Now for it," I says again; and I believe I should have done it, if a chap had n't have come out at the same moment, with his hand in his pocket chinking some money, and we nearly ran against one another, and started back, for he knowed me by sight, and I knowed him, through having worked a few benches off one another up at Cubitt's.

We just nods, and he was gone like a shot; for he knowed I could tell what he'd been in there for, while, of course, I put it to you, now, I could n't go in then, could I? On I goes ever so far up the lane, and then back once more, and this time, although I knowed everybody was looking at me, I blunders right into the shop, slips off the handkercher, and bangs the plane down on the counter.

"Lend me five shillings on this for a week," I says; and two or three people in cupboard like reaches round to see who made such a noise; but as there was four or five more people in the place, nobody takes any more notice o' me, and there I stands, hot and savage, till a skinny little chap with a penholder across his mouth, like a bit, because he was vicious, comes up and turns my old plane over, and then he mumbles as well as he could for the pen, —

"How much?"

"Twelve and six," I says; for I thought he meant what did I give for the plane.

He gives it a push and shakes his head, and I was just going to speak, when I feels a hand on my shoulder, and looking round, there was the policeman I met, and he says, —

"Where did you get it from, my man?"

"Bought it," says I, in a regular flurry.

"Where?" says he.

"Charing Cross," I says; and, to make a long story short, I had to let him walk back to my lodging with me, and see my basket of tools, and then he only seemed half satisfied; while half an hour after I roused up and went out, quite savage, swinging the plane in my hand, and sold it at a marine store shop for two shillings.

It was hard work to comfort the wife when she knew that she was going to be left alone; for "O Tom," she says, "the poverty's hard enough to bear without having to be separated." But I promised her that I'd take a lodging, and get her down with me as soon as I found the work likely to last; but next morning at breakfast I saw more than one tear drip into her teacup.

But it was a bright morning, and I'd been doing all I could to cheer her up; for I was n't going to start till nine; so I gave young Tom a treat, — washed his head for him, and rubbed on the soap till his little nob was all white.

"Now sloosh, faryer," he says; and I slooshed him, and never got the soap once in his eyes, nor yet up his nose, which was n't surprising, seeing what a little chap he was then, and no nose at all to speak of.

Well, at last I had my tool-basket ready, and a hammer through the handles to swing it over my shoulder. There were three clean aprons inside and some odds and ends I should want; and then there was nothing else to do but say good by. But there, I won't tell you about it, for she took on a great deal, as it was the first time I had been away from her.

"You will write, Tom?" says she.

"Why, of course," I says.

"And I've put four sheets and some envelopes in," she says, "so that you need n't write on the back of the sandpaper with your pencil, for it's so hard to make out."

And then, after five minutes' silence, I bolted out, and would n't look behind till I was out of the court.

Why, of course I was sorry to leave her behind; and I went along with my heart feeling as heavy as a lump of lead, and everybody I met looking dim and weary, which I should think must have been indigestion, or something of that kind; but it soon went off, and the clear sunshiny morning seemed to brighten one up, till I felt so hearty and cheery that I was ashamed of myself, for I felt as though I ought to be miserable, like I knew the wife was at home. But there we were, several of us, along with carts full of scaffold-poles and material, and before long we were out in the open country.

Out in the open country — God bless it! — with the birds twittering in the trees and hedges; the blue sky overhead, with now and then a light cloud slowly sailing across; the soft wind smelling that delicious, that we opened our mouths and drew in great long breaths, as though we should never be tired. There were flowers everywhere, — lilac, laburnum, and may; orchards full of pinky apple blossom; while as to the green of the fields in the golden sunshine, ah! it was a sight to men who had been cooped up in close London courts, without knowing where the next day's bread was to come from!

Out in the open country, with fresh beauties at every turn! Why, we were like so many boys, running by the carts, larking, shouting, and making regular fools of ourselves, which must, of course,

have been owing to the light, free air. I've heard talk of prisoners, and sick men, and their delight at being out once more; but they could not have felt happier than we did, out in the open country, on that bright May day.

Every now and then, though, something dull would keep coming over me, and I was n't sorry when it did; for what business had I to be so happy and cheerful, knowing how miserable I had left some one at home? But so it was; and the bit o' blackness wore off, and I was as lively as the best of them five minutes after; for, mind you, it is n't money as can give the real gladness of heart.

Well, we got down to the place, and the work went on merrily. The foreman was a good fellow, and made me one or two little advances; and as there seemed to me to be work for a good three or four months, I began to look out for a little place where I could bring some one down to; and a comfortable lodging I soon found, made all my little arrangements, and sent a letter up with a post-office order inside, so that some one and the two little ones could come down comfortable next day but one.

Every one, I dare say, has his own fancies; and I don't mind telling you one o' mine. I don't know any one thing so satisfactory as driving a nail home. You make a small hole with your bradawl; in goes your nail; and then, tapping gently at first, you go on by degrees, until the head gets nearer and nearer, and at last is driven right into the soft deal board.

Not much in it! says you. Perhaps not to your way of thinking; but every man to his trade, and, you may depend upon it, in every trade there's a similar feeling. I've seen blacksmiths laugh as they pegged away at their iron; the old cobblers grin as they drew the wax-end tight; the painters wag their heads as they laid on the flattening; and something o' the same kind in most trades; and it's only reasonable that it should be so, for a fellow would not be much of a workman if he did n't love his craft.

Well, I was busy driving the nails in a piece o' boarding, thinking all the time about the missus coming down, when I makes a false stroke, hit the nail o' one side, and it flew up and caught me right in the eye.

Talk about agony! No one knows what I suffered, for in a short time the inflammation spread from one eye to the other, and I was quite blind, so that I had to be led home to my lodging. Perhaps you know what a bit o' dust, or a lash, or anything o' that kind is in your eye; you know the pain and worrying it gives you; so you can think what I suffered — a great, tall, stout fellow — as I lay turning about, with the sweat dropping off me.

Doctor came, and did all he could. Next day came, and the pain seemed easier. Next day after that came, and a letter saying my wife would not be there for another day, and some one had to read it to me, for everything was black as night; and at last, worn out with pain and lonesomeness, and the horrid fear that I was to be a blind, helpless man, I turned over upon my face, and stopped there till the pillow was quite wet.

Yes, I know it was the act of a child; but I felt one then, as I thought of the bright light of God's sunshine gone from me forever; that I should gaze no more upon the loving face of my own wife, and that the merry, bright eyes of my little ones would sparkle for me no more. That I should henceforth grope about in the dark, seeking, like that sorcerer

in the Testament, for some one to lead me by the hand. That I, the great man of bone and muscle, should be in a moment stricken down helpless, to be henceforth a burden to my poor wife, and we — poor people.

It was the act of a child, I know; for, with an exceeding bitter cry, I lay there and sobbed miserably, while every tear smarted and burned like melted lead running over my eyeballs. O yes, it was the act of a child, and I knew that I was now as helpless as the weakest. How I lay and thought of poor blind Samson, and pitied him! How I called to mind those with sightless eyeballs whom I had often passed by uncaringly; and how I thought and thought what could I do for my bread in the long, long night that now seemed my future.

"In the dark! in the dark!" I kept on groaning to myself as I lay; and then I thought of the past time, and of how great a blessing I had thoughtlessly enjoyed; and then the thought came to me of other blessings which never seemed blessings before, for being mostlings short o' money, I always thought myself hard used, and growled more than I need have done. And at last of all thinking and suffering, my head seemed to get hot, and I turned delirious, — half mad, you know, — and went on terribly, I suppose, till two days after, when I seemed to wake up in the dark, and lay still, thinking and wondering where I was, till I heard a noise as of some one moaning, and I calls out, "Who's there?" I knew who it was directly, for I just heard the one word "Tom" sobbed out, and then there was an arm under my head, and tears falling upon my poor sightless face, and such tender, hopeful words whispering to me, as made my heart swell and beat; and I felt that, come what might — come sickness, come sorrow, blind, or able to see — I had some one to lean on, and to lead me by the hand.

We were werry quiet then, and I lay on my side trying to look through the black darkness at that dear old face that I could feel close by me, as some one kneeled down by the bed-side; but no, I could not see it with my eyes, though I could with my heart. And then she stopped sobbing, and talked of hoping for the best, and of how the eyes of the blind had been opened, and that perhaps my affliction might, by His help, yet be removed. And so we talked and talked, and she said that we would sorrow no more about it, and then how much she could get by needlework, and all on so hopefully, that I seemed to brighten up; but only for a few moments, for I knew what a dead, helpless burden I should be. And then she must have seen my face working, and, poor lass! she broke down herself, when I said she had better have been left a widdier.

At last, in the quiet o' that little room, not a sound to be heard but the twittering o' the birds outside the window, I said, in better hope, some words with her, as she knelt by me, but we got no further than "Thy will be done."

Dick Smith, I never knowed how much love, and tenderness, and gentleness there was in this world until I groped about it in the dark. I'd been bitter, as many a disappointed workingman, and railed at my betters; but now, in the midst of my trouble, I learnt that I had walked all my life in the dark, stumbling about, and not seeing the blessings that were spread around me. We never knew want during that dark month which we spent in that pleasant country place, where my wife led me about

amongst the sweet spring flowers, while everybody had a kind and loving word for me. The governor allowed me half wages, and somebody did needlework, and they used to pay her double and treble, and send me all sorts o' things, so that we were well off. Then the doctor came every day, and told me I was n't to fret about it, for he hoped I should get my sight yet.

One day I sat trembling in my chair, with the doctor operating, — not trembling at the pain, but for fear he might have been deceived; somebody stood there, too, holding my hands, for she had got leave to be present. All at once there was a bright flash of light, and then I felt my head swim, and I fainted dead away, for I could not stand up against the swelling joy that burst upon me.

As keen a pair of eyes, as ready a pair of hands, and as willing and hopeful a heart as I hope are to be found in any workshop in England, Dick Smith; and I'm a humble and thankful man for it. But, Lord bless you, I has my fits of ill temper when things goes three-cornered; and then Patty comes and whispers — God save her — in my ear, when the sun shines again, and I think of old times before my accident, and say to her, —

"Eyes shut, Patty. I was in the dark!"

MODERN PORTRAIT PAINTING.

A NEW life of Reynolds, the great English portrait painter, can hardly fail to awaken more than common interest at the present time, when good portraiture is at once very rare and very highly prized. It is not, however, our purpose in the present article to criticise the work of Messrs. Leslie and Tom Taylor,* which has now been for several months before the public, — we only venture to give expression to some thoughts suggested by the subject, bearing upon the art of portraiture in England in the present day.

Reynolds is rightly looked upon as the most complete and brilliant of our native English portrait-painters. By the force of his genius he not only struck out a new path for himself in the country where Holbein, Antonio More, Vandyke, and Lely had lived before him, and had left so many of their master-works; but he made himself their compeer, and was able fearlessly to place his pictures in competition with the best examples of Venetian and Flemish art, and to extort from adverse criticism the admission that, whatever his technical deficiencies might be, they were more than compensated by the manifestation of a grace and purity that no portrait painter had exhibited before him.

The English school still looks to Reynolds as its founder, and the exhibition of his pictures marks the time when art ceased to be an exotic plant in England. The school he founded was naturally based upon his practice rather than upon his teachings; and few students probably paid much heed to his exhortations, or attempted to walk in the footsteps of Michael Angelo. The practice of Gainsborough also helped to direct the attention of the rising school to portraiture; for his exquisite feeling for color, his taste and refinement, were only fully brought out in his portraits, which rivalled, in some respects, the masterpieces of Reynolds. The influence of these two painters predominated for many years over that of Hogarth and Wilson, their great

* Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

contemporaries in figure painting and landscape; and to this day portraiture continues to be, in spite of its decadence, the most popular branch of art in England.

Portrait painting has always been, and, as long as the national character remains the same, will continue to be, a necessity in England. When we had no native artists, we invited the most accomplished painters on the Continent to take up their abode with us; and our country houses contain a rich collection of portraits of Englishmen by those Dutch and Flemish masters who were domiciled amongst us, as well as of the rarer portraits of princes and burghers by Titian, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Vanderhuyt, which it has been the object of so many great proprietors to possess.

In the display of miniatures at South Kensington, comprising specimens of the art as it existed amongst us for more than three centuries, and reflecting as it does the kindly affections or the innocent vanity of generations passed away, we have another proof, if evidence were wanting, of the absolute craving that exists in this country for portraiture of some kind, — good if it can be had, bad rather than none at all. We cannot live without it. The grandest portraits in existence were undoubtedly painted on the Continent, by the great Italian and Spanish artists; — kings and princes, knights and ladies sat for them; but England is not the less the true home of portrait painting. We love to look at the portraits of our distinguished and historical Englishmen, even more than to read about them; more than this, we must have the likenesses of our fathers and mothers and sisters, and we are not sparing of encouragement and money to the painter whose canvas shall at once speak to our affections. Portrait painters who would have starved on the Continent have attained position and fortune in England.

Yet, in spite of all the encouragement given amongst us to this branch of art, portrait painting has gradually but certainly declined since the days of Reynolds and Gainsborough. These masters, indeed, can hardly be claimed as modern painters. Reynolds especially, though in every sense an original artist, was drawn by the force of sympathy into the company of the old masters. If we could see his "Mrs. Siddons" or his "Duchess of Devonshire" in one of our Royal Academy exhibitions, we should at once feel how little our portrait painters have in common with him or he with them; yet so great was the influence of his example and success, that his manner was adopted by his immediate followers, and the portraits by Romney, Hoppner, Opie, Jackson, and Raeburn derive their excellences, and also their defects, from a reverential following of his practice. There was a certain breadth and force in their works, and especially a luminous flesh painting, the result perhaps of greater technical knowledge, which is conspicuously absent in the pictures of Lawrence and his successors down to the present time.

The advent of Lawrence was unfortunate for the cause of British art, and particularly damaging to portrait painting. A highly gifted and accomplished artist, he became the slave of fashionable caprice and vanity. The proof of his powers may be seen in such works as "Pius VII." and "Cardinal Gonsalvi," which in the finer elements of portraiture have never been equalled since; but generally speaking, his portraits, when compared with those of Reynolds, are but hollow masks of faces. His studio became a vast manufactory, of which he was not

competent to assume the direction; that is, he had not the power, which Reynolds possessed, of making the work of his assistants his own by the force of a vigorous understanding and a few hours of well-directed labor. His brilliant capacity was impaired by the empty idolatry of the fashionable world which thronged to his painting-room; he vitiated the taste that Reynolds had created, and he founded the worst school of painting we have yet seen in England, in which affectation and emptiness reigned supreme, and which was happily destined to be destroyed by the first thoughtful student who should denounce its meretricious conventionalism, and proclaim the study of Nature as the only safe ground of practice.

The state of portrait painting is, it must be admitted, better than it was forty years ago. The imitators of Lawrence have disappeared. Earnest students, like Watts and Boxall, have done much to restore and elevate the practice of this difficult branch of art: it is now apparently advancing with the general progress of the school; and while fully admitting, upon the whole, the fairness of the criticism applied to the portraits in every succeeding exhibition, we shall probably find that, though immeasurably inferior to those produced by Titian, Vandyke, and Rembrandt, they hold their ground as well, when compared with these masters, as the works of our figure and landscape painters do when they are put in comparison with the masterpieces of Paul Veronese and Nicholas Poussin. The production of a grand portrait is one of the highest efforts of the human mind. Among all the painters who have ever lived, only the greatest have succeeded in fixing upon canvas the impress of the soul, as well as the features of the individual man or woman: and these are just the works that are priceless, that possess an undying interest for the learned and unlearned of each succeeding generation, far beyond that created by all the Martyrdoms and Assumptions that have ever been painted.

There has been very little intelligent criticism written upon the portraiture of the present day: that which passes for it in the columns of the daily press is, for the most part, but a mere sweeping denunciation of all modern portraits alike. As an example of the penny-a-line style that passes for criticism, we may quote from a morning journal, which enjoys the reputation of being well-informed upon all subjects connected with Art, a sentence at the close of two columns devoted to a notice of the last exhibition in Trafalgar Square, in which the portraits are thus introduced and dismissed: "The portraits are more obtrusive than ever; they scowl and grin and leer from every corner." We need not stop to inquire whether a sentence like this would be tolerated as criticism in any continental journal; rather let us consider the assumptions of better informed critics, whose dicta are received by a public too careless to question their accuracy, and adopted at once as self-evident truths.

The most plausible suggestion which has been offered to account for the inferiority of modern portraiture has been set forth by the accomplished critic of the *Times*, and loudly echoed by many of those who deplore the present condition of this branch of art.

It is asserted that portrait painting should not be given over to a special class of painters, but that it should rather be the occasional practice of serious subject-painters, who have studied the art of painting in its widest scope. By painters of this order,

it is urged, portraits would be painted with greater knowledge and with higher aim; the most famous, the noblest, and the most beautiful models only would be represented on canvas, and photography might be left to reproduce the countenances of the mighty commonplace world who invade and disturb the serenity of our exhibitions.

This suggestion, which at first recommends itself as pointing directly to the cause of our weakness, and to the remedy which may remove it, will be found, on very slight examination, to be based on a fallacy; while any attempt to act upon it would prove to be utterly impracticable. Even admitting for a moment that commonplace ladies and gentlemen would be content to leave statesmen and soldiers and court beauties in the hands of one or two historical painters, remaining satisfied themselves with the tender mercies of photography, it is not true, as a rule, that the best portraits have been the exceptional productions of historical painters, and not the every-day work of painters who have made portraiture the special branch of their practice. The claims, indeed, of Da Vinci, Raphael, and Titian to the broadest dominion in the realm of art will hardly be disputed, and their portraits, no less than their historical compositions, bear witness to the regal character of their intellect; but we cannot forget that Holbein, Velasquez, Vandyke, and Reynolds were specially portrait painters, and only occasionally practised historical painting, and that their portraits are distinguished by the presence of all those high qualities of art the absence of which in modern portraits we rightly deplore.

The degeneracy of our portrait painters could only be fairly ascribed to the special character of their occupation, if we found that the practice of their contemporaries, who are engaged in painting subject pictures and domestic pieces, enabled them to compete with, and occasionally to surpass, the productions which they also are probably inclined to hold in light esteem. But do we find that the few portraits painted by our most distinguished modern subject painters are in advance of the best of those displayed in our annual exhibitions? Because, in order to estimate fairly the modern practice, by which portrait painting is relegated to a special class of artists, we must inquire what sort of portraits our modern subject painters are capable of producing.

With the single exception of G. F. Watts, whose admirably drawn heads are apparently so many experiments in quest of the technical excellences of the Venetian painters, we should have little hesitation in affirming that not a single living subject painter has produced a portrait in all respects as good as those which have been annually exhibited by the best of our portrait painters, — by Watson Gordon, Grant, or Boxall. It is unnecessary here to refer pointedly to the failures of some of our most justly esteemed painters in their occasional trials at portraiture; but the essays in this direction of three painters occur to us at once in illustration of our position, — namely, those of Landseer, Wilkie, and Haydon. Landseer is only weak when he is painting pictures like that of the Ellesmere family in "The Return from Hawking," and those royal portrait subjects, painted by command, which bear on the face of them manifest signs of weariness; Wilkie notably failed when he turned from the domestic life of the Scotch peasantry, with which he fully sympathized, to paint life-sized portraits of William IV. and O'Connell; and Haydon proved the shal-

lowness of his claims to rank with the Venetians, in the first place by his affected contempt for portrait painting, and afterwards by his egregious failure to produce a portrait above the level of sign-painting.

The superiority of the portrait painter in the branch of art which he follows is naturally to be expected; if he is a true painter, he has a special individualizing power which fits him for his work. This is a gift or faculty which he possesses in common with many men who are not artists by profession, — caricaturists, profilists, and others, who are in the habit of taking notes of human countenances: a faculty which, though absolutely essential to a successful prosecution of their profession, is certainly not confined to portrait painters among artists: it must have been possessed, in the most eminent degree, by many of those painters whose range has been the widest; but looking to the totally different circumstances and teaching of modern schools, the probability is that it will be most highly cultivated by those students in whom it is most strongly developed; and we find that in our own school, dating from the time of Reynolds to the present day, the painters who have succeeded in portraiture are those who have been impelled to make it a special branch of study.

Painting is probably the most difficult and varied of all the arts, and in its completeness can only be compassed by intellect and skill of the highest order. That Titian, Raphael, and Rembrandt painted portraits that are rightly reckoned among the priceless treasures of Europe, is a proof of their transcendent genius; but it is only the rounded intellect and consummate skill of a Titian that can grapple with all the infinite difficulties of painting; and ordinary capacities must be content to achieve excellence in some special branch of it, — figure painting, landscape, or portraiture. A very few names would exhaust the catalogue of those who, in the intervals of what is wrongly called more important work, could produce a portrait the like of which no modern hand can approach. With a grand subject before him, and with a power over the mechanical difficulties of his art which no modern painter possesses, the great Venetian, heir to all the knowledge bequeathed in the works of his predecessors, was able to paint a portrait indeed; but we must not therefore infer that a subject painter of our days shall be competent to paint a better head than the man who has devoted all his days to portrait painting. Both are men of limited powers, and both have special aims; for even our figure painters all run in little separate ruts, out of which they seldom step without coming to a fall.

There are one or two considerations which may perhaps help us to account in some measure for the admitted inferiority of our portrait painters. One cause of weakness is the prevailing tone of modern society, which is totally opposed to the display of marked character in every shape. The statesmen, soldiers, and beautiful women, from whom Reynolds painted some of his noblest pictures, would probably now be esteemed vulgar, loud, and improper. It has been said that we are now, more than at any other period of our history, tied down by conventionalisms to a dead level of outward expression. That we all seem tending towards a family likeness may readily be seen by examining the contents of a photographic album, wherein we find a collection of similarly simpering portraits, among which it is difficult to distinguish between a king and a conjurer, or between a duchess and a children's nurse.

Our portrait painters reflect pretty accurately the wishes of their sitters, who would shudder if they were represented otherwise than as acting their parts properly, according to the conventional ideas attached to them. A portrait painter who would paint men, and especially women, honestly, as Holbein did, would be likely enough to starve. Lines must be softened, expression must be modified, action must be decorous, colors must be subdued, or the prevailing taste of the fashionable world would be offended, and its patronage withdrawn. Those who have cultivated an acquaintance with the principle and practice of the old portrait painters protest rightly against the modern violation of them, — against that subserviency to the fashionable affectations of the day which in the last generation vitiated the splendid talent of Lawrence, and now-a-days spoils many a promising painter. An artist of transcendent ability might indeed reclaim the school; but short of this there seems little hope of any great advance at present: we can but point out and applaud honest effort wherever we find it, and continue to protest against affectation and weakness.

Another and a very important element of the weakness of modern painters is that lack of technical knowledge which indeed is common to all modern schools. A Venetian picture was not only an expression of great mental power, but the triumphant chemical result of a thoroughly understood process. We do not know how Titian and Bellini painted, but we know that in all the acres of canvas covered in the nineteenth century, not a single square inch could be found that in the slightest degree resembles their work in quality. All true painters of later times have sought and sighed for the attainment of a similar result. Rubens, who was one of the most brilliant painters in the world, was fascinated by the perfection of Venetian coloring, and it was during his Italian travel, and when he was under the influence of the impression made upon him by the great works around him, that his finest portraits were painted; and they were painted with an evident intention to inform himself of the process commonly practised by the Italians of the previous century. Reynolds sacrificed, or at least endangered, his future reputation by his continual experiments to attain the technical knowledge of painting which was possessed by the Italians, and the recovery of which he felt to be of such great importance. Earnest painters of our own day, sick of, and disgusted with, the leathery flesh-painting of the last generation, are ever intent upon the acquisition of that technical knowledge which alone can enable them to determine the value of grounds, the qualities of colors, and the action of oils and varnishes upon the surfaces on which they paint. It is difficult to overestimate the consequence of accurate knowledge on these points; but if we could place a Lawrence in juxtaposition with a Titian, we should immediately appreciate the immense importance of a right process of work, and the apparent inability of all modern painters to acquire the skill which the Venetians possessed, and which in their hands led to most harmonious and agreeable results.

Other drawbacks of a less appreciable kind are undoubtedly damaging to the art of portrait painting as at present practised in England. Among these may be mentioned the scale of prices and sizes. Certain conventional and often inconvenient sizes were settled by Lawrence, and his prices were fixed according to the size of the canvas, and without any reference

to the merit of the work. This rule obtains to the present day, and the sooner it is abolished the better it will be for artists and sitters alike. If a portrait be a good portrait, it is not made one whit more valuable by being printed on a bishop's half-length instead of on an ordinary half-length canvas: it may be advisable to make the picture larger or smaller, but the question of a few inches on one side or the other should have nothing to do with price. In design or execution, a small whole-length is equal to the same picture set forth on a larger canvas, and there is only a small appreciable difference of labor; yet by the present system of prices adopted by portrait painters, there is a natural tendency to paint on large and inconvenient sized canvases, for the sole reason of claiming a higher price for the work. The old masters rarely had any canvas to let, and their portraits can generally be displayed in the rooms of an ordinary English mansion. No one would dream that they would be more valuable for being so large that they could only be properly hung up in a town-hall.

It is, however, more easy to point out deficiencies which are universally admitted, and to object to the criticism which the deficiencies call forth, than to indicate the direction from which we may derive hope of any great improvement in the school; but it is impossible to overlook the influence which, for good or evil, is now being exercised, and probably will be exercised through all future time, by the marvellous discovery of photography, and its application to the ends of painting. It is at least a question whether what is called pre-Raphaelitism in England is not due to this discovery, acting upon a few minds unconsciously impressed by the clear manifestations of important truths hitherto smothered under broad conventionalisms. The geology of landscape, for instance, was but little appreciated by painters, before they were taught by photography that the stratification of a rock cannot be expressed by a few vague and ignorant touches. No painter ever taught us so much about the Alps as the photographs of Bisson or the small stereoscopic slides with which we are all so familiar.

Let us readily grant that photography is not a fine art itself, neither can it possibly take the place of any intellectual work; that it can exercise no power of selection, modify no expression, raise no emotion, evoke no sympathy; but although it can never raise us to the contemplation of any spiritual truth, it reproduces accurately the aspect of the material universe. Its effect upon the art of our generation has been great, not perhaps altogether good. So far, it has certainly given an undue impulse to the merely imitative faculty, while the noblest of human faculties, the imagination, has been in abeyance; but we cannot but think that its influence will tend in the long run to strengthen the latter, by endowing it with a more accurate and enlarged experience. We may at least be grateful that it has displaced a great deal of bad art. A photograph of the Coliseum or of Notre Dame is better worth having than the incorrect lithographs that used to stand for them; and the sun gives us a better idea of Vesuvius than the execrable *guache* drawings that were formerly exposed in the Neapolitan print-shops. And although we may regret the temporary eclipse, for such we trust it is, of miniature painting, we have little reason to deplore the annihilation of that cheap art of portraiture to which Mrs. Lirriper was sacrificed, and to the professors of which, as she says, "you paid your three guineas, and took your

chance as to whether you came out yourself or somebody else."

But while the influence of photography may be clearly traced in the more careful study of form and detail which distinguishes our living subject painters from their immediate predecessors, our portrait painters have refused to profit by a discovery which might be to them an invaluable handmaid, while it never could become a successful rival.

Want of strong individuality is the characteristic of nearly all modern portraiture, — not only in the countenance, but in the action and build of the figure. The old masters were all alive to the importance of making a portrait an absolute fact in the first place; and although Titian and Vandyke, each in his different way, by surpassing knowledge of treatment, ennobled the aspect of their sitters, they never sacrificed an iota of character. With modern portrait painters it is a common practice to sacrifice their strong faculties of observation to the prevailing taste of the day, or to the requirements of family affection and prejudice. Against this weakness photography bears witness in a hundred ways. Harsh, black, unpleasant, and ugly as you please, and utterly contemptible as a work of art, a photograph sets before us a true representation of the construction of the cranium, the exact set of the features, and the general build of the body, with a marvellous accuracy that is out of the power of any human hand to rival. No child will mistake it, the dullest clod will recognize it; yet it is but a dead image, lacking the spark of human intellect which gives life to the meanest work of the hand, and we have more sympathy with the work of a sign painter than with it.

But by the intelligent portrait painter, surely the representation which conveys the exact conformation of the skull, the air and custom, as it were, of the man in his bodily presence, rendered so faithfully by this wonderful agent, should be received thankfully and modestly; he should use it as Vandyke or Reynolds would gladly have used it, as a valuable aid, not as a base trammel. Only an accomplished painter can so use it; only he can translate its meaning. At present it is, for the most part, neglected by those who might well profit by its help, and debased by the modifications of sixth-rate miniature painters, so that many of our portrait painters are half afraid to make use of it, and altogether afraid to acknowledge its value.

That it must eventually be the means of raising the art of portraiture to a more subtle and higher rendering of truth, we firmly believe. As yet our contemporary portraiture shows very little evidence of this; but we may mention the admirable portrait-busts of Mr. Woolner in illustration of the effects produced by this wonderful discovery upon an active and sensitive mind. Mr. Woolner is probably wholly unconscious how many of the really valuable results of photography he has appropriated and embodied in his work. No portrait painter has yet seen or felt the true use of it, or we should have less reason to complain, year after year, of the portraits that are said to disfigure the walls of the Royal Academy.

The infusion of that hard, stern reality which we so greatly deprecate in a photograph is more than all else needed in modern portraiture, and though a second-rate painter may fear to become the slave of the process, and is ever ready to dread that his work may be superseded by its mechanical results, the truly accomplished artist, who has mastered the

greater difficulties of his art, will recognize in photography the most valuable of those mechanical aids which from time to time have been placed at his disposal by the discoveries of science.

It is not, however, by the aid of photography, or by any special education, or by any acquired knowledge of technical processes, that any man can become a great portrait painter. A man of genius like Reynolds takes his position with the greatest certainty, though all our highly prized means and advantages have never been placed at his disposal. Such a man alone can make a right use of them, because he is so independent of them. Reynolds had no better teaching than that of a sixth-rate painter, and no greater opportunities of study and travel than such as are open now, at infinitely less trouble and cost, to the great majority of students; yet he turned to wonderful account all his opportunities, while he did not scorn the meanest help: he derived the breadth and vigor of his style from the study of the Venetian and Flemish masters; but he never parodied their works: he made use of the mechanical assistance of his drapery-men, and gave life to their work by the faculty which enabled him to make it his own.

His light was reflected by his immediate successors, and finally went out with Jackson, the last of our luminous flesh-painters. No painter since his day, not even Turner, whose highest ambition was to lie beside him in St. Paul's, has made so great a mark, or exercised so large an influence on the English school. The present school of portraiture needs above all things the direction and presence of a man of similar genius, if only to teach our painters how to throw aside the weakness which makes them the slaves of fashionable caprices, and to instruct them how to make use of the advantages, discoveries, and highly increased means of study, which of late years have been added to the general sum of their resources and experience.

STAGE IMPROMPTUS.

"LET those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." True, O Shakespeare! *Gagging* is a pitiful vice; but it has kept the stage, and will keep it, protest as we may. Some of the funniest bits in the *Critic*, as acted, are not to be found in any printed copy of that admirable burlesque; and we are vastly mistaken if that popular nobleman, my Lord Dundreary, is not almost entirely a creature of *gag*.

When O'Neill's company played at Dundalk, an influential patroness commanded *Pizarro*, and the manager was compelled to engage a Rolla from Dublin for the occasion. He did not think it necessary to make the "star" aware that the state both of treasury and wardrobe forbade the employment of the usual force of supernumeraries; so, when the representative of Ataliba's army appeared on the scene, Rolla was paralyzed with astonishment, and stopped short in his invocation. Quickly recovering himself, however, he exclaimed: "*What! all slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate,*" &c., — a piece of *gag* pardonable under the circumstances.

Hardly so excusable was that perpetrated by

Emery in the same play at Drury Lane. The rising of the curtain had been delayed beyond the usual time; the audience grew impatient, and Kemble, in no very good temper, informed the house that they were only waiting Mr. Emery's arrival to go on with the performances, — he being the sentinel of the evening. At length the tardy actor came, and easily made his peace by explaining that he had been detained at home by an interesting domestic event. The well-known prison scene came, and the following colloquy took place between Rolla and the soldier: "Hast thou a wife?" "I have." "Hast thou children?" "I had two this morning. *I have got three now!*" Exit Rolla in a passion, amid loud and prolonged laughter. For that night at least Emery was the hero of the play. Equally successful in bringing down the house by illegitimate means was an actor who, playing *Barbarossa* at a seaport, appealed to the sympathies of his nautical listeners by explaining: —

"Did not I,

By that brave knight, Sir Sydney Smith's assistance,
And in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
Drive Bonaparte and all his fierce marauders
From Egypt's shores?"

"Let me play *Catesby* to your *Richard*," said a country tailor with a soul above buttons, to George Frederick Cooke, "and I will make you a coat for nothing." The bargain was struck. *Catesby* got on well enough till he came to the tent-scene; but rushing on the stage at *Richard's* challenge of "Who's there?" he was so startled by the great actor's glance, that he stood transfixed, only able to stammer out: "'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock"; and there he stuck fast, while the people shouted with delight, and Cooke growled out, "Why the deuce don't you crow, then?"

An interpolation of *Quin's* brought him into serious trouble. Playing *Cato* at Drury Lane, Williams, who acted the messenger, in delivering the sentence, "*Cæsar* sends health to *Cato*," gave such a peculiarly ludicrous pronunciation to the last word, that *Quin* indignantly replied, "Would he had sent a better messenger!" This so enraged the Welshman, that he challenged *Quin*, who tried to laugh him out of his passion. Williams, however, was determined to revenge his outraged dignity, and attacked *Quin* as he was leaving the theatre. The latter was obliged to draw in self-defence, and the hot-headed Welshman paid for his folly with his life.

Prologues are never heard now-a-days, but playgoers used to resent their omission, and it took some time to reconcile them to the new fashion. When *Cato* was revived at Covent Garden some years ago, it was resolved to dispense with the prologue. Mr. Wignell, as *Portius*, was suffered to pronounce his opening lines, —

"The dawn is overcast; the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day," —

and then cries of "Prologue, prologue!" rang through the house. Unaffected by the uproar, the actor, without pausing or changing his voice, went on, —

"Ladies and gentlemen, there has been no
Prologue spoken to this play these twenty years. —
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*!"

which so tickled the fancy of the audience, that they allowed the play to go on without further interruption. Still better and worse was the Nottingham manager's speech as *Richard III.*: —

"Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain.
That man in the brown wig has got in without paying.
Richard's himself again!"

Nor did the marring of Shakespeare's text stand in Stephen Kemble's way, when he wanted to rebuke a noisy occupant of the boxes at the Dublin Theatre, who annoyed Stephen by applauding everything, and did it by making *Shylock* assure *Gratiano*: "Till thou canst rail the seal from off this bond, thou, and that noisy fellow in the boxes yonder, but offend your lungs to speak so loud."

Some of the most comical interpolations have come from the audience itself. When Spranger Barry's *Romeo* drew all the town to Covent Garden, Garrick, in defence, took to playing the same character at Drury Lane. On the first occasion of his doing so, upon the love-lorn *Juliet* exclaiming, "O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?" a good-natured auditor saved Garrick the necessity of replying, by calling out, "Because Barry is gone to the other house." . . . Bernard, in his *Autobiography*, relates a good story of Haydon the painter. "One evening I was playing *Sharp* in the *Lying Valet*, at Plymouth, when my friend Benjamin Haydon and his little son (B. R. H.) were in the stage-box, and on my repeating the words, 'I have had nothing to eat since last Monday was a fortnight,' young Haydon exclaimed, in a tone audible through the house: 'What a whopper! You dined at my father's house this afternoon.'" The same actor is also responsible for the following: "Our principal actress, a Mrs. Kirby, playing *Queen Anne*, inquired very piteously,

'O, when shall I have rest?'

A ruthless grocer started up in the pit and shouted out, 'Not till you have paid me my one pound one and tenpence, ma'am.'" Quite as matter-of-fact in his way was the Yankee who, strolling into a theatre on the evening of the arrival of the news of the fall of the Crimean stronghold, could not hear *Hamlet's* complaint, —

"I die, *Horatio*;

The potent spirit quite o'ercrows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England," —

without easing his mind by shouting across the pit, "Die away, old hoss! *Sebastopol's* taken!" — a piece of gratuitous information that probably surprised the representative of the Danish prince, as much as an English *Othello* was astonished by a girl tumbling from gallery to pit as he pronounced the words, —

"'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death."

Stage-managers are often nearly driven out of their wits by perverse *supers*, who will misunderstand their instructions, like the stage centurions who received *Quin* as *Coriolanus* with a succession of grave bows, because he had told them to lower their *fascies* when he appeared; and Mr. General-Utility is apt to bring down curses, not loud but deep, upon his unlucky head by marring the leading actor's most effective scene. At a rehearsal of the banquet scene in *Macbeth*, the "first murderer," spite of Macready's adjurations, persisted in walking down to the centre of the stage, and thereby entirely hiding *Macbeth* from the audience. The tragedian impatiently called for a carpenter, a brass-headed nail, and a hammer. The carpenter came. "Do you see that plank there? Drive the nail into that spot." It was done. "Now, you sir," (this to the "murderer,") "look at that nail. Come down to

that spot, not an inch farther, and wait there till I come." Mr. Utility did as he was desired, and Macready's mind was easy. Night came, and with it the banquet scene. The "first murderer" enters, walks down the stage, stops suddenly, then turns round and round, apparently looking for something he had dropped. The audience begin to titter. Macready stalks to the man's side: "In Heaven's name, what are you about?" "Sure," exclaims the "murderer," "ain't I looking for that blessed nail of yours!" The effect of this speech upon the audience may be imagined. The "first murderer" had to give his royal employer a wide berth for the rest of the evening.

The most experienced actor is apt to find his tongue unruly at times, and playing strange tricks with the text. The following curious colloquy took place between Quin as Balance and Peg Woffington as Sylvia in the *Recruiting Officer*: "Sylvia, how old were you when your mother was married?" "What, sir?" "Pshaw, I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?" "I regret, sir, I cannot answer your questions; but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died!"

Peg was not so stupid as the actor who persisted in sticking to his text, when Elliston as Richmond blunderingly asked, "Is young George Stanley slain?" and replied, "He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town!" An Aberdeen actress having to ask if somebody retained his influence at the India House, from some extraordinary confusion of ideas, actually inquired, "Does he still maintain his infants at the India House?" Sometimes tongue-tripping proves catching, as when Mrs. Davenport exclaimed, "I protest, there's a candle coming along the gallery with a man in its hand"; and Mrs. Gibbs directly afterwards declared, "Betty has locked the key, and carried away the door in her pocket."

The art of apologizing is well worth the study of any actor who hopes — and what actor does not? — to be a manager. To be able to put folks in a good humor who have reason to be in a bad one is a valuable accomplishment, and one or two comedians we wot of are adepts in the art, melting the anger of the gods as sunshine melts the snow. But some ludicrous apologies have been made from the stage.

Jack Johnstone, being called upon to sing the *Sprig of Shillelagh*, stepped forward to do so; but when he should have commenced, stood silent and confused. At length, when the audience showed signs of impatience, Jack astonished them by addressing them thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you I have sung the song so often, that, by my soul, I cannot recollect how it begins!" Quin, who despised and detested theatrical dancers, had thrust upon him the disagreeable task of excusing the non-appearance of a popular danseuse, and executed it by saying: "I am desired by the manager to inform you that the dance intended for to-night is obliged to be omitted, on account of Madame Rollan having dislocated her ankle. I wish it had been her neck!" This was bold, but not so bold as the speech made by a certain actress, who, in consequence of some scandalous story flying about town, was received with a storm of hisses. As soon as they subsided sufficiently for her voice to be heard, the undaunted dame advanced to the front, courtesied, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I appear before you in my public profession of an actress, in which character I shall ever exert my utmost endeavors to please. As to the rest I beg to be excused." Nothing could

have been done more neatly; the malecontents were struck dumb, and the actress soon earned their applause. There was pluckiness, too, in the appeal wrung from the unlucky representative of crook-backed Richard, who, finding it impossible to make head against the disapprobation evoked by his histrionic efforts, dropped blank verse, and in very plain prose told his audience: "Mr. Kean is playing this part in London at a salary of thirty pounds a night; I receive but fifteen shillings a week; and if it is n't good enough for the money, may the Lord above give you more humanity!"

One of his auditors at least must have appreciated the poor actor's courage, whatever he may have thought of his acting, for Elliston, who was present, was a proficient in addressing a theatrical audience; and well he might be, seeing his recklessness was constantly getting him into scrapes, out of which only his matchless, insinuating impudence could extricate him. One season, when he had the Birmingham Theatre, business got awfully bad; do what he would, nothing but empty benches met the manager's eye night after night, and it became plain that unless something was done, the ghost would soon cease to walk. Elliston was equal to the occasion. Every wall in Birmingham grew eloquent recounting the feats of THE BOHEMIAN, who was to astonish the natives by his performances with a stone of a ton weight. The night came, and the theatre was crammed. *Pizzaro* was turned into a pantomime, for not a word could be heard for cries of "The Bohemian! the Bohemian!" At last the curtain fell; the band struck up *The Battle of Prague*, and all was expectation. Suddenly the audience were startled by the appearance — not of the Bohemian — but of the manager, who, pale as any ghost, exclaimed: "The Bohemian has deceived me: *that* I could have pardoned; but he has deceived my friends, — he has deceived *you*. I repeat, the Bohemian has deceived us: *he is not here*, — and the man, of whatever name or nation he may be, who violates his word, commits an offence which —" The sentence was never finished; the conviction flashed upon the audience that they were sold, and a fearful clamor arose.

Taking advantage of a momentary cessation, Elliston proceeded: "Anxious for your gratification, I entered into correspondence with the faithless foreigner, who was this day to have appeared. The correspondence, ladies and gentlemen, is in my pocket; I'll read it to you." As Elliston coolly produced a packet of letters, the uproar broke out again with tenfold violence; he waited patiently till they were tired, and then went on: "Here they are. *Does any gentleman present read German?* If so, would he honor me by stepping forward?" This was too much; peals of laughter rang through the house. "Am I left alone? Then I'll translate it for you." (Cries of "No, no; go on, Elliston.") "I obey; the correspondence shall *not* be read; but, ladies and gentlemen, *the stone is here*, — you shall see it! You shall yet be satisfied! You are my patrons, and have a right to demand it!" Crash went the band again, up went the curtain, and there was an immense piece of sand-rock, labelled, "This is the stone!" That was something, at any rate; the audience cheered; Elliston bowed, and disappeared.

In after years, he had often to employ his eloquence upon his rough friends on the other side of the water. Surrey audiences, at least in those days, were somewhat of the noisiest; how he talked to

them may be judged from the following speech, delivered when the crowded state of the gallery rendered the gods more uproarious than usual. "Ladies and gentlemen, I take the liberty of addressing you. It is of rare occurrence that I deem it necessary to place myself in juxtaposition with you. When I said juxtaposition, I meant *vis-à-vis*. When I uttered the words *vis-à-vis*, I meant contactability. Now let me tell you that *vis-à-vis* (it is a French term) and contactability (which is a truly English term) very nearly assimilate to each other. Gentlemen! gentlemen! I am really ashamed of your conduct. It is unlike a Surrey audience. Are you aware that I have in this establishment most efficient peace-officers at my immediate disposal? Peace-officers, gentlemen, mean persons necessary in time of war. One word more. If that gentleman in the carpenter's cap will sit down, the little girl in red ribbons (you, my love, I mean) will be able to see the entertainment." Elliston's style may seem a cavalier one for a manager to adopt towards his patrons, but we have known modern audiences to be treated in even more supercilious fashion, and bear it with profound equanimity.

CONCERNING STORIES.

THE bewildering number of new magazines, and the amount of material, such as it is, which goes to fill them, is not the least wonder of our time. Besides the leading tale, the piece of poetry, the column of jokes, or the solid article, which nearly all contain, there is usually a short sketch or story, and it is with this branch of periodical catering that we have to deal. If examined closely, these stories indicate a great deal more than would appear on their own showing. First, on the score of antiquity, they can claim priority over the big novel itself, which precedes them in order of place, and is being slowly conducted upon an illustrated career under the direction of a popular author. Before the novel came the novelette, — *homunculus* before *homo*. Stories are probably as old as speech, but your novel (we use the word in its ordinary acceptation) always, from its length, required to be booked. The Greeks told stories, and very good ones. Antoninus Diogenes went in for a regular romance, — the loves of Dinias and Dyrceyllis; but it possesses nothing in common with our works of fiction, except, of course, the element of tender passion, without which nothing of the kind could move. But the Greek tales were excellent. Even in the Greek Christian times, when Pan was dead, capital adventures were struck out, which, if they dealt rather freely with sacred subjects, one is inclined to condone for their offences on the ground of no harm done.

In the Middle Ages these tales were re-echoed along with others, and enriched, too, with marvels brought from the East, monsters from the North, and plenty of devils from the monastic legends. Then there were the jongleurs, minnesingers, and troubadours, who travelled on the strength of a popular taste for verse stories; but if report speaks true concerning the jongleurs, they added to their *répertoires* an attraction similar to that which brings nightly crowds to the ballet music halls of London. Italy is regarded as the direct source of our novels and novelists. Boccaccio's tales were known under the latter title, and to some Italian stories we are said to be indebted for "The Merchant of Venice" and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The Middle Age narratives were all pretty nearly of one color,

and of rather a high flavor for our generation, but many of them were both clever or caustic. Longfellow gives an excellent imitation or adaptation of one in his "Martin Franc, or the Monk of St. Antony." Our English tales of the Elizabethan age are singularly dull and pointless. After the Restoration they were livelier, when, to paraphrase a hackneyed quotation,

"The taste became more Gallic and less nice";

but in the days of Queen Anne, under the direction of Mr. Addison, the stories were mere galvanized abstractions, thinly-disguised allegories, in which Greeks and Romans imparted elegant precepts in the full-bottomed wig of the "Spectator's" period. Nor was the great lexicographer a good story-teller. In the "Rambler," men and women are made to speak language as fine and as improbable as the speeches which the worthy doctor prescribed for his Tory favorites in the House of Commons. Goldsmith, however, was a delightful narrator; the "History of the Philosophic Vagabond" is a gem in this way. Fielding had a heavy manner of going about a story; but Smollett was a master in the craft. When the Della Cruscan gushing spoiled our poetry, stories in that strange tongue appeared in "Amulets" and "Souvenirs." The plates in those books used to be Della Cruscan too, — finical, nerveless, and emasculate. A great improvement took place in the palmy days of "Blackwood," "Fraser," and "Bentley." A sort of Hogarthian humor pervaded the shorter tales, — a humor of which the contemporaneous artists caught a fair share of the spirit. Maginn, Thackeray, Barham, and Lockhart were seldom better than when confined to chapters instead of volumes. It is remarkable, indeed, that as stories first gave rise to novels, we may notice that every romantic writer of original power sends up a few pilot balloons, fashioned in his own peculiar style, before venturing the grand ascent. Mr. Dickens felt his ground with Boz; and the author of "Vanity Fair" intrusted Michael Angelo Titmarsh with samples of his ware, previous to making his own proper appearance. Here we claim an argument for our plea, that stories precede books. In the late Professor Aytoun's hands the art of story-telling did not degenerate; but for occasional blots of "wut," they would be perfect of their kind. There is real fun in his tales, and fun is the prime characteristic of them.

To add another feather to the story-cap, it is said that Poe's wild inventions contain the germs of more than one sensation novel, and that a very clever author who works the sensation department made the discovery at an early period of his literary career. There is some truth, we believe, in this, but not at all enough to make out the least pretext for a charge of plagiarism. It is not easy to meet with a good story now; such a one as Tom Hood or Jerrold could write, — such a one as was wont to light up the pages of magazines which erst were disagreeably tinged with political war-paint. Every week tons of periodicals are carted from the news-agents, and sown broadcast over the land, and nearly all contain something in the shape of a novelette. It is well for the makers of those literary confections that our artificial society, with its complicated wants and new passions, supplies them with an inexhaustible quantity of raw material. They have fifty plans for serving the crumpled rose-leaf which interferes with the sybaritism attributed in penny and half-penny papers to the upper classes. They can pile

the delicious agony on a foundation as slight as the gossamer trouble which shades the brow of the lovely countess when dear Lord Ernest Adolphus Fitz-Howard has missed bringing her down to dinner, or, as we ought to say, led her to the scene of festivity. They can be cynical at times, but with that air of killing Don Juanism which reminds us of, "O Mr. Snob! how can you be so sarcastic?" In the sentimental vein they have almost come round to Miss Seward again. We have recently seen both pictures and letterpress in a popular monthly, fragrant of the "Forget-me-not" and "Bijou" of our grandmothers. As for stories of the genuine story kind, they are as hard to find as real Madeira. The editors, we suppose, are compelled to accept the rubbish which is shot out on us through dearth of better; the most hopeless thing about these inventions would seem to be, that they show nowhere that "genius in the making," as it were, which years ago resulted in "Pendenms" and "David Copperfield."

A LESSON IN GERMAN.

TRAVELLERS of taste, who while *en route* let nothing in the domain of the beautiful escape their observation, and cast upon everything graceful or in any way charming a long look that to-morrow turns into a sweet memory, will not fail to remember a young, lovely, and dashing waltzer, who, in the season of 1859, at Ems, always opened the ball, and never finding the waltz long enough, compelled the musicians to give a four-page supplement to the scores of Strauss or Musard.

The shrewdest judges of age, at eight o'clock in the morning, called her four-and-twenty; at noon, twenty; and in the evening, seventeen. A middle-aged gentleman accompanied her everywhere. Close observers said, — some, he was her uncle, some her father, others, her husband. Everybody was wrong, as usual.

At the close of the day the mysterious pair used to cross the Lahn on the boat with which the terrestrial Charon waited for passengers at the end of the beautiful promenade. Once on the other bank of the Elysian copse, the young lady would sit under the trees and gloat over the lovely landscape that the sun tinted with his sweetest hues, while her companion, up since five A. M., would pay something on account to that most inexorable, but gentlest of creditors, which we call sleep.

It is always pleasant to give a name to pretty women whose proper appellations you don't know, — it is a watering-place usage; and this young unknown had been, by common consent, distinguished as the Waking Beauty of the Wood, and her companion as the Ugly Sleeper of the Wood. One of Perrault's tales was needed for this mystery. But the history came.

One of the rich idlers who go from France to Ems to see people drink the waters, and to forget Paris for a month, came to the blooming meadows that the Lahn washes; and finding that the Seine, in spite of its bridges, did not furnish so much freshness and health as the pretty German naiad, took a two months' ticket to this hygienic theatre, that has green-clad mountains for side-scenes, the sun for a ceiling, flowers for audience, quiet instead of bustle, pure air instead of the smell of gas, and health for the term of subscription.

As the young man had a name like other people, we will not give him another; but for the purposes

of this history let us call him Gaëtan instead of Arthur, which is hackneyed.

In Paris Gaëtan used to dine at one of the cafés on the Boulevards, which was undeniably charming in winter, but in the two months of summer exhaled a kitchen-odor not at all refreshing to the sense of smell, or to the palate. There he used to go and look out upon the lines of omnibuses and fiacres, the sun setting in a veil of gray dust-clouds, and the eaters sitting at the round tables and executing in chorus the everlasting refrain, —

"Ah! how hot it is!"

At Ems the fashion of after-dinner life suited him better. He paced the elegantly rustic path that runs along the river, even to the farthest lawns of the Hotel de Quatre Tours; or, by way of variety, chartered a gondola for a florin, appointed himself captain for the little voyage, and awoke with his oars the sleeping Lahn, that would like so well to stop at Ems and not go on to lose itself in the Rhine, that gulps it down like a glass of water.

One evening the young Frenchman happened to cross the river at the same time with the ferry-boat, and was struck by the beauty of a lady passenger, who gazed lovingly on the green summit of the mountain, lighted by the smile of the setting sun.

It was the Waking Beauty of the Woods, on the way to her favorite grass-plot.

The sound of dipping oars roused the young lady; she turned her eyes toward the gondola, and two sets of glances met and made two hearts beat. Between two beings destined for each other there are often certain mysterious effluxions, sudden revelations of the future, that pass into the atmosphere when they first meet. These supernatural influences that descend from the eye to the heart have a still livelier force in the midst of delightful rural scenery in the soft light of a summer evening.

In the lovely valley of the Lahn there is an echo with a peculiar voice; they used to say that in its quality of German echo it adored music, because it returned with an added, inexpressible charm the far melody of the orchestra at the Kursaal.

This sweet echo prolongs the dance-call even to the Rhine, in thirty seconds, as if to humiliate the railroad, flinging it from peak to peak. Gaëtan heard it, and making bird's-wings of his oars sped up the river like an arrow.

Why has not Germany raised a statue to the inventor of the waltz? If he had been born at Athens in Pericles's time, his admiring fellow-citizens would have made him a demi-god and given him Love for a nephew. What an immense service that inventor has rendered to those who came after him!

How many marriages he has brought about with his measures *à trois temps*! A swain has n't the acquaintance of the lady he loves, and if the waltz were not, he might seek for ten years, perhaps, an opportunity of speaking to her; by the aid of the waltz he can address her and offer his hand, if he chooses, the very first evening.

So Gaëtan, that very evening, engaged the unknown for the first waltz: she showed her gas-light age, — seventeen. As to her toilet, she wore her hair in flat bandeaux; a rose above her ear, a juvenile corsage, a girdle of floating azure, and no jewelry.

To begin conversation in circumstances like these is more difficult than to solve a problem in trigonometry. Gaëtan cudgelled his brains, but could think of nothing beyond some Parisian platitudes about the weather, the heat, the music, the

Peace Congress, the voyage up the Rhine. But he must say something, so he ventured to remark, —

"We are having a delightful summer this year."

This was stupid enough, but it required an answer, and after that they might go on, step by step, to higher topics.

The young *valseuse* made no reply: a shade of sadness overcast her face.

She thinks me vulgar, reflected Gaëtan; let me try something better.

"It is strange," said he, "that the waltz was invented by a grave German, and the slow minuet by a frivolous Frenchman."

Silence would have been rudeness; and the young lady answered, in German, "I do not understand French, and I do not speak it."

This was Hebrew to Gaëtan. Almost all German ladies speak French, he said to himself: it must be fatality that she does n't.

The orchestra flung its last notes along the porphyry colonnade, and Gaëtan, leading his partner to a seat, left her, with a silent obeisance.

The columns of the Kursaal at Ems favor the total seclusion of lovers who wish to see without being seen. Gaëtan hid behind one to observe the appearance and attitude of his late partner, and judge if he might venture upon favorable conjectures; for with his share of that silliness common to so many of us, he believed he had made an impression.

If, after leaving her partner, a young lady talks with her neighbors, laughs without provocation, assumes the most graceful poses, refines naturally on the innocent art of coquetry; if, in fine, no symptom of distraction is visible in her face, it is because she is thinking of the dance, and that he who danced with her is already forgotten. But the fair unknown did not exhibit herself in this discouraging aspect to the keen eyes of the concealed observer.

The grave personage who always accompanied her made some remark, but the lady did not seem inclined to conversation; she answered by a motion of the head, or by monosyllables, as if she said: "We will talk of this to-morrow; don't disturb my meditations now." And shutting her fan she leaned her smooth chin upon it, and seemed to muse: the loveliest women and the most elegant toilets swept by her, but she did not vouchsafe them a glance.

At ten o'clock the father, husband, uncle, whatever he was, looked at his watch and rose hurriedly, like a man who feared to miss the exact minute for taking his glasses of water to-morrow. The lady made a slight movement of remonstrance, and cast a sweeping glance around the *salon* as she took the offered arm.

Gaëtan interpreted all this to his own advantage, and gliding from column to column, like a debtor striving to avoid his creditor, he followed at a distance, resolved to discover the earthly residence of the wood-fairy. She takes the road to the Hotel de Telegraphie; but Gaëtan never loses sight, in the gloom of the overhanging trees, of that white and flowing dress that lights up the darkness.

Having found out where she lives, Gaëtan formed a dozen plans that proved impracticable, though he had thought them admirable; so he decided to wait for a better one, such as fortune sometimes takes the trouble of inventing for us when she wishes to be kind.

First, he must learn German in forty-eight hours, for day after to-morrow's ball; or at least he must

learn the few phrases which make up the vocabulary of love. In a case like this the dictionary is only a huge book crammed with useless and stupid phrases: when one is in love he can spend a lifetime in saying only four. King Solomon, who knew whereof he spoke, has expressed this sage opinion: he has written, that outside of the language of love there are only formulas of vanity. One has a pretty strong case if Solomon is on his side, — he who had three hundred love affairs in his life, according to the gravest historians.

M. Kirchberger, librarian at Ems, came to Gaëtan's assistance, — a man of spirit and intelligence, and who spoke French like a native who knows how to speak it. He gave the eager student a little volume of familiar dialogues in French and German, with rules for pronouncing.

During the two days consecrated to the work of learning the ten German phrases that alone were necessary to his happiness he used to take a little rest from study, and walk under the farther trees of the avenue, watching the beloved one's windows. This is a work that young men always have done and always will do, even to the uttermost windows of Jehosaphat. They hum softly, "O Matilda, idol of my soul!" or "Come, gentle lady!" or "When one awaits his love," or "With kindness view my pain": one has a fine choice, for there is great variety in the operas.

If the window remains deaf to all the gamuts of Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Boieldieu, the tenor has his labor for his pains: he can dismiss himself or seek another engagement to try a better fortune. But if the window curtain is rustled with intelligent caution, if that wooden ear is opened; if a ringlet of blonde or brown floats out on the wind; if a charming profile follows and outlines itself in the shadow or the sun, — ah! then the lover sees shine out from that enviable window the rainbow of hope; the tenor is engaged, even if he sings falsely, for the falseness of his notes proves the sincerity of his passion.

The play of the window-blind exhibited every shade of gradation; it was like an ascending scale in music; the fastening creaked timidly; the double shutter opened gently; a ringlet floated out; the divine profile followed, and the adored face beamed out to the sun and extinguished it. Gaëtan pressed his hand on his heart to keep it from bursting.

At his second visit the window played the same game.

Then Gaëtan strove to make rapid progress in the German of love. "O Love! what a teacher of languages thou art!" he ejaculated as he went to Nassau to dine and to study his ten phrases in the enchanted valley where the mountains dress themselves in green velvet for the encouragement of lovers; and crossing the pretty bridge of Nassau, he dropped into the river the last of his phrases, — words compendious as a folio, — *I love you, — Ich liebe Sie*, and in his intoxication he prayed the Lahn, swift messenger, to bear this poem to the woody bank where his love watched in the twilight.

II.

THE ball-hour came and Gaëtan shook with fear, like the conscript when he hears the first roar of cannon in battle. Some minutes, first, he walked among the green plane-trees on the terrace, amusing himself with repeating his ten phrases: but lo! when the critical moment struck, he had forgotten them all. It was a solemn crisis. The gay throng

swarmed into the Kursaal; the orchestra struck up; the young officers of Coblenz set about making their engagements: he must summon courage and secure her at all hazards for the first dance. The rest belonged to Fate. No opportunity remained for a glance at the little book; and besides he would have been laughed at if found taking a lesson in German, with his foot raised to go and talk to a German lady.

With his head in a fever he hurried to the Kursaal. In a few minutes the unknown came and took her accustomed seat, dressed as on the previous evening. Women put a meaning into the most trifling details. Gaëtan understood her choice of place and toilet, and his smile of intelligent approval was not lost, — two beautiful eyes with velvet irises caught it as it flew.

He approached her, bowed respectfully, and murmured some syllables which in all lands signify: I engage you for the first waltz or the first quadrille; his offer was accepted with an eagerness very slightly dissembled.

The orchestra let loose its hurricane of thundering sound, and the charming pair whirled over the marble with that graceful lightness that fascinates the gazer and keeps his eyes fixed till the very last strain. With the fair German's hand in his, Gaëtan was more than ever oblivious of the German language; but by a violent effort of will he succeeded in recalling the last of Love's ten commandments, — *I love thee*; and to supply the lack of the nine others he repeated this nine times, to the accompaniment of the maidening orchestra, which seemed to adapt its music to such a passionate declaration.

"Behold a miracle of love!" said the young girl, "he has learned German in forty-eight hours!" And in the last measure of the waltz she dignified to answer him with a smile and a glance which signified everything but disapprobation. By the time the ball was ended the continual interchange of eloquent glances convinced Gaëtan that he was on the road to a hasty marriage.

The next day he bought a grammar and a dictionary, French and German, and had them covered with satin-paper and ornamented with green ribbons.

On the watch at seven o'clock, he saw the fair unknown and her companion go out, and at once made his way to their house. Nearly all the porters along the route speak French, he said to himself, and my plan will infallibly succeed. In fact, it did succeed, with the aid of five Frederics, which a porter never refuses.

Gaëtan got all the information he wanted. The unknown gentleman was Dr. Blank, and the lady was widow Laërta, aged thirty years, as a stupid, but truth-telling passport testified. The figure "thirty" surprised Gaëtan somewhat, but abated not a jot of his passion. It is the age of your true woman, he thought; from Dido and Cleopatra down, widows have always inspired the most ardent sentiments.

And he said to the porter: "Give these books to Mad. Laërta's maid, and let her place them on a table in her mistress's chamber."

The porter put his hand on his heart and ten Frederics in his pocket, in token of his unfaltering fidelity, and went up stairs to accomplish his mission.

At the breakfast-hour, which comes after exercise and drinking of the waters, Gaëtan crouched in a clump of trees to study from a distance the language of the window, and to get, if possible, some

news of his books. "I will bet a thousand francs," he said, "that she will come to the window with the French grammar in her hand?" Busy with plans for their marriage, and with his eyes fixed on the window, he heard a piercing cry, and saw a boy, who was driving a donkey along the street, knocked down by a book hurled from Laërta's window. Gaëtan stood stupefied. Then, impelled by a foolish curiosity, he went forward and mingled with the crowd that gaped about the thunder-stricken little donkey-driver.

"Think of it!" said a French voice; "some people indulge in very cruel amusements. Here is a Nero in furnished lodgings who has just knocked down this poor child with a dictionary!"

A collection was taken up for the luckless urchin, and Gaëtan gave him ten thalers. At the same moment a purse was thrown from Laërta's window that rang on the pavement with the sound of gold. The boy's fortune was made; he wept no more.

Gaëtan resumed the attitude of stupefaction. If he could have opened his tenor's lips, he would have sung the everlasting chorus of Scribe's operas: "*What, then, is this mystery! this mystery infernal, that freezes me with terror?*" A student from Munich picked up the dictionary, and made off at great speed, rejoicing in a bargain that Fortune had sold him for nothing.

Joining the crowd, the faithful porter made every effort to attract Gaëtan's attention; but the young man was gazing at the mountain-peak that rose above the line of houses, and seeking in the clouds a solution of his mystery. Then the porter ventured to approach and give him a sounding blow on the elbow, which produced the desired effect. The gaze of the unhappy lover descended from the clouds, and he became conscious of the intelligent pantomime of the porter, who seemed to say, "I have something very important to say to you." So they went aside a little, and Gaëtan listened to the following revelation. This porter, you see, according to the usage of his profession, was accustomed to talk with all the lady's maids in order to learn the great and little secrets of their families, and he had fathomed the mystery of Dr. Blank, the paternal uncle of the beautiful widow. It is a curious page of history:—

In the days of the Emigration, the young Chevalier Marcel de — came to Coblenz with the Baron, his father, to avoid the kind attentions of the Committee of Public Safety. Faithful to the teachings of comic opera, Marcel, desiring to be a favorite with the ladies wherever he happened to be, and to relieve the tedium of exile, resolved to make love to a young German girl, who spoke French admirably. The young lady conceived a violent passion for the handsome, powdered, bespangled and beribboned butterfly, who called her his shepherdess, and made love to her in ardent quatrains.

One fine day — a very sad day, however, for the young shepherdess of the banks of the Moselle — the Chevalier, alarmed by the word "marriage," which she pronounced too often, crossed the Rhine, and went to make new conquests, up the Lahn, from Nassau to Gießen. The unhappy, deserted Ariana had an attack of high fever, and in her delirium sung without ceasing:—

"O beautiful Iris, be faithful to me;
I shall go to the realms above,
Loving thee still, for the soul dies not,
And my soul, you know, is my love!"

Her father, learning her secret from these ravings, took his sword and went in search of the exiled Baron.

When he found him, he said: "Sir, in 1757 I was twenty years old, and I fought under the great Frederick at Rossbach, against the Prince de Soubise. I can measure swords with you even now, for vengeance will strengthen my arm."

"By my soul!" replied the Baron, "your arrival is most timely. I am bored to death, and this affair will help me get rid of an hour or two, as Racine says in *Les Plaideurs*. I knew M. de Soubise well; he was a charming man; he had the honor of being beaten by the great Frederick, — a privilege second to none other. Let me throw off my cloak, and I am with you."

The two champions walked to the banks of the Moselle, and as they were about to begin, the Baron said, with a winning air, —

"By the way, Monsieur, what are we to fight about?"

"How! Baron, you don't know?" said Ariana's father.

"Certainly not, M. de Rossbach."

The proper explanation was at once made, and as their swords crossed, the Baron ejaculated, —

"I always knew that my devil of a son would be Richelieu II."; and, after three passes, he fell, mortally wounded, saying, "Three masses for my soul at St. Castor, and a hundred pistoles to the curé."

After this event, when the young ladies of the family of the hero of Rossbach reached the age of fifteen, they were required to swear on the Holy Bible that they would never learn to speak French, and would never touch a French book. This was the oath of Hannibal among the females of the family, and Laërta, like her ancestresses, had taken it on a Guttenberg Bible.

Therefore, when Dr. Blank found a French dictionary in his house, he was seized with such a rage that he hurled it through the window, — the huge book enriching a poor boy in its fall.

One clause had been omitted in this oath. It was this: "I swear I will never marry a Frenchman."

And on account of this omission, Laërta, near the close of the season, gave her hand to Gaëtan, who knew well enough all the German phrases that are necessary to the happiness of a married pair. Afterwards he made great progress, and became so familiar with all the refinements of the language of Goethe, that Laërta had no need to speak that of Lamartine, and kept her oath.

PETROLEUM AND OIL-FIELDS.

MINERAL pitch and pitchy fluids issuing from the earth have been known from the earliest times of history. From the date of the bituminous bricks of Babel to our own oily era, bitumen and its derivatives, or its allies, have been used, here and there, and now and then, for one purpose or another: a building material in the ancient East, an embalming agent amongst the Egyptians, a medicine amongst the civilized and the uncivilized; its more general utility has shone forth at all epochs as an illuminator. In almost every quarter of the globe this mineral has been found to occur; it still flashes over the surface of the ground from

"those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Caspian," —

where it was formerly deemed sacred by the fire-worshippers of Western Asia; whilst for ages it has been largely obtained in the Birman Empire. The horrors of the Dead Sea included Asphalt in their list, and France and Italy, Germany and England, Russia and the Island of Trinidad, all swell the roll of localities in which free bitumen, under one form or other, has been found.

But it remained for America — where, as has often been observed, Nature does everything upon the largest scale, and Man aims at accomplishing all things possible in the most extreme style — to exceed in its production of the raw material, and for Americans to excel in their application, and to rush in the maddest spirit of speculation into a commercial mania almost unparalleled in modern times. The most extraordinary feature of the story is, that Nature has hitherto so far replied to the extravagant demands of the gamblers as to turn up for their benefit a series of prizes such as would never have been dreamt of by the most sanguine enthusiast. On the borders of the Pacific, the remote Californian has a rich supply of bitumen, welling up in his region; and, to look across a hemisphere, we hear from Australia of "Petroleum" Coal Seams, which, though probably not coming within the strict limits of our subject, yet show that our Antipodean relatives are fully alive to this world-wide subject, and are not unlikely to discover the free mineral. The value of these natural materials brought home to us have caused their more full recognition upon our own soil; and in addition to the long-known, and not long since much discussed, manufacture of artificial oils from bituminous shales and coals, we now learn, from recently published accounts, of "Petroleum in North Wales."

To convey anything like an adequate idea of the extent of the natural supply of the crude material, and of the commercial importance of their derivatives, would carry us beyond the scope of the present article, which has for its object to consider the production of free bituminous substances in its purely geological aspect. We must therefore refer our readers to "Derrick and Drill," and to Professor Draper's most interesting paper in the Quarterly Journal of Science for statistics, and the perusal, we can assure them, will well repay the research.

In spite of the touches of exaggeration that are sure, especially amongst Americans, to accompany the history of such a really wonderful commercial discovery, and of its unanticipated results, the general reader will find that the actual facts of the case are full of information and interest, and in "Derrick and Drill" these are conveyed to him in an amusing and readable form.

But with all the abundance of bitumen and bituminous fluids, and the ubiquity of their occurrence, we may search volumes in vain for anything like satisfactory information as to its geological history. The scientific geologist who would warn his practical brother from fruitless efforts in search of coal, or wishes to point out to the explorer where he may hope to find a supply of subterranean fuel, — be it lignite, ordinary coal, or anthracite, — has something more to depend upon for his statements than the mere empirical knowledge that these have or have not been found in such or such a locality. Stratification aids him; Carboniferous Rocks indicate a great probability, the presence of Oolites a possibility, of Coal; whilst Tertiary beds may con-

tain a more or less valuable substitute. But Bitumen and Naphtha and Petroleum set all calculations hitherto made at defiance. They may be bored into in a Palæozoic region, far below any coal-bearing rocks, or they well up through Tertiary strata; Shales may be impregnated with them in the Silurian, the Devonian, or the Oolite Formations; the mineral oil may exude slowly and cold from the cells of a most ancient coral, or boil up, and cooling form a recent rock. So multitudinous are the modes of its occurrence, so baffling, at first sight, are its associations with rocks of all ages and all kinds, so concealed are its hidden sources, if apparently of recent origin, or so utterly lost, if of ancient date, that it is scarcely a wonder that geologists have allowed it to remain a known but an unexplained existence; that, at the best, but hazy ideas of the truth have been thrown out, amongst a host of most unnatural theories. For sundry examples of the latter we must refer the reader to Mr. White's little work;* though we regret to add, that the theory which that author suggests to replace them is by no means more scientific or even comprehensible. *Chemical Agency* is a very safe expression; but the assumed existence of "hippuric acid," of "almonds, or other Benzoic acidulous food," and of the constituents of mammillary (*sic*), and other remains of sedimentary organism in Palæozoic Strata, would be simply laughable, if it did not appear to be scientific (!) quackery. The only object of the whole farrago of nonsense appears to be to make people believe that oil-wells in general, and Canadian ones in particular, are inexhaustible, — a view that is contrary to the opinion of those who have disinterestedly studied the statistics of the American oil-fields.

Two theories have met with more favor than others, and of these two, it appears to us that the least tenable has obtained the most and best supporters. A theory which, to account for the presence of Petroleum in Silurian or Devonian strata of undoubtedly marine origin, assumes that the remains, not merely of sea-weeds, but even of molluscous animals, may be converted into bitumen similar to that derived from the mineralization of the higher plants, "must give us pause," though it be supported by the names of Dana and Logan. The best evidence adduced in favor of the view that fluid bitumen is the result of a "special mineralization," of even vegetable remains, that of Mr. Wall, in his remarks on the Geology of the Island of Trinidad, appears to us to be defective; for though that writer implies that the beds of vegetable matter undergoing conversion by chemical reactions, at the ordinary temperature, and under the normal conditions of climate, become a solid bitumen identical with the fluid of the "pitch-lake," yet we fail, on referring to the original paper, to see the connection between the one and the other. They may be different portions of one and the same phenomenon, but are there no differences between the chemical reactions which at first, by a special mineralization, convert vegetable matter into solid bitumen, *in situ*, and which are also assumed to convert this same bitumen into a fluid again at the normal temperature, to cool once more to the solid form?

It appears to us that, as far as any proof is contained on Mr. Wall's paper, the source of the fluid pitch may not lie at all in the stratified vegetable

seams seen near the surface, but in some far more deeply seated deposits, and that the writer may have been misled by a similarity of appearance and a contiguity in position to assume identity of origin. We advance the doubt cautiously, and in the hope of obtaining more certain knowledge on the point. Mr. Wall's evidence, when made clear, must be regarded as of more than ordinary importance, as it seems to be the best stone in a structure that otherwise appears to stand upon a rickety basis. The theory, as applied to the sources of Petroleum in North America, appears to have resulted from difficulties in making all the circumstances of the case agree with another and far more simple hypothesis. A "special mineralization," or "fermentation" theory, to include both animal and vegetable substances, according to need, in its operations, was therefore built up to replace a "distillation" theory, which, though well based, seemed at first sight incapable of explaining enough. It has long ago been suggested that free bituminous products, more especially those which rise to the surface as oils, are the results of a natural distillation of bitumen-containing substances, such as lignites and coals, by the action of the heat of the interior of the earth.

Now, considering that bituminous products can be obtained artificially from such substances by heat, and that coal-beds, after their formation, must, in very many instances, have been buried beneath enormous accumulations of later date, and consequently have been exposed to a great increase of temperature, there is a *prima facie* case in favor of this view. In anthracites we have further witnesses in support of it, for these are coals which, having been exposed to the supposed conditions, have parted with their contained hydro-carbons. Such being our case, let us cross-examine the witnesses against it. It has been said that the products of a natural and of an artificial distillation of coal should be identical, which they are not; but this objection is of no value, since man and nature work under such dissimilar conditions, that the utmost we can expect is a similarity, far from an identity, of results. Geological proof is given that petroleum occurs in localities far distant from any yielding coal, — in rocks far older than any known to contain it, — and that the strata in which it has been found have, to all appearance, never been heated. The last is evidence actually in favor of the distillation theory; for the hydro-carbons having been driven off from beds at a high temperature, must have been condensed in strata which remained cool; and if such strata were subsequently heated, they would have to give off again the bituminous products which they had temporarily retained. But, say the objectors, the petroleum reservoirs are frequently in rocks older, and therefore inferior, in position to the lowest known Coal-measures, and if the latter had been heated, the former must have been more so. This objection assumes that the condensed substances are found now on the very spot where they were originally distilled. But, suppose distillation to have taken place in the heated and upthrown Coal-measures now forming the Appalachian chain, the distilled products would have found their way down the subterranean slopes of the colder rocks, flanking the actual site of disturbance, until penetrating cracks and fissures, they found a permanent resting-place upon an impervious series of unheated rocks, far distant from, and quite possibly below, in geological position, the Carboniferous strata from which they had their origin. We may even imagine

* Oil-Fields of Canada, etc.

a case, where the vapors and oil, retained for a time in higher rocks, may, when a cooling of the beds below occurred, have drained downwards through the very strata from which they had been expelled, into reservoirs below; or, again, products driven off from a disturbed region, may have drained away to a position below an unaffected series of Coal-measures. We must remember, too, in connection with this subject, the probability, nay, the certainty, that immense masses of carbonized vegetation may have been denuded from localities where now we find oil, but neither coal nor lignite. Many corroborative items of evidence in favor of, or at least not inconsistent with, the distillation theory, will occur to the investigator of the subject; as, for instance, the nature of the ground in which the oil is found, the very rifts and fissures into which the boring-rods fall being the ancient drains by which the Hydro-Carbons found their way from the great natural stills to the permanent receivers.

To sum up the evidence in favor of either of the two theories: the case to our mind stands thus, — That *vegetable* matter, in becoming bituminized, or converted into lignite and coal, undergoes processes of mineralization varying according to the diverse conditions in which such vegetable deposits may be placed, we admit; but further proof is required to show that any such special mineralization will produce free bitumen. Still less are we inclined to admit, without anything save conjectured hypothesis to support the view, that the remains of animals may be so converted. On the other side, it is a fact that hydro-carbons may be derived from pre-existing bituminized substances; and, so far from seeing physical and geological objections to this view, it appears to us that the circumstances under which free bituminous substances are described as occurring in nature, are not merely not inconsistent with such an origin, but actually, in some cases, such as we should *a priori* expect. Let us be clearly understood. The chemical action which reduces vegetable substances to a carbonized state may, *possibly*, under favorable circumstances, be carried on to a second stage, and liberate hydro-carbons from the results of the first. *Possibly* the conditions may be such that the chemical action of the first stage is so energetic as to develop in itself an amount of heat sufficient for the accomplishment of the second.

Mr. Wall's remarks, above quoted, at the utmost, imply no more, and we are, by them, left in the position that we have taken up, — that bituminous substances are derived from accumulations of previously carbonized *vegetable* substances. If any such deposits are known, or if there is a probability of such beds having existed, and having been destroyed, in the neighborhood of bitumen or petroleum yielding districts, it surely is more in accordance with the rules of inductive philosophy, and more safe in practical investigations, to construct our hypotheses upon such known facts, than upon the possibility of these substances having been derived from the decomposition of animal remains. Acknowledging fully the difficulties of the subject, we would yet

"rather bear the ill we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

With respect to bituminous shales, or pyro-schists, in which the Hydro-Carbons exist, in such intimate connection with the earthy constituents of the rock, as to require distillation to set them free, it is easy to conceive that, when they first became impreg-

nated with bituminous vapors, or oils resulting from a natural distillation, they were placed under such circumstances as favored a chemical action in the substances introduced into the matrix, resulting in their solidification within its pores. Where no such chemical action was set up, the association between a rock and the distilled products it contained was, as before assumed, of a purely hydrostatic nature.

It may be said, at first sight, that both the given theories are equally inadequate to assist the practical man: that, according to either, bituminous substances may be found impregnating the earth anywhere, or in any formation. But a little reflection will show the thinking Geologist that if he makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the structure of a district, and with its internal history, he will, supposing the distillation theory be a correct one, have some means of ascertaining the possibility, and even the probability, of free Hydro-Carbons existing therein. Their presence, in the first place, would depend upon the existence, at some time or another, of coal or lignite, either in that region or in one adjoining; and, secondly, the hope of determining the actual position of reservoirs will depend upon our power of comprehending the conditions of the subterranean drainage at the time of the supposed distillation. The presence of anthracite should, under this view, induce an examination of the subterranean structure of the surrounding districts, as such an examination might tell us whether there was a probability of the lost Hydro-Carbons of the anthracite being stored up within accessible reservoirs, or the contrary.

Any practical results of the acceptance of the distillation hypothesis, under the very difficult circumstances in which the inquiry is placed, may seem remote; but cases may arise where it would be advisable for the practical man to remember that the hypothesis of Bitumen, or Petroleum, having arisen in some instances from a "special mineralization" of animal remains, is a doctrine by no means generally accepted, and most certainly containing nothing in it upon which to base either a scientific or commercial investigation.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY.

We must introduce our readers to an old lady of forbidding aspect and austere countenance. She is not only a mythical, but a real personage; her sway is undisputed in half the parishes of England; she is generally considered a paragon of virtue, and a model of correctness, a *ne plus ultra* in everything which concerns everybody, a charitable old lady with uncharitable proclivities; her character must indeed be immaculate, as it is supposed to be compounded of charity, piety, benevolence, and all other virtuous habits. Her shibboleth is to love God above all, and her neighbor as herself. We might suppose that the said old lady is an universal philanthropist, to be revered and respected by all men; that she loves a man in that he is a man, and that, like a hen, she would, to preserve her brood, rush even upon a lion.

The loving old lady of whom we speak pins her faith on example and authority. She is not to be thrown out of the old beaten paths of propriety or orthodoxy (?) by any of the "new-fangled" notions of modern science, for she hates logic, and calls new discoveries "farthing scientific rushlights"; all her ideas have been cast in a previous mould, and riveted to those of others. She is strong in the strength

of prejudice, and the only genius to which she ever laid the slightest shadow of a claim is the genius of parochial tradition. Her mind is turned instinctively backward on the past, and she cannot project it to the future.

She could not, for the life of her, imagine anything, either in individual or general truth, different from what has been handed down to her as such. Give her costume, dialect, manners, popular superstition, grotesque characters such as she has known in her youth (now, alas! no more), supernatural events, the last theological *bon mot*, or a description of local grievances, and conform rigidly to the inexorable dictum which she puts forth, and you too — an Anti-Teapot in practice, though not in name — will be described as a great and virtuous character; in fact, one to whom the venal old lady herself will crouch, and to whom every one else ought, in her opinion at least, to offer the qualified worship — not *latreia* — of due respect and veneration.

The same old lady also possesses many other attributes which may, or may not, deserve our praise. For instance, she not only crouches to power, but she is always more disposed to fall upon and crush, than to come forward to the support of a sinking individual. She is not like La Fleur, in the "Sentimental Journey," who advanced three steps forward to his master when the gendarmes arrested him; she bears a far stronger resemblance to the *maitre d'hôtel*, who retired three paces backwards on the same occasion. We may, of course, suppose that she said *m. d'A.* had heard of the rat and a sinking ship, and looked upon discretion as the better part of valor. The old lady is a bigot to the shadow of power and authority, a slave to prejudice and custom, and tries to enslave all who throw themselves into her power; but she is a coward in everything else. She has not a particle of mental courage. She is bitter and uncharitable; and from the lofty pinnacle on which she is placed looks down with unmitigated scorn and contempt on the failings of others. No virtue, however exalted, can cleanse you from the plague-spot with which you will be marked, unless you follow obediently in her train, and listen complacently to the innumerable "intricacies of delicacy" with which her sombre court is surrounded.

She not only imbibes a bad opinion of you from hearsay, but condemns you unheard, and conceals the good she knows of you, both from herself and the world. She is a miserable old woman, full of formality and hypocrisy, and she never forgave an injury in her life. Let any one offend her, and she exclaims, with Iago in the play: —

"Though that their joy be joy
Yet will I contrive
To throw such stages of vexation on it
As it may lose some color."

Her impudence is extreme, and devoid of dignity (Fielding says, "there is a certain dignity in the impudence of women of quality," though for our own part, we have not yet discovered wherein the dignity of impudence consists); her malice is cold-blooded, covert, crawling, and deliberate, without the frailty or excuse of passion. She clubs her vices and venalities together, and by the help of both united she is invincible. Her age is unknown, and her parentage obscure; she is of no occupation or profession, and her great delight in life is to take care of everybody's business except her own! She never had a husband; she can, and does, gossip and talk cant; she is an ignoramus about everything

but the affairs of her neighbors; she denounces with severity and punishes without mercy; she is more dreaded than an absolute monarch; her power is supreme over all causes, and in all cases, both secular and ecclesiastical; her home is nowhere and yet everywhere; and if any of our readers are ever unfortunate enough to discover her front door, let them put on a bold face, and ask for the peerless British Sultana of whom we have been writing, — her name is MRS. GRUNDY.

ATOMS.

WE would be as gods, knowing all things; and the child is father to the man. The boy breaks up his most ingenious toys, to surprise the secrets hidden within: the man dissects, analyzes, probes all nature, to discover the ultimate qualities and causes of everything. It is quite an error to suppose that curiosity is a passion to which the fair sex is peculiarly propense. Tell either man or boy that there is a thing he cannot do, a place he cannot visit, a fact he cannot ascertain, and no rest is his until he has effected the thing, reached the spot, tested the circumstance. From what else should arise the strong attraction which the transmutation of metals, the top of Mount Cervin, the constitution of matter, exercises on multitudes?

Respecting the latter subject of inquiry, modern science has drawn up for itself a creed which is almost as precise as a treatise on arithmetic. Whether future philosophers will modify those notions it remains for a future period to show. There seems at present every probability that we have really hit upon the truth.

Matter is known to us under three forms, — solid, liquid, and gaseous. The ethereal modification of matter (the attenuated ether which fills the interplanetary and intersidereal spaces) we do not know, but only infer, suppose, and guess at. But, as Professor Tyndall quietly observes, there is no more difficulty in conceiving this *ether*, as it is called, which fills space, than in imagining all space filled with jelly.

All matter, of whatever form, is believed to be made up of atoms. Gases we can easily conceive to consist of independent particles which repel each other; liquids to be made up of minute molecules, behaving, when poured out, like grains of wheat or sand, still held together by a slight attraction; but there is much greater difficulty in granting solid bodies to be collections, groups, or aggregates of atoms not in actual contact with each other.

Solid bodies especially, therefore, have long puzzled people who have considered them with careful attention. They expand, and they contract. How? It must be by the expansion and contraction of their constituent parts. But what are their constituent parts? They cannot be anything else than atoms of inconceivable littleness. According to many philosophers, group atoms together, and you have a molecule; but, in common parlance, atoms and molecules may be regarded as synonymous. Combine molecules in sufficient quantity, and you produce a particle, — a portion of matter of form and size appreciable by the human eye.

Matter is similar in its nature, throughout the solar system at least. Spectral analysis has shown that minerals, found on earth, are also contained in the sun and the planets, not to mention diverse and sundry fixed stars. The same fact is proved by the examination of bolides, or shooting stars.

A bolide is a planet in miniature: a small mass of matter, revolving round the sun in a longer or shorter elliptical orbit, obeying the same laws and governed by the same forces as the greater planets. Now, suppose the orbit described by a bolide to cross the orbit of the earth, exactly as one road crosses another; and, moreover, that the two travellers reach the point of junction or crossing at the very same time. A collision is the inevitable consequence. The bolide, which, in respect to size, is no more than a pebble thrown against a railway train, will strike the earth without her inhabitants experiencing, generally, the slightest shock. If individuals happen to be hit, the case will be different. If the earth arrive there a little before or after the bolide, but at a relatively trifling distance, she will attract it, cause it to quit its own orbit, dragging it after her, an obedient slave, to revolve around her until it falls to her surface. Or it may happen that the bolide may pass too far away for the earth to drag it into her clutches, and yet near enough to make it swerve from its course. It may even enter our atmosphere, and yet make its escape. But, in the case of its entering the atmosphere, its friction against the air will cause it to become luminous and hot, perhaps determining an explosion. Such are the meteors whose appearance at enormous heights our newspapers record from time to time.

Be it remarked that bolides are true planets, and not projectiles shot out from mountains in the moon, as has been conjectured. A projectile coming from the moon would reach the earth with a velocity of about seven miles per second. But the most sluggish bolide travels at the rate of nearly nineteen miles per second, fast-goers doing their six-and-thirty miles in the same short space of time. None of the inferior planets travel so rapidly as that. Mercury, the swiftest of them all, gears over only thirty miles per second. Mr. Tyndall states that this enormous speed is certainly competent to produce the effects ascribed to it.

When a bolide, then, glances sufficiently close to our earth to pass through our atmosphere, the resulting friction makes its surface red hot, and so renders it visible to us. The sudden rise of temperature modifies its structure. The unequal expansion causes it to explode with a report which is audible. If the entire mass does not burst, it at least throws off splinters and fragments. The effect is the same as that produced by pouring boiling water upon glass. The fragments, falling to the ground, are *aérolites*. It is needless here to cite instances of their falling. They are of universal notoriety. *Aérolites* have no new substance to offer us. If the earth, therefore, be made up of atoms, we may conclude that the universe is made up of atoms.

In imagining the ultimate composition of a solid body, we have to reconcile two apparently contradictory conditions. It is an assemblage of atoms which do not touch each other,—for we are obliged to admit intermolecular spaces,—and yet those atoms are held together in clusters by so strong a force of cohesion as to give to the whole the qualities of a solid. This would be the case even with a solid undergoing no change of size or internal constitution. But solids *do* change, under pressure, impact, heat, and cold. Their constituent atoms are, consequently, *not* at rest. Mr. Grove tells us: "Of absolute rest, Nature gives us no evidence. All matter, as far as we can ascertain, is ever in movement, not merely in masses, as with the plan-

etary spheres, but also molecularly, or throughout its most intimate structure. Thus, every alteration of temperature produces a molecular change throughout the whole substance heated or cooled. Slow chemical or electrical actions, actions of light or invisible radiant forces, are always at play; so that, as a fact, we cannot predicate of any portion of matter, that it is absolutely at rest."

The atoms, therefore, of which solid bodies consist are supposed to vibrate, to oscillate, or, better, to revolve, like the planets, in more or less eccentric orbits. Suppose a solid body to be represented by a swarm of gnats dancing in the sunshine. Each gnat, or atom, dances up and down, at a certain distance from each other gnat, within a given limited space. The path of the dance is not a mere straight line, but a vertical oval,—a true orbit. Suppose, then, that in consequence of greater sun heat, the gnats become more active, and extend each its respective sweep of flight. The swarm, or solid body, as a whole, expands. If, from a chill or the shadow of a cloud, the insect's individual range is less extensive, the crowd of gnats is necessarily denser, and the swarm, in its integrity, contracts.

Tyndall takes for his illustration a bullet revolving at the end of a spiral spring. He had spoken of the *vibration* of the molecules of a solid as causing its expansion; but he remarks that, by some, the molecules have been thought to *revolve* round each other; and the communication of heat, by augmenting their centrifugal force, was supposed to push them more widely asunder. So he twirls the weight, at the end of the spring, in the open air. It tends to fly away; the spring stretches to a certain extent; and, as the speed of revolution is augmented, the spring stretches still more, the distance between his hand and the weight being thus increased. The spring rudely figures the force of cohesion, while the ball represents an atom under the influence of heat.

The intellect, he truly says, knows no difference between great and small. It is just as easy, as an intellectual act, to picture a vibrating or revolving atom as to picture a vibrating or revolving cannon-ball. These motions, however, are executed within limits too minute, and the moving particles are too small, to be visible. Here the imagination must help us. In the case of solid bodies, you must conceive a power of vibration, within certain limits, to be possessed by the molecules. You must suppose them oscillating to and fro; the greater the amount of heat we impart to the body, the more rapid will be the molecular vibration, and the wider the amplitude of atomic oscillations.

It is held that all matter differs only in the grouping of its elements,—in the juxtaposition of its molecules. That juxtaposition depends on the temperature, and the speed with which changes of temperature have taken place. The mode and manner of those changes are so many causes of the transformation of matter,—so many origins of divers substances. It is maintained that, in the actual state of science, bodies differ only by the clustering of their atoms, exactly as the constellations of the sky differ through the arrangement of their stars.

Take a bird's-eye view, from the car of a balloon, of four or five towns, at a considerable altitude. They will differ but very slightly in aspect; they are simply towns. From a point of view nearer to the earth, their distinctive characters will be visible; showing themselves in the disposition of the houses, the topography of the streets, and the distribution

of the public walks. Such is the case with a mineral or any other substance whatever. Accordingly, as natural forces have laid out, on this or that plan, the walks, streets, and houses of our little molecular cities, they strike you with a different impression. The one depends on the will of the architect, the other on the action of the predominant force.

Wax, for instance, is cited by our great lecturer as *expanding*, in passing from the solid to the liquid state. To assume the liquid form, its particles must be pushed more widely apart, a certain play between them being necessary to the condition of liquidity. Ice, on the contrary, on liquefying, *contracts*. In the arrangement of its atoms to form a solid, more room is required than those atoms need in the neighboring liquid state. No doubt this is due to crystalline arrangement. The attracting poles of the molecules are so situated, that, when the crystallizing force comes into play, the molecules unite, so as to leave larger interatomic spaces in the mass. We may suppose them to attach themselves by their corners; and, in turning corner to corner, to cause a recession of the atomic centres. At all events, their centres retreat from each other when solidification sets in.

The atoms of bodies must be regarded as all but infinitely small; the necessary consequence of which is, that they must be all but infinitely numerous. A learned Frenchman, Monsieur A. Gaudin, calculator at the Bureau des Longitudes, has lately estimated, by a very ingenious process, the distances which separate molecules and their component atoms, and their number. The result he obtains is, that, if you set about counting the atoms contained in a little cube of solid matter two millimetres high, that is, about the size of a pin's head, and that you counted *a billion of them per second*, it would take you about two hundred and fifty thousand years to complete the task! Consequently, although the increase of the diameter of a revolving atom's orbit by the communication of heat is insensible, the sum of an almost infinite number of increased orbits becomes perfectly sensible.

Comparing the infinitely small with the infinitely great, it is held that a body, of what kind soever, represents in miniature, and very exactly, an astronomical system, like those which, weather permitting, we behold every night in the firmament.

Astronomers are perfectly aware that the earth is only a molecule amidst the innumerable stars which constitute the Milky Way. But a body, never mind what, — take wood, gold, or diamond, to have a clear idea, — is nothing more than a heap of molecular constellations diversely grouped. From the extreme of vastness to the extreme of minuteness, the analysis holds good throughout. Although our eye is not framed to perceive in all their details these infinitely small stars and systems of stars, other creatures, as for example insects, whose vision is differently constituted to ours, may possibly — although not probably — be able to see some of them.

One thing, however, appears certain; if we could construct a microscope of sufficient power, we should be able, by the help of such an instrument, to resolve the molecular constellations of every little terrestrial milky way, exactly as our first-rate telescopes resolve the celestial nebulae and separate double and triple stars. It is a mere question of visual power. Were our sight sufficiently penetrating, we should behold what now appear mere confused heaps of matter, arranged in groups of admirable symmetry. Bodies would appear honey-

combed in all directions. Daylight would stream through vast interstices, as it does between the columns of a temple or the tree-trunks of a forest. Nay, we should see immense empty spaces, like those which intervene between the planets.

From distance to distance, too, we should perceive clusters of stars in harmonious order, each surrounded by its own proper atmosphere; and, — still more astounding spectacle! — every one of those little molecular stars would be found revolving with giddy rapidity, in more or less elongated ovals, exactly like the great stars of heaven; while by increasing the power of our instrument, we should discover around each principal star, minor stars, — satellites resembling our moon, — accomplishing their revolutions swiftly and regularly. This view of the constitution of matter is aptly described by M. de Parville as molecular astronomy, maintaining even that astronomy, without our suspecting it, is dependent on mineralogy; and that whenever we shall have discovered the laws which govern the groupings and the movements of the infinitely small, astronomers will have only to follow in our track. But who, a hundred years ago, could dare to imagine that the infinitely small was so infinitely great? What is now believed to be the nearest guess at the truth, appears, at first sight, to be the dream of a madman.

Those who love to indulge in paradox now state that their theory is very simple. For them, the solar system is a solid particle, homogeneous. The planets composing it are molecules which virtually crowd each other, touch, and adhere. The space between them is no more than the interval which separates the atoms of the compactest metal, — silver, iron, or platina! Distance, therefore, it is argued, is an empty word; distance, in fact, does not exist. Nevertheless, a man may convince himself that distance, for him, is *not* an empty word, by jumping out of a first-floor window.

The wonder is that these molecular motions, so rapid as to escape human observation, are yet able to impress human senses, to give us pain or pleasure, to help us to live or to cause us to die. And unseizable as atoms are, they can, nevertheless, be counted and weighed. Chemists have determined the relative weights of the atoms of different substances. Calling the weight of a hydrogen atom one, the weight of an oxygen atom is sixteen. Hence, to make up a pound weight of hydrogen, sixteen times the number of atoms contained in a pound of oxygen would be necessary.

What a strange result of the study of atoms! Heat and light, whose origin was inscrutable, or attributed to some mysterious hypothetical fluid, are now traced to their causes. The reader has already been informed that the heat of the sun is attributed to the collision he sustains from a never-ceasing shower of meteors. The heat of terrestrial fire is similarly produced. All cases of combustion, Tyndall tells us, are to be ascribed to the collision of atoms which have been urged together by their mutual attractions. It is to the clashing together of the oxygen of the air and the constituents of our gas and candles that the light and heat of our flames are due. It is the impact of the atoms of oxygen against the atoms of sulphur, which produces the heat and flame observed when sulphur is burned in oxygen or in air. To the collision of the same atoms against phosphorus are due the intense heat and dazzling light which result from the combustion of phosphorus in oxygen gas. Whether atoms are

concerned, or suns and planets, the theory is equally applicable and true.

When interatomic movements occur under given conditions of mass and velocity, they make an impression on the eye. Their undulations, communicated from one to the other, strike the retina, and in turn set vibrating the atoms of which it is composed. We see; we receive the impression of light. And accordingly as the vibrations occur with certain proportional rapidities, they give us the sense of blue, yellow, red, and the other *visible* tints of the rainbow, because there are certainly other tints which are not visible to the human eye, exactly as there are sounds not audible to the human ear. Atoms and their motions are therefore the physical cause of color. Wonderful as it must appear, the length of the waves both of sound and light, and the number of shocks which they respectively impart to the ear and eye, have been strictly determined. The number of waves of red light which enter the eye in a single second is 474,439,680,000,000. To produce the impression of red in the brain, the retina must be hit at this almost incredible rate. To produce the impression of violet, a still greater number of impulses is necessary, amounting to six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions per second.

Thus a thing, an entity, several billions of which can be contained within the point of a needle, is able to give the cattle disease, hydrophobia, or the plague; or to gratify you with the perfume of a rose, the flavor of a peach, the warmth of sunshine, the delights of music. Are atoms, then, to be despised and disregarded, being components of ourselves and of everything around us?

Despised! Their force is gigantic, irresistible, — rending iron, riving rocks, upheaving mountains, and, if fully set in action, consuming the world with fervent heat.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A RECENT number of the *London Review* devotes three columns to Mr. J. R. Lowell, an edition of whose poems has just been placed before the English public by Mr. S. O. Beeton.

A MILAN letter states that Dr. Giuseppe Ortori, of that city, has discovered a manuscript, by Leonardo da Vinci, consisting of about 112 leaves of parchment, in which the illustrious painter, who was also one of the most distinguished men of science of his time, examines the different phenomena of light in their relation to his art.

IN the course of a notice of the death of the late Master of Trinity, the *London Times* remarks: "Men of such wide and varied attainments as Dr. Whewell possessed are always open to the suspicion of being but superficially acquainted with some of the branches of knowledge on which they write, and the Master of Trinity was sometimes disparaged as Leibnitz was in his day. The saying, that 'Science was his forte and Omniscience his foible,' is well known, though it had, in truth, less real ground than even epigrams usually have. Dr. Whewell was doubtless not uniformly great, but he reached a high degree of excellence in everything he attempted. It is probable that defects in his manners encouraged those who were ready to disparage what they were unable to measure. Dr. Whewell was at times disposed to overbear opponents, and for some years

his influence in the University was marred by resentment against this defect. At the same time he often exhibited an urbanity which, coupled with his universal knowledge, made him a delightful companion. Much must be allowed to a man who is compelled to tolerate persons much his inferiors in ability; but Dr. Whewell must be allowed to have exhibited an occasional disdain of those who might fairly be deemed on some subjects his equals. This was in part, however, probably attributable to the high estimation in which he held the College of which he was the head, and which was wholly free from any alloy of personal vanity. He was prouder of Trinity College than of any of his works, and would have sacrificed everything to magnify it. And it must be added, that he endowed it with almost royal munificence. Some seven or eight years since he built, at his own expense, a hostel for the reception of some of the overflowing students of Trinity, who had been compelled to live in lodgings for want of rooms in College, and at the time of his death he had commenced still larger works by way of addition to the former building, which he had unwillingly deferred in consequence of difficulties in obtaining the necessary site, but the completion of which, we have reason to believe, he took care to provide should be independent of the accident of his death."

THE ordinary methods of crushing large masses of cast-iron into fragments are both cumbersome and expensive, but by the means which has lately been described in *Les Mondes*, this operation may be conducted with considerable ease. The new French method consists in drilling a hole in the mass of cast-iron for about one third of its thickness, filling this with water, closing it with a steel plug which fits accurately, and letting the ram of a pile-driver fall on the plug. The very first blow splits up the mass.

THE English language has been officially adopted by the government of the Japanese Empire, and permission has been given to have it taught publicly. Prince Satsuma is now turning his attention to commerce, and is largely engaged in the silk trade, finding it more profitable to sell silk to the English than to have his palaces battered down by them.

"DANIEL LAMBERT" is the title of Alexander Dumas's new drama, now in rehearsal at one of the Paris theatres. Dumas has just signed a new contract with the *New Free Press* of Vienna, to give it a novel drawn from life in Paris, the price, £1,000. Very recently he was at Pesth, where the extraordinary costume in which he delivered a lecture was the cause of considerable laughter. The lecturer appeared in the Hungarian national costume.

ANOTHER reprint of the "Hundred Mery Talys," commonly called "Shakespeare's Jest Book," has just appeared, with introduction and notes by Dr. Herman Oesterley. This reprint is said to be from the original black-letter copy, of which only one perfect copy is known.

THE Green Rooms are as able to furnish strange information as the spiritualists. Thence, we hear a report of a new "actor of all work," in the person of Mr. Home, who, after trying the stage of the unknown world, and the platform of the lecturer, is now in training, preparatory to making an essay in sock and buskin, to come off, it is said, in the next summer.

It is not given to all men to know their own tongue, in its old forms, says the *Spectator*, and the clever M. Paul Meyer, one of the editors of *La Revue Critique*, a French literary weekly, has just shown that he has something to learn of old French. Mr. Skeet, in his edition of *Lancelot of the Laik*, gave some extracts from the French romance, and in a note remarked, that "the word *si* often occurs with a great variety of meanings, viz. I, he; and, also; so, thus," &c., — a tolerably safe assertion, we should have thought. M. Meyer, however, was of a different opinion, and in his review of the "*Lancelot*" said of Mr. Skeet's statement, "*C'est très-exagéré; jamais si, adverbe ou conjonction, n'a pu avoir le sens d'un pronom.*" Though it may seem impertinent to affect to teach a Frenchman French, yet the presumption may be excused when we only refer him to his own dictionaries; and if M. Meyer will look to *Burgny* or *Roquefort*, he will find plenty of instances of *si* in "*le sens d'un pronom*"!

CHAUCER has been hardly treated by his editors. Since the first editions, which were all from faulty manuscripts, not one editor has taken the trouble to print the poet's works throughout from the best manuscripts. At last we are to have this done, and to get a text that we can trust. An experienced copier of manuscripts has gone to Glasgow to read *The Romaunt of the Rose* with the magnificent unique manuscript copy there.

THE loyal town of Wareham, England, has a town-hall with a cupola in a tottering state, the estimated repairs of which will cost some £ 7 or £ 8. Wareham, if not a wealthy town, is a *cheeky* one. The Mayor sent a begging letter to the Prince of Wales to prevail upon him to incur the cost, and the Prince, as might have been expected, refers them to the good feeling of the inhabitants of Wareham to raise the paltry sum amongst themselves.

Of all the wild theories which have been invented respecting the nature of the sun, perhaps the most extravagant is contained in "A Treatise on the Sublime Science of Heliography, satisfactorily demonstrating our great Orb of Light, the Sun, to be absolutely no other than a Body of Ice!" by Charles Palmer, gent., London, 1798. The sun is a cold body, says the author, because the temperature decreases as we approach it. Further, a convex lens of glass has the property of collecting all the rays which fall upon it at the focus; a lens of ice has the same effect. For these reasons, he believes that the sun is a huge convex mass of ice, which receives the rays of light and heat proceeding from the Almighty himself, and brings them to a focus upon the earth.

A WRITER in *Chambers's Journal* takes exception to certain phrases sometimes used by English authors: "Would that there were some functionary of the nature of a good watch-dog to prevent the intrusion of colloquial vulgarisms into the noble English language!" He who pens these lines suffers a continual exasperation from this cause. Within the last few years, three or four malapert terms have made themselves particularly offensive, and, what could scarcely be expected, they show their ugly snouts as much in the works of men of the highest talents as in inferior productions.

"O my good, clever friend Wilkie Collins, why will you so continually express the sense of the respectable old word '*also*' by '*as well*'? Believe me, it is not as well to do so. There are whole

provinces in this island where nobody ever employs the term in the sense of also. I question if it is used at all in that sense beyond the hearing of the Park guns or the midnight boom of Big Ben. Wherever it is not so used, of course, your employment of it must appear as a vulgar provincialism. *Deleatur!*

"And dear Mrs. Henry Wood, you who have such a power of fixing our attention to your narratives, why will you always use the word '*like*' for '*as*'? Why pepper your clever books with this deformed phrase, to the offence of all whose praise is worth having?

"There is a respectable old phrase, '*What can Jack be doing in the stable?*' which most modern London writers intensify into, '*Whatever* can Jack be doing,' &c. No literary men belonging to other parts of the island *as yet* use this phrase. Possibly they will ere long be doing so, which will be a great pity, for the phrase is certainly not correct English. Let us rather hope to see it denounced and put down, as good taste demands that it ought to be.

"'*There were ever* so many people present,' — '*Preach to me ever* so much, it will be all in vain,' — are examples of what may be called a mistake rather than a vulgarism, which has of late come much into vogue. The word to be employed instead of *ever*, and which was employed by all past generations, is of course *never*. The late Mr. Thackeray continually made this mistake, and living writers of his elevated grade are not exempt from it.

"Another error which has lately become very prevalent is, '*It is no use,*' the necessary particle '*of*' being omitted. It looks petty-minded to economize in the use of particles, at the expense of a breach of grammar, and if it be a fault in common speech, it is thrice a fault in writing. Let '*of*' be restored; let us say, '*It is of no use,*' as our forefathers did, and as every classic writer continues to do; and so will one of my complaints be done away with.

"If the English language were a rude one, only in the course of being formed, and devoid of classic models, it would be of little consequence that such errors as the above are committed by the writers of any particular province. As it is, — viewing what an illustrious position it has long attained, — we must unloose such a watch-dog as we have upon them."

THE popular illustrated German paper, the *Gartenlaube*, announced the publication, in its columns, of a series of letters, containing "*Recollections of my brother Heinrich Heine*," by the Counsellor of State, Maximilian von Heine, of Vienna, of which it gives a sample, touching on the relations of the witty poet and his rich uncle. The sarcastic, unsparing, generous-hearted nephew was a thorough contrast to his uncle, Salomon Heine, the richest man in the rich town of Hamburg, possessor of many millions, who, although by no means devoid of wit and humor, yet fancied that he had employed his time far better by amassing wealth than by wasting it upon making poetry. The nephew, in his turn, looked upon the money-makers with sovereign contempt, as thousands of anecdotes still circulating at Paris, in which the Rothschilds, Foulds, and other millionaires play a prominent part, will testify. Yet uncle and nephew in the depths of their hearts respected each other, and acknowledged each other's merits; but as soon as they met the conflict was unavoidable, as may easily be imagined.

Salomon Heine, having gained his colossal riches

by admirable activity, industry, and intelligence, always lived in the simplest style, and never despised even the value of a penny,—which did not prevent him from giving large sums for charitable purposes. Heine, the poet, never knew the value of money, and was always ready to live as if he were possessed of the millions which his uncle objected to use in paying the debts of his nephew. He had to do it often enough, however, on which occasions he never failed to give elaborate sermons into the bargain. Under these circumstances, Heinrich Heine was glad to leave Hamburg as often as he possibly could persuade his uncle to give him money for travelling. One morning, the poet, who had then finished his tragedy, "Radcliff," found his uncle at breakfast in pretty good humor, which happy constellation was made use of directly by his announcing to his uncle that he wished to see the country of his "Radcliff"; in short, that he intended to travel in England.

"Travel, then," replied the uncle.

"Ay! but living is dear in England."

"You received money not long ago."

"True, that will do for my expenses; but for the sake of representation I want a decent credit on Rothschild."

The letter of credit (ten thousand francs) was given to him, with the strict injunction, however, that it was to be considered only as a matter of form, not to be made use of in reality, the poet's purse being otherwise well supplied,—mamma having put an extra present of one hundred louis-d'or into his pocket. The rich banker, however, had to pay dear for this little piece of ostentation, for his nephew had not been twenty-four hours in London before the letter was presented to Baron James von Rothschild, and the four hundred pounds cashed.

But this was too much for poor, confiding Salomon. When he opened his letters at breakfast, and found one by Rothschild, informing him "that he had had the extreme pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of his celebrated, charming nephew, and that he had had the honor to pay the £ 400 to him," the pipe dropped from his mouth, and he ran up and down the room, swearing at Rothschild and at his nephew, by turns. In his excitement he ran to Heinrich's mother, communicating to her the amount of wickedness in her son. The worthy matron wrote an epistle full of severity to the culprit, who, in the mean time, enjoyed himself in London amazingly. It would not seem as if this epistle, nor his uncle's wrath, made a deep impression upon the poet, for one passage in his answer was verbally as follows: "Old people have caprices; what my uncle gave in a fit of good-humor he might take back in ill-humor. I had to make sure. Who knows but in his next letter he might have written to Rothschild that the letter of credit was only a mere form; there are enough examples of the sort in the annals of rich bankers' offices. Indeed, dear mother, men must

always make sure: would uncle have become so rich if he had not always made sure?"

But his crime was not forgotten; on his return to Hamburg he had to encounter bitter reproaches for his extravagance, and threats that the uncle would never be reconciled to him again. After having listened in silence to this formidable sermon, Heine said, "The best thing in you, uncle, is, that you bear my name," and proudly left the room. In spite of this piece of impudence, as uncle Salomon would call it, a reconciliation soon took place; for, after all, the rich banker loved his famous nephew and was very proud of him. He settled a handsome annuity upon him.

OLD LETTERS.

The rain was blowing in quick white gusts;
With yellow leaves the air was darkling;
The storm was moaning of death and graves;
No moon dared shine, no star was sparkling.

The elms were roaring around the house
With a frantic grief and a wild despair;
The wind gave a warning Banshee wail
From the beggared wood that was all but bare.

Then I opened the casket once so dear,
And took out the letters I'd kissed so oft;
The paper was still by the rose-leaf tinged;
Its breath was like hers,—so sweet and so soft.

Slowly as one at a sacrifice,
With face averted, I fed the flame;
Ruthless and cruel, the serpent tongues,
Swift and eager and leaping came.

Hopes and joys, they were dreams and air!
I sat down sad by my funeral pile,
And heard the roar of the ruthless fire,
And "God forgive her!" I moaned the while.

There was a blaze, and of crimson glare,
A wavering pyramid tall and keen;
Then there came a waft of smouldering smoke,
That rose in a circling vapory screen.

Meleager's fagot,—so went my life,
Spring and summer, and autumn too;
Its daybreak promise, its riper thoughts,
Its tears of sorrow, its sunshine dew.

I sat like a mourner beside the pile:
All I had loved had passed away;
Nothing for me but to hope for flowers
To bloom and gladden my burial clay.

There lay my life,—a crinkling heap
Of curling ashes that fell to naught,
A glitter of one or two passing sparks,—
That was all that my love had brought.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

[No. 15.]

MIGHT AND MAGNITUDE.

M. DU CHAILLU has announced his discovery of a whole nation of negro dwarfs. He has given us measurements of their stature, male and female. It is a pity he did not measure their strength. For want of a better dynamometer, he might have pitted a man against a camel, or a woman against a cow. Should his notes contain no information on this point, he will have to return to Africa to seek it.

For, little by little the belief is gaining ground that fat is not force, nor size strength, nor plethora power. If we are to trust the most modern deductions of science, Goliath ought to have been a monster of weakness; while Samson, whose feats proclaim his prowess, can hardly have reached the middle height. Hercules, too, must have been quite a small man. "Long and lazy, little and loud," are proverbial expressions physically accounted for. The Pygmæi of Thrace, who went to war with the cranes, were indeed a valiant race, if only three inches high.

To show how things may be so, and that strength and smallness are compatible, we will begin, not quite at the beginning of all, but with a few elementary considerations suggested by the perusal of M. Henri de Parville's scientific romance, "*Un Habitant de la Planète Mars*," to which learned *jeu d'esprit* we do no more than allude on the present occasion.

The bodily frame of any animal is as much a machine as a steam-engine is a machine. Now the more carbon a machine consumes, the more force it is capable of producing.

We must be careful to avoid forgetting that, in strict fact, at the present epoch, not a single thing in nature is either created or annihilated. It is transformed, and that is all. Thus, you may burn a piece of paper; but you do not destroy it. You simply make it suffer a metamorphosis. If such be your desire you can find it again, and collect its substance, weight for weight. Instead of retaining its primitive shape, the greater portion has passed into a gaseous state. It has become partly gas, which mingles with the atmosphere, and partly ashes, which fall to the ground.

Force, M. de Parville elsewhere reminds us, undergoes similar transformations. We do not generate our own strength, as we are apt, in our pride, to fancy we do. We receive it ready generated, and then we transform it or displace it. Charcoal, for instance, in obedience to our will, supplies us with heat, that is, with force. Do you think that it really creates that force? In deed it does not. It de-

rives it from the sun. And when, in the depth of winter, a bright sea-coal fire is blazing in the grate, all the light and heat it gives is bestowed at the expense of the solar heat.

In truth, every vegetable substance has been actually built up, bit by bit, organ by organ, by rays of light and heat from the sun. The materials so grouped remain together; but only on one condition, namely, that the solar force, which originally assembled them, shall not quit them.

To keep convicts in prison, you must have jailers and turnkeys, who will find quite enough work to occupy their leisure. But by setting your prisoners free, the staff of men, whose services are no longer required, can be employed upon some other task or duty. Exactly so in the present case. By burning the vegetable, you destroy the quiescent state of its particles; you disturb their equilibrium; you give them the opportunity of breaking loose. The force which held them together in subjection is discharged from its functions, and employs its activity in other ways. For you, it becomes sensible as heat, and is ready as such to undertake some different employment.

Coal is a mass of vegetable matter, which has been buried in the earth for a considerable lapse of time. It is solar light and heat put into a savings-bank ages upon ages ago. It is power and action from the sun, imprisoned in the bowels of the earth. To us nineteenth centuryans falls the lucky task of making it our slave, by setting it at liberty from its primeval trammels. Throw a piece of coal or wood into the fire; it is absolutely as if you took a small quantity of sun-heat in your hand, to manipulate it according to your requirements. And this is not a mere form of speech; it is a correct expression of the real fact.

When an animal exerts his strength, do you also believe that he creates that strength? Not more than the coal creates the steam-engine's strength. Here again it is entirely derived from the sun. The animal eats. What does he consume to keep himself alive? Alimentary substances, composed, in few words, of carbon, oxygen, azote, and hydrogen.

In an animal organism, those elements undergo a veritable transformation. Outside the animal, before they were eaten, they were combined, aggregated, united together, and in that state constituted food. Inside the animal, they are disunited, decomposed; the force which held them together quits them, allows them to separate, and so is free to do other work. It causes the creature's body to grow; endows it with vital and creative force; and, in short, produces all the phenomena of life.

Who created the aliment? The Sun,—himself created by the Great Maker of all things. Here again, therefore, the life and strength possessed by an animal are actually engendered by the sun.

Throughout your whole existence you will find, by following up the same reasoning, that your most trifling act, your most thoughtless movement, has derived its origin from the sun. A blow with the fist, a breath, a sigh, can be exactly estimated in rays of sunshine. Whether you trifle or whether you work, to make such an effort you have been obliged to expend so much strength; and that strength had already been stored in you by the sun, through the agency of a series of transformations. Your clothing is all borrowed from the sun. It is he who has spun every thread of your linen, and fed every fibre of your cloth and flannel. He either bleaches it snowy white, or dyes it purple and scarlet with indigo and madder. He furnishes leather for useful service, and furs and feathers for finery and parade. He gives you your bedding; whether you repose luxuriously between eider-down and wool, or stretch your weary limbs on straw, chaff, Indian corn-husks, seaweed, or even on a naked plank, as is the lot of not a few, it is the sun who gives both the one and the other. And what do we receive from regions where the sun, as it were, is not,—from the immediate neighborhood of either pole? We receive just nothing. We cannot even get to them. The absence of the sun bars our progress with an impenetrable zone of ice and snow.

In like manner, your fine cellars of hock, burgundy, and claret are nothing but bottled sunshine from the banks of the Rhine, the slopes of the Côte d'Or, and the pebbly plain of the Medoc. Your butter and cheese are merely solid forms of sunshine absorbed by the pastures of Holland or Cambridgeshire. Your sugar is crystallized sunshine from Jamaica. Your tea, quinine, coffee, and spice are embodiments of solar influences shed on the surfaces of China, Peru, and the Indian Archipelago. It is the sun's action which sends you to sleep in opium, poisons you in strychnine, and cures in decoctions of tonic herbs. You taste the sun in your sauces, eat him in your meats, and drink him even in your simplest beverage,—water. Without the sun, no blood could flow in your veins; your whole corporeal vitality, your very bodily life, is the result of the overflowings of his bounty.

Nor is this all we owe to our great central luminary. The physical forces with which we are acquainted—heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and motion,—dancing their magic round, and alternately assuming each other's form and action, and now believed in all probability to be one in their common birth and origin—are direct emanations from the sun.

But how grand and beautiful is the theory that all material blessings here below come to us entirely and alone from the sun! Its simplicity and unity are completely consistent with the attributes of one Supreme Omnipotent Being, the Maker of the universe. Given motion, and given matter, all the rest follows as an inevitable consequence. All nature, from the simplest fact to the most complex phenomenon, is nothing but a work of destruction or reconstruction, a displacement of force from one point to another, according to laws which are absolutely general. Nor is there materialism lurking in the thought; for it is impossible to forget that, if motion and matter form and transform organic beings, there still needed a Creator to give the im-

pulse and the law. And, as to minor details, the Hand of God is visible throughout the universe.

The sun, then, is God's material instrument on earth, as throughout the solar system. He is the dispenser to us of our share of the advantages allotted to us by the Great Benefactor. Of all forms of worship, sun-worship is the most excusable in nations unenlightened by Revelation. Bending the knee to the god of day, in the belief that the throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, is a far more elevated phase of mistaken adoration than prostrating one's self before an ugly image carved out of the stump of a tree.

With this much said about might, let us now look at the question of magnitude. From the foregoing statements, it may easily be conceived that the more an organized being is capable, in consequence of its physiological structure, of assimilating a given amount of aliment, the more effective force it will set at liberty, or, in other words, the more strength it will have at its own disposal.

Now, the solar forces, thus rendered active within the frame of a living creature, have, by determining its growth, to construct the animal itself. They have to generate its own proper vitality, as well as the result of vitality, its muscular power. It may therefore be asserted that the effective force at the disposal of every living creature will increase in proportion to its alimentation, and will diminish in proportion to its weight. Otherwise expressing the same idea: The more food an animal consumes and the less it weighs, the more muscular strength it will possess.

These deductions have lately been confirmed by curious experiments instituted by M. Felix Plateau, who has determined the value of the relative muscular power of insects,—power of pushing, power of drawing, and the weight which the creature is able to fly away with.

It had already been remarked that animals of small stature are by no means proportionally the weakest. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, asserts that, in strength, the ant is superior to all other creatures. The length and height of the flea's leap also appear quite out of proportion to its weight. No very definite conclusion, however, had hitherto been arrived at. M. Plateau has settled the question by employing exact science as the test. Insects belonging to different species, placed on a plane surface, have been made to draw gradually increasing weights.

A man of thirty, weighing on an average a hundred and thirty pounds, can drag, according to Regnier, only a hundred and twenty pounds. The proportion of the weight drawn to the weight of his body is no more than as twelve to thirteen. A draught-horse can exert, only for a few instants, an effort equal to about two-thirds of his own proper weight. The man, therefore, is stronger than the horse.

But, according to M. Plateau, the smallest insect drags without difficulty five, six, ten, twenty times its own weight, and more. The cockchafer draws fourteen times its own weight. Other coleoptera are able to put themselves into equilibrium with a force of traction reaching as high as forty-two times their own weight. Insects, therefore, when compared with the vertebrata which we employ as beasts of draught, have enormous muscular power. If a horse had the same relative strength as a donacia, the traction it could exercise would be equivalent to some sixty thousand pounds.

M. Plateau has also adduced evidence of the fact that, in the same group of insects, if you compare two insects notably differing in weight, the smaller and lighter will manifest the greater strength.

To ascertain its pushing power, M. Plateau introduced the insect into a card-paper tube whose inner surface had been slightly roughened. The creature, perceiving the light at the end through a transparent plate which barred its passage, advanced by pushing the latter forward with all its might and main, especially if excited a little. The plate, pushed forward, acted on a lever connected with an apparatus for measuring the effort made. In this case also it turned out that the comparative power of pushing, like that of traction, is greater in proportion as the size and weight of the insect are small. Experiments to determine the weight which a flying insect can carry were performed by means of a thread with a ball of putty at the end, whose mass could be augmented or reduced at will. The result is that, during flight, an insect cannot carry a weight sensibly greater than that of its own body.

Consequently, man, less heavy than the horse, has a greater relative muscular power. The dog, less heavy than man, drags a comparatively heavier burden. Insects, as their weight grows less and less, are able to drag more and more. It would appear, therefore, that the muscular force of living creatures is in inverse proportion to their mass.

But we must not forget that it ought to be in direct proportion to the quantity of carbon burnt in their system. To put the law completely out of doubt, it would be necessary to determine the exact weight of the food consumed, and the quantity of carbonic acid disengaged in the act of breathing. Some chemist will settle it for us one of these days.

A PRIVATE INQUIRY.

ONE evening, some months ago, I was seated before the fire waiting for my wife, whom I had promised to take to the theatre, when the servant brought in a card, saying that a gentleman particularly desired to see me. I looked at the card; it bore the name of "Chr. Waitzen," with an address, and in the corner, "Private Inquiry Office." The name was known to me merely from my having remarked it at the foot of mysterious advertisements; of the bearer of it I knew no more than the card told me.

"Did he say what he wanted, Jane? I'm just going out."

"No, sir; but he wish to see you most particular. Missus won't be ready for a quarter of an hour," she added.

"Show him in," I said. "What the deuce can he want with me?" I muttered to myself, as I looked at the clock.

The servant returned in a few moments, ushering in a tall man, to whom I offered a seat. Mr. Waitzen, who, I afterwards learned, had formerly been in "the force," had still about him marks of the policeman, in spite of his evident attempts to repress them. I have observed about detectives that they never appear quite at home in their clothes; I suppose that, from constantly assuming all kinds of garments as disguises, they never become thoroughly used to one style of dress. From this cause, or from some other with which I am not acquainted, it results that a detective's dress never has the individuality which in some degree, however faint, marks that of the rest of men. Chr.

Waitzen had deserted "the force" for some years, but his old trade was discernible at times. The official boots, to which, in spite of the fact that they at once betray any disguise, the ordinary detective clings as a drowning man to a hencoop, — these this gentleman had forever discarded.

"Mr. Waitzen?"

"That is my name, sir."

"To what — to what fortunate occurrence, sir, am I indebted for this visit?" I asked, with a slight irony in my manner; for, to tell the truth, I did not feel very well disposed towards the race of "Private Inquirers." "May I ask whether I am the object of some delicate inquiry?"

"Not at all, sir. I have come to beg your assistance in a matter of business: may I reckon on your aid?"

"That depends entirely on what you require. I must know first what is the assistance you desire, and for what purpose."

"Of course, I should not for one moment think of asking you for any aid without giving you every assurance you could require that the information is sought for a proper purpose." He took a little note-book from his pocket. "You are skilful in reading ciphers?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I've amused myself sometimes in that way; but how did you know it?"

"Excuse me; it is my business to know everything by myself or through others. You sent to the *Times* last autumn a solution of an advertisement in cipher?"

"I did; but —"

"I made a note of the initials (you did not sign your name) and of the address: I thought it might be useful some day. Your letter was dated from C—, a small watering-place in Dunshire. I intended, when I might be that way, to see whether you lived there (highly improbable), or if not, to get your address. I had no difficulty in finding the house at which you had lodged; but they had forgotten your place of abode in London. Very awkward! But you had had a check sent down to you, and that check you changed. The bank had not kept the name of the drawer, but the check was drawn on Coutts's. I found the name of the drawer —"

"My aunt," I interposed.

"Exactly," continued Waitzen: "got your address, and here I am."

"Well," I said, "this is a nice specimen of the way in which you look into people's private affairs!"

"What could I do, sir? If you had signed your name, I should have been saved a journey. And now, sir, before asking your assistance, you, a gentleman of honorable and delicate feeling, will, of course, insist on knowing the object for which that assistance is required. You're quite right, sir; this system of private inquiries is very low and dirty, but what can I do? It's my trade. Will you aid me, if I convince you that all is straightforward?"

"Let me hear," I said.

He again looked at his note-book. "Last settling-day on the Stock Exchange, J. C. disappeared, carrying with him, fraudulently, an immense number of bonds and other securities, which he can easily negotiate on any Bourse. The police are after him; but several members of the Stock Exchange, acting in concert, have, in addition, authorized me to make inquiry. I have reason to believe that he is in England, and I also believe, from the active pursuit set on foot immediately, and from

other circumstances, that it is not likely he can have got off with all the securities in his actual possession. I have also reason to believe—I need not explain why, but partly from the word at the head,—that this advertisement in cipher is either from him, or addressed to him. Now, sir, that I have told you my story, will you undertake to help me?" Here he handed to me an advertisement, cut from a newspaper. It ran thus:—

FRED. (112-18) (236-49) (207-76) (132-3) (27-61) (142-54) (121-32) (12-32) (72-6) (202-30) (38-106) (262-51) (78-22) (63-94) (110-6) (262-51) (19-33) (160-60) (230-92) (37-51) (210-29) (204-79) (15-67) (143-61) (121-32) (236-54) (37-101) (21-17) (236-54) (238-78) (5-1) (175-75) (143-61) (13-7) (204-79) (114-2) (10-102) (121-32) (132-15) (78-112) (157-62) (100-58) (134-19) (264-30) (268-66) (5-1) (187-71) (80-45) (117-75) (265-62) (9-101) (245-62) (154-55) (158-46) (256-41).

"Well," I said, after looking at it for a few moments, "this cipher does not seem to be of the simplest kind! Before undertaking the task, I should like to know the terms." He mentioned them, and I am bound to say that they were very liberal. "But, after all," I said, "this may not be J. C.'s advertisement. Yet I shall have the trouble all the same!"

"And the check also, my dear sir," said Waitzen with fervor.

"Very good; on those terms I undertake it. If I cannot succeed in reading the cipher, I agree to lose my pains."

"One thing more," said the private inquirer; "you see the importance of my knowing the meaning of this advertisement as early as possible; when can you let me have the translation?"

"I'll do all I can," I replied; "will you look in at noon to-morrow? I shall have it for you by then, most likely, if I can decipher it at all."

At this moment the door opened, and my wife entered, dressed for the theatre. Waitzen bowed to her, and then glancing with evident anxiety at my dress-coat, whispered: "You will surely begin at once? You are not going out? Only think of the little time you will have!"

"I really must go," I said. "I shall leave the theatre after the first piece, and shall have plenty of time; besides, I shall look over it at the theatre."

He implored me to remain at home, and to begin work at once; but I was quite deaf to his entreaties, and, taking my wife's arm in mine, went down stairs. At the theatre, I remarked, some half-hour after our arrival, a face which seemed always turned towards us, except that, when I looked in its direction, it became averted. After noticing this for two or three times, I discovered that the face was the face of Chr. Waitzen, who had come to the theatre in disguise, to see, apparently, whether I carried out my promise of looking over the cipher in my box. To punish him for his distrust, I kept my eyes on the performance the whole time.

On our return home, I bade my wife good-night, explaining that I was going to sit up to work. It's all very well to preach "early to bed and early to rise"; but if you have any head-work to do, there's no time like that between 11 P. M. and 2 A. M., when all your household is asleep. Everything is quiet; even the street-noises, unless you live in a populous and late quarter, are hushed, and, above all, you are safe from interruption. As you sit in the genial warmth of a fire, with the light of your lamp concentrated on your papers or books, you

bear, perhaps, now and then, a passing cab coming home from the theatre, or, later, the cry of some roisterer, singing the vulgar music-hall melody that he heard an hour ago, when a little less drunk than now; you catch the tread of the solitary policeman, and notice that he tries your door as he passes; but all these sounds are momentary, and do but serve to intensify the quiet. Mind and body are nicely balanced; body has had its proper allowance of exercise, but not yet tired, consents to let mind be at peace. But the morning! At what hour can you rise when you will not be disturbed by noises? You are hungry; ten months out of the twelve you are cold, for you are without fire; and the other months it is so fine, that body wants to be abroad in the bright, smokeless day. No! if you want to do work, sit up late.

It was what, at all events, I made up my mind to do, so, after stirring the fire, I sat down to look at the mysterious scrap of paper left me by Waitzen. My first step was to get some inkling of the nature of the cipher, of the plan on which it proceeded. Exclusive of the word at the head, I found that the specimen I had consisted of 252 figures, divided by brackets into 55 groups, a dot, in every case, again separating the figures within each bracket into two parts. The number of figures enclosed in each bracket varied from 2 up to 5; the proportions in which the various combinations were found differing widely, there being only two instances of groups of 2 figures each; 2, of 3 each; 13, of 4 each; and 38, or more than three fifths of the whole number, of 5 each. Now, the object of these brackets and dots might quite possibly be merely to increase the difficulty of reading the cipher; it was, however, equally possible that they were there to serve their ostensible purpose, the division and subdivision of the figures. Carefully guarding against absolutely assuming the correctness of this latter view, I sought in the cipher itself for something to lead me to its adoption or rejection. I found that the characters used were the numerals from 0 to 9. I looked at this "0" a little more closely, and found that it occurred 19 times. Now, had the division and subdivision of the figures been arbitrary merely, it would require no proof to show that it should have occurred once, at the very least, at the beginning of a group. It did not so occur. The first step was gained; the division was a necessary part of the cipher.

The fact I had remarked led me on another step. Had the plan of the cipher been to represent certain letters by certain figures, I should have been entitled to expect the "0" at the head of a group; since, in English, the language in which the cipher was probably written, there is no letter of frequent occurrence which is not also an initial letter, a rule which holds good in all the European languages with which I am acquainted.

I should have been already almost justified in concluding that the meaning of the cipher depended on the grouping, but I found other proofs, which at the same time led me still further on. I have already remarked the frequency of groups of 5 figures. Now, this singular predominance of groups of 5 figures would scarcely harmonize with any plan which represented letters by single arbitrary signs, although it would no doubt be possible to compose sentences consisting chiefly of words of 5 letters, retaining or rejecting the vowels. But in the great majority of cases of 5 figures, I found 3 figures before the dot. To these figures before the dots,

I, for the moment, restricted my attention. I found that (taking all the groups) they ranged, with intervals, from 5 to 268; in 57 cases out of the 55, there were three figures. Discarding repetitions, I found that under 100 there were 15; between 100 and 200, 15; and from 200 to the end, 13; a degree of uniformity higher than I had expected to find, and high enough to establish that it was the result of the grouping being dependent on a plan.

I had thus determined that the divisions were not arbitrary, and that the characters used did not singly represent letters; by inference, therefore, as they must be held to mean something, that in groups they represented letters or words.

I now went over the groups of figures after the dots, and found that they ranged from 1 to 112. Dividing the numbers between these points equally at 56, I found, discarding repetitions, that up to that number there were 27; above it, 22. With the light I had now got, all converging on one point, I should, in a long specimen, have expected a far more exact proportion; it was one of my difficulties that I had to deal with so short a piece of writing. The proportion, however, was, as in the former case, sufficient to prove the existence of a system. The numbers stopped short at 112, whereas, in the other groups, they went as high as 268; the two systems, regulating the groups before and after the dots, were therefore different. It did not absolutely follow that they depended one on the other, but the bracketing rendered it highly probable that they did. I considered myself justified in assuming that each bracketed group represented a letter or a word.

So far, the conclusions at which I had arrived had been almost forced on me. There was now, however, less certainty in my progress. My examination of the cipher had, nevertheless, shown me in what direction the probabilities lay. They pointed to a conclusion which might well have made Chr. Waitzen tremble for the success of my attempt. The first instinctive notion I had formed of the cipher had been confirmed by all I had arrived at; it was, that the numbers referred to a book, — the first group of figures in each bracket indicating a page, and the second, a word or line in that page.

Now, when Poe, in his remarkable story of *The Gold Beetle*, tells us "that it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind" (he is speaking of cryptograms), "which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve," — a proposition safe in its vagueness, — he must be held to speak only of ciphers which proceed on a plan the very method of which affords a guide to its solution. Taking the cipher in his tale, for example, each letter being represented by a distinct sign, the frequency of recurrence of particular signs leads to their identification with certain letters. His remarks can hardly apply to cases where, the signs used being purely arbitrary, their solution requires a knowledge of the prearranged plan. In the cipher, the meaning of which I was attempting to discover, I had reason to believe that the signs represented, in an arbitrary manner, letters or words. If this view was correct, the cipher did not contain within itself the means by which it might be read; I could only be successful by discovering the very book used in its construction, and the mode of using that book. The task, at first sight, appeared hopeless; but, upon consideration, I saw enough to induce me to proceed.

I remarked several repetitions. Now, in a cipher

constructed with the ingenuity of which this gave evidence, it would have been very easy, had each sign, by the indication of a page in a book, and a line or word in that page, represented a letter only, to pick out dozens, or even hundreds of each letter, so as to avoid a recurrence of signs which might afford a solution to the enigma. The repetitions, on the other hand, were too few to allow of the possibility of each sign representing a distinct letter. The recurrence, but not too frequent recurrence, of signs led me to believe that each group of figures within a bracket represented a word. I had arrived at the conclusion, that the number before the dot gave the page; I was convinced that the number after the dot represented a line in each page. The highest of these numbers was 112; now, it must be a very empty page indeed which does not contain many times 112 words. The second number could, then, hardly refer to the sequence of words; it could only represent the line.

Now, what book would one take by preference for the construction of a cipher of this character? In any ordinary book, there would be extreme difficulty in finding the particular word required, amounting, in many cases, to impossibility; there is only one class of book which will furnish immediately, without labor, every word wanted, — a dictionary. If a dictionary were used, there would be no necessity to indicate more than the line in which the word, in its alphabetical order, was found; with other books, three numbers would be required, — for the page, the line, and the word, respectively. This confirmed my supposition. By a fresh examination of the cipher, I might test this view, and I therefore arranged in a table, like the following, the numbers before the dots, indicating by a mark, for a reason which the reader will see presently, the place of the absent numbers.

				110					246
(2) 6				114					
					142				
					(2) 143				
9	63			117					
10 (2) 37									
12	38								
13									
15			(3) 121		175	202			256
						(2) 204			
19	72					207			
21		100		154			(2) 236	(2) 202	
				157		210		204	
				158				256	
	(2) 78		(2) 132						
27	80		134		160	187			268

I had still something to do before I could apply my test, which was the frequency of occurrence of initial letters. The frequency of initial letters, as they occur in a dictionary, that is, without repetitions, is as follows: S, C, P, D, A, R, B, T, M, I, F, E, U, H, L, G, W, O, V, N, J, Q, K, Y, X, Z. But the reader will at once see that the recurrence of words of frequent and inevitable use may entirely upset this order. This is what does in fact happen. For my purpose, I had to ascertain the frequency of occurrence of initial letters as they are found in ordinary writing, or more properly for my purpose, in conversation. To arrive at this, I took up a num-

ber of "Chambers" that was lying on the table, and made an analysis of a few pages of a tale written in the first person. I found that the order of initial letters was this: T, A, I, W, H, O, M, S, B, F, D, C, N, P, L, G, E, R, U, J, K, Y, V, Q, X, Z. The letter T predominates largely over all the others, owing to the frequent use of such words as *the, that, this, then, there, their, them, they, these, those, to*. Next comes A, owing to the frequency of the words *a, an, and, am, are, at, all, &c.*; then I, under which letters we have *I, is, it, its, in, into*; and next W, including many such words as *we, where, when, was, were, who, which, what, whose, with, would, will, &c.* In any moderately long specimen of "conversational" writing, these four letters, as initials, will largely predominate over all others. Now, of these four letters, A is at the head of the alphabetical order, I at about the middle, and W at the end, except by a few pages, in large dictionaries. I now proceeded to apply my test, and found that the numbers lay in a cluster towards the beginning and end. Those quite at the end, I was justified in assuming represented words beginning with W. Taking the last number, 268, as giving, probably, almost the last page in the key, I found that in a dictionary of about that length the letter I should begin at about page 120, or a few pages before, since the small dictionaries omit numbers of words with the prefixes *in, un, and re*, which go to swell the latter part of large dictionaries, such as that I was using as a guide. On referring to my table, I found that there was no great indication of clustering towards the middle; but the specimen on which I was operating being so very short, I could scarcely expect to find all the points in my favor. Had I had several pages to deal with, I could have indicated pretty correctly the limits of all the important letters.

The key required to read the cipher was, then, a pocket dictionary of about 268 or 270 pages. It was very late when I arrived at this result; but before going to bed, I just looked at another point which I had remarked. I found two groups of figures identical as regards the numbers before the dots, but varying in those after; they were (236-49) and (236-54). By calculating the proportion to be given to each letter in a dictionary of 268 pages, I found that the two words indicated by these numbers should begin with *th*. There was an interval of five words between them. The compilers of small dictionaries proceed with so little method, that this interval did not guide me to the positive identification of these two words, but assuming that they were of common occurrence, I thought I could determine that they must form one of five pairs — *that, the; the, their; their, them; them, then; these, they*.

I had now done all that I could for the present, and went to bed with fair hopes of being able to find the dictionary used as a key, for I reflected that two copies must have been required, — one to compose, the other to decipher, the cryptogram. It would probably, then, be a dictionary in ordinary use, so ordinary that two copies of it could be purchased at the same time, probably at the same shop.

In the morning, therefore, I took a cab to Paternoster Row, where, as the reader probably knows, there are wholesale booksellers at whose warehouses small shopkeepers can supply themselves without the trouble of sending to different publishers in quest of works. At one of these warehouses I was known, and was allowed to make an

inspection of all the pocket-dictionaries in stock. I selected about half a score, that seemed more or less likely to meet my requirements, and then hurried home, having foolishly left my cipher behind me. On reaching home, I carefully tried my dictionaries one by one, in every way suggested by what I had already learned of the nature of the cipher. I at last found one, which, by taking the first number for the page, and the second for the word, not counting lines, but only words in their alphabetical order, gave sense. The title-page informed me that it was Webster's Dictionary, the "one hundredth thousand," and was published at 158 Fleet Street. With very little trouble, I made out the following: —

FRED. I hear that search is being made in all directions a canal was drag d H was arrest on suspicion but servant saw another man in the cab at the time a policeman also saw him afterwards in it cab man not found stay where you a r e I will advertise twentieth Nov

I need only say in explanation, that where a word, like "are" was not in the dictionary, it was spelt by indicating the letter of the alphabet at the head of each division in the dictionary; a plan also adopted in the word "dragged," the termination being indicated by the separate "d." It was thus possible to spell any proper name or word which might not occur in the dictionary.

The contents of the cipher were so different from what Waitzen had led me to expect, that it was evident there was some mistake. Yet what could it be? He could not have given me a wrong slip, for he had called my attention to the word at the head. I had fairly earned the promised reward, but there was so clearly a mistake somewhere, that I was anxious to ferret out the mystery. Waitzen had given me the date of the paper, and I therefore sent for a copy, which was got after some delay. Singularly enough, there was in it, just below the advertisement I had deciphered, another one, also in cipher. The second cryptogram was of the simplest description; one letter was substituted for another. In ten minutes, I had a translation of it lying before me. Here it is: —

FEDS. I don't think that I am watched; not sure. Police went down to Liverpool after you. Get as soon as you can to A., where I will join you. I got the bag all right. Steamer sails on the seventeenth.

This looked much more like Chr. Waitzen's affair. I had just deciphered it when I heard his knock at the door. I showed him my reading of the first advertisement; he looked at it in blank dismay, but when I assured him that there could be no mistake, and producing the key, showed him, greatly to his wonderment, how to use it, he took from his pocket-book a check which he filled up, and handed to me. "One moment!" I said, handing him the second: "is that what you want?" I saw by his face that it was, and he assured me that the information given, slight as it was, was quite enough for him. I explained to him how I had hit upon it. But the words at the top! Well, after all, they were not very dissimilar, in the letters that composed them, at all events; and if they had got changed by some mistake, perhaps the confusion was not altogether without precedent. Chr. Waitzen enlarged the figures on the check, and was preparing to give immediate chase, when I stopped him. "Do you know anything about the other affair?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "and a curious affair it is; would you like to hear it?"

I nodded assent, and offered him a chair.

"Two friends, A. and the H. of the advertisement, went one day, about a month ago, to dine at a foreign restaurant at the West End, and having dined, returned home together in a cab, both living in the same neighborhood, — St. John's Wood. H. lived nearer to town than A., and to his house accordingly the cabman drove first. It was a wet night, and the cabman got down to knock at the door, telling the friends as he did so that it was raining. It was perhaps lucky for H. that things so fell out, for the servant who came to the door, and who knew A., saw him in the cab. H., after bidding A. good night, went into the house, and as he did so, saw the cab drive off with A. in it. A policeman whom the cab passed a little further on also saw a man within it. That was the last seen of A. alive or dead from that time to this."

"A curious story," I said, "what can it mean?"

"Don't know," replied Waitzen; "but A., who was very close on the subject, had passed years of his life abroad in Italy, roving about no one knew where or how. His disappearance may in some way be connected with his old continental life, and H. remembers a trifling circumstance that seems to make this probable. He observed that when at the restaurant, a foreign one, as I have said, A. suddenly started, as if he had received a shock; in answer to H.'s inquiries, he refused to explain himself, but altered his position, so as to face round. There was a change in his manner noticeable through the whole evening; and when he bade H. good night, there was an earnestness in his tone that seemed to betoken apprehension of a coming evil. H. had wished to see him home, but this he refused. I can only guess at the rest. Some act of vengeance probably, the long dread of which had always kept A. silent on his foreign life."

"But the police?" I said.

"And Foschini, — and the Waterloo Bridge business?" replied Waitzen, shrugging his shoulders.

"The Waterloo Bridge affair?" I asked.

"Yes, there was an Italian brain at the bottom of that, as surely as Italians were concerned in the case of Foschini, whose habits, residence, and person were all known to the police, but who got off in spite of them. It was well done that Bridge business," he continued, half closing his eyes, and with the tone of a critic who dilates on a masterpiece, — "Italian beyond a doubt. A few months later, and the shells of the Orsini burst in front of the Opera House. Such plans did not bear interruption. The police are powerless before associations, where the mob is strong. Good day," he added, after a pause.

"If I don't call on you, as I hope you will permit me to do at times, I think you will hear of my man in the police reports in a few days."

I did; Waitzen's "man" was arrested a few days later, at Southampton, on board a boat which was on the point of leaving for the West Indies, whence he would no doubt have made his way to America. I never heard anything more of A. or of his mysterious disappearance, on the story of which I had so strangely stumbled. And here ends my history of A Private Inquiry.

THE EXHIBITION OF FISH.

THE Emperor of the French has called on the Governments of Europe to help him in teaching fishermen to fish. They are all invited to send Commissioners, next July, to Arcachon, the beauti-

ful, soft-breezed bay which it is worth while to visit, if only to learn the pleasure man may derive from perfect climate. There they are to exhibit specimens of all manner of fish, — raw, preserved, and cured; all kinds of boats, nets, lines, dredges, and other apparatus; schemes for the speedier catching of fish, and plans for their artificial culture; and finally, all marine products, from pearls and amber and shells to whalebone and sea-weeds, from sea-sand to cod-liver oil. Mr. Caird, who is always turning up in some useful position or other, has been appointed Commissioner for Great Britain, and while it is certain that the collection will be a most curious one, it is possible that it may produce some valuable result. The fish themselves probably will not be entertaining. A cod has not eyes like a dog, any more than a dog has eyes like a human being, and there is a want of thought in a mackerel, a deficiency of purpose in a pilchard, a feebleness of expression about an oyster which will greatly detract from the human character of the interest felt in them. There will indeed be interest if the ichthyological aristocracy are exhibited alive, but one feels a doubt whether even Imperial energy will go that length, whether Mr. Fould will not shrink from the cost of an aquarium for whales, and Mr. Buckland decline to wash the nose of a shark with a sufficient assiduity of affection. The show of apparatus will, however, be important. No craft has remained more stationary than the fisherman's. If St. Peter were to visit Newhaven, he would find very few instruments in use of which he did not know the meaning, and extremely little advance, if any, in the modes of using them.

Of really original devices for catching fish there have been, for two thousand years, very few, and we do not recall one which has been absolutely successful. The most promising, the use of the electric light, which directed downwards brought the fish to the top to see if the world was afire, seems not to have been tried, except in experiments, which though reported successful were not continued, and even the boats have little improved. They have been made a little bigger, but sails and oars are still the motors, neither steam nor machinery being employed, except to quicken delivery between the receiving and the consuming ports. The occupation has indeed been left mainly to a very laborious, very conservative, and very stolid caste of laborers, who in most places live apart, and regard advice with dislike, and interference with disgust. The sea in fact is farmed on the system known on land as the *petite culture*, and though the laborers combine better than peasant proprietors can as yet be made to do, very little real intellect or scientific knowledge has been brought to bear upon the actual taking. There is indeed a literature of salmon, Act after Act having been passed for the preservation of the king of fishes, and there are now in England, Ireland, and Norway great salmon preserves, while the oyster has been the object of some attention, but the commoner fishes have been neglected, and every group of fishermen does very nearly what is right in its own unscientific eyes. It is to that mistake the world entirely owes the destruction of the pearl fishery of Ceylon, and London partly owes the present preposterous price of oysters. The Exhibition ought to bring out the dreamers, who have done so much for all other occupations, and amidst heaps of suggestive inutilities yield to fishermen at all events the best shape of boat, a propeller which can insure speed without great exertion or much

room lost in stowage, the best winch to add to the amount of hauling power, the best rope, a subject on which experiments seem to have been few, and the best net for cheapness, resistance, and durability. After all has been said and tried that can be said and tried, the fish must still be got out of the water by something with meshes, and as we already have something with meshes, invention must be limited to improvements in form and in material.

More can be done to secure the speedy transmission of the fish to market, the greatest of all the fisherman's difficulties, and *possibly*, though we have little hope, in the matter of keeping the fish alive after they are caught, which would be equivalent to greater speed in transmission. Twelve hours so gained would make all the difference, not only by reducing the average of loss from spoiled fish, but by immensely increasing the area of the fishing-grounds, enabling fishermen to go very much farther from the coast. It is, moreover, by no means certain that means may not exist of preserving fish after they are dead without pickling or curing them, and without any perceptible alteration of quality or flavor, — a great discovery, if it could be made. Antiseptics are one of the wants of the age, and chemistry has as yet done very little either for the butcher or the dealer in fish. One race has indeed met the difficulty of keeping fish good by educating its stomach to like it best when it is bad; but then the Burmese have on such points exceptional perseverance. After a few centuries of effort, originating in their dislike to take animal life, they have learnt honestly to prefer rotten fish, — really rotten, — just as English squires like game a little high, and venison when its stench turns ordinary human beings sick; their waters therefore furnish an inexhaustible supply, even to the far interior. European taste is not, however, civilized up to that point, and probably will not be, ideas about hygiene gaining great popularity, and fishermen must look for greater profits to greater speed of transmission and changes in public taste. There seems in this last department to be a failure in the programme of the Exhibition.

The greatest obstacle in the way of the fish-market is the difficulty of spreading a taste for it among the mass of the people. Catholics eat it once a week, because they otherwise affront the priests; but Protestants say, very justly, that it is not "filling," and do not recognize the truth, so thoroughly understood in Asia, that fish is not a food, but a condiment, intended by Providence not to nourish people, but to induce them to relish the very tasteless cereals which will nourish them. Hindoos eat fish day by day for years on end; but they eat it to make rice and scones more palatable, not with the idea that they can perform hard labor on fish. Bread must for ages be the staple sustenance of Europe; but if the people could be induced to appreciate fish, as, for instance, English hinds appreciate cheese, and Frenchmen crosses, and Austrians cabbage, they would gain a most valuable addition to their luxuries. The Emperor, from this point of view, has done wisely in ordering an exhibition of preserved, cured, and pickled fish, for these varieties can be made much more flavorily than plain fish; and we sincerely hope some speculator will exhibit good and new specimens of those arts. The rich, for example, enjoy sardines. There must be many fish, and much cheaper fish, which, if cured in the same way, would be excellent eating after the same fashion, i. e. as a relish, and not as

food. Suppose herrings were sardinzied, or mackerel? Very few fish are dried in England, fish-roe is not sold separately, — it is in India, very cheap roes being made into *compotes* as good as caviare, — pickling in oil, except for the purposes of cheating, is almost unknown, and the only form of curing very much used has the fault that it overcures.

The overcured fish, however, is universally popular, is eaten, for example, by country folk who would not accept mackerel as a gift, and would look incredulous if told that any fish of moderate size can be cured as well as herring. Potted fish, like potted meat, though it ought to be one of the least costly of luxuries, is in England prepared only for the rich, and consequently bears an artificial price of a few hundreds per cent, and the poor really obtain fish only in the shape of red herrings, sprats, and sometimes mackerel. Of these, even, they seldom cook any properly, and we hope this division of the subject will have its notice in the exhibition at Arcachon. To spread the taste for fish among the masses it is essential that it should be "nice," which means in their mouths strong-flavored, and easy to cook, the last an attribute of fish almost unknown to the poor. It may be taken as a maxim, that any fish, from sturgeon to sprats, will broil well, without any worry of appliances; that it would be nice, for example, if flung on to a wood fire, or roasted before a coal one, the former an expedient constantly adopted in America. Almost any fish will bake well, and most fishes would boil well if poor cooks were only aware that something sour — wine is best, vinegar is good, but sorrel costs nothing — should be put into the water, and that fish can be boiled too much. When, however, it is to be eaten as a condiment, broiled, roast, or baked fish is much better than boiled, and preserved fish better than either, and if the Exhibition makes one new form of preserving popular it will have repaid its cost. If it yields us a new and speedier boat, or a net that will not break, or a mode of hauling independent of human sinews, it will have conferred an important advantage upon the entire coast population of all Europe. Science has done somewhat for mankind, but the saying that it has given the poor only the lucifer match has in it an unpleasant element of truth. If it can besides give them a new diet, or an additional diet, it will have accomplished something towards the only end worthy human effort, — the diminution of the mass of human misery.

A DAY IN BAD COMPANY.

I AM a country gentleman, or, as that description of myself may perhaps be a little too ambitious or too vague, let me modify it by saying that I reside in — shire, and have sufficient means to enable me to live without occupation. Owing probably to this circumstance, I have acquired a certain indolence of disposition, which is shown in my conversation and bearing, even in my walk. I may as well add that I am forty-eight years of age, of somewhat sturdy build, and with a ruddy complexion, due no doubt to fresh air, regular habits, and a contented mind. This ruddiness and the somewhat homely style in which I invariably dress give me a rough rural appearance, so that, in the eyes of the casual observer, I must seem to stand on a rather lower step in the social scale than I really occupy. That too, I am told by my friends, that the expression of my face is dull, some say even stupid. Upon the

point I, of course, offer no opinion. I will merely say that the very people who thus describe me are quite agreed in admitting that I am not such a fool as I look.

When I am in town I am very fond of looking into the shop windows. It is an odd sort of taste, perhaps, for a full-grown man, who has been half over the world; but we all have our peculiarities, and that is one of mine. The old knight, Sir Thomas, in the "Ingoldsby Legends,"

"Would pore by the hour
O'er a weed, or a flower,

Or the slugs that came crawling out after a shower";

and, in like manner, do I pore over the articles displayed in the shop windows at the West End. I am never tired of it, in fact. This is a rather long exordium; but appears to me necessary to put the reader in possession of these facts as a preparation for what is to follow. And now to my story.

One day, in the height of the London season, I was sauntering through Regent Street, indulging in my favorite occupation, when a gentleman just before me accidentally dropped his umbrella, and it fell within an inch of my toes. I have said he was a gentleman; but I ought perhaps to have said he was a decently dressed man, apparently from the country, very quiet and harmless-looking, not vulgar, but certainly not refined. In a word, he appeared about as much of a gentleman as myself, but not more.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," he said, as he turned quickly round and picked up the umbrella. "It was very careless of me. I hope you're not hurt?"

"Well," I replied, "as the umbrella did n't touch me I don't see how I well can be."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," he continued, apologetically.

"Don't name it, don't name it," said I. "There's not the slightest harm done, and no need to apologize. Such little accidents will happen every day."

"Ah," he remarked, "you may well say that, sir, especially in London streets."

"Yes, they are tolerably crowded at this time of day, or any time, for that matter."

"And especially for a stranger to London," he added.

"O, you are a stranger to London, are you?" I remarked, and almost involuntarily cast a somewhat searching glance at him.

"Quite a stranger," he replied, with perfect simplicity of manner, and without appearing to notice my scrutinizing look. "I've only been here a few days, and, to say the truth, I sha'n't be sorry when I get back again into Norfolk." (He had something of the Norfolk manner.) "It's so very lonely not to know any one in a great place like this."

"It must be," I carelessly remarked, for I wanted to shake the fellow off.

At this point in our conversation we had arrived at a street corner, and I stopped, as a hint for my companion to go on. I hoped that, as he had no further excuse for talking to me, he would hasten his pace and leave me to saunter as before. But no. Evidently he was so glad to find some one to speak to that he was unwilling to part company so soon. He still kept by my side, therefore, and after some more conversation of the same character as the above, asked me if I had any objection to take a glass of ale with him. I had no need of a glass of ale just then, and felt no desire to have one with a perfect stranger; still the offer seemed well meant.

I accordingly accepted it, and we entered the first tavern we found handy.

I wanted to pay for the ale, and had already taken out my purse to do so, but my companion seemed quite wounded by the proposal, and begged me to put my money back again. He had invited me in, he urged, and I was therefore his guest. The proposition was so reasonable that I had not a word to say against it, and at once gave up the point.

While we stood chatting at the bar on commonplace topics,—the weather, the streets, and so on,—a stranger entered and joined in our conversation almost before I had noticed his presence. I say he joined in our conversation, but I ought to add that in a very few minutes he took the lion's share of it.

Stranger No. 1 I have already described as looking only partly like a gentleman. Stranger No. 2, it may fairly be said, did not look like a gentleman at all. He was a big, burly fellow, with a rough pilot coat, though the weather was anything but cold; a profusion of whiskers and beard, clumsy, fat fingers, a large face, a low forehead, small eyes, and an expression of countenance made up in about equal proportions of intense stupidity and overwhelming self-conceit.

Stupid and self-conceited enough in all conscience he soon proved himself to be. His physical prowess was the theme on which he boasted most. There was nothing he was incapable of accomplishing. He could throw a weight farther than any one else, he could run faster and longer, he could jump higher; not a man in all England was his equal in athletic feats.

Stranger No. 1, who, as I said before, seemed a quiet, inoffensive sort of man, was evidently annoyed by the intrusion of this vulgar fellow into our company, especially as he wanted to treat us to some sherry, and ostentatiously displayed a whole handful of gold and a pile of bank-notes, to show that he had the means. But when he began to boast of his physical powers, No. 1 was fairly warned at what he evidently deemed mere empty brag, and took up the matter in earnest.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I don't mind betting you half a sovereign that I'll throw a weight farther than you,—any weight you like, and this gentleman here will no doubt kindly see all fair between us."

He referred, of course, to me.

"All right, I've not the slightest objection," said I.

"Come on, then," eagerly exclaimed No. 2, "I'm your man. Let's settle it at once."

But here an unexpected difficulty arose. The tavern we were in had not been built with any view of testing physical capacity, and accordingly there was no part of the premises in which accommodation had been provided for throwing weights. However, No. 2 soon suggested means of escape from this perplexity. He knew, he said, a "nice quiet little place" over the water, where we should find what we wanted, and a cab would take us there in no time. No. 1 looked appealingly at me, as though to ascertain if I would acquiesce in this arrangement, and as I offered no objection, we jumped into a cab, and drove off, crossing Waterloo Bridge, and soon becoming lost in the maze of obscure small streets which abound in that very choice part of London. Our ride did not occupy much time; but during that time No. 2 contrived to make us acquainted with the whole of his private history. Of this the principal and most interesting fact was,

that his uncle had just died and left him a large fortune. He had been to the bank that day, he said, and drawn out some of the money; but there was plenty more left, and he meant to enjoy himself now, and no mistake about it. What was the good of money unless you spent it? &c., &c.

Here I may as well state, lest the reader should think me simpler than I am, that neither the quiet modesty of one of my companions, nor the boisterous braggadocio of the other, had deceived me as to their true character and object. Directly they fairly began to play their respective parts, directly I saw that my vulgar friend's sovereigns wore card counters at a shilling a dozen, and that his notes were drawn upon the Bank of Engraving, I saw clearly enough I was in the hands of a couple of skittle sharpers, intent upon making me their victim. I had not the slightest intention of allowing them to gratify this very natural desire, but being anxious to see for myself something of the manners and the *modus operandi* of this class of men, of whom I had so often read in the police reports, I fell in with their humor, and allowed them to think me their dupe.

My boasting companion was still talking of his money, and of his intention to enjoy himself with it, when the cab pulled up at our destination. It was a small public house, in a shabby and secluded street; standing back some ten or fifteen yards from the footway, it was approached by a dismal little garden, or what had once been a garden, with a couple of summer-houses on one side, some tottering trellis-work on the other, and a few tables and benches scattered here and there on either side of the path. At the back of the house there was an open gravelled space, not quite so large as the plot in front, and at the bottom of this stood, as I had expected, a covered skittle alley, towards which we at once made our way.

The wealthy gentleman had been merely communicative and boastful in the cab, but directly he saw the skittles, all his swaggering recklessness at once returned. The first thing he wanted to do was to bet me five shillings that the ball was made, not of wood, but of metal.

"Why," said I, adapting the tone of my conversation to the company I was in, "you must be a fool to talk like that. Look here." And I took up the ball and chipped it with my penknife. "I tell you what it is, my friend," I added; "if you get making bets like that, you'll soon lose all your money, I can tell you."

This rebuke, uttered in a manner which in no way implied suspicion of either of my companions, inspired them both, I verily believe, with stronger confidence in their powers of deception, and their chance of fleecing me. I had been simple enough to refuse five shillings when they were, so to speak, thrust into my hands. Of what other weakness might I not be capable?

My remark, however, apparently produced no effect. In a few minutes, the swaggering gentleman was vaunting his powers as boisterously as ever, throwing out all sorts of wild challenges, and offering any number of ridiculous bets.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that there was one point upon which I certainly felt some apprehension. It was, lest anything I might drink with my companions should be drugged. While I remained in full possession of my faculties, I was quite sure of myself; but I had heard so much of the stupefying effects of drugged liquor, that I was by no means

anxious to experience them in my own person. Accordingly, from the moment I entered the public house, I determined to take the refreshment department exclusively into my own hands.

"Now," said I to my modest companion, "you stood treat before, so it's my turn now. What are you going to have? I shall have some more ale. And what's your tippie, sir?" I asked, addressing the gentleman who had recently come into his uncle's money.

Well, he would have some cold gin-and-water, he said, — he had not yet had time to acquire aristocratic tastes, — and my other companion decided upon following my course and sticking to ale; so this matter was soon settled. As a measure of precaution and not of predilection, I fraternally drank out of the same pewter as No. 1, for we each used glasses, and took care that he always had the first draught. But I soon saw that neither he nor his confederate cared to drink themselves, or to make me drink. They were evidently on another tack.

It would weary rather than interest the reader, were I to describe all the attempts made by these two worthies to entrap me. Soon after we entered the public house we were joined by a third stranger, a lean young man, of mild aspect and fawning manners, with whom the bragging gentleman after a while began to play at skittles. It became at once obvious, or was made to seem so, that the latter had not the slightest chance against the former. Yet, notwithstanding this circumstance, No. 2 made the most foolish bets with No. 1, and although he almost invariably lost, returned to the charge again and again, offering odds to me in the same reckless manner, and increasing his stakes with every fresh defeat. Keeping to the part I had at first assumed, I roughly refused all his offers; told him he was only throwing his money away, and that, if he did not take care what sort of company he got into, he would assuredly be cleared out of all he possessed. When this sort of thing had gone on for about two or three hours, I ostentatiously pulled out a large and valuable gold watch, said I had an appointment in the city with a gentleman, who was to pay me some money, — which was true; expressed my regret that I could not stop any longer, and bade my companions adieu. That they were sorry to part with me I can readily believe; but, as I made an appointment to meet them the next day, so that we might all go to another "nice little place," a few miles out of town, they still had hope to fall back upon. They had failed for the time; but I feel convinced they were certain of success with me when we next met. When we next meet, perhaps they may.

Before I close this paper, let me offer a few remarks. First, I feel bound to admit that better acting of its kind than that of these two fellows I never saw on or off the stage. It was carefully and consistently carried out from first to last, never lost sight of for an instant, and never overdone. While attempting to take me in, my two friends never exchanged knowing glances, or made signals to each other, or did anything, in fact, to arouse my suspicions. As for the lean young man, he kept in the background aloof from me, and was, I suppose, only an auxiliary hand. When the two leading performers found me somewhat tougher than they probably had expected, they expressed no surprise and no annoyance. We parted as though we had been sworn friends for years.

My impression is, that those who fall victims to this class of men are generally self-conceited persons

who have an exaggerated idea of their own acuteness, an over-confident belief that they cannot be imposed upon. "Young men from the country" are famous for this kind of foolish presumption, and they are, of course, the easiest prey. Yet, within the circle of my own acquaintance, I knew a sensible young man, born and bred in London, who allowed himself to be duped in this manner. He was standing looking in at a shop window, when a stranger, of about his own age, soft-spoken and plausible, joined him, entered into a conversation, walked on with him, and finally asked him if he had ever played at skittles. The sensible young man replied in the negative. How curious! The stranger had never played, either. What fun it would be to see what sort of a game it was. To be brief, they went to a skittle-ground, played for some little time with varying success, the sensible young man ultimately losing the ten or fifteen shillings he had about him, and actually agreeing to go home to get some more money. While the excitement of the game lasted he had no suspicion he was being robbed. It was not until half an hour's walking in the fresh air had somewhat cooled him that he recognized the fact.

With many persons, too, such reckless stupidity and self-conceit as were exhibited by one of my companions form too alluring a bait to be resisted. Here is a vulgar, boasting fellow, overflowing with money, who is positively asking people to ease him of some of it, and who taunts them if they do not comply with his request.

Over and over again my modest friend looked at me, when the other was loudest in his boasting, and seemed to say, "What a fool! Did you ever meet with such a donkey?" Indeed, once he softly said to me, "I wonder you don't take his offer, sir. He seems determined to lose his money, and why should n't you win some of it?" This is the bait which, when all others—and there are plenty more—have been refused, rarely fails, I fancy, to be swallowed whole. Once taken, the rest must be easy work. Directly the dupe begins to lose, after having felt that to do so was impossible, his head appears to utterly fail him. He is seized with a sort of infatuation. In the January of this year, for instance, a "gentleman from the country" was induced to go and pawn his watch, in order to test its genuineness; a bet, of which he was to have half, being the inducement. I recollect the case, too, of a tradesman who, losing all he had about him, went home, and fetched £200 from his cash-box; staked that, so certain was he of winning, and of course soon found himself without a penny. I am inclined to think, therefore, that all, or nearly all, who are fleeced by such fellows as those I made the acquaintance of, are really the victims of their own desire to profit by what appears to be wrong-headed ignorance and stupidity. If ever I am myself taken in, perhaps I may change my opinion.

BALLOONING.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY, from the *Journal pour Tous*.]

"Is it possible to steer a balloon?" asked Guyton de Morveau, in 1784; and his reply was, that, before answering such a question, it was essential to determine what was meant by steering. "Shall we consider that we control the direction of a balloon only when we have the power of going from one place to another at all times, in all winds and weathers, and of returning under the same conditions? It is thus

that some persons ask of an art, still in its infancy, a degree of perfection which has not been granted by ages of experience to the art of navigating the sea. Such base their hopes on as mutable a foundation as the chance of squaring the circle or commanding perpetual motion. The absurdity of this expectation has been often set forth; and we have not yet abandoned transit by water, because we are still at the mercy, occasionally, of wind and weather. It is not, then, unreasonable to contrive how to profit by the same means in balloons that we make use of in ships, that is, of taking advantage of good winds and counteracting bad ones. We shall have done already sufficient for the glories of invention and for promised usefulness, if the success of a voyage to a fixed destination is only subordinate to these conditions."

Such words indicate the aim this aeronautic amateur sought ever to consider as that of his ambition. Most have taken as a postulate that which Guyton pronounces absurd; and have concluded, because of their failure to discover the means of going from one place to another in all sorts of weather, that their balloons were worthless. This has been the first error; and the second has grown out of it, which is, that they have depended on mere theory to conduct them to the desired consummation, rather than upon repeated practical experiment, thereby mistaking the inevitable conditions in the way of all discovery. Progress of this kind is only furthered by trial. Not to make the most of what we have, imperfect though it be, is to deny ourselves the possibility of anything better.

How can we otherwise explain, than by this general error, the stationary and unproductive condition of an art of which we might rightfully expect so much of marvel? When we name the discovery of the principle itself by Montgolfier, the use of gas by Charles, the invention of the parachute by Blanchard and Garnerin, of the guide-rope by Green, have we not mentioned all that is essential in our progress as yet? Only thus much is the result of seventy years and the thousands of men who have studied the problem. Steamboats, railways, and the magnetic telegraph date not back near as far. The daguerreotype and galvanism have not been for longer than a score of years before the world.

Has aerostation added anything to our meteorological knowledge? Do we understand the winds better? No. Is it not pretty evident, then, that we have gone astray?

How can one perfect navigation unless by pursuing it? We must improve the balloonist's art in the air itself. If we had appreciated the value of this invention, we should not have been content with anything short of its grand possibilities. We should have sought the means of prolonging as much as possible our aerial voyages; and, if we had turned our attention to practice rather than to theory, we should have found out what we now stand in need of, namely, a perfectly impermeable envelope, and the means of rising and falling in the air without loss of power. At the same time, we ought to have acquired some positive knowledge of the atmosphere and its laws. This last is indispensable to a perfect art. A knowledge of atmospheric currents would soon have permitted, first, short voyages to designated points, and then longer ones. Next would have come the power of moving, apart from the direction of the wind, and the means of rising and falling without loss of any kind, and a method of

propulsion in calms. Such are some of the possibilities which to-day we are without accomplishing, that we might have attained had we not so blindly devoted ourselves to mere theory.

The advantage of the wind to the balloonist is immense, and we do not yet comprehend its extent. Three kinds are at our service. *First*, the trade-winds, constant and regular, and prevailing between the thirtieth parallels of latitude on either side of the equator. By these the aeronaut can accomplish a good part of the circuit of the globe. *Second*, periodical winds, such as those that blow from the North Sea to the Baltic, facilitating the passage of the Sound, alternating with such as blow in the opposite direction at other seasons. There are other winds which are regulated by a more confined periodicity, though, on the other hand, they act in much narrower limits, as in the case of land and sea breezes. *Third*, accidental winds, and of these the aeronaut can make at least as much as the navigator.

The weather-cock will frequently indicate a direction of the wind quite different from that taken by the clouds. This only proves what the narratives of balloonists have abundantly shown,—that we can find varied currents as we rise in the same column of air. M. Charles, on his first ascension, let go a small trial-balloon, and it descended in an opposite direction to that this courageous experimentalist was pursuing. Guyton de Morveau relates, that in his experiments of the 25th of April, he started off with a very strong west-northwest wind, which he ceased to feel when he had ascended three hundred feet. At a still higher stage, while he was sailing along very leisurely, he observed a white cloud four hundred fathoms below, crossing his track. When he approached the earth, the balloon, which before had moved very slowly, took a breeze that bore it along with great rapidity. Monk Mason reports, that when he made his magnificent ascension of the 7th of November, 1836, in company with Green and Holland, two and a half hours after leaving London they perceived that the wind was going to carry them over the German Ocean. Mr. Green threw out ballast, and, when the balloon rose, an upper current took them back over Dover. We read in Blanchard's account of his first voyage, that this intrepid aeronaut, having escaped, by throwing over ballast, from some furious currents, which threatened to destroy his balloon, was borne immediately along by a wind, that took him rapidly from the point where he had emerged. In the narrative that Cavallo gives of the ascension of Vincent Lunardi (the first which took place in England, 13th September, 1784), it appears that the balloon set out in a northwest direction, and at a great elevation took another course almost north, although the wind remained the same below.

More fortunate than the mariner, the balloonist, instead of wrestling with a contrary wind, or waiting a favorable one in port, can by rising to other currents find one to his liking. A very simple experiment, originating with Franklin, shows another advantage that the aeronaut has over the sailor.

Let there be two chambers unequally heated, and then open a channel between them, and we have immediately a double current,—one at the bottom from the cold to the hot, and one above from the hot to the cold, the two being separated by a stratum of calm. A wind in one direction always indicates another in the opposite, that is to say, a counter-current. Land and sea breezes are thus accompanied. It is probable that there is in the tropics,

a current higher up, going in the opposite direction to those known as the trade-winds; in fact, it has been noticed on the peak of Teneriffe. In 1835, the ashes thrown up by the volcano of Guatemala fell, some hours later, in the streets of Kingston, in Jamaica, whither they had been carried by a wind from the west, prevailing in the upper air.

Let us see something of what the aeronaut can accomplish with these counter-currents. On the 8th of August, 1782, Robertson made an ascension at Lisbon. The wind had borne him three leagues beyond the Tagus, when he observed above him that the clouds were flying in the opposite direction. He conceived suddenly the idea of letting this current bear him back over the city. He threw out ballast and reached an altitude of sixteen hundred fathoms, and the experiment succeeded. He repassed the Tagus, came over Lisbon, and landed beyond the city, so that those who assisted at his start were still at hand to help his landing.

There are in our opinion four conditions to fulfil in making aerial voyages regular.

I. An impervious skin to the balloon, or at least so nearly so, that it will retain the gas for a week or more.

II. The power of rising and sinking to take advantage of other currents, when we are thwarted by such as we are in.

Every one knows that, in the present state of our knowledge, the aeronaut throws out ballast to rise. Under three conditions he lets the gas escape,—first, when the rarefied air permits the gas to distend the balloon dangerously; second, when, having reached a favorable current, he wishes to cease rising; and third, when the solar heat expands the gas too much. He also uses this power and that of ballast to regulate his momentum on landing. This is all very simple, but any one can see its many inconveniences; and the danger, when ballast and gas have been so far exhausted that you are left unprovided for contingencies. The frightful voyage of Blanchard and Jeffries in crossing the English Channel shows to what perils these manoeuvres subject the aeronaut. Threatened with sinking into the sea, these adventurers threw over all their ballast, without stopping their downward course. Their books, instruments, provisions followed. Next, their clothes, and finally the wherry itself, so that they landed on the French coast, clinging naked to the cords. From the beginning of the art, the dangers of this practice have been apparent. Guyton de Morveau looked forward to some substitute as the art developed itself. To find this is as much a desideratum now as then.

III. This condition relates to a matter little considered, namely, the dilation arising from solar heat. When the Duc de Chartres went up with the brothers Robert, and was carried suddenly above the clouds, the balloon so expanded under the heat of the sun that it was in danger of bursting. The valve being out of order, the Duc cut the balloon in two places, when it rapidly descended. Blanchard relates that, in one of his voyages, his balloon swelled so much under the action of the heat that it snapped in every part. The narrative of MM. Biot and Gay-Lussac is more conclusive. They left the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers on the 24th of August, 1804, at ten o'clock in the morning, and, reaching a height of 3,724 metres, were surprised at not finding it cold; but, on the contrary, the sun was so powerful that they gladly pulled off the gloves they had worn at the start, and the

animals with them did not appear to suffer from the rarity of the air, while a bee flew humming away. Guyton de Morveau, in one of his statements, avers that the lowering of the mercury in the barometer was hardly perceptible, when the dilatation was already considerable; and he adds, that the continuous flow of gas from the upper valve, like a thick smoke, made it seem as if the balloon had been rent in that spot. The explanation is this, that the gas confined in a case coated with resin is raised in temperature much more rapidly than the outer air. The history of aerostation is filled with instances. One day, Morveau, wishing to repair his balloon, had taken it to his garden and filled it with open air by means of bellows. The morning sun was shining, and presently the balloon began to roll about, and at one time it came near escaping two persons who sought to retain it. Morveau, having opened the valve, the air which issued almost painfully affected the eyes, and was found to be four degrees warmer than that without. In another instance, the same observer noted a far greater difference, namely, that of thirty-nine to twenty-three degrees. At another time, the same balloon was heated so much that it sprang up to an elevation of forty-three feet, with a weight to be sustained of one hundred and twenty-five kilogrammes, and then burst its confinement, and when a young man tried to hold it by seizing a cord and winding it about his wrist, he was carried over a wall, nine feet high, and landed beyond. The balloon continued its way, traversing a public promenade, to the great wonderment of all, and settled down one hundred and fifty paces distant.

IV. The necessity of some means of steering a balloon has been felt from the start. "It is not well to deceive ourselves into believing," wrote Guyton de Morveau, "that here is not a great difficulty."

Such, then, are the four conditions, in our opinion, which demand assuredly neither great genius nor enormous capital; and he that shall first satisfy them will plan one of the grandest results possible, — a highway in the air.

HORSE-RACING IN INDIA.

THE monsoon, whose first stormy shower was welcomed with delight, has become dreary and monotonous in the extreme, and almost makes one wish it were hot weather again. Everything has become damp and mildewed; clothes are lying rotting in trunks, from which it is impossible to take them to be aired, by reason of there being no sun; boots are covered with a Stilton-like mould; every corner of the bedroom has been tried in vain for a place for the bed without catching the drippings from the roof; the sitting-room is studded with basins and tubs, to catch the water and save the bamboo-matting; the ceiling-cloth is discolored in many places, and looks as if bottled porter had been kept above, and had burst; the furniture is damp and slimy; and the neat gravel drive in front of the house is cut up like the bed of a dry watercourse.

Towards the middle of September, one or two bright days in succession, with an occasional shower at night, and a delightful freshness in the morning, proclaim the approaching close of the monsoon; and now that there is a prospect of a little dry weather, the subject of getting up Skye races in December is started at one or other of the mess-tables. It is of

tropical growth, no sooner conceived than matured; a meeting is called, the subject is discussed, stewards and secretaries are chosen, — the two latter without heartburning. The majority of the residents subscribe liberally, and there are but few in the cantonment who object. These can be divided into three classes: those whose wives are afraid that they will ride, and who consequently object, on the ground of its being wicked; screws, who do not possess an animal that has a ghost of a chance, but who, somehow, are always lingering about the stables during training; lastly, those who really do think it wicked.

At length the programme appears, full of mistakes, printed by the local government or some amateur press, and many young hearts are quite in a flutter. There is no parade to-morrow morning, so Tomkins will try what Budmash's paces are like. Budmash has been laid up for nearly three months in consequence of the rain, and has been fed as well all the time as if he were in training for the Derby. He has got past the period of bucking with delight, on going into the fresh air, by reason that he is too fat, and feels more inclined to rest quietly in his stable than carry his owner even for a short walk. But his owner knows as much about a horse as he does about a pig; for he is firmly of opinion that Budmash's plethoric and sleek look expresses the acme of condition.

Next morning at daylight, Budmash, saddled and bridled, is led up and down in front of his master's door. He has not long to wait; for Tomkins, who has scarcely slept a wink, has decided on ordering the "dersie" to rig up a nobby jacket and cap; and has ridden the race in his mind's eye some fifty times during the night. He has arrayed himself in a pair of thick Melton cords and top-boots, which make him feel uncomfortably hot; but that is immaterial, the get-up being indispensable to getting the pace out of Budmash. He has discarded the hunting-crop, and has substituted a sharp-cutting whalebone racing-whip.

On mounting, he tells the "ghorawallah" to remain where he is, that he will be back directly, and walks quietly out of his compound in the direction of the race-course. Budmash is by no means lively, and responds with a grunt and a wheeze to his master's spurs. He carries his ears in a flabby manner, and stumbles over every little piece of uneven ground he comes to. On arriving at the race-course, Tomkins gathers up the reins in both hands, and, sticking the spurs into Budmash, strives to raise himself in the saddle, orthodox jockey fashion; but Budmash does not at once, as he ought, start into a swinging gallop, but sets up a little wheeze-and-puff canter, which causes poor Tomkins first to sway on his neck and then sit down on the saddle. In the attempt to regain the jockey position, too much aid is derived from the reins; whereupon Budmash thinks it a signal to stop, and does so accordingly. The morning is hot and close, the cords and boots are uncomfortable, and by this time Tomkins, being out of temper, lets Budmash have the whip pretty smartly, which so astonishes him that he actually manages to get up a gallop, blowing like a grampus all the time.

The great attention that he pays to his seat, and the uproar that Budmash makes, to say nothing of the wish being "father to the thought," make Tomkins believe that Budmash really has speed, and he straightway determines to enter him for the Galloway Plate. After about half a mile of wheezing and puffing, Budmash is pulled up, and his head

turned towards home. His look is dejected, his eyeballs are bloodshot, his flanks heave painfully. But Tomkins is delighted; he wipes his own brow, and pats Budmash's neck, and thinks of the honors he is about to achieve. After Tomkins has refreshed himself with a bath, put on some rather lighter clothes, and is about to sit down to a cup of coffee and a cheroot, his horsekeeper makes his appearance in the verandah, holding up the gram-bag, saying, "Kutch bee ne kia, sahib." "Eh! what?" says Tomkins, and calls the boy to ask the reason why. The boy and the horsekeeper converse rapidly in Tamil, the latter holding up the three first fingers, with the thumb of the right hand closed, indicating the very small quantity Budmash has consumed. The horsekeeper has a broad grin on his face, as he tells the boy the pace was "Run-bo quick." "Well," says Tomkins, "what is it?" "Paupiah tell our horse can't eat gram. Master too much galloping," replies the boy. "Pooh! what nonsense!" says Tomkins. "I expect the gram's sour." But the gram, on inspection, is found to be quite fresh and warm, having only just been boiled; so Tomkins, not knowing what to do, says, "Never mind; give it him at tiffin-time," and returns to his coffee and cheroot, and thinks on the cares of an owner of race-horses. Budmash consumes a small portion of the gram at tiffin-time, and Tomkins's spirits begin to rise again. About eleven A. M. the boy may be seen, holding an amicable conversation with the horsekeeper. During the time that Tomkins has gone to a court-martial, both are squatted, cross-legged, on the ground, under the pandal in front of the stable, and are enjoying intensely two of their master's Trichinopoly cheroots.

The horsekeeper has seen better days; that is, he was formerly in a richer man's service, — a man who kept a good many horses, and delighted in racing. He knows a thing or two, and determines to profit by his knowledge; not that he intends to help his master to obtain real condition, — that would involve a deal of extra trouble to himself, — but he intends to suggest the purchase of sundry articles useful in training, and out of which he and the boy may make their profit. The boy opens the ball in the evening, whilst he is assisting Tomkins to dress for dinner. He commences by saying, "I think master going to make race." "Eh," says Tomkins, "who told you I was?" blushing at the thought that somebody might have been watching him in the morning. "Master tell Dusie, morning-time, to make one racing-jacket." "O, ah!" says Tomkins, relieved; "yes, I shall run Budmash." "That Paupiah very good man," says the boy. "He live long time with Judge Dowdswell, sahib; he understand that business."

Tomkins is glad of this, and asks the boy whether the horsekeeper knows the reason why Budmash refused his food in the morning? The boy tells him that the horsekeeper recommends that a boiled sheep's head should be given with the gram night and morning. Tomkins has heard that this is a native remedy for fattening horses, so orders the sheep's head to be regularly provided. The boy takes care that this order is attended to, and he and the horsekeeper enjoy a banquet of three quarters of each sheep's head daily, — Budmash (perhaps) getting the remainder.

It is not to be supposed that all who intend entering for the races pursue the course above described. There are three or four men in or near the station who will bring (what is considered up country) first-class animals in first-class order to the post. The

collector is a thorough sportsman, and keeps several horses for racing, besides greyhounds for fox and jackal hunting. The judge has a couple of good horses that he intends trying his luck with; and the rajah, who has subscribed liberally, and given a cup, has some that will require a great deal of beating. Besides these, there are two or three of the officers of the Queen's regiment, a sporting captain or two of the native cavalry and infantry, then quartered at the station, who have some good horses among them, and intend training. The minor events of the meeting, such as the Hack Stakes, Cheroot Stakes, and Pony Races, are nearly all confined to the genus of which Mr. Tomkins is a type.

Things go on smoothly, with here and there the occasional absence of a horse for a week or two; but the break-downs are not so frequent as might be supposed from the hard, sandy nature of the soil they take their gallops on. At about the commencement of December (the races having been fixed for the 20th), a fresh excitement takes place. Owners commence taking trials out of their horses by timing them. These trials are generally made openly, in the presence of a large number of spectators, it being universally understood that none but the owner and his servants are to attempt to ascertain the time of the horse under trial; and as it is impossible for a looker-on to gain information from seeing a horse galloping, no one but the owner is the wiser.

The meeting is to extend over a week, racing being on every alternate day. This is to allow time for the lotteries to be held. On the day prior to the first day's racing there is a monster tiffin at one of the mess-houses, and, after the cloth has been removed, the lotteries on the races of the first day of the meeting commence. It is by means of these lotteries alone that an owner is enabled to back his horse, or to stand to win any more than the actual stakes, as there is seldom or ever any betting. The lotteries are carried on upon a principle entirely Indian. There is a lottery to each race. Each ticket is priced two rupees, and, after all the numbers have been taken, two vases, one containing the names of the horses that are going to run, together with some blanks, the other containing all the numbers of the tickets taken in the lottery, are placed upon the table.

The drawer plunges his hand into the vase containing the numbers of the lottery, takes out a ticket, and calls the number marked on it; he then draws from the other vase; and should the paper drawn contain the name of a horse, the person who has taken that number in the lottery is considered to have drawn the horse named. After all the horses have been drawn, the horse first drawn is put up to auction, and the highest bidder pays the amount he has bid for the horse to the lottery, and a like amount to the person who drew it. Of course, should the drawer be of a speculative turn, and consider the horse's chance a good one, and intend buying him in, he has double the advantage of the rest of the bidders, having only to pay the amount he bids to the lottery; but very few, besides owners, care to do this, as they really can know little about the animals, and are content to have a safe win of the amount bid for the horse they have drawn. There is sometimes great competition between the owners of horses, each trying to obtain the horse of the opponent whom he deems most dangerous. And great pots are frequently upset, by an owner selling for a small price a horse he has drawn, —

which horse ultimately wins the race, — and buying in for a large price one which he imagines will win, and which does not. The man who has purchased at the lottery the name of the horse that wins gains the lottery. It will be seen that a very pretty little sum can be frequently obtained in this manner. Supposing the lotteries to have filled to the number of five hundred tickets, that six horses start, and that the average price obtained at the sale of the horses is three hundred rupees, there will be a sum-total of two thousand eight hundred rupees for the lucky purchaser of the winning horse.

As there are several "weight for age" and "weight for inches" races, the afternoon of the day previous to the first day's racing is fixed for ageing and measuring. During the afternoon a great number of visitors arrive from the small stations near the cantonment, all intent upon enjoying themselves at the races, and balls, parties, picnics, and so forth, that are sure to follow. The waste ground round about the course is studded with tents of all kinds and descriptions. All the messes are crammed, at one or two of the larger houses dinner-parties are given, and all seem intent upon enjoying Christmas as much as if they were in Old England.

A good hour before daylight the "dwellers in tents" are aroused by the continuous war of the multitude, already on their way to the course. Natives are excessively fond of amusement, and even the stingiest Brahmin will go miles to see a samasha. Servants are running about, carrying coffee and articles of apparel, and nearly all have their heads tied up in cloths, so that only their eyes and noses are visible, the morning air being chilly. The morning breaks as if the whole place had been suddenly lighted with gas, and the grand stand rapidly begins to fill. At six a trumpet sounds "boot and saddle" (for there is no bell), and one by one the competitors for the "Derby" — the first race of the day — may be seen emerging from their rubbing-sheds.

The first to make his appearance is Black Diamond, a perfect picture of an Arab; he is so round that he would almost lead you to suppose he was too fat to race, but if you felt him you would find him as hard as a cricket-ball, and without a particle of adipose matter. It is his round barrel that gives him his fleshy appearance. The collector is walking beside him, giving his jockey final instructions. "I don't want him to win," he says, "if the Marquis can, for he has to run again in the race after next; but if you see the Marquis holding out signals, let him out and try to do the trick. Now give him a canter, and let's see how he goes." The Marquis soon makes his appearance; he is a bright bay, rather leggy, and his quarters are by no means filled with muscle. He is too young for this work. Arabs ought never to be raced until they arrive at maturity; but the collector is very sweet on him. He is giving elaborate instructions in Tamil to the native jockey, who will have cast them all to the winds in the first hundred yards. He is a good lad for riding the horses at their gallops, but can't keep his head in a race. He sets the bay going, and well he does go too, bringing his hind legs well under him, with an even and machine-like stroke, and if it were half a mile he would probably win; but a mile and a half, and that choking hill, is too much to ask of the youngster.

The collector heaves a gratified sigh as he watches him, and on his way to the post reiterates his instructions to the jock. But what is the cause of that

hum of admiration along the line of native spectators? It is the rajah's horse Nusseeb. He is a dark iron-gray, with very powerful arms and loins, and stands over a deal of ground; he has rather a nervous and timid look, as he walks between the line of spectators. He knows what is in store for him, for it is not his first race by a good many. Captain Hawk rides him. The start takes place a mile and a half from the stand, at the commencement of the straight run in, and all eyes and glasses are turned that way. Now they are turning; here they come! No; it's a false start; that fool of a fellow did n't drop his flag. There! they'll go this time. Yes, they're off!

The Marquis keeps the lead for more than a mile, when Nusseeb is seen to come through his horses and take it up. Black Diamond's jockey sees that it's all up with the Marquis, and giving Black Diamond, who has been going well within himself, a shake, draws a little closer to the rajah's horse. The rest are out of the race; as they sweep round the turn into the straight, "Nusseeb" is two lengths ahead, and Hawk is sitting as still as a mouse. As they approach the distance-post, Black Diamond's jockey sits down and gives his horse a strong pull, then raising his hands a little, gives him a shake, pricks him with the spur, and the brave little animal jumps forward, overhauling the gray at every stride. Hawk turns his head round anxiously two or three times, but otherwise does not move an inch; he knows that, if he does, his horse will shut up. The Black's nose is now level with his horse's quarter; but there is only fifty yards more, and the Black begins to wobble. His jockey makes a last effort, but can only reach the gray's neck, who, as he passes the judge's chair, is greeted with a burst of applause.

The next race is the St. Leger, for all horses; additional weight to that carried by Arabs being imposed on English, Australian, Cape, and country-bred horses, according to the scale laid down in the Calcutta Turf Club rules. The rajah has a large and magnificent Arab horse, called Hussar, engaged in it. He is so large for an Arab, that many declare him to be a Persian; but be his breed what it may, he is a fine powerful horse and good performer. The collector has two. The Emperor, an Australian, whose sire and dam were thoroughbreds, imported into Australia from England. He has already earned a reputation and paid his expenses, and a little over; but, like all Australians, he is very uncertain, and is as likely to turn rusty at the start as not. His other horse has not found favor with the public. He certainly does look as if he had just come from the shafts of a London Hansom cab. His near fore leg has a herring-bone-stitch-like appearance, indicative of the stringent measures that have been adopted to keep his sinews in their place. He is so finely drawn, that the breastplate he wears seems a wise precaution. His ragged hips and angular frame, without a particle of extra flesh on it, do not add to his appearance, and the spectator thinks that he has been most appropriately named the Screw. The young officer who rode Black Diamond is riding him quietly up the course, and as he goes with his ewe-neck stretched out and his nose poked forward, one can scarcely imagine the collector in his senses to attempt to compete with the rajah's beautiful horse.

The Screw was originally a troop horse, but was cast for running away, — some say, because an officer who knew his value as a racer recommended his being dismissed, and bought him in at the sale; but

this statement is doubted by those who know the immense quantity of red tape required in such proceedings; and the fact that he was bought by a griffin (whom he nearly killed) for twenty rupees some few months after he was cast, together with his being excessively hard-mouthed, and, when once set agoing, impossible to stop until he chooses to think he has won a race, tend to give the lie to this statement.

The judge is conveying to the post a very powerful-looking Australian that he thinks will do wonders. The superintendent of police, a capital rider, but a bit of a dandy, and who cares much more about the cut of his boots, breeches, and jacket than the cut of his horse, is also *en route* for the starting-post, accompanied by three more horses, whose owners, apparently, have more money than brains. This race is two miles; and the start takes place just at the foot of the hill, which almost prevents the horses being seen from the stand. Those people who have brought glasses are constantly appealed to for information, and the stand grows very impatient. The collector is almost white with anxiety; especially when he sees one, two, three, and does not know how many more false starts.

But, thank goodness, the Screw is behaving himself for a wonder; indeed, if it were otherwise, he would long ago have made his appearance in front of the stand. As much cannot be said for the Emperor, who dances in anything but an imperial manner on his hind legs; and the rajah's horse seems to be so taken with his performances, that he is trying his best to imitate him, but it is all owing to that fool on the gray, that ought to have been in the buggy, and not on a race-course. The collector's eyes ache again with constant straining, so that he is obliged to relieve them by taking down his glasses.

The ladies don't like sitting and seeing nothing, and want to know why they don't begin? The collector would very much like to relieve himself of a little extra steam by an anathema or two against the man on the gray, but wisely refrains. Ah! there they go! No, it's a single horseman, and, horror of horrors! the collector recognizes the Dumulgundy-like action of the Screw. But, is it possible? Yes, by Jove! he has stopped him; and the beast is shaking himself like a rat; a man leads him back; and — they're off! the Screw with two strides in one, determined not to be disappointed this time.

The pace is awful as they sweep past the stand, and the ladies wonder how any man can keep his seat at such a pace, and are sure *they* would scream and drop off. But in the short space of time taken to express this wonder the horses have completed another quarter of a mile, and the Screw, who is leading, is nearly pulling his jockey over his head. With joy the collector sees that Hawk is obliged to keep the rajah's horse going, and, barring accidents, he sees the race is won. He's not quite sure of his jockey though, for he is a stranger to him, but came with a great reputation; and the thought of the steady way in which he tried to snatch the last race out of the fire partly reassures him. They have now got to the hill, which is sure to find out the soft ones. What a line there is now! What tailing, almost Indian file. It can hardly be called a good race, for nothing seems to have a chance against the Screw. Nothing has. The astounding fact of having been stopped when he wanted to go has put the devil into the Screw, and if he drops dead in the at-

tempt, he'll warm them. His jockey gives him a strong pull near the top of the hill, and the cunning old horse responds to it wonderfully, pulling himself together, and taking a breath that fairly heaves his jockey's legs out. "That's your sort, old chap," says the jock. "I like to feel that, and I know you've got a rush left in you, if wanted." On his dropping his hands again, the Screw falls into his old Dumulgundy-like action, holding the race as safe as a church. Hawk tries a rush at the distance, but Hussar only manages to decrease the distance from the Screw by a length, then dies away to nothing, and is passed by the judge's horse, but cannot overhaul the Screw who canters in, hands down, a winner of upwards of two thousand rupees.

After the Young Prince's Purse, there are only two races left for decision, and the spectators (and I dare say my readers too) are glad of it, for the day is getting excessively warm. Some twenty animals of the most wretched and unracer-like appearance are brought out for the Hack Stakes. There are Roman-nosed broken-kneed Persians, who do duty in buggies during the rest of the year; hide-bound animals, that have been cast from the artillery and cavalry for incurable mangle; one or two bow-kneed but fine-framed old animals, who (if they could speak) could tell pitiful tales of the career of a high-mettled racer; and — yes — Budmash, mounted by Tomkins in a resplendent green jacket, with yellow belt. The race is soon over, for the starter did not care to be kept broiling in the sun by the unworkmanlike manoeuvres of the would-be jockeys; and after one false start, in which a hot-brained youth has come away the whole length of the course alone in his glory, warns the rest that, head or tail foremost, he WILL start them this time. The horses run the race from end to end without any assistance from their riders, and it is won by a quondam old racer, who adds another leaf to his autumn-tinged laurels.

The Pony Race is rather exciting, the terms of the race being that the second pony is to get a portion of the stakes, and that the last is to pay the third pony's entrance fee, — a provision sure to make each competitor try his best; for, although he may see that he has no chance of obtaining first or second honors, yet he cannot afford to pull up and walk in, lest he should have to pay the entrance-fee of the third. But hallo! who is this? It is the doctor in a gaudy racing-jacket, a pair of trousers with straps, and a long pair of military spurs. He is greeted with roars of laughter as he passes the stand, and cries of two to one on the doctor. Then some one explains that, at mess the other night, the doctor threw out hints that he had had a rather brilliant career on the English turf, before he entered the service; whereupon Simpkins pounced upon him, and succeeded in getting him to promise to ride his pony.

The course is only a quarter of a mile, and they are soon started; they are all pretty close together, with the exception of the doctor, who got off ill in his endeavors to keep his seat, pulls his pony back, and is hopelessly out of the race. It is a near thing between the two first, both well-known performers. Some seconds after the race is finished, the doctor canters past, and is greeted with vociferous cheering. "Thank you, doctor," says the owner of the third pony. "Why?" says the doctor. "You pay my stake." The doctor is wroth, and declares that he never saw that proviso, that it is a most absurd one, and that he never heard of it in England; but

his wrath is of no avail, and he goes off home in great dudgeon, and does not appear again during the rest of the meeting. The stand is soon emptied, and the great concourse of natives go jabbering towards the bazaar.

The second and third days' racing are similar to the first: the rajah and the collector dividing the large prizes pretty equally; and the smaller being so distributed by the aid of handicaps, that none are great losers, and many are slight winners. The owners of horses are pleased with their success, and the visitors with their reception, and the numerous balls and picnics. Thus, "the races" become an epoch from which future events will be calculated, until the next meeting.

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL DRINK.

THE origin of the use of malt liquor, or a drink made by steeping grain in water, and afterwards fermenting it, seems lost in the night of antiquity. Herodotus attributes the discovery of the art of brewing to Isis, the wife of Osiris. What is certain is, that the Egyptians, so versed in all the industrial arts of domestic life, included brewing among the number. Pelusium, situated on one of the mouths of the Nile, was at a very remote epoch particularly celebrated for its manufacture of malt liquors, — one called *carmi*, sweet and glutinous, the other named *zythum*, more attenuated and less sweet, and probably analogous to modern beer. Pliny, the Naturalist, states that in his time a drink, made from fermented grain, was in general use under various names amongst all the nations of Western Europe. According to Isodorus and Orasius, the ancient Britons and other Celtic nations practised a mode of preparing an intoxicating drink from grain which did not differ materially from our modern mode of brewing. Tacitus states that the ancient Germans for their drink drew a liquor from barley or other grain and fermented it, so as to make it resemble wine. How deeply our Scandinavian ancestors were imbued with the merits of malt liquor appears from the fact that it was a cardinal point of belief amongst them that quaffing copious draughts of ale formed one of the chief felicities of their heroes in the halls of Odin.

The first mention of ale in English law occurs as early as the Heptarchy, in the laws of Ina, King of Wessex. In Wales, and also in Scotland, it was anciently enacted that "if a farmer hath no mead, he shall pay two casks of spiced ale, or four casks of common ale for one cask of mead." Ale is expressly named as one of the liquors provided for a royal banquet in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Anciently ale and bread appear to have been associated as equally *victuals*, or absolute necessities of life. That this was the case appears from the assizes or ordinances of bread and ale which were instituted from time to time, for the purpose of regulating the price and quality of these articles. In 1266, in the reign of Henry III., a statute was passed (the preamble of which alludes to earlier statutes on the same subject) which enacted that "when a quarter of wheat was sold for 3s. or 3s. 4d., and a quarter of barley for 20 pence or 24 pence, and a quarter of oats for 15 pence, brewers in cities could afford to sell two gallons of ale for 1d., and out of cities three gallons for 1d.; and when in a town three gallons are sold for 1d., out of a town they may and ought to sell four." How completely ale was the national drink of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers is made very

apparent by the fact of its incorporation in our language as the equivalent of festival when in combination with other words. Thus bride-ale (bridal) is the feast in honor of the bride, or marriage; similarly we have leet-ale, lamb-ale, Whitsun-ale. A bid-ale was when a poor man, decayed in his substance, was set up again by the contributions of his friends at a Sunday's feast. *Church-Ales*, as they are described by Pierce, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in his answer to the inquiries of Archbishop Laud, "are when the people go from afternoon prayers on Sundays to their lawful sports and pastimes in the churchyard, or in the neighborhood, or in some public-house where they drink and make merry. By the benevolence of the people at these pastimes, many poor parishes have cast their bells and beautified their churches, and raised stock for the poor." The people were fond of these recreations, and the bishop recommends them as bringing the people more willingly to church, as tending to civilize them and to compose differences among them, and as serving to increase love and unity.

The period when hops were first introduced into use in England for brewing is involved in much obscurity. On the strength of an old distich,—

"Turkeys, carps, hops, piccarel, and beer
Came into England all in one year,"

it has been concluded that the hop was first brought into England from Flanders in 1524. Although it is probable that the ale of our early ancestors—at least the great bulk of it—was intended to be drunk sweet and new, and that the term beer is comparatively modern, imported with the use of hops from the Continent, to designate the new liquor, the above date is certainly erroneous, for we read in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, compiled in 1440, and which throws so much light upon the manners of our ancestors in the Middle Ages, "Hoppe seede for beyre." An ancient municipal record, also under the date 1432, has the following entry: "Item, payd to Davy, bere brewer, for a pyp of bere that was droneke at the Barrgeate when the first affray was of the Ffrenshemen, vjs. viiij*d*."; and again, under the date 1497: "Half a barrel of doble bere, xx*d*. Ten gallons peny ale, x*d*." We seem here to get an inkling that the hieroglyphic x, xx, and xxx still in use by the London brewers may possibly have originated in the practice of writing the price of the ale in Roman numerals when a certain measure of the three qualities in vogue bore the respective prices of x, xx, and xxx pence. Finally, it is certain that hops were cultivated in England in 1463, since there is extant a lease of lands, in Kent, of that date, in which a provision occurs for taking care of the underwood fit for hop-poles. Whether hops were in use in England in the time of Chaucer is an open question. The word beer does not occur in his writings, yet it would appear that London ale already possessed a character of its own by which it could be distinguished by connoisseurs; for in the "Canterbury Tales," written about 1395, we read of "the Coke":—

"Wel coude, he knowe a draught of London ale."
The Prologue.

Again the miller in his prologue says:—

"And, therefore, if that I missepeke or say,
Wite it the ale of Southwark I you pray."

With reference to this discussion, we think it may fairly be said, that it is one of those cases in which it would not be wise to rely too much upon negative

evidence. It must be remembered that we know nothing of the ingredients employed for flavoring the spiced ale mentioned as being rated at half the value of mead and double the value of common ale, and considering that the hop is an indigenous plant, it is not impossible that it may have entered, in conjunction with alehoof, or ground-ivy (which we know to have been used for ale), and other herbs, into the composition in question. However this may be, there is much evidence which seems to point to a great increase in the use of hops in brewing during the fifteenth century, and that, like most new things, whether improvements or otherwise, the innovation encountered violent opposition. Thus, in the reign of Henry VI., Parliament was petitioned against that wicked weed called hops; and in the nineteenth year of Henry VIII. (1528), their antagonists succeeded in getting their use prohibited under severe penalties; and an ale-man, having brought an action against his brewer for spoiling his ale by putting in a certain weed called a hop, recovered damages. The king had probably been gained over by the opposition; at any rate, he appears to have been a victim to these prejudices; for, in 1530, he gives an injunction to his brewer not to put any hops or brimstone into the ale. This crusade against hops seems not long to have survived the King. In the reign of Edward VI., in the year 1552, the term *hop-grounds* made its appearance for the first time in English law; and, a few years later, the merits of hops were so well appreciated that Reynolde Scot says: "If your ale may endure a *fortnight*, your beere, through the benefit of the hoppe, shall continue a *month*, and what grace it yieldeth to the taste all men may judge who have *sense in their mouths*."

In his fondness for malt liquor the Englishman of to-day does not belie his ancestors, but appears fully a match for them, whether Britons, Saxons, or Northmen. Upwards of sixty millions a year, — a sum approximating to the amount annually levied by taxation, — being expended by him on this truly national beverage. Strange to say, however, its consumption is attended with a curious anomaly. Less than one half of it is drunk in perfection, or in its best condition, the larger portion becoming more or less flat, hard, and unpalatable, or even sour before it is consumed. From the day of the tapping of the cask, with the gradual entrance of atmospheric air, the liquor undergoes progressive deterioration, first becoming flat and unpalatable, from the loss of its carbonic acid, and then sour, from having its spirit converted into acetic acid by the absorption of oxygen. In fact, day by day, as the palate unpleasantly detects, it may be said to advance one step further on the road to vinegar.

Spring water, the drink provided for man and animals by nature, is always found impregnated with carbonic acid, and it is to this gas it owes its freshness, briskness, agreeable taste, and doubtless an increased suitability for aiding the process of digestion. The precise nature of the assistance contributed by carbonic acid towards this function we are unable to define; but the instinct which finds it grateful vouches for its utility, and its refreshing and invigorating properties in the case of a jaded stomach are so palpable, as to leave no doubt of its power of influencing the functions of this organ beneficially. Beer or ale, then, which has become stale and flat from the loss of its carbonic acid, is deteriorated no less in its dietetic than in its palatable qualities, — a fact confirmed by the cir-

cumstance that many who drink bottled ale with a relish, and find it agree with them, can scarcely venture to take draught ale without suffering from headache. In cases of renal disease, also, the condemnation of malt liquor as a beverage applies with twofold force to its consumption in draught, its injurious tendency in such cases being greatly mitigated, if not removed, by taking it only when charged with carbonic acid so as to be in an effervescing state. The palate, however, pronounces so decidedly in favor of ale that is fresh and brisk with carbonic acid, compared with that which is vapid and flat from the absence of this gas, that no better guide than *taste* need be desired, a fact sufficiently evinced by the large consumption of bottled ale and beer by the public, at a cost of more than double that of the same liquors in draught.

The present price of Bass's or Allsopp's pale ale in wood is 33s. per kilderkin (18 gallons), being 1s. 10d. per gallon; the same quantity of ale in bottle (reputed pints, at 4s. 3d.) costs 76s. 6d., being 4s. 3d. per gallon, or 2½ the price in wood. Those, then, who desire to drink their ale aerated with carbonic acid or effervescing, must add to 1s. 10d. per gallon, the cost in wood, an additional 2s. 5d.; and hence it happens that, in spite of the unequivocal verdict of taste, bottled ale is only *habitually* consumed by the wealthier classes, the great bulk of the people being debarred by motives of economy from taking it, except as an occasional luxury. The public at large not being able to afford to drink the kind they would prefer, fluctuate as an alternative between two evils; — either, on the one hand, they have a small cask of beer, with the result of drinking it fresh and good the first week (or fortnight, according to its quality and the weather), passable the second, and flat and hard the third, with a residue of five per cent so sour as to be obliged to be thrown away; or, tired or sour beer, they have recourse to the notoriously adulterated mixture of the retailer, and knowingly barter the purity of their liquor for the higher average of freshness and palatability obtained by his more rapid consumption.

Such is the present position of the British public with regard to their national beverage, but such it will remain no longer. An exceedingly simple apparatus has just been invented, by means of which ale on draught may be impregnated with any desired amount of carbonic acid, thus acquiring the sparkling character and valuable dietetic properties of bottled ale, with a decidedly superior flavor, for the carbonic acid, not being produced at the expense of the saccharine matter of the liquor, as in the case of bottled ale, the drink does not undergo that impoverishment or attenuation which, to the palate of many, forms a great drawback to the use of bottled malt liquor. If, as we are assured, draught ale can be aerated in the manner described, and a beverage produced which is universally preferred to bottled ale, at one tenth the additional cost of the latter, we hope to see the benefit conferred by the invention brought within the reach of all members of the community, and the poorest classes enabled to drink whatever malt liquor they can afford sparkling and effervescing with carbonic acid in its highest state of perfection.

IN THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

THROUGH the fertile vine hills and over the broad, extended plains of Burgundy — by Dijon, Maçon, Culoz, Chambéry, and Aix, winding gracefully

around, and suddenly darting into and out of tunnels on the borders of the lovely, lonely lake of Bourgy, and then along the banks of the Arc—the railway train, in its progress from Paris toward Turin, finally arrives at the little Savoyard village of St. Michel. Here the railway terminates; and, consigned to the very untender mercies of the shaky diligence, the traveller, after a drive of twenty-five miles through the barren valley, reaches Lans-le-Bourg, at the foot of Mont Cenis; and crossing this to Susa, there again takes rail, and on to Turin. In a little more than four years hence, if no unforeseen event occur, this route will be materially changed, and voyagers giving St. Michel, with its dingy houses and bad dinners, the go-by, and continuing in the railway wagon up the banks of the Arc, will take a turn at Modane, ten miles up the valley, and instead of scaling the Alps, will go rushing through their stony heart.

The Arc, rising in the Alps near Mont Cenis, pours down the valley which bears its name, and empties into the Isere, near Chamouset. Near the little hamlet of Fourneaux, eight miles from St. Michel, the river makes a bend in a southerly direction. Upon the opposite side of the Alps, in the valley watered by the Dora-Ripeira, the Dora very accommodatingly also makes a bend towards the north; and thus, at these two points, the valleys of the Dora and the Arc, make the nearest approach to each other in all their course. Here, in these two secluded little nooks, they seem to have had a fancy for making each other's acquaintance, and each here made advances as far as not merely propriety, but Nature herself permitted. But the rugged, frowning, unsympathetic Alps stood sentinel and barrier between them, and roughly rejecting their cooing and wooing, turned them off again in different directions, each to pursue its own course toward the mighty sea. This barrier, skill, science, enterprise, and determination are rapidly breaking down, and before many years shall have passed, we may reasonably hope that the Dora and the Arc, though not indeed permitted to mingle their waters together in joy, will be firmly and forever united in the bands of iron.

It was owing to this proximity of the two valleys at those points, that Fourneaux upon the French, and Bardonnèche upon the Italian side, were selected as the entrances and termini of the great Alpine tunnel. It was found that a straight line between them and through the Alps would measure 12,220 metres, or 13,577 yards, about seven and seven tenths miles. Fourneaux and Bardonnèche were also happily situated for a convenient junction with the railways already constructed, and the geological character of the mountain itself was found to be a favorable one for penetration.

It was not until some years after it was decided that the tunnel should be excavated that the work was actually commenced. In and out of the Italian Parliament, by scientific men, professors, and laymen, all sorts of objections were made to its practicability, all kinds of horrible possibilities were imagined, as obstacles in its way. Rock might be struck of so impenetrable a nature that the keenest-tempered instruments would be battered and turned aside without making upon it the slightest impression; so hard, that charges of powder, no matter how heavy would be blown from it, as they would from the mouth of a cannon, without detaching or even shivering the surrounding mass. Immense subterranean caverns and yawning chasms, and

abysses reaching down to Hades itself, might be encountered. Large lakes might be unboomed, and rivers might come pouring through fissures in the rock; and not only drown all the workmen, but, rushing through the tunnel on either side, overwhelm the valleys of the Dora and the Arc. Fire itself might be encountered, and the workmen suffocated with poisonous gases. These were some of the imagined and imaginary difficulties in the way of the commencement and completion of the enterprise; but there were others of a much more practical, and therefore formidable nature to be overcome.

The usual mode of making tunnels is by sinking vertical shafts or wells at convenient distances, and working through from one to the other. Hence, however, that would have been utterly impracticable. It was found that at a distance of 722 yards from the mouth, a well must have been 1,000 feet in depth; at 3,000 yards, 3,593 feet; and at 6,333 yards, nearly half the length of the tunnel, a vertical shaft must have been 5,400 feet deep,—a well which by the ordinary processes would require nearly forty years to dig. In case the shafts were made oblique, instead of vertical, they would have been almost as long as the tunnel itself. There was then but one way to open this, and that was by attacking it at the two ends,—the mountain at its two opposite bases. But here arose another difficulty. How were laborers to be supplied with air at a distance of more than three miles in the very bowels of the earth? In tunnelling by hand, fifty or sixty years would have passed away before the completion of this work, and some more rapid process must be applied. Steam, the ordinary motive power, requires fire to generate it, and fire feeds upon air. It was evident that this could not be made use of, and that a new motive power must be applied. A happy combination of circumstances led to this result.

An English engineer, named Bartlett, had invented a perforating apparatus which, being set in motion by steam-power, drove a drill like a battering-ram against the face of the rock, in time making a hole deep and large enough to be charged with powder. Three Italian engineers, Messrs. Sommelier, Grandis, and Grattoni, were at about the same time experimenting upon compressed air as a motive power, with the immediate object of applying it to the propulsion of railway trains up a steep incline in the Apennines. It occurred to these gentlemen that, could a combination be made of their motive power and Bartlett's apparatus, the result would be precisely the machine for boring a tunnel through the Alps. The motive power would cost nothing, and instead of consuming air, would supply it to the workmen. Years of labor and of thought were expended in contriving, combining, and experimenting; and the result has been the perforating machine, moved by common air compressed to one sixth its natural bulk, and consequently when set free exercising an expansive force equal to that of six atmospheres, which are now working their way through the Alps at the rate of three yards a day. The work was commenced by hand at Bardonnèche in 1857, and continued till 1861, when the perforators were introduced, after about 900 yards had been accomplished. It was not, however, until 1863 that the perforators entered upon the French side, the intermediate time having been occupied in erecting dwellings for the workmen, machine-shops, all the appliances necessary for such an immense undertaking.

Provided with a "permit" to visit the tunnel and inspect the air-compressing machinery, I arrived at Fourneaux on the afternoon of the 19th October, the permission being available for the following day. Formerly all visitors who presented themselves were freely admitted, but as the tunnel advanced farther and farther in its progress through the mountain, the danger attending the entrance of strangers, and the annoyance thereby caused to the workmen, rendered it necessary that some more strict rule should be adopted. At present permissions are granted but for the fifth and twentieth of each month, and then only upon application to the "Direzione Tecnica del traforo delle Alpi," at Turin.

Fourneaux, on the high road from St. Michel to Lans-le-Bourg, and about eight miles from the former, I found a miserable little village in a narrow part of the valley, built partly on the river bank, but principally upon the hillside. Nature here, wild and rugged as it is, is grandly beautiful. The Grand Vallon, beneath whose summit the tunnel is to run, raises its lofty snow-bonneted head 11,000 feet above the level of the sea into the sky. By the side of it is Charney, its summit now also crowned with a recent fall of snow, which has whitened the branches of the mountain firs growing up to the very top. Down the mountain reach the firs and pines, darkly, almost blackly, green. Mingled with them are less hardy trees, their leaves ruddy with the hues of autumn; and fruit-covered barberry bushes, which give a rich variegated color to the hillside.

All around are piled up the Alps, rising one above the other; and at either extremity of vision, looking up or down the valley, it seems shut in by these eternal mountains. It was nearly dark, and the lengthening shadows were rapidly crawling up the mountain side, and departing sunlight was tinging the summits with that rich creamy hue which dying daylight impresses upon snow. I had but time to take a general view of Fourneaux and its surroundings when darkness, which sets in early in these valleys, came down and shut it out. A better dinner than I supposed could be obtained in the uninviting little auberge in which I had installed myself, and a bottle of tolerable Savoy wine, prepared me for a night of rest; and the mountain torrent of Charney which came tumbling directly beneath my window, soon lulled me to sleep with its rude, monotonous music.

The "Mont Cenis" tunnel, as this is usually called, is an egregious misnomer, Mont Cenis being distant at least sixteen miles from the French, and twenty from the Italian entrance. The line of the tunnel passes beneath three peaks, respectively called the "Col Frejus," the "Grand Vallon," and the "Col de la Roue," the first being upon the French and the latter upon the Italian slope, and the Grand Vallon at nearly an equal distance between the two. Mont Cenis, being the best known of any of the range in this vicinity, will doubtless continue to carry off the honors. In behalf, however, of modest merit, which, the poet says, "seeks the shade" (and if this be true, the Col Frejus should possess an immense deal of that valuable quality, as it has certainly sought out about the "shadiest" position in the entire valley), I desire to put upon record its claim against the recognized one of its loftier and more aspiring neighbor.

The first visit we made in the morning was to the air-compressing establishment, situated half a mile from the mouth of the tunnel, and on the banks of the Arc. Without diagrams, and even with them,

the unscientific reader would fail fully to comprehend the structure and action of the powerful and delicate machinery here employed. Twenty iron pipes or tubes, giving the *ensemble* the appearance of a huge organ, stand upright at a height of thirty feet in the air; in these, by an oscillating motion, caused by the rise and fall of water, common air is compressed to one sixth its natural bulk. This rise and fall is caused by a series of pistons working in the tubes. As the piston ascends, it pushes the water before it, and this in turn compresses the air, and chases it into a reservoir. As it descends, a valve near the top is opened, through which the common air rushes to supply the vacuum, and this in turn is compressed and pushed into the reservoir. The pistons are worked by water-wheels; and thus one force which costs nothing is made to manufacture from the surrounding atmosphere a power which is now boring through the hardest rock.

From the reservoir an iron pipe eight inches in diameter, in sections eight feet in length, the joints being rendered air-tight by cushions of caoutchouc, and laid upon the tops of stone posts, conveys the compressed air along the roadside till nearly opposite the mouth of the tunnel, where, taking a sharp turn, it follows a steep incline, upon which a double-track railway is laid, up to the entrance. We followed the course of the pipe up this incline, upon which the "kangaroo wagons" (so called on account of their peculiar construction, the two front wheels being made lower than the hind ones, giving the wagon the appearance of a kangaroo) were mounting, heavily laden with stone, cut for the mason-work of the tunnel. Four hundred and fifty-eight steep stone steps brought us up on a large artificial plateau, formed by the *débris* brought from out the excavation and shot down the mountain-side.

Nothing seemed so surprising, and nothing could be so likely to astonish the general observer, as the fact that the mouth of the tunnel is at a distance of 105 metres, or 340 feet above the level of the valley. The reason, however, is evident enough when the facts of the case are known. The two opposite valleys of the Arc and the Dora differ in their heights above the level of the sea, the former being at an elevation of 1,202 metres and a fraction, while the latter has an elevation of 1,335. A line, therefore, run straight from the base of the mountain on the Bardonnèche, or most elevated side, would emerge upon the Fourneaux side at a distance of 132 metres above the valley. This difference is to be compensated for, and it is done by commencing the tunnel on this side at an elevation of 105 metres, and giving a much steeper grade from the north end to the centre than from the other, the grade in the one case being 0.022 to the metre, and in the other but 0.0005.

Arrived at the entrance, I delivered my letter to Signore Genesio, the director of the workmen, who invited me into his bureau, where he called my attention to a caoutchouc coat reaching nearly to the heels, and which he recommended me to put on. We then went to the mouth of the tunnel, where, each receiving from the custodian a lighted lamp, attached to a wire about eighteen inches in length, we commenced our journey into "the bowels of the earth."

The entrance does not materially differ in appearance from that of ordinary railway tunnels. It is here built up and faced with solid masonry, and is

twenty-five feet three and a half inches wide at the base, twenty-six feet two and three quarters inches at the broadest part, and twenty-four feet seven inches high. A double railway track emerges from the mouth, and wagons loaded with *débris* were coming out; and others, filled with cut stones for the mason-work, drills, and other working utensils, going in. As we entered, the only light we could see ahead was a gas jet blazing in the distance.

Along either side of the tunnel there is a *trottoir* of flagstones, upon which we walked, lighting a path for our feet with the lamp which hung near them. The air-conduit is ranged along the side of the gallery, while in the middle of the tunnel, between the two lines of rails, a canal has been dug, through which the gas and water pipes are conveyed to the end of the gallery. This canal is wide and deep enough to afford a refuge for the workmen and a means of exit in case the tunnel should be filled by a fall of the crumbling rock above. The masonry on either side was damp, and in many places little streams came trickling through it, and it occurred to me that in time this constant percolation must inevitably wear away the cement which binds the blocks of stone together, and undermine the vault. Overhead, the masonry is not visible, nothing being seen but a wooden partition, dividing the tunnel into two equal galleries above and below. The object of this, which is only temporary, is to create a current, the rarefied air from the lower gallery rising and rushing out through the upper, while fresh air comes into the lower one to supply its place. As yet this partition extends only a short distance, and is not of much practical value.

We passed the gas jet, and looking before us, saw nothing but the most impenetrable darkness; and looking behind, I observed the entrance gradually growing smaller, until after I had continually turned and watched it till it had dwindled down to the apparent size of an apple, it suddenly dropped out of sight, as the sun sinks below the horizon in a calm summer sea. Peering then in either direction, I saw only impenetrable darkness. I use the word "saw" advisedly, for this darkness here in the bowels of the earth seemed to be palpable and ponderable,—something more than what the philosophers define as a mere absence of light,—something heavier and more solid than a negative,—a real positive entity, which it seemed to me I could feel pressing against and around me, as, guided by the flaring flame of our lamps, we forced our way through it. Upon inquiring of my guide how far we had reached, he called my attention to a little notch in the wall, where the distance was marked 1,000 metres, or about two thirds of a mile.

A dull rumbling sound attracted my attention; and in the distance, and seeming miles away, lights were dancing up and down in the murky air, as the *feu follet*, or wildfire, dances and flits in summer evenings over marshes, bogs, and fens. These were the lamps carried by some workmen going out, and a wagon loaded with *débris* soon came rolling by us. Up to this time I had experienced no particular difficulty in breathing,—a sensation only that the air was unnatural and dank, like that in a cellar. As we advanced, however, it began to grow hot and stifling, and we entered a thick yellow fog, redolent of the fumes of gunpowder,—which, indeed, it was, seeking its way towards the mouth of the tunnel. This was very disagreeable, almost suffocating, producing a sensation of heaviness upon the brain, a dull headache, and a fearful feeling of dread. As

we walked on we saw lights again, dancing like fire-flies in the distance, and soon a party of rough, half-naked, smoke-begrimed men, who loomed up in the fog like enormous giants as they approached, passed us on their way from work.

At a distance of 1,670 yards, or nearly a mile from the entrance, we came upon a little cabin, or barrack, built upon one side, and here my guide informed me that the completed portion of the tunnel ended. Entering the cabin, and following his advice and example, I gladly removed coat and vest, covering myself again with the caoutchouc; and, picking and trimming our lamps, we darted again into the darkness. Up to this time it had been plain sailing, walking along with as little difficulty or obstacle as on a sidewalk in a deserted street. Upon quitting this, however, we entered the gallery in *corso di scavazione*, that portion of the tunnel which, having been opened by the perforating machines, was now being enlarged by the ordinary hand process. Here there was no longer any *trottoir*, and, picking our way over piles of rocks, which looked as though they had been thrown in confusion by giants at play, dodging wagons passing in and out, passing groups of swarthy workmen, through an atmosphere yellow, thick, and stifling, we at length came upon a group of men standing quietly as if awaiting something, in front of a heavy oaken door, which closed the passage in advance of us. My guide said we must stop here for the present. I imagined the cause, and selecting the softest, smoothest-looking rock, sat down and meditated.

Here was I, more than a mile from the mouth of the tunnel, with a mile of Alps piled above my head. The gallery was not more than ten feet wide and seven high, and its roof and sides were of jagged, sharp, protruding rocks, seeming to need but a slight shaking to send them tumbling down about our ears. Suppose they should tumble, and we be all buried alive in this hole in the earth! Suppose some of the predicted rivers or possible lakes should find their way through some aperture just opened, and engulf us now! Suppose the air-pipe should burst, or, worse still, the supply of air be stopped, and we all suffocated! Suppose —, but the thread of my rapidly-crowding hypotheses was broken by a sudden sound which might well, under all the circumstances, have appalled a braver and more firmly constituted man, and which for an instant made me believe that one of my suppositions was about to become a reality. Bang! — but not the sharp cracking "bang" of a heated cannon, or the sound of a rock-blast in the open air, — a dead, dull, rumbling explosion, which reverberated through the gallery, and seemed to give the whole earth a shake. I started, and involuntarily looked up, as if expecting to see the stony roof give way and tumble. Bang! bang! bang! in rapid succession five or six other blasts were blown; the oaken doors were opened, a huge gust of thick yellow smoke and stifling black gunpowder came rushing toward us, when my guide touched me on the shoulder and said we could now proceed. I uttered an inward "thank God!" that I was really safe, and speedily sprang up and joined him.

Passing beyond the heavy oaken doors, still carefully picking our way over the stones through the gallery, growing lower and narrower at every step, through the smoke we soon discovered a brilliant blaze of gas, and heard a sharp hissing sound. Suddenly we emerged from the heat and smoke, and were breathing an air fresh, sweet, exhilarating, and

doubly grateful to the lungs after the deteriorated material upon which they had been feeding. We were in the "advanced gallery" at the end of the tunnel, and before us was the *affusto*, bearing its nine perforators, persistently striking and boring their way into the solid rock, scattering around them sparks of fire struck off at every blow.

The gallery here is not quite nine feet in width, and but eight and a half in height. The *affusto*, as the huge structure is called upon which the perforating machines are borne, and which bears precisely the same relation to them that the carriage does to the gun, nearly fills up the entire space. In order to observe the action of the machinery, we were obliged to coast carefully along the side of this heavy wagon, and when arrived at the front, to wedge ourselves between it and the rock, with just space enough to stand in.

Here the sights and sounds really became cheerful and pleasant. The gallery is brilliantly lighted; the compressed air, a jet of which is constantly escaping from the conduit pipe, is fresh, cool, and grateful to the wearied lungs; the constant rapid "thud" of the drill as it strikes the rock; the hissing sound of the escaping air; the cries of the workmen to each other, sounding unnaturally loud in this pure air and confined space, all constituted a scene as exciting as it was strange. A feeling of manly pride, at the sight and action of these wonderful machines, in the operation of which the powers of nature are made the slaves of man, seems to invade the soul. We forget that we are more than a mile from daylight, and that four thousand feet of Alps are weighing above our heads. We forget danger and banish fear; and the workmen, thirty-nine of whom are employed upon each *affusto*, seem to have no idea of either. They perform their labor in this little hole, with a remarkable sense of security. They seem to play with these huge machines,—they put their hands upon and direct the steel bar which strikes the rock, and the powerful instrument which pierces the Alps glides between their fingers like a child's toy. They hop about like toads between the drills, perch themselves upon and under the various parts of the monster machine, and never seem to dream that at any moment, some unknown, unlooked-for fissure in the rock may be discovered, and they crushed to atoms by the tumbling mass; or that this powerful agent, which they have made their slave, with its explosive force of six atmospheres, may some time burst its iron fetters, and scatter death and destruction around it.

Each perforator, nine of which are at work, is entirely independent of every other, so that, when one is placed *hors de combat*, its inability to act does not affect the rest. It is much easier to describe the operation of the perforator and its effect than the complicated machinery by which it is set in motion. The motive power is conveyed to it from the conduit by a flexible pipe, which throws the compressed air into a cylinder placed horizontally along the *affusto*. In this cylinder a piston works back and forth, and to this piston is attached a *fleuret* or drill, about three feet long, finely tempered and sharpened at the end. As the piston moves up and down, it of course drives the drill against the rock, and interdraws it, and by a very delicate and complicated piece of machinery a rotatory motion, similar to that in hand-labor, is given to the drill itself. We arrived in the "advanced gallery" at a very favorable moment, just as a new attack was about being commenced by a perforator.

A drill was attached by a flexible joint to the piston-rod; a workman standing upon the front end of the machine, held and directed this, as a gardener would the hose of a common garden-engine; the compressed air was turned on by another workman, at the hind end of the *affusto*, and the drill commenced its rapid and heavy blows upon its formidable foe. "Thud!" "thud!" "thud!" it goes, at the rate of two hundred times a minute. Two men mind this portion of the apparatus, one to give the general direction of the drill, and the other, standing upon the ground, holds the end where it strikes the rock with a crooked iron, to prevent it from flying off from the desired point of attack. The force of each stroke of the bar, is 90 kilogrammes, or 198 English pounds, and as the piston moves back and forth, and consequently causes the bar to strike the rock at the rate of from 180 to 200 times a minute, each drill, therefore, exercises upon the point of attack, a force equivalent to 39,600 pounds a minute.

The rock upon which the perforators were at work when we entered was hard white quartz, the most difficult to pierce which has yet been encountered. This layer was struck in the middle of June last, and its presence has materially retarded the progress of the tunnel. Formerly, in the mica, hornblende, slate, and limestone, through which they quarried, the perforators made an advance of from one and a half to three yards a day. In this quartz, they now make but from eighteen to thirty inches. A few figures will exhibit the rapid and decided reduction in the rate of progress. In May last, the advance was 91 metres; in June, when the first croppings of the quartz began to appear, it was reduced to 49½; in July, to 16; in August, to 13; and in September, to 19½ metres. It is supposed that there still remains a year's work in this quartz.

In commencing a perforation, the first difficulty is making a hole sufficiently large to confine the drill. When this first strikes the rock it hits wide and wild, like a pugilist blinded by the blows of his adversary. When once fairly entered, however, it works back and forth and rotates with great precision and regularity, a stream of water being conveyed into the hole by a flexible pipe to facilitate the boring. The nine perforators are placed above, below, in the centre, and on the sides of the *affusto*, so as to attack the rock at different points and angles, upon a surface of seven square metres. About eighty holes in the ordinary rock, from thirty to forty inches in depth, and varying in diameter from an inch and a half to three inches, are thus bored in preparation for blasting. In the quartz, however, in which the boring is now in progress, the holes are made but from seven inches to a foot in depth. Eight hours is usually employed in the boring, and this being completed, the *affusto* is drawn back, and a new set of workmen, the miners, take possession of the gallery. The holes are charged with powder and tamped, the miners retire behind the oaken doors, the slow match is ignited, an explosion occurs, which sends its reverberating echoes to the very extremity of the tunnel; the rock blown out is cleared away, the *affusto* is advanced again, and another set of workmen coming in, the perforators are set in motion.

And so this continues year in and out, week days and Sundays, night and day. The thousand workmen employed upon either side are divided into three reliefs, each working eight hours and resting

sixteen. But two days in the year, Easter Sunday and Christmas, are acknowledged holidays. And for this constant, difficult, and dangerous subterranean labor, accompanied with an oppressive heat and a poisonous atmosphere, with smoke and grime and dirt, the common laborers receive but three francs a day, the more important and experienced ones four and five.

The quartz rock is terribly destructive to the drills and machines, and the former are required to be changed every few minutes, the tempered ends being battered and dulled after a few hundred strokes against the rock. In the comparatively soft material through which they have been passing there has been an average of a hundred and fifty drills and two perforators placed *hors de combat* for each metre of advance; and M. Sommellier estimates the number of perforating machines which will succumb in the attack, before the final victory is gained, at no less than two thousand.

My guide and myself had now been wedged in between the *affusto* and the rock for more than half an hour, and having seen and heard sufficiently, I proposed to leave; and taking our lamps, we commenced our "progress" backward. On our passage through the gallery of excavation we were frequently stopped by wagons standing on the rail track, which were receiving loads of stone, let fall into them through traps cut in the partition previously mentioned, and which divides the tunnel into two galleries. I had a curiosity to mount into this upper gallery; and climbing a steep staircase cut in the rock, we soon entered it. Here was another strange sight: an immense stone chamber, with walls and roof of jagged stone, through which little streams of water were percolating, filled with smoke, through which the flickering light of the miners' lamps was dulled and deadened, a hot, fetid atmosphere, and a hundred black-looking men boring and drilling on every side, the platform covered with loose stones, the *débris* of the blast which we had heard on entering, and from the effects of which we were only protected by this oaken wall. "Are not accidents frequent here?" I asked my guide. "Not very," he replied; and told me that since the beginning of the work but about forty men had been killed by premature explosions, falling of the rock, by being crushed under the wagons, and every other form of accident. The day after I visited the tunnel, upon the very spot where I stood in the "advanced gallery," a premature explosion occurred, caused by a spark struck from the rock while a miner was tamping a charge, resulting in the death of four men and the blinding and serious maiming of six others.

Over and among the stones, and down another steep ladder, and a short walk brought us to the little cabin where we had left our coats. These we were glad to put on again, as the air was already growing colder. In the gallery of excavation the thermometer, summer and winter, ranges from 71° to 84° Fahr., and there is frequently a difference of 40° in the temperature of the interior and exterior of the tunnel. Over the *trottoir* we rapidly retraced our steps towards the entrance. This soon appeared in sight, and growing larger and larger, we soon reached it, and emerged once more safe and sound into God's fresh pure air, and saw before us and around us again the snow-crowned, fir-girdled Alps towering above the valley of the Arc.

We had been nearly two hours "in the bowels of the earth," and the place where we had stood by the side of the *affusto* was 2,170 metres, or 2,372

yards—nearly a mile and a half—from the entrance. Up to the end of September last the advance made upon the Italian side was 2,914 metres and 20 centimetres; that upon the French, 2,154 metres and 80 centimetres. After passing through the quartz in which they are now engaged the engineers expect to strike a layer of gypsum, through which the perforators will make an advance of three metres a day. On the first of January, 1866, the tunnel on the Bardonnèche side had reached a length of 3,110 metres, on the French, 2,200, making in all 5,310 metres, leaving 6,910 metres, or 7,228 yards, yet to be completed. This the geologists and engineers confidently predict, unless some unforeseen obstacle occurs, can be done in four years, and that the tunnel will be opened from end to end by the first of January, 1870.

Yet there are not a few old croakers, who still believe that the "unforeseen obstacles" will yet be encountered, and bar the way of the perforator and *affusto*: that harder rock may yet be struck; that the subterranean caverns, and yawning chasms, and abysses may stretch beneath the very summit of the Grand Vallon; that the rivers and lakes may yet burst forth and overwhelm and engulf workmen, tunnel, and the valleys in which its either end *débouches*. In reply to all this, however, the geologists and engineers calmly assert, that thus far, their "diagnosis," if I may use the term, of the character of the mountain chain, beneath which the tunnel runs, has proved correct, and that they have no reason to believe it will not continue so to the end.

Let us hope that they are right, and the croakers all wrong, and that within the time predicted, on some fine morning, the miners upon either side may hear the steady, rapid "thud" of the drill, as it strikes upon the then only thin wall, upon the other; and that the *affusto* having been withdrawn, and the mine fired, when the smoke of the explosion shall have cleared away, the laborers from Fourneaux and Bardonnèche, climbing over the *débris*, may meet and shake their rough hands together, and mingle their rude voices in a shout of joy, that their work is finished, and that there are no more Alps.

THE WRECK OF THE "MYSORE."

It is an old story now, and every year brings new shipwrecks and disasters at sea, yet the sad tale of the wreck of the "Mysore" may interest some readers. I have before me the manuscript journal of one of the few survivors. It is too long to give entire, but I gather from it the leading incidents of the following narrative.

The "Mysore" was a vessel of 800 tons burden trading between China and Calcutta. My relative, Captain W——, was her second officer, and he, along with seven Lascars, was saved out of a crew of one hundred men when she went down in a hurricane in the Chinese Sea. After being exposed for thirteen days in an open boat to the inclemency of a tropical monsoon, without food or a compass to guide them, and after being driven about for 600 miles, they were safely landed at a Malay town in the Gulf of Siam, where they were kindly treated by the Rajah, who sent them on, when recruited, to Malacca in one of his own war-prows.

The "Mysore," being laden with a cargo of soft sugar at Whampoa, set sail for India on the 30th of November, 1818. A week after, she was overtaken

by heavy squalls, and was found to be making much water. The morning of Monday, 7th December, found them in the midst of a perfect hurricane, their sails torn into ribbons, three feet of water in the hold, — for the ship had been leaky when leaving the port. — the attention of both officers and men being engrossed with the pumps, in the vain endeavor to prevent the sea gaining on them. After a fearful day, during which "both quarter-boats, main and mizen topmasts, gaff, and all the topsail yards were swept away, and the vessel was nearly full of water, the lower deck afloat and lying over with the starboard chains in the sea," the wind fell about 9 P. M., and the moon made her appearance. Orders were given to clear away the remaining boats, the pinnace and long-boat being alone left. In an hour, the former, furnished with ten oars, three lug-sails, jib, an anchor and cable, a water-bucket, an axe and musket, was ready to be hoisted out. She was intrusted to the second and fourth officers, with directions to keep her under the ship's lee while the long-boat was got out. While the pinnace was being lowered, she was struck on the side by a belaying-pin, which unfortunately stove in two planks; she consequently made a good deal of water, on finding which the fourth officer and several of the crew scrambled on board the "Mysore" again, leaving the others to their fate. Heavy weather again set in, and those remaining in the pinnace had difficulty in keeping her so near the ship as they wished. All hands on board were meanwhile busied in endeavoring to get out the long-boat. "When they had her up as high as the gunwale, something gave way; we (in the pinnace) could not exactly see what, it being dark, but we supposed it to be one of the tackles, and the boat afterwards fell down on the deck. It was now about midnight: a heavy squall came on, which blew us to leeward of the ship. However, in about half an hour afterwards we could see the long-boat again above the gunwale and seemingly outside the ship, and heard the carpenters called for several times, I suppose for the plugs of the scuppers in the boat's bottom." Just at this point the party in the pinnace heard the captain's voice hailing them to pull hard to the ship, which now seemed settling very fast; but in a few minutes she made two or three very heavy plunges, and then with her freight of living souls disappeared, having, it is supposed, parted in halves about the fore hatchway, with a tremendous crash. The survivors in the pinnace pulled with all their might towards the dreadful scene; but by this time the moon had gone down, and not a single soul could be seen.

"Sometimes a broken yard or mast would come across us to endanger our boat, which we avoided as much as possible; still hearing cries on all sides, and endeavoring all in our power to reach the place whence they proceeded, but in vain, the swell and wind being too powerful for our feeble efforts, having been completely worn out for the last few days."

After four hours' ineffectual attempts to pick up any of their shipmates, the party had to abandon all hope of ever again seeing any of them.

The pinnace by this time was half full of water, which they baled out, stopping the hole as best they could with one of the Lascar's blankets. Having appointed one of their number to sit by the leak, and continue the work of baling, the rest resigned themselves to sleep, of which they had had none for two nights.

At daybreak they could see no vestige of the

"Mysore," and found themselves in a pitiable plight, having no food on board, no chart, no compass. The second officer, now, alas! the sole survivor of those who had had command in the ship, and whom, in the remainder of our narrative we shall designate the "captain," committed himself to the care of Him who rules the winds and waves, and set himself heartily to the task of guiding his frail bark as best he could.

Having cut up one of the thwarts, and fitted a piece of it into the hole on the boat's side, they succeeded in stopping up the leak which had threatened to prove so troublesome. They then put on as much sail as she could safely carry, and at length came in sight of some islands, on which, however, they could not for some time effect a landing, in consequence of the surf. When they did land on one, they found nothing to eat but the heart of bamboo, and some soft roots, but they got their bucket filled with fresh water.

Five days after they had been separated from the wreck, one of the Lascars was seen sitting in the bows, with his back turned, munching something. This was found, on examination, to be some biscuits, and brown sugar, which he had brought with him, and which on being produced in the corner of his handkerchief, had turned to pap with the salt water. It was, however, shared among them, each getting a dessert-spoonful, their first breakfast for many a day.

For days they continued enduring dreadful hardships from hunger, thirst, and exposure to the weather, not to think of the dangers which they ran from the violence of the squalls, which from time to time threatened to engulf their pinnace.

The writer of the journal then describes trial from another quarter. "I now thought we had gone too far to the west, and were in the Gulf of Siam. Hauled up to the eastward to make the Straits of Singapore. The crew, upon seeing this, were much dissatisfied, and insisted on still keeping to the southwest. All my persuasion would not do: they said we could never make the land in that manner, and persisted on keeping before the wind. So we again bore up to the southwest. Having very unfavorable weather, with heavy rains and calms, my feelings were much hurt at the behavior of the Lascars, as I thought we had done very well, and were in a fair way to make the straits; but now to be led away by these ignorant people to a country with which none of us were acquainted, completely stupefied me; in short, I let go the tiller, and told them to steer their own course, resigning myself to the will of Providence. In this way we sailed for two days."

Bodily weakness had deprived them of the services of some of the crew, and those who were still enabled to keep up were so exhausted and emaciated as to feel that a few days longer must inevitably see them, too, in the position of three of the Lascars, who lay prostrate in the bottom of the boat, crying out, "Ma, bap, khana ne : mwiyaga !" (Mother, father, no food: we shall die !)

But, in singular illustration of the oft-repeated truth, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," the morning of Sunday, 20th December, found them alongside of a shore, on which they descried plenty of cocoanut-trees, some houses built in the English fashion, and every appearance of a large town. Having with difficulty effected a landing, they were welcomed by the Rajah and his attendants, who conducted them to a place of shelter, supplying them with eatables, which they felt to be the sweetest

meal they had ever eaten, having been now thirteen days at sea in their open boat, not to mention the days of tempestuous weather which they encountered before their vessel was wrecked, and on which they had no cooking of provisions on board.

Tringany was the name of the place where they had thus landed. It was governed by an elder and younger Rajah, the former giving himself no trouble with public affairs, the whole management of which devolved on the latter. There were about one hundred junks belonging to the port, all laid up for the winter. A considerable amount of trade was carried on with Cochín-China, Siam, Batavia, Malacca, and other parts, in gold dust, pepper, sago, rice, coffee, and betelnut, as exports; while the imports were iron, cloth, guns, etc. In fishing, the natives did not go out in boats, but used nets, walking in the surf up to their neck. The captain amused himself as best he could, in fishing and hunting. One evening, being bright moonlight, he tells us, he was indulged with a sight of the whole of the Rajah's seraglio, about thirty ladies, taking their customary airing on foot. They seemed much amazed at seeing "the 'ourang pooty," as they called me, having never seen a white man before."

The captain had his patience much tried with the many vexatious delays which occurred, ere, after recovering from the sad effects of his many privations, he could get under sail again. The Rajah at one time affirmed that it would be highly dangerous to set out to sea for some weeks, on account of the stormy weather they expected at that season. When, again, his scruples were overcome, and a day fixed for embarkation, the Malay seamen who were to accompany the expedition declared that go they would not in so stormy a month. In the course of one interview which the captain had with the head Rajah, he expressed his unwillingness that he should leave the place at all, and asked him to take command of his war-prows, offering him as an inducement the hand of any of the princesses he chose in marriage.

At last a prow was got ready, manned, and provisioned, and, after the writing of as many papers and the procuring of as many signatures and seals as might have cleared out a whole fleet of Indiamen, they got under way on 19th January, 1819. In the course of their voyage they fell in with several vessels, and, on hauling up to speak to one, were saluted with round and grape shot, the captain and officers being evidently alarmed at the appearance of a manned Malay prow, having on board an officer with a white face, and the high-crowned Portuguese black hat he had received from the Rajah. This vessel afterwards proved to belong to the King of Siam, and was commanded by a gentleman from Forfarshire, of the name of Mitchell, with whom the captain ultimately became very intimate at Calcutta.

Towards the afternoon of the 28th January the voyagers sighted the Roads of Malacca, into which, a favorable breeze springing up, they pressed with full sail, and came safely to anchor at two o'clock. Here the captain received much attention from the agents of the owners of the "Mysore," who procured for him and the Lascars a passage to Calcutta in the "Hope," from whose officers they experienced all manner of kindness, reaching their destination after a pleasant voyage.

Our readers may easily conceive what would be the captain's feelings when Calcutta was at length entered by him, as he thought of his many mes-

mates in the "Mysore" swallowed up by the remorseless waves, while he alone, of all his own countrymen, was, after so striking a preservation, brought to "the desired haven." He had experienced a deliverance which might well give a turn to all his future thoughts, and, from the reflections contained in his journal, we believe he was deeply impressed then, and continued to be so, with a sense of what he owed to the merciful providence of God.

THE AUCKLAND ISLES.*

THE adventures of Robinson Crusoe have for several generations been read with intense interest by millions, probably, of people in almost every language, and have been the delight of Englishmen in particular from their school-boy days up to the most advanced period of their lives. It is but rarely, however, that we find similar records of such events happening in actual life, for the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, and of his three years' solitary abode on the Island of Juan Fernandez, the commonly supposed origin of Robinson Crusoe, appears to have done little more than suggest the main idea of his story to Defoe, who supplied all the remainder from his own fertile and creative genius. But in Captain Thomas Musgrave's account of his shipwreck on the Auckland Isles, and of the escape of himself and his crew after twenty months' thralldom, we find a description of real occurrences quite as singular and romantic as those related in "Robinson Crusoe," and in many respects far more painful. The whole narrative, indeed, from first to last, bears a striking resemblance to Defoe's story, and, as we read on, we are constantly and forcibly reminded of that wonderful tale. Mr. John Shillinglaw, the author of "Arctic Discovery," and editor of the present volume, which is compiled from the private journals of Captain Musgrave, justly observes, in a brief introductory chapter, that "few more interesting narratives of disasters at sea have ever been given to the world than the journals in which Captain Musgrave records the wreck of the Grafton. A great trial, bravely met and gallantly surmounted, is therein told with a care and exactness which is at the same time singularly modest."

On the 12th of November, 1863, Captain Musgrave sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, in the brig Grafton, bound for the South Sea Islands. She had an extremely rough passage, and encountered very tempestuous weather, with rain, boisterous gales, and an angry sea. After suffering in this way for several weeks, the Grafton was wrecked on the 3d of January, 1864, on the principal island of a group in the Southern Ocean, called the Auckland Isles. These islands were originally discovered by Captain Abraham Bristow, in a merchant vessel, during a whaling expedition, in the month of August, 1806. Captain Bristow named them the Auckland Isles out of compliment to his friend Lord Auckland, and immediately "took formal possession of them for the British Crown." They were subsequently visited at different periods by Sir James Clark Ross and Captain Crozier in the ships Erebus and Terror (which were afterwards lost in the Arctic regions in connection with the ill-fated Franklin expedition), by Mr. Charles Enderby,

* Cast away on the Auckland Isles. A Narrative of the Wreck of the Grafton, and of the Escape of the Crew after Twenty Months' Suffering. From the Private Journals of Captain Thomas Musgrave.

Captain Charles Wilkes, and other enterprising navigators, English and American. They were also colonized for a short time by a small tribe of New Zealanders who had emigrated from their own island, and afterwards by a few Europeans, who opened "The Great Southern Whale Fishery" in the island; but they were soon deserted by both parties, and the chief of the group was quite uninhabited when the Grafton, with Captain Musgrave on board, was wrecked there about two years ago.

During his twenty months' miserable residence on this bleak and dreary spot, Captain Musgrave kept a journal in which he made notes of every important event that happened, and of every adventure that befell him and his companions in misfortune, from the period of their being cast away. A considerable portion of this diary was written in seal's blood, which Captain Musgrave was obliged to use after his ink was gone. The journal does not appear to have been a daily record of events, but circumstances seem to have been chronicled indiscriminately here and there, according as they chanced to happen. We learn that Captain Musgrave and his fellow-sufferers contrived, after many weeks of patient toil and labor, to build themselves a kind of house or hut, formed partly of the sails, yards, &c. of the ship, partly of planks and boards taken from the wreck, and partly of timber cut from trees in the neighboring forests, of which there are several near the spot where they were encamped. Here, again, the narrative bears a striking similitude to "Robinson Crusoe." Indeed, in writing his journal, Captain Musgrave would seem to have occasionally had Defoe's work in his mind. The whole book, as may be supposed, is extremely painful. The writer keenly depicts the scenes of trial and suffering, both bodily and mental, which he endured during his residence on the island, and he sometimes expresses himself in very forcible and affecting language, inspired by the terrible circumstances in which he found himself.

When Captain Musgrave and his companions had at length completed their hut, they roofed it in with thatch made of grass which grew on the island, and afterwards covered the outside with old canvas, which did not, however, by any means exclude the wind. In the interior, they constructed a fireplace of tin, zinc, and copper from the ship, with boards towards the top. The furniture consisted of two or three tables, some benches and stretchers to sleep on, a looking-glass, and a few other articles, all of which were likewise got from the wreck. The construction of this hut was a work of time and difficulty; for, besides having numerous obstacles to contend with in the shape of wet and stormy weather, high winds, scarcity of hands, and occasional sickness among the men, all of whom had caught severe colds from being compelled to lie on the damp ground, Captain Musgrave and his followers were sadly in want of proper tools for their work, their only implements being a hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet. However, Mr. Raynal, the chief mate of the Grafton, who appears to have had a special mechanical genius, turned blacksmith on the present occasion, and manufactured a quantity of nails, thus rendering considerable assistance to his fellow-sufferers in building their hut.

All the time they were compelled to abide on this remote and desolate spot, these unfortunate men had to encounter, in addition to their other hardships, great sufferings from the severity of the weather. Storms of hail, rain, thunder, and lightning, alter-

nated with violent hurricanes; and heavy falls of snow and sleet, together with sharp frosts, were of frequent occurrence. Fine warm days were but rare exceptions to the rule. The stock of ship's provisions, as may be imagined, was soon exhausted, but the party did not suffer for want of food while they remained on the island, although they frequently endured extreme toil, and had to face great dangers and difficulties in endeavoring to obtain the necessary means of subsistence. In the course of their researches, they discovered a root which grew abundantly everywhere, and which they found to be an excellent substitute for both bread and potatoes. It was, especially, an admirable relish with fish, and contained a good deal of saccharine matter, in consequence of which they made a quantity of sugar from it, and gave it the name of *saccharie*. They likewise manufactured from this prolific root a kind of beer, which they found preferable to cold water, and which they used as a substitute for tea. This beer was made by first grating the root on a large grater, afterwards putting it through the different processes of boiling and fermenting, and, finally, placing it in a cask, from which it was drawn off as it was wanted.

They were soon compelled, however, to leave off drinking this beverage, and to take to water again, as it produced bowel complaint. Their food consisted chiefly of seals dressed in various ways, sea-gulls, oysters, mussels, and several other kinds of fish; penguins, quails, widgeons, snipes, and other wild-fowl, with which the island abounded. Seals appear to have been the principal article of consumption, and, in killing these animals for food, the mariners used often to have very desperate encounters with them, as, when attacked, they will bravely face their adversaries, and fight long and furiously, in which case the party commencing the assault will seldom escape without damage. It therefore requires great art as well as nerve to overcome these creatures, the best method of killing them being to take them while they are asleep. They are likewise extremely ferocious among themselves; and pitched battles between large numbers of opposing forces, resulting in great slaughter, are no uncommon occurrences. Of the skins of the seals, Captain Musgrave and his fellow-castaways made themselves clothes after a time, using canvas ravellings for thread, and sewing with a sail-needle. They also found on the island a species of bark, which they could tan admirably, and of which they made themselves shoes. While they were on the island, Captain Musgrave and his followers frequently heard the barking of dogs, and discovered the tracks of many of these animals, which they imagined to be sheep-dogs, but they were never able to obtain a sight of one of them. In the course of their travels, however, they found a common domestic cat, and brought her home to their habitation.

On the 27th of June, 1865, Captain Musgrave, Mr. Raynal, and two of the men, succeeded in launching a boat of their own construction, which was made partly of planks saved from the wreck of the Grafton, and partly of timber cut out of the bush; the ballast, sails, &c., being mainly composed of salted seal-skins. In this operation, Mr. Raynal took a very active part. He was largely engaged, not only in making the boat, but likewise in blacksmith's work, having manufactured a great number of implements required for the purpose, as they were terribly short of tools. These were constructed with much mechanical skill, and Mr. Raynal worked

hard, from morning till near midnight. Having stocked the boat with provisions and other necessities, they set sail in the hope of reaching New Zealand, from which they would endeavor to return, or send for those left behind at Auckland. They reached no farther than Camp Cove, about seven miles distant, the first day. Here they halted, and were afterwards obliged to take the two men who started with them back to the old camp at the wreck, as they could not be induced to proceed any farther. After being detained several days by bad weather, Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal again launched their boat, on the 19th of July, and on the 25th of the same month, they landed at Port Adventure, in a very weak and exhausted state, and were kindly received by Captain Cross, of the Flying Scud. They afterwards sailed with him for the island of Invercargill, where they landed on the 27th of July.

Having stated the circumstance of his shipwreck at Auckland to the authorities at Invercargill, a large subscription was immediately got up for Captain Musgrave, and finally a boat, well furnished with clothing, blankets, and other necessities, was provided to enable him to return to the former island for the men who had been left there. On the 30th of July the boat weighed anchor, and, after an extremely rough passage, and repeated delays owing to great stress of weather, they once more landed at Auckland, on the 24th of August, and "beat up" for their old hut, within a mile of which they met their fellow-castaways. The poor men were in a very reduced condition, being half starved. Captain Musgrave immediately provided them with a hearty and substantial meal, to which they did ample justice, for they had been so pinched for food during the captain's absence that, on one occasion, they were obliged to catch mice and eat them. "Moreover, it appears," says our author, "that they could not agree, and, strange as it may seem, although there were only two of them on the island, they were on the point of separating and living apart!" On the 1st of September, the whole party took their final departure from the Auckland Islands, and on the 14th arrived at Port Adventure, whence Captain Musgrave soon afterwards sailed for Melbourne.

In the course of his wanderings in Auckland, the captain had discovered the dead body of a man having the appearance of a seaman who had died of starvation; and he also found the ruins of some huts, traces of vegetation, and other signs of the island having been inhabited. On arriving at Melbourne, from which port several vessels which had previously sailed were missing, Captain Musgrave waited on the authorities, and, having stated the above facts, offered his services to rescue those persons whom he believed to be still on the island. A steamship was accordingly at once equipped under the command of Captain Norman; and this vessel, being amply supplied with stores, clothing, &c., set sail for Auckland on the 4th of last October, accompanied by Captain Musgrave. However, on arriving at the island, no signs of any human beings, either dead or living, were discovered, although the group was diligently searched throughout. It is supposed that the greater number of the castaways had been previously rescued by foreign vessels which had touched at the Auckland Isles at different periods, as explained in the introduction and appendix to Captain Musgrave's work by Mr. Shillinglaw, the editor.

The present narrative is a most striking record of

patient endurance and heroic fortitude under severe trials and sufferings, of dogged perseverance and resolution; and we have no doubt that the work will be read with the deepest interest, and with combined feelings of pity and admiration, by many persons both in England and the colonies.

FOREIGN NOTES.

"THE Death of Lucretius" is said to be the title of Mr. Tennyson's new poem.

THE Rev. Dr. Thompson, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, succeeds the late Dr. Whewell as Master of Trinity.

THE Tycoon has sent seven young Japanese to Russia, to learn the language, and to study naval and military science.

A SWEDISH nobleman has been making a sensation in the Champs Elysées, by driving a team of Norwegian dogs attached to a sort of droiska.

FROM Paris we hear that M. Gustave Doré is preparing to illustrate La Fontaine's "Fables," for which purpose he spends most of his time in the Jardin des Plantes studying animals, not forgetting fourteen rats, more or less, which he keeps in an immense cage in his studio, in order to observe their habits.

THE *Kladderadatsch*, the *Punch* of Berlin, has a clever and somewhat ominous cartoon. Austria and Prussia, as two gladiators, are approaching a throne upon which the Emperor of the French is seated, clothed in the toga, with the laurel-wreath of victory encircling his brow. The gladiators are holding up their swords, and uttering the formula, "*Morturi te salutant*," whilst the Emperor Napoleon's countenance expresses the delight he feels at the prospect of this combat à l'outrance.

AT a recent meeting of the *Société des Gens de Lettres*, in Paris, Alexander Dumas advocated a plan for the construction of a gigantic theatre, where plays of every nation would be performed. He merely asks for two millions to carry out his scheme, and promises to subscribers of 2*fr.*, 5*fr.*, or 1000*fr.*, 100 per cent profit. M. Dumas purposes travelling all over the known world to collect subscriptions, and feels confident he will yet construct his cosmopolitan theatre.

AMONG the many munificent contributions to literature made by the Bavarian government, is a complete edition of the chronicles of the cities of Germany from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. Three volumes have been published, and a fresh set is commenced by the *Chronicles of Augsburg*, which are rich in picturesque anecdotes, and graphic illustrations of the manners of the times.

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, of whom there is so much talk in Paris just now, is well known for his love of horsemanship, as well as his little regard for the present dynasty. A curious circumstance happened to him a few years since. Being unable to keep a stable of his own, he had hired a horse from a dealer. It was a strong, spirited animal, and off he galloped on it to the Bois. There he fell in with the Prince Imperial, attended by a small escort of dragons. Just then the bugler blew a call, and at the sound M. Prévost-Paradol's horse pricked up its ears and suddenly joined the troop. In spite of all his efforts to prevent it, the young journalist was carried along with the escort, and had to ride into

the court-yard of the Tuileries in attendance on the Prince. It turned out that he was mounted on an old cavalry horse.

A most curious gathering of autograph letters, addressed to the late Lady Blessington by artists, literary men, noblemen, and others, has just been sold by auction in London. The names of Moore, Shelley, Landseer, Dickens, Macready, Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, and many other celebrities occurred. There were also some very extraordinary relics in the shape of locks of hair of distinguished persons; amongst others, Lucretia Borgia (given by her to Peter Bembo, and presented to Lady Blessington by the Abbé Bentivoglio, keeper of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, 24th May, 1826); the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, Countess Guiccioli, and Mrs. Hemans.

An important addition to the means of diminishing pain has been made by an English physician, who has introduced a new method of producing local insensibility to the knife. Chloroform robs the most terrible surgical procedures of the worst horrors which formerly surrounded them, and has even rendered possible some operations which could hardly have been attempted without it; but it has its own peril,—the peril of death. Surgeons justly encourage their patients, by reciting to them the statistics of fatal accidents under chloroform, which, incomplete though they be, demonstrate the extreme rarity of such misfortunes. It has, however, been observed by all authors who have collected these cases, that a remarkably large proportion of the recorded deaths have occurred where only minor operations have been contemplated. Hence a rapid and efficient means of producing local anaesthesia, and one free from any of the constitutional risks attending the administration of chloroform, is a boon of great price. Dr. B. W. Richardson effects this result by directing on the skin a finely divided spray of pure ether, using an ingenious modification of the spray tubes, lately much in vogue as toys, for diffusing perfumes. A rapid blanching of the skin, and insensibility to pain, follow in from about thirty seconds to two minutes. Upwards of a hundred operations have within the last few weeks been painlessly conducted under this method. It is only likely to be generally useful for superficial operations; but these are so often undergone at the cost of great terror and anguish, through dread of the risks of chloroform, that the value of this invention must be very great.

An extremely interesting discovery has just been made at Fiesole, on the site of a vineyard adjoining the Villa Mozzi, or Villa Spence as it should now be called in accordance with Florentine custom, which confers the name of the possessor of the villa on it. During the process of digging trenches, the laborers came on the foundations of what there is every reason to believe must have been an Etruscan temple, and also of a conduit, and what appears to have been a circular well. The base of a large column has been laid bare, and portions of a wall, resembling in its nature the fragments of the ancient city wall, visible on the north side of the hill.

These discoveries are of such importance that Mr. Spence purposes continuing the excavations in hopes of finding further relics of the past. Bearing in mind how important a place Fiesole was, it is remarkable that the hill has never been thoroughly examined. Some remains of an amphitheatre con-

stitute all the remaining vestiges of the ancient city, whether of the Roman or of the Etruscan age, excepting some fragments employed in the construction of other buildings, and a few relics. The amphitheatre was excavated in 1809, at the expense of a Prussian nobleman; but, strange to say, though very interesting, the greater portion was again covered with earth. The unexplored part of Fiesole is, indeed, so full of promise that it is greatly to be hoped that it will be efficiently explored.

A COMMON CHILD.

A LONDON LYRIC.

REFLECTIVE reader, you may go
From Chelsea unto outer Bow,
And back again to Chelsea,
Nor grudge the journey, if you meet —
In lane or alley, square or street —
The child whom all the children greet
As Elsie, — little Elsie.

A pretty name, — a pretty face, —
And pretty ways that give a grace
To all she does or utters,
Were all that Fortune could bestow
About a dozen years ago,
When little Elsie's lot below
Got cast among the gutters.

For Fate, you see, has willed it so
That even folks in Rotten-Row
Are not without their trials;
While only they who know the ways
Of wicked London's waifs and strays
Can fancy how the seven days
Pass over Seven Dials.

Suppose an able artisan
(The common type of working-man
So written-at and lectured),
From all the fevers that infest
His temporary fever-nest,
Selects a deadly one; the rest
Is easily conjectured.

'T was hard upon his death, I think,
That Elsie's mother took to drink
(And harder still on baby).
The reason of it? I confess
I'd rather leave it you to guess.
Perhaps 't was utter loneliness;
Or love of gin, it may be.

So there was Elsie all astray,
And growing bigger day by day,
But hardly growing better.
No other girl, in all the set
That looks on Elsie as its pet,
But knows at least the alphabet;
And Elsie — not a letter.

So, reader, I had best be dumb
Upon the future that may come
To this forlorn she-urchin.
Her days are pretty bright *pro tem*.
So let her make the most of them,
Among the labyrinths that hem
Saint Giles's ugly church in.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

[No. 16.]

MISERY-MONGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

"POOR fellow," said A. to B., looking after C. (a mutual friend) with mingled regard and regret. "He will never be happy himself, nor make any other human being happy."

It was most true. Poor C. was a very worthy man; an honest, kindly, and well-intentioned man; well-to-do in business; in his domestic relations rather fortunate than otherwise; blessed with good health, good looks, and rather more than the average of brains. Altogether an enviable person — externally. Yet his friend, apparently much less lucky than himself, regarded him with the profoundest pity. "No, C. will never be happy. Nothing in this world would ever make him happy." And nothing ever did.

C. is no uncommon character. He was a misery-monger: one of those moral cuttle-fishes who carry about with them, and produce out of their own organism, the black liquid in which they swim. If they could only swim in it alone! Is it any good to show their own likeness, — these poor creatures, who, without any real woe, contrive to make themselves and everybody about them thoroughly miserable? Can we shake them out of their folly by a word of common sense? Probably not; your confirmed misery-monger is the most hopeless being in creation; but there are incipient stages of the complaint, which, taken in time, are curable. To such, it may not be unadvisable to present these incurables as a wholesome "shocking example."

Misery-mongers (the word is not to be found in Johnson, yet it suits) are those who do not really suffer affliction, but make a trade of it, — and often a very thriving business too. They are scattered among every class, but especially they belong to the "genus irritabile," — the second or third rate order of people who live by their brains. Not the first order, — for the highest form of intellect is rarely miserable. True genius of the completest kind is not only a mental but a moral quality. Itself creates the atmosphere it lives in: a higher and rarer air than that of common earth.

"Calm pleasures there abide; — majestic pains."

To a really great man, the petty vanities, shallow angers, and morbid crotchets of smaller natures are unknown. Above all, genius gives to its possessor a larger, clearer vision; eyes that look outwards, not inwards. That enormous Ego — the source of so many puny woes to lesser minds — rarely grows rampant in a man who is great enough to know his

own littleness. Consequently, he is saved at once from a hundred vexations which dog the heels of a mental Chang — a seven-foot giant of genius — who is always measuring himself with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and requiring, or fancying he requires, larger clothes, longer beds, and bigger hats than they. When Tom, Dick, and Harry, annoyed at these exactions, find that the small son of Anak is not so very much taller than themselves, cut him up in reviews or snub him in society, great is the vexation of spirit he endures. But your real giant, who never thinks of Tom, Dick, and Harry at all, takes the matter quite calmly: whatever be his own altitude, he sees before him an ideal far higher than himself, and ten times higher than anything they see, and this keeps him at once very humble in his own opinion, and very indifferent to theirs. The present essayist, though decidedly *not* a man of genius, has known a good many such, and has always found them neither strutting like peacocks nor marching on stilts, but moving about as mild and tame as the elephant in the Zoological Gardens, and as apparently unconscious of their own magnitude. It is your second-rate, your merely clever man, who, ape-like, is always rattling at the bars of his cage; mopping and mowing to attract attention, and eagerly holding out his paw for the nuts and apples of public appreciation, which, if he does not get — why he sits and howls!

Such people have rarely suffered any dire calamity or heart-deep blow. To have sat down with sorrow — real sorrow — more often gives a steadiness and balance to the whole character, and leaves behind a permanent consistent cheerfulness, more touching, and O how infinitely more blessed than the mirth of those who have never known grief! Also, after deep anguish comes a readiness to seize upon, make the best of, and enjoy to the uttermost, every passing pleasure: for the man who has once known famine will never waste even a crumb again. Rather will he look with compassionate wonder at the many who scatter recklessly their daily bread of comfort and peace; who turn disgusted from a simple breakfast, because they are looking forwards to a possible sumptuous dinner; or throw away contemptuously their wholesome crust, because they see, with envious eyes, their opposite neighbor feeding on plum-cake.

No, the miserable people whom one meets are not the really unhappy ones, or rather those who have actual misfortune to bear, there being a wide distinction between misfortune and unhappiness. How often do we see moving in society, carrying everywhere a pleasant face, and troubling no one with

their secret care, those whom we know are burdened with an inevitable incommunicable grief: an insane wife, a dissipated husband, tyrannical parents, or ungrateful children? Yet they say nothing about it, this skeleton in the cupboard, which their neighbors all know of or guess at, but upon which they themselves quietly turn the key, and go on their way; uncomplaining, and thankful to be spared complaining. What good will it do them to moan? It is not they, the unfortunate men, nor yet the men of genius, who contrive to make miserable their own lives and those of everybody connected with them. The true misery-mongers are a very different race; you may find the key to their mystery in Milton's famous axiom, —

"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering."

There, for once, the Devil spoke truth. Miserable people are invariably weak people.

"O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong."

Of course not, because his firm will must in time shake off any suffering; and because no amount of externally inflicted evil is to be compared to the evil which a man inflicts upon himself; by feebleness of purpose, by cowardly non-resistance to oppression, and by a general uncertainty of aims or acts. He who sees the right, and cannot follow it; who loves all things noble, yet dare not fight against things ignoble in himself or others; who is haunted by a high ideal of what he wishes to be, yet is forever falling short of it, and tortured by the consciousness that he does fall short of it, and that his friends are judging him, not unjustly, by what he is rather than by what he vainly aims at being, — this man is, necessarily, one of the unhappiest creatures living. One of the most harmful too, since you can be on your guard against the downright villain, but the æsthetic evil-doer, the theoretically good and practically bad man, who has lofty aspirations without performances, virtuous impulses and no persistence, — against such an one you have no weapons to use. He disarms your resentment by exciting your pity; is forever crying "Quarter, quarter!" and, though you feel that he deserves none, that his weakness has injured yourself and others as much as any wickedness, still, out of pure compassion, you sheathe your righteous sword and let him escape unpunished. Up he rises, fresh as ever, and pursues his course, always sinning and always repenting, yet claiming to be judged, not by the sin, but the penitence; continually and obstinately miserable, yet blind to the fact that half his misery is caused by himself alone.

And this brings us to the other root of misery-mongering, — selfishness. None but a thoroughly selfish person can be always unhappy. Life is so equally balanced that there is always as much to rejoice as to weep over, if we are only able — and willing — to rejoice in and for and through others.

"Time and the hour run through the roughest day," — if we will but let it be so, — if we will allow our sky to clear and our wounds to heal, — believing in the wonderfully reparative powers of Nature when she is given free play. But these poor souls will not give her free play; they prefer to indulge in their griefs, refusing obstinately all remedies, till they bring on a chronic dyspepsia of the soul, which is often combined with a corresponding disease of the body.

It may seem a dreadful doctrine to poetical people; but two thirds of a man's woes usually begin — in his stomach. Irregular feeding, walking, and sleeping, with much too regular smoking, are the cause of half the melancholy poetry and cynical prose with which we are inundated. Also of many a miserable home, hiding its miseries under the decent decorum which society has the good taste and good feeling to abstain from prying too closely into; and of not a few open scandals, bankruptcies, and divorce cases. If a modern edition of the *Miseries of Human Life* were to be written, the author might well trace them to that unsanitary condition, first of body and then of mind, into which civilization, or the luxurious extreme of it, has brought us, and upon which some of us rather pride ourselves, as if it were a grand thing to be "morbid"; quite forgetting the origin of the word, and that such a condition, whether mental or physical, or both combined, is, in truth, not life, but the beginning of death, to every human being.

And suppose it is so. Granted that I am a man with "nerves," or "liver," or any other permanent ailment, am I to make my ill-use and consequently ill-conducted interior a nuisance to all my family and friends? Did no man's head ever ache but mine? Is no one else blessed (or cursed) with a too sensitive organism, obliged to struggle with and control it, and at least contrive that it shall trouble others as little as possible? Why should my wife, sister, or daughter be expected to bestow unlimited sympathy upon every small suffering of mine, while she hides many an ache and pain which I never even know of, or, knowing, should scarcely heed, except so far as it affected my own personal comfort, or because it is a certain annoyance to me that anybody should require sympathy but myself? Have my friends no anxieties of their own that I should be forever laying upon them the burden of mine, — always exacting and requiting nothing? People like a fair balance, — a cheery give and take in the usefulness as well as the pleasantness of life. Is it wonderful, then, that, after a time, they a little shrink from me, are shy of asking me to dinner? — at least, often. For they feel I may be a cloud upon the social board; my moods are so various, they never know how to take me. They are very sorry for me, very kind to me, but, in plain English, they would rather have my room than my company. I am too full of myself ever to be any pleasure or benefit to others.

For it is a curious fact, that the most self-contained natures are always the least self-engrossed; and those to whom everybody applies for help, most seldom ask or require it. The centre sun of every family, round which the others instinctively revolve, is sure to be a planet bright and fixed, carrying its light within itself. But a man whose soul is all darkness, or who is at best a poor wandering star, eager to kindle his puny candle at somebody else's beams, can be a light and a blessing to nobody.

And he may be — probably without intending it — quite the opposite. Who does not, in visiting a household, soon discover the one who contributes nothing to the happiness of the rest, who is a sort of eleemosynary pensioner on everybody's forbearance, living, as beggars do, by the continual exhibition of his sores, and often getting sympathy — as beggars get half-pence — just to be rid of him? Who does not recognize the person whose morning step upon the stair, so far from having "music in 't," sends a premonitory shiver, and even a dead silence, round

the cheerful, chattering breakfast-table? — whose departure to business, or elsewhere, causes a sudden rise in the domestic barometer? — nay, whose very quitting a room gives a sense of relief as of a cloud lifted off? Yet he may have many good qualities, but they are all obscured and rendered useless by the incessant recurrence to and absorption in self, which is the root of all his endless woes. And, alas! while believing himself — as he wishes to be — the most important person in his circle, our miserable friend fills really the lowest place therein, — that of the one whom nobody trusts, nobody leans upon; whom everybody has to help, but who is never expected to help anybody. How could he? for in him is lacking the very foundation of all helpfulness, — the strong, brave, cheerful spirit which, under all circumstances, will throw itself out of itself sufficiently to understand and be of use to its neighbor.

Truly, as regards usefulness, one might as well attempt to labor in an unlighted coal-mine as to do one's work in the world in an atmosphere of perpetual gloom. Nature herself scorns the idea. Some of her operations are carried on in tender temporary shadow, — but only temporary. Nothing with her is permanently dark, except the corruption of the grave. Wherever, in any man's temperament, is incurable sadness, morbid melancholy, be sure there is something also corrupt; something which shrinks from the light because it needs to be hid; something diseased, in body or mind, which, so far from being petted and indulged and glossed over with poetical fancies, needs to be rooted out — with a hand, gentle, indeed, but strong and firm as that of the good surgeon, who deals deliberately present pain for future good.

A healthy temperament, though not insensible to sorrow, never revels in it or is subdued by it; it accepts it, endures it, and then looks round for the best mode of curing it. We cannot too strongly impress on the rising generation — who, like the young bears, have all their troubles before them — that suffering is not a normal, but an abnormal state; and that to believe otherwise is to believe that this world is a mere chaos of torment made for the amusement of the omnipotent — not God, but Devil — who rules it. Pain must exist — for some inscrutable end — inseparable from the present economy of the world; but we ought, out of common sense and common justice, and especially religion, to regard it, not as the law of our lives, but as an accident, usually resulting from our breaking that law. We cannot wholly prevent suffering, but we can guard against it, in degree; and we never need wholly succumb to it till we succumb to the universal defeat, preparatory to the immortal victory.

When one thinks of death — of how brief, at best, is our little day, and how quickly comes the end that levels all things, what folly seems the habit of misery? — for it grows into a mere habit, quite independent of causes. Why keep up this perpetual moan, and always about ourselves, because we are not rich enough, or handsome enough, or loved enough, — because other people have better luck than we? Possibly they have; — and possibly not: for we all know our own private cares, but few of us know our neighbor's. And so we go on, always finding some pet grievance to nurse, and coaxing it from a trifling vexation into an incurable grief or an unpardonable wrong. Little matter what it is; to a man of this temperament any peg will do whereon to hang the gloomy pall, self-woven, of perpetual sorrow. Or else he spins it, spider-like, out of his own bowels, and when its

filmy meshes grow into great bars between him and the sky, he thinks with his petty web he has blurred the whole creation.

Poor wretch! if he could only pull it down and sweep it away! — if he could accept his lot, even though a hard one, an afflicted stomach, sensitive nerves, a naturally bad temper, or an unnaturally empty purse. Still, my friend, grin and bear it! Be sure you do not suffer alone; many another is much worse off than you. Why not try to give him a helping hand, and strengthen yourself by the giving of it? For we do not wish to make a mock of you, you miserable misery-monger, since you are much to be pitied; and there is a sad reality at the bottom of your most contemptible shams. We would rather rouse you to forget yourself, and then, be sure, you will gradually forget your sufferings. And supposing these should remain in greater or less degree, as the necessary accompaniment of your individual lot or peculiar idiosyncrasy, still, according to the common-sense argument of the sage author of "Original Poems," remonstrating with an unwashed child,

"If the water is cold, and the comb hurts your head,
What good will it do you to cry?"

Alack! we are exceedingly like naughty children; we do not enjoy being made clean.

And yet, some of us who have gone through a rather severe course of lavatory education, can understand the blessings of a sunshiny face, — ay, even in the midst of inevitable sorrow. Some of us feel the peace that dwells ever at the core of a contented heart, which, though it has ceased to expect much happiness for itself, is ever ready to rejoice in the happiness of others. And many of us still show in daily life the quiet dignity of endurance; of not dwelling upon or exaggerating unavoidable misfortune; of putting small annoyances in one's pocket, instead of flourishing them abroad in other people's faces, like the jilted spinster who "rushed into novel-writing, and made her private wrong a public nuisance." How much wiser is it to hide our wrongs, to smother our vexations, to bear our illnesses, whether of body or mind, as privately and silently as we can. Also, so far as it is possible, to bear them ourselves alone, thankful for sympathy, and help too, when it comes; but not going about beseeching for it, or angry when we do not get it, having strength enough to do without it, and rely solely on the Help Divine.

For to that point it must always come. The man who is incurably and permanently miserable is not only an offence to his fellow-creatures, but a sinner against his God. He is perpetually saying to his Creator, "Why hast Thou made me thus? Why not have made me as I wanted to be, and have given me such and such things which I desired to have? I know they would have been good for me, and then I should have been happy. I am far wiser than Thou. Make me what I choose, and grant me what I require, or else I will be perpetually miserable."

And so he lives, holding up his melancholy face, poor fool! as an unceasing protest against the wisdom eternal, — against the sunshiny sky, the pleasant earth, and the happy loving hearts that are always to be found somewhere therein. Overclouded at times, doubtless, yet never quite losing their happiness while there is something left them to love, — ay, though it be but a dirty crying child in the streets, whom they can comfort with a smile or a half-penny.

Such people may be unhappy, — may have to suffer acutely for a time, — but they will never become

misery-mongers. Theirs is a healthiness of nature which has the power of throwing off disease to the final hour of worn-out nature. Their souls, like their bodies, will last to the utmost limit of a green old age, giving and taking comfort, a blessedness to themselves and all about them. In their course of life many a storm may come; but it never finds them unprepared. They are sound good ships, well rigged, well ballasted; if affliction comes, they just "make all snug," as the sailors say, and so are able to ride through seas of sorrow into a harbor of peace, — finally, into that last harbor, where may Heaven bring at last every mortal soul, even misery-mongers!

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

MILES and miles away from London, and nearly an hour's drive from the nearest railway station, there is a village, as little known as might be expected from so remote a position. It is a charmingly pretty village, the houses, each with more or less of garden to it, scattered about, not ranged into any attempt at a street. There is a green, which is green, and not parched and brown, and there the village boys play cricket in the long summer evenings; and above it is a heathery common, bounded by a fir-wood, whose auburn trunks and boughs burn in the sunset; while below, winding softly through flat, rich pastures, a trout-stream glides between its fringes of sedges and bulrushes and tall water myosotis, blue as turquoises in the sun.

Just out of the village stands the house with which we chiefly have to do. It is inhabited by Dr. Britton; he is an M. R. C. S., and used to make a fight to be called Mr. Britton, his proper title; but the village would not have it; his profession was doctoring, and doctor he was, and doctor he should be called; and so doctor he was called, till he had become so used to it, that any other prefix to his name would have sounded strange and unfamiliar. He was a widower, and had two children, — a son, who had married early and foolishly, and who had emigrated, which was about the best thing he could do, and a daughter, Nelly, who lived with him, and kept his house, and looked after him, from his shirt-buttons to such of his correspondence as a woman could attend to. For Mr. Britton was a much cleverer medico than village doctors and general practitioners are wont to be, and his practice was large and widely extended; all the county families for miles round employing his services for any but such cases as they conceived required the attendance of a London physician.

The house in which Mr. Britton and his daughter lived was very unnecessarily large for so small a family. It could not be called a good house or a pretty house, and yet, especially for the summer, it was much pleasanter than many a better and handsomer one. It was old, and the rooms were low, and those on the ground floor had beams across the ceilings, and the windows might have been larger with advantage, and the doors fewer and better placed. But the walls were thick, and there was abundance of space, and closets and cupboards enough to stow away all the goods and chattels of a large family. And there was a snug little stable for the Doctor's good roadster, and a chaise-house, and cow-house, and poultry-house, and larder and dairy, and all that wealth of out-houses that can only be found now appertaining to old-fashioned middle-class tenements, and which are as unattainable to the wretch-

ed inhabitants of the modern lath and plaster abominations at four times the rent, as are the quiet and repose and retirement that belong to those old houses. But it was the surroundings of the cottage that made its great delight. For it stood off the road, from which it was quite hidden, nestled down into the midst of a lovely garden, full of old-fashioned flowers and some newer ones, roses especially, one of which it was part of Nelly's self-imposed morning duties to gather, all gemmed and heavy with dew, to put it in her father's button-hole, before he started on his daily rounds. He used to boast that from May till November he never was without one. There were little belts and screens of Portugal laurels and yew, and sunny bits of lawn, one of which boasted a magnificent Himalaya pine feathering to the ground, and borders blazing with color and sunlight, and shady nooks, cool and green, of rock-work clothed with ferns and ground-ivy and periwinkle and violets. The house itself, and all its dependencies, were tapestried with Virginia creeper, clematis, jasmin, ivy, and crimson China roses, and against the coach-house wall, in the face of the southwest sun, was trained a vine that in even moderately hot summers yielded rich clusters of yellow-tinted, sweet-watered grapes southern vineyards need not have despised. For the place was warm and dry and sheltered, and everything about it thrived, and seemed to take pleasure in growing and spreading, and Nelly loved and tended them all, and they rewarded her.

To this home Nelly had come as a little child, after her mother's death, and she remembered no other. That was a good many years ago, for she was now two-and-twenty, though she hardly looked so much. For she was a little thing, plump, with a round face, smiling dark eyes, and a bright brown complexion; one of those girls whose good looks consist in perfect health, in coloring and expression, and a certain *freshness of appearance* — *freshness moral* as well as *physical* — that keep the owner young for long. Her uneventful and unambitious life had hitherto passed in that happy monotony that is best suited to such natures as hers; cheerful, bright, contented ones, that take the daily duties of their humble lives as pleasures, not sacrifices, and are yet not without a touch of refinement that makes the duties less prosaic. She need not have been now keeping her father's house, had she been minded to keep a house of her own. Two years ago her father had had a half-pupil, half-assistant, Mr. Baker, who had a little money of his own, and expected to have some more, and who would fain have had her promise to become Mrs. Baker when he should have acquired sufficient age and instruction "to set up on his own hook," as he expressed it. But Nelly had not been so minded. She did not care for Mr. Baker; she first laughed at him, and then, when he became piteous in consequence, she was sorry for him, very sorry. But she could not marry him. When she thought of her father as a companion (for not being in the faintest degree in love, she looked at the two men in this light), and then thought of Mr. Baker, she felt it could never, never be. And she had not for a moment, at any time, regretted or repented her decision, but went on in her quiet way, taking her chance of what the future might bring her.

Among Dr. Britton's occasional patients was a very grand family indeed. The Earl of Leytonstone had an estate about three miles from Summerfield, and there he passed a part of every year with

his two children, the little Lord Leithbridge and Lady Agnes Collingwood, who, under the care of a young tutor and an elderly governess, for their mother was dead, lived almost entirely at Leytonstone Hall.

The young tutor was a north countryman, whose father, a poor clergyman, holding a little cure in a village among the hills in Westmoreland, had, seeing the boy's aptitudes, struggled hard to send him to college. He had educated him himself up to that point, and then Andrew Graham had entered Oxford as a sizer, and had worked, and read, and lived hard, as few men in that ancient seat of learning are given to do. He had carried all honors before him; he could write and speak five modern languages, and read seven; he knew at his fingers' ends all the best books in all these, beside the classical tongues; but of men and women he knew absolutely nothing. Poor, proud, intensely shy, and devoted to study, he lived entirely apart from even the men of his own standing in his own college. In their sport as in their work he kept aloof, only fortifying himself against the exhausting nature of his labors by prodigious walks, keeping always the same pace up hill and down dale, choosing the most solitary paths, and never heeding weather. In the course of time he had been so fortunate as to obtain his present post, that of tutor to the little Lord Leithbridge, and librarian to his father, who boasted the possession of one of the finest private libraries in England; and as his pupil was but twelve, his work with regard to him was so light, that the greater part of his time could easily be devoted to the labor he delighted in, — the care and arrangement of his beloved books.

Poor Andrew, he was not comely to behold, and was young in nothing but his years. He was pale, and spare, and light-eyed, and lightish haired, and had thin whiskers, and wore high shirt-collars, and hesitated in his speech. He was so intensely, so painfully shy, and spoke so rarely, that when called upon to speak it seemed as though he was too unused to the employment of uttered language to be able to find the words he wanted. In the presence of women, and especially young women, he absolutely trembled. It was long before he could reply, without starting and shrinking, to Mrs. Brereton's — Lady Agnes's governess — softly spoken questions, and had Lady Agnes herself been more than thirteen when he first entered on his duties, I doubt if he would have ventured into her presence.

And yet it was not in human nature, in young human nature, at all events, to live without some companionship beyond that of a child. Andrew had had a bad and a long illness, and in this Dr. Britton had attended him, and when he recovered, it somehow came about that the patient had, he hardly knew how himself, found that it often happened that in his walks his steps tended towards the Doctor's cottage; and when he came to the garden gate, that was just an opening in the mass of green that surrounded and overtopped it, giving a peep through to the house along the sunny gravel-walk, lying between borders of glowing flowers, he remembered he had something to say to, or something to ask of, the Doctor. You will think that the Doctor's daughter might have been for something in this attraction; but it was not so. If he caught a glimpse of her in the garden, or heard her voice, he passed on his way with a nervous sense of the narrow escape he had encountered. This was at first; after having accidentally encountered her a few times when calling on her father, and found that she took little

notice of him, he became more reassured, and beyond a certain amount of trepidation in taking off his hat, and replying to her simple greeting, he learned to meet her without further discomposure.

Nelly would look after him with a pitying wonder, and some curiosity. Such a nature and such a life as his to her, genial, energetic, expansive, was a painful puzzle.

"Is he always like that, papa?"

"Always, I believe, my dear, in company."

"Then he never can know anybody."

"Yes, I fancy in the course of time he might get to know people to a certain extent. He does me — a little."

"He must be very unhappy, papa?"

"Except when among his books, or in his long walks, he certainly must feel rather wretched, I should imagine."

Nelly thought about it a little more, and then went to feed her poultry. But there was a young cock whose false and painful position in the poultry-yard would somehow bring back to her mind the recollection of Mr. Graham. He had not long come to cock's estate, and he was thin and not very sleek in his plumage; and the older and stronger cock had bullied him and put him down, till he hardly dared to call his life his own. He was not naturally a coward; he had made a good fight for it at first, and indeed it was his asserting himself against the supremacy of King Chanticleer that had first awakened that arrogant bird's wrath against him. But he was no match for Chanticleer, and had, after innumerable defeats and sore mauings, been compelled to succumb; and he now loitered about in corners, and moped about in sheds, and took snatches of food in a wary fashion, on the outskirts of the group gathered round Nelly, ready to fly if ever Chanticleer looked his way, and even nervous if the hens pecked at him.

"Poor fellow," Nelly said, throwing him a handful of barley, and cutting off Chanticleer in his instant attempt to drive him away from it; "you certainly are very like Mr. Graham, — very like. I think I shall call you Andy; get away, Chanticleer! I won't have Andy bullied and his life made miserable, poor fellow!" and another handful of barley fell to his share. From that day Nelly took Andy under her especial care and patronage, and fed and petted him till he grew fat and well-liking, and learned to play his second fiddle so creditably that Chanticleer held him in sufficient respect no longer to molest him.

Meanwhile the months were lengthening into years, and Andrew Graham plodded on at the old work, in the old way. But a change had come within, though the outer man showed nothing of it — as yet. The cause may as well be told at once; the poor student had fallen in love, with the sort of love that is certain to awaken in the hearts of such men when it *does* awake, with Lady Agnes, now sixteen.

The word love is used in so many phases of the passion, and indeed in so many cases where there is no passion at all, that it fails to convey any notion of the feeling that possessed the whole being of the poor tutor. It is nothing to say it was part of himself; the old man was lost in the new identity it gave birth to. Day and night it was the one ever-present reality, all else fading into shadowy insignificance.

Lady Agnes was a pretty girl, very much like a thousand other pretty, well-brought-up, simple girls.

She had large limpid gray eyes, and a fair pure skin, and her color went and came easily in sweet girlish blushes, and all her thoughts and ways were innocent and natural. She was not the least clever, and but moderately accomplished; for Mrs. Brereton wisely thought that good general culture was more to be desired than the attempt to force mediocre abilities into the painful acquirement of arts, in which her pupil could never hope to excel, and in this view Lord Leytonstone fully coincided.

It was probably the charm of this very girlish simplicity that in reality captivated Andrew's heart; but his imagination acted the part of a fairy god-mother, and bestowed on the idol every gift of mind and body that woman could possess and man adore.

This love, that dared not relieve itself by any outward expression, that entertained no prospect in the future, that hoped for nothing, that aspired to nothing tangible, that was all concentrated in the breast of him who conceived it, rode him like a beautiful nightmare, lovely in itself, but to him cruelly, pitilessly tyrannous, taking possession of all his faculties, goading him into a sort of abiding frenzy that made him wild and haggard and distracted.

At times, while giving the usual daily lessons to his pupil, the boy would look up to his instructor, wondering at the trembling hand, the husky voice, the working features, and sometimes at the strangely absent words that fell from him. Then Andrew would try to recall his senses, nail his attention to the work he was engaged in, and, the task completed, rush forth and wander alone for hours among the pine-woods and on the hillsides, striving by movement and fatigue to still the spirit that possessed him.

Such a condition of things could hardly fail to escape Mrs. Brereton's quietly observant eye, nor was it long before she guessed something of the real state of the case, and great was the perplexity into which it threw her. Lord Leytonstone was abroad, and though she might have spoken to him on the subject, she hardly knew how to put it in writing. Lady Agnes must, of all others, be kept in ignorance of the passion she had inspired; and though Mrs. Brereton had sufficient confidence in Andrew to feel pretty well assured that he would not seek to make it known to her, she dreaded, seeing the nature of the man, some involuntary outburst, some accidental circumstance occurring to bring it to light. Should she speak to himself? Yet, though in her own mind almost persuaded of the truth of her suspicion, he had done nothing to justify her in opening the matter to him, while it rested on no more tangible grounds than it did at present. So the good woman turned the matter over in her mind, waiting for some feasible mode of solving the difficulty to present itself.

One morning her pupil said, after having, as it seemed to her, cogitated over the subject for some time, "Mrs. Brereton, do you know I think there's something wrong with Mr. Graham." The governess felt the blood rise to her cheek, but she replied quietly, "Yes? What makes you think so, my dear?"

"Sometimes he looks so wild. And, do you know," with a mysterious and somewhat alarmed air, "he walks about the garden at night when we're all in bed."

"How do you know, my child? That must be a fancy."

"No. I've fancied I've heard footsteps more than once under my window, and last night I was so

sure of it, that I got up and peeped from behind the curtain, and I saw him! Poor man, I hope he's not going mad; I should be very sorry, though he is ugly, and queer, and wears such absurd shirt-collars." Mrs. Brereton involuntarily thought of Olivia's pitying anxiety for Malvolio, under a similar fear.

"He is ill, perhaps, or has some family trouble," she said. And then she resolved that, ere the day should be over, some step must be decided on to avert the danger.

Should she, without appearing to suspect the truth, gently question him, as though she believed what she had said to Lady Agnes, mentioning the latter's discovery of his nocturnal wanderings? This might, at least, put him on his guard for the present, till she should decide on what it might further be necessary to do. Yes, that would be the best plan. So she watched till an opportunity occurred of finding him alone in the library, a room which, in the absence of Lord Leytonstone, Andrew and herself only frequented.

Entering, she found him seated by a table at the end of the room. Books were spread before him, but he read none of them; on an open folio his arms were laid, and his head rested on them. At the sound of her step he raised it, not starting from his position, but lifting up his face slowly, as one too stupefied and weary with grief to heed interruption. He said no word, and his face was so wan and haggard that Lady Agnes's words, — "I hope he is not going mad, poor man," — rushed across her recollection. She approached him steadily, though her heart beat, and commanding her voice, she began, —

"Mr. Graham, you must pardon me, but I fear — I think that I ought to speak to you as an old woman to a young man whom she cannot but believe is in some suffering, physical or mental, that requires sympathy, and it may be advice."

Then she went on by degrees to speak of what her pupil had told her. He sat still, his elbows resting on his book, his head in his hands, his fingers through his dishevelled hair, till she came to this point; then he looked up.

"She saw me? I did not mean that. But the truth — and you know it — is, that I am going mad for the love of her."

Then his face went down upon his hands again, and he groaned aloud.

Mrs. Brereton — good, sensible, proper Mrs. Brereton — stood aghast. For this she certainly was not prepared, and it took her so aback that she paused, not knowing how to proceed further. But she had time to recover, for Andrew seemed to have forgotten her presence in the depths of his agony.

"But then," she began, timidly, "what do you propose to do? Things cannot go on so."

"They cannot! God knows they cannot! I suppose," looking up with a ghastly smile, "you think the maddest part of it was my falling in love with her at all! If you knew what my youth has been, — starved of all youth's brightness! I know it sounds like a hero of melodrama to talk of suicide, but, on my soul, I do not see how I can face life, while death seems so easy! What can I do? What can any one do for me?"

"Time, — absence," faltered Mrs. Brereton.

"Time, — ay, but in the *mean while*. Absence, — but, *during* the absence. *Now*, is the question. When a man is writhing frantic with a present agony, will it relieve him to suggest that years hence he may have recovered from the wound? But at least, if I die in the effort, I must leave this. Noth-

ing must happen to me *here* to shock or startle or offend her. You will make my excuses to Lord Leytonstone. You may tell him the truth or not, just as you think fit. I shall probably never see him again; and he is a good man,—he will feel that I have endeavored to do my duty."

Five years passed away, and Lady Agnes was married in her own degree, and Andrew Graham was quietly settled down again at Leytonstone Hall as librarian, his somewhat pupil, Lord Leithbridge, having gone to Oxford. Mrs. Brereton had told Lord Leytonstone the truth, and he had understood it all, and when he could find Andrew out, at the end of four years' wild wanderings up and down the earth, he had begged him, Lady Agnes being lately married, to return to his old duties in his old retreat. And weary and hopeless of flying from himself, and feeling some of the old love of his neglected studies return upon him, and touched by Lord Leytonstone's kindness and fidelity, he had consented.

Time had wrought no great change in him; it seldom does in men of his aspect and manner; it had rather intensified than altered his peculiarities.

His cheeks were more hollow, and his hair thinner, and his shirt-collars perhaps higher, and his manner, if possible, more nervously awkward and absent than of old. But he had by degrees fallen back into his old habit of taking Dr. Britton's house in the course of his solitary rambles, and by degrees, also, his terror of Nelly had worn away.

Somehow or other she had got an inkling of the cause of his abrupt departure, and wild as had seemed to her his folly in allowing even his thoughts to rise to Lady Agnes, it was nevertheless undoubtedly true, that his involuntary presumption had raised him considerably in her estimation. Besides, was there ever a true woman who did not view with interest a man who had loved not wisely, but too well? who did not entertain a "desire to be good to him," apart from all interested motive in the matter?

So Nelly treated him gently, and he ceased to be afraid of her, and came by slow gradations to feel comforted by her presence, and learned to talk to her shyly.

It was a lovely day in the declining summer, and the late afternoon sun was lying on the Doctor's house and garden. Nelly had finished mixing the salad, and had strolled out bareheaded into what was called the orchard, a bit of ground at the end of the garden, clothed with thick grass, daisies, buttercups, and bull's-eyes, and shaded with gray old filbert, and a scattering of no less ancient apple and pear trees. The sun was getting down so that his rays struck slantingly through the mossy trunks, and a soft "even-blowing wind" made the leaves dance and rustle, and throw flickers of light and shadow on the grass, all bending before the breeze, and now and then a rosy apple or a bunch of nuts would come down with a soft thud on the ground.

Nelly, awaiting her father's return, roved up and down, now swallowed up in shade, now shone upon by the slanting rays, which gilded her russet hair, and lovingly touched into transparency her ruddy cheek and clear brown neck. Presently, while picking a nut from its husks, she was aware of footsteps behind her, and, looking round, she saw Andrew Graham. Taking off his hat, with his nervous look, he addressed her.

"I—I beg your pardon—but—a—I wished to speak to your father, and I was told he was expected every moment, and—a—I took the liberty—"

"You are quite welcome," Nelly said, with a smile; "will you come into the house, or do you prefer remaining here?"

"O, just as you like,—it is such a lovely day—" and, without finishing his speech, he fell into her step, and they sauntered on, side by side.

It was the first time Nelly had ever been alone with him, and though she was neither prudish nor shy, she felt puzzled how to commence the conversation.

"You have been for one of your long walks?"

"Yes,—at least, not very long." A pause.

"Won't you put on your hat?" seeing that he carried it in his hand.

"O no, I prefer going without my hat." Another pause. Just then a bunch of nuts fell plump on the Librarian's head, and made him exclaim, putting up his hand, "Bless me, what can that be?" then it dropped on the grass at his feet, and they both laughed, and he picked it up and presented it to Nelly, who quickly divested the filberts of their sheath, and cracking one like a squirrel, with her head on one side, nibbled it with her white teeth.

This had broken the stiffness, and they began to talk, till the Librarian suddenly, to his own amazement, found himself describing to his companion some of the flowers he had seen in South America, and giving her a practical lesson in botany on a large white-rayed bull's-eye. And then the Doctor came home, and insisted on his staying to dinner; and, after dinner, the good man, as was his wont, fell asleep in his easy-chair; and the twilight came on gradually, and the yellow harvest-moon rose from behind the elms, and Nelly and the Librarian sat by the window to look at it; and he described to her—speaking softly, so as not to disturb the Doctor—how he had lain on his back on the prairie and watched it rise and set many a night, some years ago. Nelly wondered she had never noticed before what a pleasant tone of voice he had, and when he became earnest and eloquent, she thought that, hearing him talk thus, one could quite forget his hollow cheeks, and his thin hair, and his shirt collars. Can you not see, reader, how it all came about? Need I tell how in the spring there was a wedding at Summerfield, and that Nelly Britton was the bride, and Andrew Graham—with a face a little fuller, hair brushed to the best advantage, and modified shirt collars—the bridegroom?

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY, from the *Revue Moderne*.]

A POET whose fecundity has been surpassed by few even among his countrymen, and one of the latest survivors of a generation that produced the great works of Goethe and Schiller, and was aroused to the political redemption of their race, Friedrich Rückert, died last month on his estate at Neuses, near Coburg. His life, though long, was not remarkable for incidents,—it having been all passed in the service of the Muse or in the pursuit of Science. Nevertheless, at the age of twenty, in 1809, he had wished to take part in the struggle of Austria against Napoleon, and was on his way to join the army, when he heard at Dresden of the treaty of Vienna. Then again, during the war for Independence, he manifested once more the same patriotic ardor; but his health, enfeebled by hard work, would no longer permit him to aid the national cause, except with his voice.

A journey into Italy in 1817 makes the only in-

terruption to a life of tranquil study. He was editor of the *Morgenblatt*, at Stuttgart, in 1814, then in 1826 a Professor of the Oriental Languages at Erlangen, and subsequently charged with a like office at Berlin, and invested with the rank of Counsellor in 1841. During this time he has only succumbed to the public duties of life so far as he could not avoid them; while he also, to the end of his career, whenever his appointments would allow, was accustomed to flee from the turmoil of the capital to the solitude of that retreat where he died.

By this dogged devotion to literary work he has been able to publish so much. His earliest books date back to 1814, and were written under the pseudonyme of Freimund Raimar, and among them is to be counted a volume of patriotic verse and a comedy called "Napoleon," intended to be a trilogy, but of which only two parts were completed. The general collection of his poems, made in 1834-1838, forms not less than six volumes; but though it includes his "Springtide of Love," "Oriental Roses," "Popular Legends," and a great number of other sections of diversified character, this collection represents but a small portion of his original works, nor does it touch upon the enormous quantity of translations, more or less literal, from various languages, and particularly from the Eastern tongues. His *Makamen des Hariri*, *Nal und Damajanti*, the *Schi-king*, *Amrulkais*, *Rostem und Suhrab* (an heroic story developed from an episode borrowed from Firdusi), *Die Weisheit des Brahmanen* (a vast collection of sententious verse, where the poet loses his own identity in the recollections of his readings, or borrows the maxim directly from the Oriental storehouse), as well as his Arabian poetry, and that he has preserved of the Indian, his popular songs of China and Persian traditions,—all these have become, thanks to him, as fixed among the national treasures as his Danish ballads or Serbian canticles. In passing all these into his vernacular, Rückert possessed the secret of preserving not only the rhythm and the native character, but the very freshness of its life. Let us add, in sincerity, that such facility has had with him some of its usual effects, in giving birth to some things that are both mediocre and irrelevant, such, for example, as his *Life of Jesus*, a mere versification of paragraphs, and some others of a like feeble nature. It would be simply unjust to judge these latter too severely, or to give them much consideration in forming an estimate of the poet,—mere improvisations as they are.

Looking at the poet on the whole, one is apt to think Rückert is one of those wandering spirits who has taken the planet for his abode, and who, curious in all things, has garnered up stores in which the gewgaws are more prominent than the gems. At first sight it is all a strange confusion, but one by one take in hand these seeming uncertainties, these jewels, necklaces, and rings covered with mysterious characters, and you can but admire the marvels of richness in the workmanship,—corals from Africa; Chinese pagodas sculptured, by one knows not what hands, in ivory and mother of pearl; chaplets found in the hermitage of an old Brahmin; symbolical amulets and tiny idols of Oriental jade; fabrics of India, gorgeously figured with inexplicable traceries; pistols and sabres of Persia, chased and inlaid with precious stones. Contrasted with such weapons of mere show, one will find something more serviceable in knife and carbine, faithful companions of the adventurer, which have served him in the deer-chase and figured in some hair-breadth escapes. The rich-

ness of these things, however, is of less account than the incitement they offer the imagination.

The characteristics of national life are as familiar to him as the stars, or the plants and beasts of the earth itself. His ear is tuned to every tongue. He has encountered every sort of belief, and bent in adoration at every altar: he has joined at break of day in the guttural hymnings of the caravans; he has kneeled in mosques; he has followed the pilgrims to the sacred cities, and bathed in the holy waters. Prejudices and superstitions, far from shocking him, seem to exist for him. He has divested himself of disdainful wonder and intolerant railery, since he has found everywhere that the thoughts of man are attached to the same dreams, and their hearts are touched with the same feebleness. His intelligence is therefore free, large, impartial, and benevolent, as that of genius ever is, to whom the Creator has submitted the ordering of the worlds.

Rückert was ever this restless mover-on. Asia in all its breadth seemed known to him. His spirit has appropriated all its ideas; his language fashioned itself insensibly to its most diverse forms; his voice took every accent; and he fell into every attitude with the utmost ease. Among the acquisitions made during these many and long explorations, there was, doubtless, much of little or no value, or at least of worst sadly disproportioned to the difficulties overcome.

Such were many of these lavishly ornamented weapons I have named,—fit only to adorn the girdle of a Sultan, mere toys in the hands of an odalisque; but there were also some of such as were deadly for the occasion of it,—weapons he had fought with in his youth, and which now, though long out of use, glisten as if just burnished for a morrow's conflict. Of such a character are the famous "Armored Sonnets," written against the French in 1813. It is not necessary to judge them on the ground of political justice, but their poetry, nevertheless, will not be sooner effaced than the history they illustrate. If we can contrive to forget all that we have done and all that we have suffered, these sonnets will only be to us such a voice as comes from a nation's soul, in a season of enthusiasm, when they have dared all and accomplished all. The sonnet has been usually attuned to the emotions of love; but in the hands of Rückert it has become the utterance of outraged humanity, of patriotic choler, of patriarchal indignation, of prayer to the elements, of menace to traitors and the faint-hearted, and of sombre prophecy to the nations. To those who turned despondently in that emergency to Russia, he cried,—

"Sunder thy gates, O Caucasus, and stride
With weapon forth! and thou, O Volga, burst
Thy confines, till, with wave and wrack accursed,
Thou sweep'st us o'er, tumultuous in thy pride!
What would the Russian have this land betide?
His succor? Shame! Wouldst know so soon the worst?
Dost think, thou dastard, that our souls were nursed
To crave another's strength, our own untried?
Thou, prone upon the earth, wilt never know
What might were thine, if thou but willed it so,
Not trusting to be saved by such, forsooth!
Wouldst thou with Northern strength of his grow strong,
Fail not to think thou mayst be in the wrong,
And he of thine attain't grow weak in ruth."

In such verse as this mere beauty is forgotten in its energy and truth. To a people sunk in effortless infamy, I would recommend these sonnets of Rückert; and to all, who would see how a poet can touch the heart's chords, when he would.

Rückert believed, and he has several times pro-

claimed it, that a country and its liberty can only be saved together. Seeing his hopes blasted, and Germany given over to princes instead of herself, he withdrew from the political arena. Be it that he had not in him the stuff that public men are made of, or that he deemed it a debasement to struggle further, he retired opportunely, and has not since emerged from his privacy. He refreshed himself with journeying, just as it befits any active and laborious mind, which has freshly experienced any poignant grief. I speak not of his Italian tour, but of his bold explorations throughout the wildest realms of poetry. It was his object to explore north and south, east and west, curious at all points, an universal interpreter, as if he was in search of the talisman which is to become the nations' sign of recognition since the dispersion of Babel. Doubtless Rückert has thus been able to do much more for Germany than if he had remained in the wilds of politics. He has powerfully contributed by these labors and his translations to develop among the Germans their most rare quality of intelligence, — that faculty of assimilation to which no creation of human genius, however strange, can long remain foreign. The domain of German genius is like a sanctuary, where all religions, philosophies, and literatures cast off their disguises and become one, in the discovery of their common origin. Few men have labored more than Rückert to stimulate this sympathetic curiosity, and to satisfy it. He has divined and interpreted to his countrymen the poetic genius of every land save that of France. Our country, clear cut as our intellectual life is, seems to be the only one which Germany cannot comprehend. Rückert has spoken of us once, and only to curse us. Since then he has kept a profound silence, whether from malice, disdain, or forgetfulness. We have not furnished the least stone of his Pantheon.

Finally, these journeyings have been for Rückert only a preparation or an accessory. He was a poet by nature, and all that he has found has only served to give expression to his own thoughts. He has used to this end the exotic forms with as much familiarity as if they had been a part of his birthright. He can match a sonnet with Petrarch or Camoens; he can modulate the song of Provence; he can make the Roman *ritournelle* fly like an arrow or fall as gently as a blossom; he can weave the double rhymes of the octave or Sicilian measures with equal facility; he can follow the rhythm of the Arab, capricious though it be as the freaks of their antelopes or the curvets of their mares; he can unroll like a rich tapestry the Persian "gazelle," or count off, like the beads of a rosary, the uniform versicles of the Indian anchorite.

Rückert's sympathies are as limitless as this curious search. To him poetry is the same grand idea, only taking different guises under different skies. Showing itself in various climes, it is as but the varied hues of one central light refracted into beauty; it is like the spray that flies from some eternal cascade; it is the undulations of the infinite ether, where the simultaneous resonance of many is mingled in an indefinable illusion, like the crowding intonations of a bell.

Even in the most difficult heights, however, Rückert has shown himself capable of sustained effort. The myths of the Hebrews, the symbolism of the Greeks, the imposing associations of tradition, the incessant evolutions of time, have all been found to be subjects no more than the equal of his imagina-

tion or its forms of utterance. Sometimes even a single germ so common as the erotic passion has flowered under his breath into poetic affluence. Love has no aspect or incident which he has not fashioned into deathless verse. All that the soul can invent of rapturous fantasy, — those nothings that lovers call bliss, — those vague and incessant murmurings that refresh like a breeze, — subtleties of the heart that pursue in vain the fleeting forms of mystery, — avowals that come with a lisp and end in a kiss, — refractory wills and sweet provocations, — all the invariable history of jealousy, uncertainty, repentance, reconciliation, and the ambition of the lover for his own, — the pride of the poet who offers immortality as the price of tenderness, — such are the thoughts and fancies that make up the "Oriental Roses" and the "Springtide of Love." Do not imagine that the result is mere monotony. Although the nature of Rückert was so prodigal of wealth, years could not exhaust it. His was one of those natures infinitely rare, with no marking line between his rapt and his ordinary existence. He had an habitual grace, and it never failed him, nor showed signs of decay. This continuity and poetic dash was the result of his peculiar organization, and we are almost forced to believe that he had other eyes than such as ours to see, another brain to combine, and another voice to sing with. One cannot but see that existence with him was a double faculty, namely, the imagination that creates and that which develops; and they act in him with a steadiness and regularity like the beating of the arteries. It is with him no mere eclecticism. Poetry is his natural utterance, and everything in his thought clothes itself at once in the poetic garb. It may sometimes happen that the finished work will show nothing but emptiness, or be destitute of life: but has not Nature her abortions, her deformities, her victims of imperfect chance, all of which go to make up the unfolding of manifold life?

It cannot be said that this poetry of Rückert's is altogether of the soul. It may be that in life the soul will sometimes break down and be wildered; and the day will sooner or later come when poetry can only waste itself on its own. Now it seems almost as if Rückert had come upon that day. Nevertheless, he was capable of the deepest emotion, and there are those among his poems in which we can find this combined with the uttermost truth, though such instances may be casual. He does not pretend, as we have found others, to give in his verse a mere fragmentary or shredded life. Love, for instance, is not with him a thing just shared for the time; for tender as the passion is in him, it is not directed to any particular object, but is rather inspired of universal grace and beauty. He is not attracted to a being by herself merely; but it is Venus who dominates all, a sovereign whose empire has no bounds, and whose majesty he finds everywhere, — in the valleys of Lebanon, stooping to Adonis; on Olympus, begging of Juno her belt of dominion; on the waters, where she traverses in triumph with her dolphins and nereids; deep in the bowels of *Ætna*, where she soothes the malice of Vulcan and lightens the labors of the Cyclops. The genius of Rückert is volcanic in so far as it is a crater that emits the burning essence, seething in its confinement within the depths of the world. In a word, it is passionate pantheism.

The works of Rückert are for the most part lyrical, and seem at first glance to have little connection one with another. They might appear to

some to be made up of separate poems, each expressing in itself a full and complete thought. Regarded somewhat more closely, each is found to be a fragment, having some indefinable relation to those surrounding it. They are not merely bound together by a running-title, or united in the links of mysterious dates; but they constitute a perfect organism, of which the connecting links are felt by us sooner than they can be found out by analysis. The thoughts regularly succeed, and return upon themselves at last. The "Armored Sonnets," the "Springtide of Love," the "octaves," "gazelles," &c., are composed in distinct cycles, these again uniting in vaster ones, wherefrom, as by the varied faces of some immense reflector, the poetic sense is thrown back.

This conviction of his, that poetry is a sort of universal reconciliation, begets in Rückert a serenity that we do not often find in lyrical poets. Has he never had to struggle, either against the world or with himself? I know not; but this I do know, that if he has experienced these things, they have left no visible traces. With him all is peace; and if God pardoned Nineveh because of its one just man, Rückert has loved the world for the friend it had for him, for the smiles which have made him happy, and for the song with which he has been dowered.

It is owing to this tranquil nature that Rückert has been able to spread out all the riches of his fancy, and to give himself up so much to reflection. Perhaps he has ended by giving too much. A meagre mind that possesses a vivid imagination will only by this means fall into obscurity and eccentricity, while one that is rich will drift insensibly to the upper plane of philosophy. Thus with him, poetry has resulted in the utter elimination of self, when he gives scope to the practical wisdom and abstract reason of his Brahmin. I know nothing more Oriental than this mixture of metaphysics and experience in a poem at once didactic, vast, and unequal. Rückert, as I have said, draws near to this Eastern muse by the pantheism of his belief; but this quality of his being is one that regards our present life as blessed, notwithstanding the gloom that envelops its future. This sentiment is expressed with infinite grace in a little poem of his, called

THE DYING FLOWER.

Hope that thou mayst live to see
That the spring comes unimpaired;
Hope as now doth every tree
That the autumn winds have bared;
Hope thy buds may keep their strength
Yet to live the winter o'er,
Till thy sap is stirred at length
To new verdure as before.

"Ah, no tree am I to teem
While a thousand summers breathe,
Having dreamed a winter's dream,
Never spring-songs still to breathe.
I am but a flower the May
With its living kisses wakes,
Soon to sink into decay
In my pall of snowy flakes."

If then such a flower thou art,
Cheer thyself; for Nature gives,
Being of despondent heart!
Seed to everything that lives.
Death is common! Let its storm
Cast thy vital power to earth:
From thy seed the sun shall warm
Hundreds to a newer birth.

"Yes, there 's many to be seen
Blooming, fading, just as I;

Yet the world is ever green,
Only one, like me, can die.
When their blossoms thou wilt see,
I shall be myself no more, —
Now I am, and not to be,
Nor yet have I been before.

"Though they then may feel the sun
As I now its flashing light,
Little solace that for one
Who is doomed to endless night.
Yes, O Sun, thou warmest now
Those in other climates born;
Yet at me why laughest thou
With such cold, such frosty scorn?

"Woe is me, thus doomed to die!
Kissed to life by thy mild ray,
How I trusted in thy eye
Till it stole my life away.
Sympathy of thine no more
Shall my life's poor close delay,
Wrapped within myself, — all o'er, —
Sick at heart, I shun the day.

"Still thou meltest into tears
All this icy shroud of mine;
All that fleeting life endears,
O Eternal! it is thine.
Yet thou sunnest from my soul
All this sorrowing at last;
Dying now, I have no dole;
Take my thanks for all the past; —

"For the breeze that summer long
Met me with its coying play,
For the butterflies' gay throng
Dancing round me through the day;
For the eyes my tints could please,
Hearts my fragrance could make gay, —
That thou mad'st me all for these,
Fragrant, splendrous, thanks to-day!

"As a beauty of thy sphere,
Transient, since thy canon bars,
Thou hast let me glisten here,
Spared me as thou spar'st the stars.
Though I breathe but one breath more,
It shall be no pining sigh, —
One more look to thee before
In this beauteous world I die.

"World's eternal flaming heart,
Let me but expire in thee!
May the heavens, where thou art,
Spread their canopy o'er me.
Hail, O Spring, the sunny-blest!
Morning breezes from the skies!
Without grief I sink to rest,
Though I never hope to rise."

The thought that God animates and sanctifies everything, from the blade of grass to the stars, — as much an instinct of the poet as a conviction of the man, — is it not with Rückert an involuntary protest against that excess of Christian spiritualism which despises and even curses Nature herself? One is little surprised, then, that it inspires him with a fraternal love for the most humble of beings; that in the light of it he discovers some beauty in the lowest forms, waiting to be elevated by the graces of his love. Everything seems known to him, be it animal, flower, constellation, all elements. The precious stone in the mountain, the pearl in the shell, the sand at his feet, plant or creature, butterfly or silkworm, — all hear and obey him. They come to him and converse with him, and yield to him their thousand secrets. Among the dreams of Fourier one of the most singular was, without doubt, that of substituting for the methods of science one universal analogy. This dream becomes with Rückert a reality, for to his ear, though there be myriads of tongues, the sense is one. Would you know why he weeps for the bee at the approach of winter? It is that the bee sucks the sweets of the

flower, as the poet sucks the sweets of dreams, and both must die when the earth has nothing more for them. He likes the owl, — it is the faith which sees in the night. The eagle pleases him, — it is the science which looks the sun in the face. He can only pity the bat for such feeble eyes that must seek the twilight. He will follow the cry of the cuckoo from place to place, for it seems to him the frolicsome voice of happiness, now enticing him and now deluding, ever afar off. Or it may be it is a solitary dream which carries him away from human interests, and leaves him exposed without shelter. Or, if you please, it is a mockery of Nature, repeating the most simple of her melodies, and defying imitation.

Not only has Rückert a free spirit, but he has that which discovers analogies, — a sort of feeler for the reason. Thus is he one of the most ingenious interpreters of nature; but of history he does not seem to have the intelligence, nor a like interest for it. In fine, Pantheism is better justified by the physical than by the moral world, where the semblance of liberty is at variance with the divine ordinance. Moreover, like all lyrical poets, he receives a more profound impression from what he sees and dreams than from what has been. Therefore he does not succeed so well in the ballad, and fails completely in the drama. Such would naturally be the case with one whose temperament induced him to avoid opportunely the ways of politics, to pursue a road that gradually led him to Oriental repose.

But this insulation has not been without its results. Like the rose, drinking the sun and getting its color with its draught, he has sought to embellish as well as to perfume the garden. In making his poems for the pleasure of it, in studying for his own behoof, in seeking foreign utterances under a merely personal curiosity, Rückert has not the more been a stranger to his own time and country. He has opened wider and wider to the strong and large intelligence of his compatriots, the world of the Orient, and helped to make Germany what she is, its intercessor with the rest of the nations.

Still it is pretty evident that this solitary culture has paled the star of Rückert's fame. Besides, he has always lived apart from coteries and schools, doing nothing to secure the favor of such as conduct the popular will. Smiling at the extravagances of the romantic school, he could never participate in its glories. Without imitating any one, even the greatest, at a time when it was the fashion to abuse Goethe, he clasped his statue, sure of enduring under such protection or at least of falling with him. Such independence can scarcely be preserved with impunity, and he was accordingly neglected. Though he had no excessive pride, he knew himself, and he dared predict, that, when he was no more, Germany would learn to value him. Meanwhile he would be avenged for such injustice in railing, though without bitterness, at the public and its idols.

A dumb man asked a blind,
Led by his son, a lame,
"I wish a harper much to find;
Didst see one as you came?
To me 't is little joy
To listen to his song;
I only wish him for this boy,
Who 's deaf now very long."

The blind man said, "Indeed!
I saw one just behind;
My limping son shall make all speed
The man to try to find."

So went the limping son
As they had bid him do,
And sought the harper as he run
The streets and alleys through.

Coming at their commands,
They all the harper greet;
When, lo! to play he had no hands,
And so he took his feet.
For rapture as he played
The deaf boy listened long,
The blind man well his skill surveyed,
The dumb one shouted strong.

The lame one quick to dancing went
With all his soul and might,
And all together stayed content
Till late within the night.
And when they parted then,
They all were sound and gay,
And begged the harper come again,
Who was as pleased as they.

Among the German critics, some have been able only to see in Rückert an artist of the mere forms of poetry, and very uneven at that. Indeed, rhythm and rhyme, words and the turns of phrases, are on his part the objects of an indefatigable research, of the boldest experiment; and it may be as well acknowledged, that sometimes they have been absolute failures. The German language, in emerging from a great literary epoch, no longer possesses the ductility which it had in the sixteenth century; and is not now so perfectly subservient to the caprices of a writer. But this is only a partial phase of Rückert's muse. And what if he does show sometimes that he is too much occupied with the outward seeming? Have we a right to demand of a poet to distinguish thus clearly between the thought and its form? And has this distinction, so dear to serious blockheads, such a great value? Do we see other things than forms in the world? In politics, in technology, in religion, as well as in art and fashion, what is that which allures and repels, which most engages us, which incites us, if it be not this very matter of forms?

BLANCHE.

I.

I WAS so unfortunate whilst a student in Paris as to fall ill with ague, and, like all bachelors, sought care and cure in a *Maison de Santé*. Tourists, however, so rarely hear of this truly Parisian institution, that before commencing my story I preface a word or two concerning it.

A *Maison de Santé* is neither more nor less than a hospital conducted on æsthetic principles; in other words, illness beautified; for whether you are jaundiced or palsied, have broken a limb or lost a lung, you are made to feel that such a visitation is the best possible luck in the world. Tender nurses smooth your pillow, courteous physicians discuss the news of the day, pretty valetudinarians bring you roses and *feuilletons*. I selected the *Maison de Santé Municipale*. Any one who has walked from the monster railway station of the Calais terminus to the Faubourg St. Denis would remember an imposing-looking façade which extends the length of an ordinary street. Enter, and you are lost in admiration of the breadth and elevation and symmetry of the building, and the brilliancy and airiness of its entourage. Open porticoes lead from spacious salons to flowery pastures; there are fountains playing, caged birds singing, and every ornamental element of outdoor life. One path curls round an artificial height covered with daisies, another ends

in a laurel-grove and rustic seat, a third climbs a terrace of well-kept flowers. Groups of cheerful valetudinariums sit here and there, carriages come and go at one's bidding, servants are ready to fly at a signal, and the distant noise of the streets gives a pleasant *dolce far niente* feeling.

I was spending my last day of convalescence at the Maison de Santé. To-morrow I should no longer talk politics with the rheumatic monsieur, belles-lettres with the asthmatical monsieur, social science with the dropsical monsieur, agriculture with the monsieur who had broken his leg, art with the monsieur who had dislocated his collar-bone, love and romance with the ladies who had had the measles.

The only person whom I really regretted was a young man not mentioned in this category. His name was Félicien des Essarts, and his illness had arisen, as the illnesses of many young authors arise, from mental over-excitation, irregular hours, and insufficient food.

"I'll just tell you the thought of my mind, Browne," he said, as we reclined on a well-cushioned bench out of doors. "If I am not strong enough to leave this place in a few days, I shall never leave it at all."

"Nonsense, Des Essarts, you ate half a fowl for your breakfast."

He shook his head.

"You students don't know how we poor *feuilletonists* exist. Do you remember Marius in 'Les Misérables.' He purchased a chop, and on the first day ate the lean, on the second the fat, on the third gnawed the bone. I've surpassed that economy many a time, and am feeling the evil effects of it now."

I tried, first to laugh, then to reason away his fears, but in vain. He was possessed with the idea that he should never leave the walls of the sanatorium alive.

"What matters!" he laughed, recklessly. "I have had some good days. One of my pieces was acted at the Variétés, — ay, acted for twenty-one nights in succession, — a year or two back. What a festival we had! There was Victor, and Etienne, and François, and Emilie of the black eyes. Pretty, pretty Emilie! would she cry if she heard that I were laid in the cemetery of Montmartre? Perhaps; but it does not matter to me. Look here."

He took from his bosom a small painted photograph of a young girl, whose beauty consisted in her rare complexion and sweet, pensive expression. The auburn air, the violet eyes, the glowing lips, combined to make such a face as one seldom sees.

"Well?" he said.

"If I were not betrothed to one of my own countrywomen I should envy you," I answered.

"She is not an Emilie," he went on impetuously.

"She is pure as an angel, and would mourn for me till her hair grew gray. Will you promise me a favor, Browne?"

I promised.

"You will be free to-morrow, — oh, my God! strong and free, and a man again! You must go to her instead of me."

"And my message?"

"Let me take breath a little. Blanche has not a happy home, you must know. Her father married a widow with money, and the poor wretch hardly dares to treat his own child kindly. There is another daughter, too, — that woman's, — and between two fiends and a fool, no wonder that Blanche was ready to run away. We should have been married six weeks ago but for this illness."

"And now?"

"And now I think we shall never be married at all. Could you befriend Blanche a little in that case?"

"With friends, — money, — counsel?"

"With all."

Then, seeing my look of bewilderment, he added, eagerly and apologetically, —

"She could do anything that other poor young ladies do by way of living, — teach, sew, model flowers, play the pianoforte. Is it possible for you to help her towards a livelihood? She would be happy anywhere, if people treated her kindly, and —"

He looked at me eagerly, blushed to the brow, and added, in an undertone, —

"I could n't rest in my grave if she stayed at home. There is a man who calls himself Henriette's lover (Henriette is the name of the step-sister), but he hates her, and loves Blanche, — loves Blanche as the miser loves money, as beasts love prey, as gourmands love fine dishes. The man has no soul, — do you understand?"

I understood quite well, and he saw it; grasping my arm with the strength of fury, he muttered between his teeth, "The man is rich, in good health, and has no heart. When I think of my own condition I long to curse him if curses could save Blanche."

Here the resident physician came up, and observing Félicien's flushed cheeks and excited manner, he divided us under some special pretext. I saw my friend no more that day, and though on the next we breakfasted in company, the presence of the convalescents hindered us from speaking freely. He merely gave me a card, containing the following address: —

"Madame Goupil,
Pension Bourgeoise,
Rue de Buffon, No. 2."

Adding, as we made our adieux, "There is your vantage-ground, but whatever you do, beware of offending Blanche's step-mother."

"*Courage, mon ami!*" I cried, cheerfully; "let us hope that you will soon be able to fight your own battles."

"Never."

I wrung his hand, and feigned not to see the tears that had gathered in his eyes. But the delicate transparency of the complexion, the unnatural lustre of the dark eyes, the wasted hands, the drooping figure, all pointed to one conclusion, and made me afterwards sorry for what I had said. Almost a miracle were needed to prolong the life of Blanche's lover.

And now in what way was I to fulfil my promise? Here was a young girl whom I had never seen, threatened by all kinds of dangers and insults by people I must learn to know. Surely I had the strangest of duties, and the most difficult of guardianships!

I thought over the matter steadily for half an hour, and by the end of that time had come to the following conclusions: —

First, it would be prudent to enter the pension as a simple boarder, in no wise disclosing my acquaintance with Félicien.

Secondly, it would be as well for me to consult an old friend of mine, an ex-governess of my sister's, residing in the Rue St. Honoré, as to Blanche's future.

Thirdly, I resolved to feign admiration for Henriette, and kick her unworthy lover out of doors the very first opportunity.

That very evening I went to the Rue de Buffon.

Quitting the omnibus at the entrance of the Jardin des Plantes, I followed what seemed to be a by-street, cast into deep shadow by high garden walls, and chestnut-trees overtopping them. Here and there a little iron gate broke the white monotony, and the last of these was distinguished by a plate bearing these words, "Pension Bourgeoise." The bell-cord being broken, I entered unceremoniously, and found myself in a long, narrow garden, overgrown with grass, flowers, and vegetables. At the lower end stood some hen-coops and a round table; at the upper, the house presented a front of bow-windows open to the ground, low dormers above, and a side entrance, with kitchen and red-bricked staircase.

A little old lady in black satin was busily feeding chickens as I entered, but quitted her occupation to follow me inquisitively towards the house. On catching sight of the lady proprietress, however, she vanished with the agility of a nymph.

Madame Goupil was florid, sleepy-eyed, and wore a yellow cap. She certainly had nothing of the fiend in her looks, unless an indolent, languid air of cunning, or the wearing of a yellow cap, may be called so. But she was not quite a pleasant person. Something indescribable in her voice and manner made you feel as if she should not take any trouble about you, unless she found it worth her while.

"So, Monsieur would join our little circle?" she said in a monotonous undertone. "The air is so pure, and the family arrangements so friendly, that Monsieur can but be charmed. And then, Monsieur, Goupil is the most amiable of men. Only yesterday he walked to the Halles on purpose to procure beans for one of our ladies, because she asked for them. A child in his ways, but an angel at heart, is my poor Goupil, Monsieur."

I caught sight of a tall gray-haired man, wearing a velvet skull-cap and shabby surtout, cleaning salad in the kitchen, and was not wrong in supposing this to be the poor Goupil. After a few minutes, he entered by another way, and we were soon busily discussing terms. I noticed that Madame, though avowedly estimating her husband's abilities at a very low rate, appealed to him upon every point.

"You hear this, Bernard? You understand the gentleman to intend that, Bernard?" she said, if once, twenty times, Bernard looking very much in awe of his wife all the time. Our arrangements were made without much ado, and I entered the pension from that very hour.

"Monsieur will not find the time pass heavily," said Madame; "removed from the din of the city, we live an idyllic life, occupying our leisure with music, dancing, and the rural pursuits of the poultry-yard. Our daughter Henriette brightens us old folks with her wit, and Monsieur her lover brings us the news of the great world. Truly a happy family, Monsieur."

"You have a daughter?" I asked.

"We have a daughter," said Madame, eying her husband significantly; "and such a daughter, Monsieur!"

"Only child, Madame?"

"An only child."

Just then Monsieur Goupil shuffled back to the kitchen, and Madame cried, shutting the door upon him, —

"See what he is, this poor Goupil, Monsieur! The child I speak of is his step-daughter, and he cannot bear to hear her praised. Fire and water, fire and water are not nearly so antagonistic as these two, Monsieur, and I have to bear the brunt of it all."

Madame chatted on, I too much perplexed to answer or even follow her. She mentioned only one child, distinctly negating the existence of any other. Where then was Blanche?

The sound of the first dinner-bell relieved me of my hostess's unwelcome presence, and I strolled into the garden by way of obtaining quiet. Hardly had I set foot on the turf, however, before a foot-step sounded close behind me, and, looking up, I beheld the little chicken-feeder.

She was a strange little personage, with pink cheeks, pale yellow hair blowing to the four winds, restless blue eyes, and a habit of pecking her looks at you as a timid bird afraid of being driven away. And she had a somewhat foggy understanding.

"Does Monsieur like feeding chickens?" she asked, nervously; "because here is some grain."

I assented, to please her, and she brought from under her apron a handful of barley.

Smiling at my look of astonishment, she whispered, "Clever police make clever thieves, Monsieur, *voilà tout*."

We sat down under the chestnut-trees, and soon had a hungry brood around us. The little lady chuckled over the feast that her cunning had provided for them.

"Ah," she said, apparently thinking herself alone, "if Blanche were here you'd peck out of her hands, you pretty dears!"

Hardly were the words said than she recollected my presence. Dismayed and crestfallen, she was fain to explain away her words, but lacked the power. "I was thinking of some one else; don't pay any heed to me," she whispered. "There are some things one mustn't talk about in every house, — you understand."

And then, as if fearful of betraying herself, she shook the remaining corn from her apron, and walked quickly towards the house.

I was getting into a maze. Evidently some fate had befallen Blanche of which my poor friend knew nothing. Her existence was denied; her very name was under a ban.

Had she fallen into some snare set by her sister's lover? Had she been driven to desperation by the tyrannies of her home? Was she dead?

In the midst of these disturbing thoughts the final gong sounded for dinner, and I recollected that I had forgotten my toilette. To rush to my room, to change my clothes, to perfume my handkerchief, was the work of a minute. When I entered the salon, with a voluminous apology, Madame was still lading out the soup.

I was formally introduced to Mademoiselle Henriette, Monsieur Colin, her *fiancé*, the rest of the party *en masse*, and then took the seat assigned me. The better to fulfil my purpose, I feigned a countenanced, somewhat unsophisticated mien and manner, thus procuring myself the drainings of the wine-bottle, the untempting limbs of the fowl, the most meagre modicum of dessert, and, what was quite compensatory, perfect oblivion of every one present except of Mademoiselle Henriette. That young lady never forgot a single element of the small society around her for an instant. She was as keenly alive to each little weakness, and as keenly

appreciative of each little idiosyncrasy, as a writer of Balzac's school might be; and naturally, at a private *table d'hôte* of this kind, food was not wanting for such mental appetite.

Of the fourteen members composing Madame's family circle, ten were ladies of an uniform age and presence, but varying strongly in those slight shades that only quick observers can detect. One motive had evidently driven them all to seek the sheltering wing of Madame Goupil, namely, economy; and one passion evidently kept them from *ennui*, namely, jealousy of each other. My little friend the chicken-feeder seemed the *enfant gâté* of all, and the only centre of cordiality and good feeling. Among the men, it suffices to particularize Monsieur Colin, Henriette's lover. He was about fifty, and still possessed that florid kind of beauty so admired by women of a certain type. Well made, with regular features, and a bright black, close-cut beard, he lacked nothing but intellectuality to recommend him among women of all types. He spoke well, and had a sweet voice; he had a certain indolent way of paying tender little courtesies; he never said or looked a rude or sarcastic or unwelcome truth. But for all that, as my poor friend had said, the man was without a soul. When Henriette used that stinging little whip, her tongue, so pitilessly, Monsieur Colin was the first to smile; when Henriette browbeat her timid, trembling old step-father, Monsieur Colin encouraged her with a glance of admiration; when Henriette lashed one inoffensive middle-aged lady after the other into silence, Monsieur Colin tried no mediation, offered no apology, and evidently enjoyed the scene from the bottom of his heart. How I hated the man! How I hoped that Henriette would turn against him one day! This admirable young lady was not handsome, and had passed the Rubicon so awful to French women, namely, the thirtieth birthday. Though wanting, however, in youthful softness and bloom, she had attractions of a more startling and uncommon kind. Her figure was tall and symmetrical as a statue; her eyes were the finest I had ever seen, and wonderful for their power of expression; her wit was ever ready and ever new.

II.

THE evening passed pleasantly on the whole. As soon as the cloth was removed, we adjourned to a little salon opening on to the garden, parties were formed for whist and dominoes, whilst those who loved music drew round Mademoiselle Henriette's piano.

She played fairly, and sung one or two songs with no little execution, Monsieur Colin smoking his cigar at her elbow all the time. Once I saw him kiss her hand, but the act was done so indolently and formally that I could not understand Henriette's triumphant acknowledgment of it. She blushed, faltered, and smiled, like an *ingénue* of seventeen. About ten o'clock Monsieur Colin took his leave, and the little household separated for the night. One circumstance that occurred amid the universal jargon of parting compliments struck me. It was this:

There seemed to be a tacit division of domestic duties between Mademoiselle Henriette and her parents. Madame went through the kitchen and butteries, trying the locks and surveying the stores; Henriette extinguished the lights and stowed away the plate; Monsieur, having put on his hat and boots, lighted a lantern and stepped out into the garden.

"I am going to lock up the chickens," he said, explanatorily. "If Monsieur wishes for a turn in the moonlight I shall be delighted to have his company."

I was about to fetch my hat, when I heard Henriette's laugh close at my ear.

"Afraid of the bogeys, poor little papa?" she said, sneeringly; "shall it be eaten up by goblins, then, and frightened out of its little wits!"

"I merely invited Monsieur to join me," answered the old man, shrinking away; "I—am—not—frightened—"

But the tremor of his voice, and the timidity of his gesture, betrayed him. Pitying the poor old man, I laughingly deprecated Henriette's sarcasm. I followed Monsieur bareheaded across the turf, singing a snatch of Béranger about love and moonlight. When we had reached the end of the garden where the thickly interleaved chestnut boughs made a deep shadow, Monsieur stopped short.

"It's very kind of you to come with me," he said, holding up his lantern so as to see my face; "Henriette—Mademoiselle—makes fun of everything I say; but, in very truth, Monsieur, I saw something unearthly here last night."

He looked round, shuddered, and bending down, began locking the fowl-coops hurriedly.

"Be so kind as to hold the lantern for me, Monsieur," he began again. "It is chilly, and my hands shake. What is that moving in the trees?"

"Nothing is moving in the trees but the wind," I said, with difficulty repressing a smile.

The last key was turned, and Monsieur rose, with an effort of cheerfulness.

"We all have our fancies, my dear Monsieur, have we not? *N'importe*. Were it not for each other's little weaknesses, where would be the need of divine charity?"

I feigned perfect faith in Monsieur's vigorous bravery, and tried to lead the conversation back to its original source.

"You saw something unearthly?" I began.

"One must seek to drive away such painful impressions, Monsieur; and Mademoiselle Henriette declares that I had muddled my brain by drinking too much coffee. The fact is, I am getting old, and have had many troubles."

"Your daughter is a splendid creature, and ought to console you," I said. "What a sparkling wit she has, and, by St. Cupid, what a figure!"

I felt my arm caught as in a vice, and heard a low, senile chuckle. "My daughter! Monsieur calls her my daughter!" he said, adding in an almost inaudible voice, "I had a daughter once, but her name was not Henriette."

"And you lost her? She is dead?"

"Monsieur mustn't ask questions. She displeased Madame, and was sent away,—do you understand? I could not save her; but, indeed, we are both breaking rules. Many thanks for Monsieur's society. Good night; good night."

And saying this, he shuffled towards the kitchen, lantern in hand, leaving me to grope my way up stairs as best I could. Two other days passed, and by the end of that time I had fallen into the routine of the Pension. Madame's rigorous economics, Henriette's tyrannic behavior to everybody but her lover, Monsieur Colin's selfish acceptance of her homage, poor Goupil's submission, the little quarrels of the ladies, all these things repeated themselves without any especial variety. I took good care to spend every evening at home, and by that means

won the good grace of every one. Henriette tried to coquet with me by way of provoking Monsieur Colin to jealousy; Madame liked a leaven of gentlemen's society in her establishment; she said it looked well and sounded well; Monsieur was grateful for such waifs and strays of kindness as I ventured to show him; whilst Monsieur Colin seemed really relieved to have Henriette's attentions a little divided. I believe he was almost as fond of this girl as it was in his nature to be, but he admired beauty, and in his eyes she had none.

"Poor Henriette will make a good wife," he would say to me over coffee and cigars; "and has extraordinary talents. But what are talents without a pretty face?"

"Mademoiselle has glorious eyes, and the figure of a Juno," I put in.

"Bah! you should have seen the eyes of the little sister, Blanche!"

And then the subject would be put off abruptly, and just as I deemed myself on the edge of a great discovery, all became blank and inscrutable as before. At the end of a week I had learned nothing.

Not caring to carry so unsatisfactory a story to my poor friend in the *Maison de Santé*, I wrote instead, touching upon Blanche's absence and the common acceptance of it, as cheerfully as was possible. I received in reply the following pencilled note:—

"I am only able to crawl from my bed to the window, or would leave this place at the risk of my life and seek Blanche. I cannot tell you the terror with which your letter has inspired me. I know Henriette and her mother too well to doubt some foul injustice—Heavens! crime would seem the proper word—is at the bottom of this mystery. What is best for you to do I know not; all that I implore of you is to do something. How can I die in this fearful suspense?"

Inside the envelope was scrawled by way of postscript,—

"Goupil is harmless and good-hearted. He would tell you all he knew."

Acting upon the hint, I took every opportunity of improving my acquaintance with Monsieur Goupil. But he was so childlike, so helpless, and so terribly in awe of his wife and step-daughter, that all our little confidences had to be obtained by stealth. Sometimes I made a point of meeting him, as if by accident, in the markets,—for he was the boot-cleaner, scullery-maid, and errand-boy of the establishment,—sometimes I volunteered my assistance in digging up potatoes, or gathering peas. Sometimes I presented him with half a dozen cigars, and once I took him to the play.

We went to the *Porte St. Martin*, and saw "*Les Pilules du Diable*," surely the most gorgeous, rollicking, captivating extravaganza that the ingenuity of man ever contrived.

The poor old man laughed, wept, and embraced me from very rapture; but when we adjourned to a café close by, and supped as I suspect he had not supped for many a year, the cup of his gratitude was full. He called me his *fils bien-aimé*, his friend, his protector, pledged himself to everlasting affection and remembrance; finally, opened his heart to me.

It was a sad story. He had married because he needed bread, and the bread thus obtained was dealt out in niggardly portions, and steeped in bitterness beyond the bitterness of asphodel.

"Of course, when a man marries a lady because she has a house and some hundred francs," he said,

with pitiful meekness, "there are little caprices to be endured; but I could n't bear to see my poor Blanche made a Cinderella of. O Monsieur! she was so pretty and so sweet, and her step-sister Henriette would have trodden on her neck if she dared."

We were now walking along the boulevard arm and arm, and he looked behind and before him whilst speaking.

"Blanche had a spirit, but Henriette broke it. She made her do the work of the house, and wear her old dresses; she taunted her with her dependence before all our *pensionnaires*; she—O Monsieur, what am I saying? Let us talk of the play—"

"But I am especially interested in Mademoiselle Blanche," I said, persuasively. "Moreover, I am the friend of her faithful lover, *Félicien des Esarts*—"

"*Félicien*? Why did he go away? Where is he?"

I answered his questions one by one. The picture of *Félicien* sick, *Félicien* lonely, *Félicien* all but broken-hearted for the loss of Blanche, struck and subdued him. He grew coherent and self-possessed, and he told me what he knew without any effort at concealment.

One night, during his temporary absence, Blanche had disappeared. None could tell whither she had gone or the reason of her going, but Madame and Henriette forbade the mention of her name from that hour.

"I don't think Blanche would willingly have left me so," added the old man, tearfully. "She knew that I had no one else to comfort me; she knew how I should weep for her."

I caught his arm, and cried eagerly,—

"You do not suspect that they drove her away, or anything more unnatural and wicked?"

"I suspect nothing. I have n't mind enough left for suspicion, Monsieur. I only know that I wish I were dead."

My companion was too overcome, and I too bewildered, to say any more. When we reached the gate of the Pension, both were striving after self-composure, and both were looking, perhaps with the same thought, towards the chestnut-trees.

Was I dreaming? Had I imbibed the phantasmagoria of "*Les Pilules du Diable*" so strongly as to see unreal things in a real world? I stood by the little iron gate, I heard Mademoiselle Henriette playing in the salon, I saw the shabby little figure of the poor Goupil beside me, and yet I had lost my senses, and knew not where I was.

A shadow,—a shape,—a something moved amid the chestnut-trees. One moment, and I felt that the diaphanous drapery was tangible, and the figure it covered was living; another, and I caught, or imagined that I caught, the gleam of a woman's golden head; a third, and Monsieur Goupil was clinging to my knees, pallid and palsied with fear, and about the chestnut-grove were darkness and silence only.

"O Monsieur, Monsieur! that is what I saw once before. It is my Blanche, and yet is not she. Surely such sights as these portend terrible things!" he cried; and it was a long time before I could soothe him.

To satisfy myself was more difficult still. I put the matter before me in every possible light. I accounted for the old man's hallucination and my own by various plausibilities. I reduced the mystery to its simplest and least objectionable form. Still it was a mystery; a mystery I resolved to fathom, if

indeed it were fathomable; a mystery I could neither forget by night nor by day; a mystery that made study impossible to me, and sleep unhealthy.

From that day I spent all the strategy of which I was master upon Henriette. I flattered, flattered, and provoked her; I dropped hints as to her lover's gallantries; I taunted her with his indifference; I played upon her love of gifts and her love of pleasure. For strong-minded as she was, and self-contained as she was, she had a childish love of fine clothes, sweetmeats, cheap music, and street shows.

She did not wholly dislike me. When Monsieur Colin failed to come, she gladly played my favorite songs, mimicked such of her mother's boarders as were absent for my amusement, and, in fine, relieved her ennui without relieving her malice.

One evening, when she had been unusually jealous about Monsieur Colin, and suave to me, I ventured upon a more decided course of action.

We had been talking lightly of love, using without stint or shame what Balzac happily calls the *argot de cœur*, and recurring again and again to personal experiences. Henriette argued on the side of second love. I opposed whilst I spoke. "Witty and attractive as you are," I said, "you have a rival in Monsieur Colin's heart whom you will not easily supersede. She came first, and will outstay a reign like yours."

The girl's eyes flamed.

"I defy her power, and deny her claim," she said.

"Blanche's?" I asked, quietly.

She turned upon me, as if determined to sound my knowledge to the bottom.

"I have no secrets," I added, in a voice of cold indifference. "You must be better able to judge of this young lady's hold on your lover's heart."

"I?" she faltered.

"You."

"Pierre has told you —"

"Monsieur Colin has told me nothing I can repeat, Mademoiselle. If you wish to make the world as if it held no Blanche to him, the way is easy."

She looked up eagerly. I bent down and whispered in her ear, —

"Reinstate your step-sister in her home, and the game would be in your own hands."

Thunderstruck as she was, she never for a single instant lost self-possession. She accepted my knowledge of the family secret as a matter of course, and gave me no clew to the unravelling of it.

"Have you forgotten that Blanche is ten years younger than I?" she asked, evidently anticipating a triumph for herself now. She was disappointed.

"What of that? Were Blanche beautiful as an angel, her presence could not harm you as her unexplained absence is doing. Monsieur Colin is not a boy of eighteen, and would tire of her after two days' ineffectual courting."

"You do not know him."

"But why keep this pretty Blanche hidden from us all?" I said, in an altered tone. "You are cruel, Mademoiselle, and will leave us soon. Are we to have no one in your place?"

"Monsieur," Henriette answered, very distantly and dryly, "it may be the fashion in England, but in France nothing excuses inquisitiveness as to domestic affairs. Oblige me by changing the subject."

Thus it happened that I risked all and gained nothing. I felt utterly powerless now to help my friend Félicien, much as I desired it. I felt even more than powerless, since I became an object of

suspicion to both Madame Goupil and her daughter. The old man avoided me, partly, as I imagined, from fear of his wife, and partly from fear of himself. He could not help prattling of his troubles, and the very winds seemed to turn eaves-droppers on Madame's behalf.

All circumstances combined to make life in the Rue de Buffon a dreary affair at this time. Madame fed us ill, Henriette's tongue became venomous as the sting of a wasp, Monsieur Colin stayed away altogether, and the threadbare bachelors and shabby spinsters played dominoes and whist without a smile.

Félicien still lived, and on one or two occasions was enabled to see me. He had grown fiercely suspicious of the two Goupils now, and would fain have set the police upon their track, have charged them with the murder of Blanche, have done a hundred unconsidered things. I promised to take the initiative, but felt that too much caution could not be used. If, after all, Blanche were living, we might dearly repent such precipitate conduct; and precipitation alone could do no good.

One evening, events were brought to an unlooked-for crisis, without any interference whatever. I had paid up my arrears to Madame, fully intent on quitting the Rue de Buffon next day, which resolution seemed rather satisfactory to the two ladies. Every one else, including Monsieur Colin, expressed unfeigned sorrow, and as to "ce pauvre père Goupil," as my friend the chicken-feeder informed me, he cried whenever he found himself alone.

It was the first really autumnal evening, and though the windows of the salon were open still, and Henriette's white muslin dress simulated summer, every one shivered sympathetically.

Candles were not yet lighted, for Madame practised every possible economy that could be supported on sentimental grounds. Fruit and vegetables were the food of man before sin came, therefore it was proper and poetic to live on apples and potatoes. The summer was too beautiful to let go too easily; therefore it behooved every one to go without fires till near Christmas. Twilight induced dreaminess and spirituality; therefore her unhappy boarders were doomed to two or three hours of inactivity and darkness.

To-night the twilight was unusually deceptive and depressing. The garden lay in deep shadow, unbroken, save when the chestnut boughs tossed like funeral plumes against a cold gray sky. Not a sound broke the stillness, save the murmur of the outlying world of Paris, and the hoarse chant of a blind beggar in the neighboring street.

Henriette sat at the piano and played fitfully, as the fancy seized her. Madame dozed on the sofa, rousing herself now and then to praise her daughter's performance, or to beg her dear Goupil to run and see how Jeannette was getting on with her ironing. Monsieur Colin smoked, nibbled chocolate, and took no notice of any one. The *pensionnaires*, one and all, whispered to each other during the performance of Henriette's loudest passages, and held their peace at other times.

I perhaps enjoyed the most cheerful mood. Whatever exertions I might take on Félicien's behalf, however close the future might bring me to the old sordid life in the Rue de Buffon, I felt already removed from it, and the feeling was refreshing.

I could but regret, however, my poor old friend Monsieur Goupil, and the little chicken-feeder, and the power I should lose of henceforth brightening

their lives. I thought, too, of the shadow among the chestnut-trees, alternately doubting, questioning, believing it.

On a sudden, as if the brain were indeed able to clothe its eidolon with shape and substance, I saw before me all I had just before seen in the eyes of fancy only.

A figure clothed in fantastic drapery of light color moved slowly across the lawn. One hand bore a lamp, and the light of it made clear what else would have been phantasmal; a small head weighed down with golden hair, a lissom form crouched as if in fear; a pale, sweet face; large, wondering eyes; all these were as plain to see as if it had been daylight.

I uttered an exclamation, and started to my feet.

"Look!" I cried; "Madame, Mademoiselle Henriette, look! You at least should not miss this sight."

From that moment I could understand the capability of blind men to interpret the passions and gestures of those around them. It was perfectly dark in the salon, yet I knew instinctively and momentarily all the emotion that Madame displayed, and Henriette suppressed. The former drew back, shrinking and praying; but I could feel the daughter's breath come and go, and all the white, silent terror of her face.

The old ladies almost battled for a place near the gentlemen, and were hiding their faces and crossing themselves in company. The gentlemen called Jeannette to bring lights, and stood still. Monsieur Goupil fell to the ground, prone and speechless. Monsieur Colin's cigar was not even lifted from his mouth. Momentary though it was, every feature of this scene impressed itself so strongly upon my memory as to be recalled without an effort after the lapse of years,—Madame's agony of fear, Henriette's self-imposed calm, the cowardice of the little crowd, my own bewilderment, and the circumstances that recalled us to reality with the charm of magic.

It was the voice and the gesture of Monsieur Colin. He was sitting in the embrasure of the window, and, as I have said, went on smoking during the first shock that had paralyzed us all. A second later, and he leaned a little forward, flung his cigar upon the gravel path with one hand, and with the other held something poised high above his head in the air.

"*Ma foi!*" he said, coolly; "we want no ghost here."

On the heels of his speech came a click, a flash, a report, and then a bullet whizzed straight and swift across the top of the chestnut-grove.

The deed and the manner of it would alone have recalled us to our senses; but we were to be recalled in a more enduring and satisfactory way. A low, plaintive cry issued from the darkness, a cry that sent Monsieur Goupil and the little chicken-feeder across the lawn, crying, "Blanche! Blanche!"—a cry that reduced Madame to shame and Henriette to silence,—a cry that even Monsieur Colin could not hear unmoved.

It was indeed Blanche; but, as her simple father had before said, Blanche, and yet not Blanche. Suffering, cruelty, the deprivation of all she held dear, had gone far to wreck a mind naturally clinging and timid. She was meek and patient and loving; but she could not think or reason or remember.

I removed her at once to an hospital, where she gradually gained mental and bodily health. When she was well enough, I took Félicien to see her, and from that date she recovered.

It was to myself she confided her sad story. Driven from her home, ignorant as to the cause of her lover's silence, fearing the unscrupulous admiration of Monsieur Colin, lacking bread and shelter and love, no wonder body and mind alike broke down. For some weeks, however, she had earned a wretched pittance as a *réveilleuse*, going weary rounds to wake weary sleepers when the great world of Paris was still. Partly from an instinctive love of her old home, partly from the desire of seeing her father, she had ventured to the Rue de Buffon, bearing in her hand the lantern by which she guided herself up fifty staircases when on duty.

The rest of the story is told in few words. Félicien slowly recovered, and, with Blanche, hired modest apartments near the once courtly Place Royale. There, by their joint efforts as playwright and milliner, they maintain themselves and their old father, in peace, if not in plenty. Monsieur Colin found a prettier face, and never married Henriette, after all. The Pension in the Rue de Buffon is still an admirable institution, where ladies and gentlemen are boarded at twenty-five francs a week.

POETS LAUREATE.

In looking down the list of Poets Laureate, from Chaucer to Tennyson, one is at a loss to conceive on what principle of selection they were raised to their office. It is true that some of the earlier amongst them were not known by that precise epithet, but they all held a post as king's versifiers, and received marks of the royal favor. One, like Chaucer at Woodstock, was lodged in a goodly mansion assigned him by the Court, with a comfortable little pension of twenty marks, equalling £240 a year of our money. Another received, with his salary, an annual allowance of ruby wine fresh from the royal cellars; and a third, though he never wore a crown of bay leaves, was chosen, like Skelton, from among the *poetæ laureati* of the "Unyversite of Oxenforde," and called in plain English "laureat poete." Such was the phrase applied by Edward IV. to John Kaye, and by Chaucer to his great contemporary Petrarch, whose crowning in the Capitol at Rome was the talk of all Europe. Princes, nobles, and senators, in the pomp and splendor of mediæval costume, had marched before him; patrician youths arrayed in green and scarlet flung garlands of fragrant flowers on his path; the chief magistrate, one of the Colonna family, seated on a throne with the laurel-crown in his hand, listened to the poet's discourse on Virgil, and then placed on his brows the unfading diadem, of which the very name reminded the wearer of that Laura who had been his inspiration and his theme. To present to the senator a sonnet in praise of Rome, to move in gorgeous procession to the Vatican, and pay homage to its august occupant, and to suspend the laurel-wreath before the shrine of St. Peter, was the natural conclusion of this novel and striking pageant. Two hundred and fifty years later, it would have been repeated in honor of Tasso; but just as he had learned from Clement VIII. that this high distinction was in store for him, he departed hence to receive at other hands a better and brighter crown.

Rome, in those ages, knew which of her sons was worthy of the laurel; and this is precisely what England does not seem to have known till of late. During four centuries it appears to have been purely accidental whether the nation's poet should be a bright genius or a venal scribbler. Chaucer, the

soldier, the ambassador, the romancer, the father of English poetry, was succeeded by Scogan, Kaye, and Barnard, whose names are now almost forgotten. John Skelton, the "royal orator," was better known for his learning than his fancy, and, though a priest, he satirized Wolsey and other over-fed churchmen of his time. Edmund Spenser (informally, indeed, but in a way that seems to have been recognized) took his place, richer with his "verses dipped in dew of Castalie,"—his "Shepherd's Calendar" and "Faery Qucene,"—than with his 3,000 acres out of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond. Lord Chatham's sister used often to say of that "Faery Queene," that it was the only thing her illustrious brother knew accurately. If the lofty and cultivated Daniel had not been made Laureate when Shakespeare was in the zenith of his fame, he would have formed no unworthy link between Spenser and "rare Ben Jonson." Jonson's career as Laureate began in the year Shakespeare died; and it must be granted that "Catiline's Conspiracy" and "Drink to me only with thine Eyes" would alone suffice to vindicate their author's claim to the post he held. But what shall we say of his successor? Did not Sir William Davenant write tragedies that make one laugh and comedies that make one cry? Did he not pen his frivolous masks while Milton composed "Comus," or dictated that immortal epic which, with much difficulty, as Elijah Fenton says, he succeeded in having licensed for the press, and could sell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds? Sir William Davenant fought bravely in the royal cause, and returned from exile at the Restoration to reap his reward, while Milton died before he had received the whole of the paltry price stipulated for "Paradise Lost."

"Glorious John" came next. But Dryden is not such a favorite with us as with Halcro in the "Pirate." We have no sympathy with one who celebrated the praises of Cromwell, Charles II., and James II., by turns, with equal fervor. Of his genius there can be no doubt, and of his obscenity none either. It was far less disgraceful to him to be beaten by the hired ruffians of Lord Rochester, when returning from his coffee-house in Covent-Garden, than to be dismissed from his office of Poet Laureate by William of Orange. He would, no doubt, have written birthday odes in his honor, as readily as for either of his predecessors, and would certainly have produced much better ones than any Laureate who succeeded him during a hundred and twenty years. But his venality deserved retribution, and found it. His £300 a year took wings and fled, and Shadwell, the butt of his satire, the hero of "MacFlecknoe," and the Og of "Absalom and Achitophel," wore the wreath of laurel that had been torn from his brows. Shadwell, Dryden's enemy, was soon succeeded by Nahum Tate, Dryden's friend. But friend and foe were alike unworthy to stand in his place. Tate had written parts of "Absalom and Achitophel," which were evidently inferior to the rest, though revised by the master-hand; and he has been well called one of those jackalls, that hunt with the lions of literature. The poet's crown next fell to Nicholas Rowe. His tragedies are tolerable, if any can be called so which are mere imitations of a classic and unnatural style. As to Eusden, another Laureate in the time of George I., and in the time, he it remarked, of Alexander Pope, his name is now scarcely known. He bequeathed his laurels to Colley Cibber, whose chief qualifications for the task of poet consisted in his

writing *prose* comedies, managing a theatre well, and publishing an amusing account of his own life, with all its bustle and frivolity, stage-anecdotes, and graphic sketches of actors and actresses.

"Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days.
Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
Folly, my son, has still a friend at Court."

Kings, it was said, used to have both a fool and a poet; but Cibber conveniently united the two offices in one.

The honor of the Laureateship was fast declining, and William Whitehead was not likely to retrieve it. Pity that he had not a place in the "Dunciad," where, by the side of Shadwell, he might have "nodded the poppy on his brows"! Thomas Warton just broke the fall of the Laureates, and enriched our literature with a valuable "History of English Poetry"; but the line reached its lowest degradation in Henry J. Pye. He was Laureate while, in the language of Byron, the last hopes of deserted poetry slept with pious Cowper, and not then only, but during the last ten years of Cowper's sad, but poetic life at Olney. Till 1813, he disgraced our century; and the meanest rhymers in a poet's corner could ask with justice,—

"Why should I faint when all with patience hear,
And Laureate Pye sings more than twice a year?"

Sometimes he was called "Spartan Pye," on account of his translation of the Odes of the Spartan Tyrtaeus. They were intended principally to inspire the militia with valor in the event of an invasion, but had no more effect on military minds than the sermon which a clergyman translated from St. Chrysostom, and was surprised to find that the congregation were not struck by its eloquence. The experiment, however, was fairly tried. A board of general officers agreed that the Odes should be read aloud at Warley Common and at Barham Downs by the adjutants at the head of five regiments, each in its camp. Great results were expected; but, before the reading was half over, the front ranks and all the men within verse-shot dropped their arms, and were found fast asleep. Thus Spartan Pye lulled England to repose; and, not content with translating Tyrtaeus, he also rendered into his mother tongue a German tale, which was a sort of "Blue Beard" full of *diablerie Tudesque*, and induced Lady Diana Beauclerc to illustrate the silly words of a silly subject with her elegant pencil.

"The pie began to open; the birds began to sing," has been reversed in the case of this maudlin minstrel. When Henry J. Pye had closed his lips forever, a better race of Laureates succeeded. Southey sang well, Wordsworth better, Tennyson best of all. They have disdained to offer to royalty periodical and fulsome birthday odes. They have addressed the reigning prince when and how they pleased, and not the Sovereign only, but any member of the royal family who seemed to call for a welcome, an epithalamium, or an epitaph. One imperishable "book of song" was dedicated in the sweetest verse to Victoria,—the revered, the beloved,—sixteen years ago, when the throats called through wild March, and "the sun-lit almond blossom" was shaking all about her palace walls at Osborne. The "Idyls of the King" (in a subsequent edition to the first) were inscribed to "the silent father of our kings to be," and the "Welcome to Alexandra" met the daughter of a long line of Danish princes ere she touched our shores. England has now but two great poets, and the Laureate

is one of them. His fame is ever increasing, for he combines the precision of the correct school of Queen Anne with much of the fire and freedom of the Elizabethan poets. We shall have no more Eusdens and Cibbers; the Laureates henceforth will be chosen because Nature's own hand has moulded them for the office; and when Tennyson shall resign his green and stainless wreath, it will, we may be pretty sure, be worn by one more resembling Chaucer and Spenser than either Whitehead or Pye.

UNCLE INGOT.

"If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word." So spoke Mr. Ingot Beardmore, drysalter and common-councilman of the city of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succor about three months after the death of his younger brother Isaac, her husband. There were harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no niggard cruelty. Mrs. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary — Mr. Ingot said "legitimate" — purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's Hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had "finished off" as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner. With the results of that education, as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac, — "allying herself with commerce," some of them called it, — and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it, and perhaps all the more upon that account; for he was one of those radicals who are not "snobs" at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and "blew" like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so eminently expressive, that his opponent rarely pursued the subject.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would have, doubtless, largely assisted her had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done (in youth, he had not time for such follies), and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his

nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin-money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing-machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as ligneous; and his profile Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain nobbly tree in the lime-walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge, — much more like than any silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, "If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not Poverty, at least very urgent Want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot slippers and book-markers for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly-scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that Bacon's emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerical letter, but there was never any enclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner, — avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End, — and sent her a pine-apple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling towards his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for "making up" with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach, that it was not to be easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation had grown to be true; he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old-bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent

with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and "see the old year out and the new year in," in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in these school-days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account: secretly, I think he esteemed him the more highly as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend, — that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington Station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several greatcoats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable, — when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Madam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to *you*, I think, sir," replied the charmer, flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?"

Mr. Beardmore had never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection, that the train was not to stop till he reached his destination, — Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind, — and at this idea Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old — you old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger playfully as the train flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, madam, nothing; I am astonished at you," answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honor," continued the young lady with a peal of silver laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his

wraps, or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "O no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it; "although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge to the police, madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading."

"Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?"

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

"Do you suppose, you poor old dotting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking-glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now, in a manner that is enough to frighten one? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss you will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous."

"What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor, in an agony of shame and rage.

"I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favored, surely it is worth, — what shall I say? — five pounds. What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek." Like a flash of lightning, she suited the action to her words. "There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor's box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of *your* disgraceful conduct to the guard, at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that I kissed you, and not you *me*. What 'roars of laughter' there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!" Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humor was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds, than to be made the laughing-stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind?

In short, Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old dysalerter was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been "done" oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five-pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, "seeing

the old year out, and the new year in," his heart began to thaw under the genial influences of friendship and gin-punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, but without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

"I could really almost forgive the jade," said he, "for having taken me in so cleverly. I dare say, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and lady-like looking a girl as ever you saw."

"Was she anything like *this*?" inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph.

"Why, that's the very girl!" exclaimed the guest. "Ha, ha! Tom; so you, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun!" cried Mr. Beardmore. "Why, she got a five-pound note out of me!"

"But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, 'Yes' or 'No'?"

"If she will give me back my money, 'Yes.'"

"Very well," returned the host; "mind, you asked for her yourself"; and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

"Here she is: it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof."

"Yes, uncle," said the young lady demurely. "Here is your five-pound note: please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word, I know. But what would be better still would be, to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me, — come."

"There go the church-bells!" cried Tom Whaffles, "It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your uncle a kiss, child."

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquered; and between ourselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly-reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

A TASTE FOR GLASS HOUSES.

THE leaders of French society — the stars, literary and artistic, they who set the fashions, or own millions — have a decided taste for dwelling in glass houses. I have more than once sent you some samples of the intrusive quality of the Paris *chroniqueur*. They were samples, it would seem, however, of an art that was in its infancy. They were mere glimpses at the interior of people's houses. We had just a peep at the great man in his slippers, or the notorious lady in her *robe de chambre*; the veil was just lifted, and then quickly dropped. It occurred naturally to English readers, that even these peeps into the privacy of notable people must be

offered to the unwholesome appetite of the public at the cost of great annoyance to the people who were exposed. But the French journalism of the present day proves that such an impression is a false one; people have a taste for glass houses. They expect to have their *salon* and dining-rooms, the dinner they give to their friends, their getting-up and their going to bed, duly set forth in a newspaper. A year or two ago, it was only at intervals that the private life of a known man or woman was served up for public amusement; but now M. de Villemessant appears to have given orders to his staff of writers to set a glass front in the house of every notability in the French capital. A few days since he led one of his writers to the house of Baron James de Rothschild, and having persuaded the Baron to admit his *chroniqueur* into his kitchen, left his scribe with a note-book to follow the Baron's *cordons bleus* and his butler through the departments of the baronial kitchen and wine-cellar. The *chroniqueur*, with his note-book, seems to have amused the kitchen-maids and scullions as he took notes amid the game, the pastry, and the wines; but he did his duty for his master, and came forth with a note even on the Baron's partiality for truffles and pheasants. He was about to pass through the gates into the street, when he was requested to step into the Baron's bureau for a moment; the Baron had reflected, and begged the *chroniqueur*, whom he had thoughtlessly admitted into his kitchen, not to make copy out of his sauces, his larder, and his cellar. The writer says that he bowed profoundly, but made the Baron no answer; and he printed his notes, justifying himself by saying, that, had he asked the Baron on the eve of the issue of the Austrian Loan not to put it on the market, the Baron would not have submitted to the request of a "*plumitif*." Then why should not the "*plumitif*" make copy out of the Baron's kitchen? The Baron is timid and too modest.

M. Jules Vallès serves up M. Paul Féval as a public dish, and provokes no rebuke from this gentleman; his table covered with papers, his children playing on the grass in the garden, his bath-room and billiard-room are the writer's property. We are told that he is threatened with an "innumerable paternity"; for he has already six children, the eldest of which is not more than seven years of age.

From Paul Féval M. Vallès turns to Émile de Girardin's last weekly reception; this gives him an excellent opportunity of painting the late editor of *La Presse* at home, surrounded by journalists. An editor in the lap of luxury is a refreshing picture:—

"There was a great deal of lively conversation, — not broken up into little private discussions, but general. One subject only was discussed, but what that subject was I have no right to mention. I have never seen the editor of the *Presse* surrounded by more sympathy or listened to with more attention. Never, also, did his conversation take a more familiarly eloquent, decided tone. There were present MM. de Fonvielle and Bekmann, of the *Temps*; M. Hector Pessard, of the *Époque*; MM. Cohen and Escudier, of the *France*; M. Ducuing, of the *Opinion Nationale*; M. Ganesco represented *L'Europe* and the *Nain Jaune*; M. Émile Ollivier was expected, but his Achatas only was forthcoming.

"There was but one deputy, M. Eugène Pelletan, who still talked of Proudhon; the puritan maltreated speech as he had already done his pen. Besides the above-named, there were MM. Lebey, Turgan, Yriarte, and many others that I do not know, or that I forget. The whole body of the *Presse* was

there; the contributors eager and animated, surrounding their chief, who was full of fire and *verve*.

"Very few assembled till ten o'clock, so I profited by my earlier arrival to wander about the library, where the lamps above the books lit up the pictures, marbles, and bronzes. Antiquities are not abundant; some of the bronzes are of ancient date, but the greater part appear by their signature to belong to the present day. At the foot of a charming statuette was the following inscription: 'Rapporté d'Athènes par le Prince Napoléon, 1854.' Close at hand is the portrait of the Prince *en robe de chambre*, by Gavarni. There is a characteristic sketch, by Delacroix, of Dante and Virgil, and one by Chasériau, of a woman entering the bath,—a perfect episode of the *Tepidarium*. A painting, by Gigoux, if I remember rightly, represents M. de Girardin as a Roman,—*décolleté*; he looks like a thin Vitellius. Another canvas portrays him in a black coat; elegant and clever. I saw the name of the Princess Mathilde very clearly written in the corner of a water-color painting hanging in the small room which is between the large *salon* and the library.

"This library differs from most others; it is very long and narrow, like a passage, and, as it were, skirts the house; the books are on the shelves, the highest of which is only up to one's breast, so that there is no need to climb steps, or put one's arm out of joint in order to get a particular volume: all are within reach; and in this plan I recognize the simple and practical mind of the master of the house. Another sign is a drawing of a plan for the opening of the Rue de Rivoli, according to the design of M. de Girardin, and bearing date 1832: thirty-four years ago! The proposed plan has not been quite carried out. According to that, the pavement was to be raised, and to be reached by steps and a railing. Amongst the marbles, two superb busts of Madame Émile de Girardin, a statue and a statuette, signed 'Pradier,' are conspicuous.

"The *souvenir* of Rachel is everywhere; a chair has her name engraved on it. In one place is a reduction of the celebrated portrait by Gérôme, also vigorously painted by the same hand. In another is a fine drawing of the great actress; farther on a large painting, in the corner of which I read, 'À mon véritable ami, M. Émile de Girardin.' Then there are the two following letters:—

"PARIS, January, 1858.

"I embrace you this new year. I little thought, my dear friend, in 1858, to be able still to send you my sincere affection.

RACHEL.

"This was written in January. The next runs thus:—

"PARIS, April 21, 1858.

"MONSIEUR.—According to a letter dictated by Mlle. Rachel on the day of her death, she leaves you, as a *souvenir*, a gold pen ornamented with forget-me-nots."

"Poor great artiste!

"The foregoing notes were not taken yesterday: I was unable to do more than glance round at what I had before taken two hours to examine. It was on the occasion of my first visit to M. de Girardin; I had been begged to wait, and I had been forgotten! But I am not at all angry at the forgetfulness; if I am ever anything, it is to M. Girardin I owe it."

"It is evident that M. de Girardin is not displeased that his debtor should pay him in this coin.

But I have reserved my best illustration of the comfort it is, hereabouts, to live in glass houses till the last. In this instance no less an authority than

M. Albéric Second is the writer. He introduces Alexandre Dumas in his kitchen with great ingenuity. It seems that the culinary knowledge and skill of the author of "Monte Christo" had been called in question. Unhandsome detractors had said that M. Dumas could not serve up a dinner that should be worthy the knife and fork of a *gourmet*,—a Monselet. M. Second had been reported as among the great Alexander's detractors; whereupon he writes: "I had often heard that Alexandre Dumas père was as good a cook as author; but in spite of the affirmation of persons who brought forward the proposition, a vague scepticism with regard to it floated in my mind. Criticise the romancer, the chronicler, the dramatic author, and Alexandre Dumas will allow you to say what you please, without taking the trouble to answer; but attempt to criticise the cook, and you will run the risk of being pierced through by his spit. How the author of 'Monte Christo' knew that I had not a blind faith in his culinary talents I am at a loss to imagine; but he evidently wished to prove to me how far I was unjust in the matter of his *ragoûts* and his sauces. 'I expect you to dine with me on Tuesday next at seven,' ran the note I received from him, 'and I warn you that I shall have a hand in all the dishes. You shall judge from experience.' Needless to say, I accepted; but, instead of arriving at seven, I made my appearance at 107 Boulevard Malesherbes as the clock struck six, and I had my reasons for this. If Dumas has told me the truth, said I to myself, I shall take him by surprise in his kitchen; if, on the other hand, I find him in his room, his study, or his *salon*, I shall know what to think of it. I entered one of the sumptuous houses on the Boulevard Malesherbes, mounted a fine staircase, and rang at the door of an *appartement* on the third story. 'M. Alexandre Dumas?' I inquired. 'Yes, Monsieur,' replied a little groom. 'Can I see him?' again I inquired. 'No, Monsieur, he is busy,' was the answer. 'Ah! he is in his study, no doubt,' observed I. 'No, Monsieur,' replied the groom, 'he is in the kitchen.' Guided by a most savory and appetizing odor, I made my way into the ante-chamber, crossed a passage, and penetrated into the temple; here I found Dumas, without coat, collar, or cravat, his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his elbows, agitating a large spoon in a dazzlingly bright stew-pan, while giving his orders at the same time to his cook and kitchen-maid, who executed them with the greatest promptitude and intelligence. 'So it is you!' cried Dumas, on seeing me. 'I suppose you know you are an hour too soon? You are not come to excuse yourself for to-night, I hope.' When one is in the wrong, the best thing is to acknowledge it. I therefore frankly told him, without any beating about the bush, my motive for being beforehand in our rendezvous. Dumas, who is good-nature itself, pardoned me on condition of my going and awaiting his appearance in the *salon*, where the other guests presently dropped in one by one. Our host quickly joined us, and at seven o'clock the groom threw open the door and announced, 'Monsieur is served.' O, dear, great man! whatever has been said,—whatever you may have said yourself touching your culinary science,—you cannot have said enough; and I call the guests of Tuesday to witness. What a success! what a triumph!—a *dîner bourgeois*, such as princes do not taste every day! We set out with a cabbage soup, at which Dumas had labored for two days; then followed fried smelts. To these

succeeded a juggled hare, followed by a *ragoût* of mutton à la Hongroise. Then came roast pheasants, *écrevisses à la Bordelaise*, and a salad of *mâches*, celery and beet-root. I pass over in silence the vegetables, *entremets*, and *rocher de glace* prepared by hiring hands. It may be interesting to observe that the hares and pheasants had been killed a few days before by our host himself, at a hunting party at M. Joubert's. It was difficult, as will be at once seen, to select simpler dishes, but impossible to eat anything better. I watched Alexandre Dumas when the solemn moment of mixing the salad arrived, as I am myself not without pretensions to a certain strength in this department, so essential to every well-organized repast. In presence of the *chefs-d'œuvre*, which I saw seasoned before me, and which I tasted with a sensuality full of emotion and respect, it only remained to me to acknowledge my inferiority. I now confess it publicly. If, according to my advice, Alexandre Dumas would open a *restaurant* near the Champs de Mars during the Exposition of 1887, — a *restaurant*, be it understood, in which he would be the cook, — I will undertake to say that he would realize a million of francs in six months! Our host does not smoke, and in addition detests the odor of tobacco; so that there were no cigars. In spite of this privation, — a greater one than he thinks, — it was necessary to turn us out at one o'clock in the morning. Dumas gossiped on, and we were all but too happy to listen.

Dumas's reputation as a cook is now established, and people do not wonder about it here as they would in London. A few days since a friend of mine, a physician, suddenly invited two relatives, one of them a physician also, home to dinner. The lady of the house was horrified; not a scrap of dinner was prepared. "Never mind," said the Doctor, "we'll cook the dinner"; and he and his non-professional friend repaired to the kitchen, sent for a pheasant, and in due time produced an exquisite dinner, including a *risotto* that was pronounced superb.

CONCERNING LIONS.

LIONS appear to be monogamous. The lioness carries her young five months, and has two or three at a birth. According to Jules Gerard, the cubs begin to attack animals, as sheep and goats, that stray into their neighborhood, as early as from eight to twelve months old. About two years old they are able to strangle a horse or camel, and from this time until maturity (about eight years), he adds, they are truly *ruinous* neighbors. They kill not only to obtain food, but apparently to learn to kill. The age to which lions attain appears doubtful: Pompey, the lion in the Old Tower Menagerie, reached his seventieth year; and fifty years has been sometimes given as the ordinary limit reached by them; but this, most likely, is over the mark. Dr. Livingstone has observed that they appear to suffer from loss of teeth as they advance in years. A great number of these animals would appear to have existed in the earlier ages of man's history, and must have presented an important obstacle to the spread of the human race.

Taking Holy Writ as the earliest record to which we now have access, it is remarkable how often the lion is referred to in a figurative manner by the writers. In the original text, we find various names used to distinguish the lion at different periods of

his existence. Thus (according to Dr. Kitto), we have *gur*, a lion's whelp, as in Jeremiah li. 38 and Ezekiel xix.; *chephir*, a young lion just leaving his parents, the most destructive period of his existence, see Psalm xci. and Ezekiel xix. 3 and 6; *ari*, a young lion having just paired, as in 2 Samuel xvii. 10 and Numbers xxiii. 24; *sachel*, a mature lion, as in Job iv. 10, Hosea v. 14, and Proverbs xxvi. 13; and *laish*, a fierce or black lion, as in Job iv. 10 and Proverbs xxx. 30. Regarding the last expression we may remark, that black lions — that is, those with a blackish muzzle, and black tips to the hairs of the mane — are to this day accounted the most formidable both in North and South Africa.

Lions appear to have been the object of special worship at Leontopolis in ancient Egypt; and in one of the Egyptian bass-reliefs, to which Sir G. Wilkinson assigns an antiquity of three thousand years, some Egyptians are represented hunting with tame lions, much in the style chetahs are used to this day in the Deccan.* If not one of the animals universally regarded as sacred in ancient Egypt, the lion still seems to have been a universal favorite, for in every possible form of ornament we find the head and claws reproduced in water-spouts, chair-legs, and sword-handles.

M. Gerard has remarked that, in North Africa (besides a considerable destruction of human life) the damage done by carrying off and killing cattle cannot be estimated at a lower figure than three hundred pounds per annum for each lion.

Lions appear to attack game by seizing the flank near the hind leg, or the throat below the jaw, — points which instinct seems quickly to teach dogs of all kinds to assail, when in pursuit of the larger animals. Dr. Livingstone, while bearing witness to the enormous strength of the lion, truly wonderful when compared with his size, remarks, however, that all the feats of strength, such as carrying off cattle, that have come under his observation, had been performed by dragging or trailing the carcass along the ground. The tales of lions never devouring game save when killed by themselves, are unfounded. We have ourselves seen a family of lions (they often hunt in families) in the Transvaal territory quarrelling, like a pack of hungry hounds, over the putrid carcass of a horse, which had died of Paardsikté (pleuroneumonia) a few days previously, while the plains around were teeming with those countless herds of migrating game (antelopes and quaggas) of the numbers of which it is so difficult to convey an idea to the fireside traveller.

A point where imagination has wrought wonders is in the matter of the lion's voice. This fancy has been also demolished by Dr. Livingstone. "To talk of the majestic voice of the lion," he writes, "is merely so much majestic twaddle. I have never found any one who could fairly distinguish between the roar of the lion and that of the ostrich, although the former appears to proceed more from the chest. To this day," he adds, "I am unable to distinguish one from the other, except by knowing that the former roars by night, and the latter by day only."

Jules Gerard is, however, more enthusiastic in his appreciation of the vocal powers of his favorites. He remarks, that the sound of a lion's voice a league

* The ancient Egyptians seem to have been very successful in utilizing the *Felina* generally. In several bass-reliefs, fowlers are represented accompanied by cats in place of dogs, and in one, an animal, apparently of that kind, is depicted in the act of *retrieving*. A tame lion may often be still met with in Cairo, though lions in a state of nature are not found nearer, we believe, than Abyssinia in the present day.

off appears to an inexperienced observer as if close at hand; and that he has frequently tracked lions at a distance of three leagues (nine miles) by the sound of their voices; he also testifies to a certain musical grandeur in the sound.

Naturalists have generally considered the Asiatic lion as a distinct species from the African, but this appears by no means well decided. There are several varieties of the African lion. The Arabs in North Africa distinguish three,—the yellow, the gray, and the black; and M. Gerard states, that while individuals of the two former varieties have been known to roam over immense tracts of country, specimens of the black-maned lion have been found to inhabit one spot for over thirty years. Mr. Gordon Cumming, on the other hand, whose opportunities of observing these animals were only second to those of Jules Gerard, states that he is satisfied that the two varieties of South African lion (the *Vaal*, or yellow, and the *Blauw* or *Zwaart*, or black) are one and the same species at different ages; that their manes *invariably* become darker as they increase in years; and that the thickness of the coat, and the luxuriance of the mane, appear to depend on the nature of the cover frequented by the animals, being always greater where there is least shelter.

POOR SOLDIERING.

BESIDES my son George, who joined the navy, I have a son who has entered the army. Nothing would serve him but that I should purchase a commission for him in a line regiment. At first he wanted me to get him into a cavalry regiment; but this I objected to, on the score of expense. So he had to put up with an infantry corps, very much to his disgust.

I did not find it as difficult to obtain a commission in the army as a nomination for the navy, but the expense of the former is at least fifty times that of the latter. No sooner had I obtained from the Horse Guards the official intimation that, provided he could pass the requisite examination before the commissioners, my son would be appointed to an ensigncy in the 110th Foot, than I was inundated with letters from gentlemen offering their services as what are vulgarly called "Crammers." How they got hold of my address, or how they knew that I had a son who was about to enter the army, is to this day a marvel to me. But they did so somehow, and they regularly hunted me down at last.

From the time I received the conditional nomination for my son to the day he would have to appear before the examiners at Chelsea a period of about three months would elapse, and in this interval my boy would have to prepare himself for an examination on special subjects to which he had hitherto hardly turned his attention. But there was another condition with respect to his nomination. It was, that if he succeeded in passing the commissioners, I should be prepared to pay the sum of four hundred and fifty pounds for his ensigncy.

By the advice of a military friend, I selected from among the many candidates for my patronage a gentleman who was briefly described to me as "an awfully good crammer," who had "pulled through" more dunderhead candidates for commissions than any other man in the same line of business. Not that my son was either a fool, or wanting in what I considered to be a good grounding for a military education. He could speak both German and

French very fairly, and could even write the latter language well. Of general history, mathematics, arithmetic in the higher branches, he had a knowledge above the average of lads of his age.

What he required—in my humble opinion at least—to qualify him for the army, was a year or two's training in some military college or establishment, where he would be taught the discipline of the service, and gradually learn his future duties, in much the same way as his brother was taught his professional work on board the *Britannia* at Dartmouth. But when I mentioned to the "awfully good crammer" these my views on the subject of military education, he almost laughed in my face. It was very well, he said, for the officers of foreign armies to be so brought up, but it would never answer in the English service. "We want gentlemen, my dear sir, in the English army," he would repeat every five minutes: "and not mere military prigs like those in the French, Prussian, Austrian, and other Continental services. If all your young officers were obliged to go to military colleges, as you propose, what would become of the principle of free competition in education? What of the numerous private schools which covered the land?" I thought that if our government undertook the education of the candidates for military commissions, as she does those who want to enter her navy, it would be a somewhat difficult problem to solve, what would become of the many "awfully good crammers" who make their living by preparing young men for the "direct commissions" examination, in much the same way as turkeys are prepared for the Christmas market? However, I said nothing; but feeling that my son's prospects were in a great measure depending upon this gentleman, I agreed to engage him, and did so upon terms which could hardly be termed exorbitant.

The lad had to attend at the residence of the "awfully good crammer" three days a week, for three hours each day, and on the intervening days he had to study at home the lessons set him. Although it seemed quite certain that the tutor would be able to coach him through, yet the system of preparation astonished me. All that the boy had previously learned appeared of no use whatever to him. The great object of the training seemed to be to prepare him, so to speak, for certain educational feats, by which he would be able to answer questions which, although not exactly known beforehand, were certain to run in well-worn grooves. Every two or three days I examined the lad as to what he had learned and how he was getting on, and I became more and more convinced that, without the special cramming which he was undergoing, he never could have passed the examination ordeal.

Under the "awfully good crammer," several other young men were being "coached" for the same examination as my son. Some of these had profited more than he had, others less, by their previous education. But one and all felt the same difficulty in making any use of former teaching for present purposes. Some few of these youths, it is true, had up-hill work before them, their notions about spelling being original. To teach these would-be soldiers the rudiments of writing from dictation, or to make them commit to paper anything better than a mass of blunders, seemed impossible. But it must be allowed that these gentlemen were an exception to the rule, and that the great majority of the tutor's pupils got on pretty well.

At last the day arrived, and with at least a couple of hundred candidates my son went up before the

commissioners. The examinations were very fairly conducted; of all the young men examined, about half were, after four or five days' trial, declared to have passed: my son taking a place about half-way down the successful list. When I came to calculate the expenses of a residence in London in order to be near his tutor, and the fee I had to pay the latter, I found a very large hole made in a check for fifty pounds. And there was yet to follow the price of his commission and the cost of his outfit.

The latter did not turn out quite as expensive as I had calculated upon; but it cost not a shilling under a hundred and fifty pounds, although ordered with the greatest care. When to this sum was added the four hundred and fifty pounds which I had to pay for the commission, and the fifty pounds which his tutor and the residence in London had cost me, I found that I had spent a matter of six hundred and fifty pounds before the lad could join his regiment, — and that, notwithstanding he had been gazetted to a line regiment, supposed, with reason, to be the most economical branch of the service.

The 110th Foot was quartered in the north of England, and when my son proceeded to join, I accompanied him. No sooner did the lad begin to learn his regimental duties, than it struck me, as it did him, that all he had been examined in before the commissioners at Chelsea was utterly useless. He had no knowledge whatever of his drill, and, although a commissioned officer, had to be taught the rudiments of professional acquirements in the same squad as the private recruits: his teachers being drill corporals and sergeants. This is an anomaly. I should like to see ensigns joining their regiments with sufficient knowledge of their work to enable them to command the men put under their charge.

Life in the army is not for the poor man: at any rate, not in a corps stationed in England. Although my son was by no means an extravagant lad, and although his regiment was not an expensive one, I found it impossible for him to pay his way, and keep out of debt, without an allowance of at least two hundred pounds a year. Six hundred and fifty pounds to start a young man, and an allowance of two hundred pounds a year, is by no means what every one can afford. But, as I found out later, the most expensive part of a military man's career had yet to be paid for.

When my son had been about two years in the service, an opportunity occurred for him to purchase his next step, a lieutenantancy. Thinking that the sum laid down in the "Queen's Regulations for the Army" was what I should have to provide for this promotion, I prepared the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, making in all seven hundred pounds, which I should have paid for his commission as lieutenant.

But I discovered that I had reckoned without my host. It appeared that, although, according to the "Mutiny Act" and the "Regulations of the Army," any officer who paid more than the regulation prices was guilty of a direct breach of orders, yet the custom of the regiment (and of every regiment in the army, for that matter) obliged those who were promoted to pay nearly double the stated amount for every step. When my son obtained his promotion, the cause of the move upward was a captain who wanted to retire. The "regulation" price of this officer's commission was one thousand eight hundred pounds; but as he had, in years gone by, paid two thousand six hundred pounds for his cap-

taincy, he expected to receive a like sum when he retired. Of what was "above regulation," namely, eight hundred pounds, the lieutenant who was made a captain contributed six hundred pounds, and my son had to pay two hundred pounds.

More than once, while he was quartered in England, and also when he was in Ireland, I paid him a visit. I was exceedingly well received by the officers of the regiment, and during each sojourn dined every evening at mess. What surprised me more than anything was, not only the very idle life which the officers were in a measure forced to live, from the fact of their having hardly any employment, but also the very slight amount of education required in order to pass the requisite examinations of ensign to lieutenant, and lieutenant to captain.

It is true that these examinations were very much more professional than the one which was passed before a young man could enter the service: still, they were so very superficial that any school-boy of fifteen could have got the amount of knowledge required with a fortnight's preparation. Beyond the rank of captain there is no examination required. An officer has only to behave himself, keep clear of scrapes, pay for his commissions, and wait for his turn at promotion. In due time he must become a major, and afterwards, as lieutenant-colonel, command a regiment; if he choose to "hang on," as it is termed, in the service, there is no power or law that can prevent his getting to the top of the tree in course of regimental promotion, except the want of money.

When my son became first for purchase of a company in his regiment, he was considered very fortunate indeed, as he had only been five years in the service. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment offered to sell out, and his doing so would at once have promoted my son to the rank of captain. But the sum demanded "above regulation" was so very large, that my son's share amounted to no less than a thousand pounds. At first I demurred, and even refused. For this sum, added to the eighteen hundred pounds "regulation" price, would make a total of two thousand eight hundred pounds to pay before he could become a captain, and which, in justice to my other children, I did not like to expend upon one single member of my family. But my son explained to me that it was imperative upon him either to pay this sum or withdraw his name altogether from the list of purchasers, under pain of being "sent to Coventry" for "stopping the promotion," as it is called, of the regiment. What is meant by "stopping the promotion," I was told, is when an officer will either pay nothing beyond regulation, or will not pay enough to satisfy the officer who wishes to sell out, and thus, by retaining his name on the purchase list, prevents others from going over his head. When this is done, the individual who wants to sell out, generally — almost invariably — exchanges into some other corps, in which the officers for purchase are able and willing to pay the sum he demands, and thus the step is lost to his former corps. The correct thing to do — according to modern English military etiquette — is, when an officer has not enough money to pay the sum demanded for a step in his corps, to withdraw his name from the list of purchasers, and let the next man who is rich enough take his place. Thus promotion has, in fact, become a mere matter of barter, and is only to be acquired by those who can afford to pay, not merely such sums as are sanctioned by the Regulations, but also those ex-

tra amounts which may justly be termed fancy prices.

My son found that even as a captain he could not get on without the allowance of two hundred a year which I had made him since he entered the army. He was not so expensive in his habits as many of his brother-officers. But what with the expenses of going on foreign service when his regiment was ordered abroad, the enormous amount of money absorbed by his being moved about from station to station when he was in England, and the occasional loss or destruction of baggage, to which soldiers are liable all over the world, he found his two hundred pounds per annum insufficient for his actual wants. Had he exchanged into a regiment in, or going to, India, he would have received from the officer exchanging with him a sum of money varying from two to five hundred pounds, and his pay in that country would have been quite sufficient for all his purposes. But although ready to proceed to the East, if ordered there, he did not wish to volunteer for so long an exile from home as every corps sent there has to endure, nor did I wish to make him abandon the regiment to which he was greatly attached, and oblige him to serve in a climate which must prove always more or less injurious, with a new corps, for which he could not be expected to care as much as for that in which he had begun soldiering. Not that much home service fell to the lot of himself or his comrades. The regiment was ordered out to Malta, between which garrison, the different Ionian Isles, and Gibraltar they passed nearly four years.

From the latter place they were sent to Bermuda, and after a sojourn of two years in that island, went on to Canada, where they remained four years; making, in all, ten years' foreign service, during which time the corps had to change its quarters fourteen times. The regiment was then ordered home, at the time when the mania for dosing our troops with a plentiful supply of Aldershot had come into fashion. To Aldershot the corps was sent on its return from Canada, and there it was kept hard at work drilling for a whole year. When its twelvemonth was over, the 110th was sent to the north of England, and there broken up into four or five parties at different stations. A few months later, it was again united, and ordered to Dublin, whence, after being in garrison for six months, it was once more scattered through various towns in the south of Ireland; and although it changed quarters five times during the next two years, it was not brought together until ordered to prepare for embarkation to the Cape. At the Cape the regiment remained three years, and thence it was ordered to the Mauritius, where it was stationed for another three years. By that time my son had been nearly twenty years in the service, had been promoted from captain to major, at a cost altogether of four thousand five hundred pounds, and was looking out for his next step of lieutenant-colonel; for the commanding officer had given out that if a certain sum of money could be made up by those able to purchase, he was willing to send in his papers, and sell out. My son was not the senior major of the regiment, but the officer of that rank who stood before him on the list could not pay beyond the regulation sum for the step. He therefore withdrew his name from the purchase list altogether, and allowed my son, who was ten years his junior in the army, and fifteen years younger than he in years, to pass over his head, and become his commanding officer.

This last promotion was a very serious expense to me. My son's lieutenant-colonelcy cost six thousand two hundred pounds from first to last; and yet, in order to let him live properly and pay his way as he went along, I had still to allow him two hundred a year besides his pay. The regiment by this time had been sent to Australia, where it was to finish its tour of foreign service before returning home again. In due time their turn came, but not before my son, owing to severe indisposition, wished either to retire on half-pay or sell out. Here he met with the difficulty mentioned. Having paid six thousand two hundred pounds for his various steps, he asked the same amount from the major who would obtain promotion if he retired. This, however, he could not obtain. The major who was now first for purchase, together with the captain who was to succeed to the vacant majority, the lieutenant who would get the vacant company, and the ensign who would get the lieutenantancy, could not make up, among them all, more than five thousand five hundred pounds. My son gave them some little time to decide, but, finding that the money was not forthcoming, he negotiated an exchange into another regiment, in which he knew he could get the required sum whenever he wanted to retire from the service. His commission was his own, he had paid highly for it, and why should he not make the most of his property?

Although my son recovered his health, and did not immediately sell out of the army, he — like the great majority of commanding officers — could not afford to wait for his rank of major-general. Had he done so, all the money he had paid for his commissions would have been forfeited, and the loss of more than six thousand pounds was much more than my fortune would allow me to sustain. Knowing this, my son sent in his papers, and retired at the very time when, by his knowledge of the service, and his experience in charge of a regiment, he was eminently fitted for a higher command. For, just as the best rectors are those clergymen who have had long experience as curates, and just as the best bishops are those who have done much duty as parish priests, so no military man can be an efficient major-general who has not had experience as commanding officer of a regiment. And yet, with our present system, these are the very men who are excluded from the promotion, unless they are wealthy enough not to care for the sinking of five or six thousand pounds!

My son had entered the army at seventeen years of age, and he retired from it after a service of twenty-five years. He was forty-two years of age when obliged, so to speak, to adopt a life of idleness, being too old to take to any other calling. Had he remained a few years longer in the army, he would have been so near his promotion to the rank of major-general, that the officers to be promoted by his selling out would not have given him as much as he asked, and would have insisted on making their own terms with him. Retiring as he did, some years before his turn for promotion could come round, his step was all the more valuable to his successors; and therefore he got from them the price he had given for his rank, which was all that he asked.

I often think how different the career of my two sons: the one in the army, the other who has lately entered the navy. The former, although a good officer, always ready for his work, and very fond of his profession, could not get on without money. At

every turn, money was required for this step, that promotion, or the other rank. Money, bargaining, and marketing formed the only means by which he got to the top of the regimental tree, and yet it was because he had not money enough at command that he was obliged to sell out while yet comparatively a young man. On the other hand, if my son in the navy behave well,—if he become proficient in what is required of him,—he is certain to get on. Nay, more: the better he behaves, and the more he distinguishes himself, the more certain he is to advance in the service. Why should the army and the navy of the same country be conducted on such totally opposite principles? Why should the one system be a national honor to us, while—let us pretend to put it aside as we may—the other is a national disgrace?

FOREIGN NOTES.

WE gather from *Ueber Land und Meer*, an illustrated weekly published at Stuttgart, some interesting items of literary and other significance.

RECENT explorations at Pompeii have brought to light, near the temple of Juno, a house replete with ivory, bronze, and marble works of art. The benches of the *triclinium* are particularly beautiful, their seats presenting remarkable specimens of mosaic, a peacock with expanded tail being prominent among the many birds delineated. The walls of this apartment are ornamented with frescoes of fruits, flowers, fishes, and various kinds of edibles. The table is of wood inlaid with gold, marble, agate, and *lapis-lazuli*; and on it still stood some jars and cups of onyx.

A COMMITTEE of Marbach, the birthplace of Schiller, have issued a call to the German people for help in completing suitable memorials of the poet.

A RECENT *Life and Correspondence* of the royal historiographer *Von Herder*, published at Vienna, shows the proverbial German industry of the man. Twelve thousand of his letters are preserved; they cover the interval from 1805 to 1865, and contain many reminiscences of Johannes v. Müller (the historian), Montalembert, Prince Metternich, Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., Schlosser, Overbeck, and others.

FRILIGRATH's anthology, "The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock, a Selection of English Poetry, chiefly Modern," one of the best introductions that the Germans possess to British poetry, still continues as popular with them as when first issued some years ago. It has just passed to a third edition.

SOME figures as regards the circulation of the Paris journals are given thus: The *Petit-Journal* has 260,000 subscribers; the lesser *Moniteur*, 130,000; *L'Événement*, scarcely four months old as yet, has already 50,000; the *Journal pour Tous* has more than a hundred thousand readers; *Le Monde Illustré* as many; and many of the other ventures, like *Voleur*, *Passe-Temps*, *Ruche Parisienne*, have all the way from 20,000 to 60,000.

OWING to the success of the "Goethe Gallery," the publisher, Bruckmann, is about to begin a "Schiller Gallery," in which, beside Kaulbach, several of the younger artists are to share,—such as Karl Jäger of Nuremberg, Theodore Pixis and A. Müller of Munich. Kaulbach's cartoons, illustrating Schiller's "Tell," ordered by the King of Ba-

varia, are now reported finished, and receiving great commendation.

THE famous publishing house of Cotta of Stuttgart have issued a card, replying to the assumptions of one Payne, who has dated a circular at Leipzig, in which he says that the copyright upon Schiller's works expires at the end of 1866, when he intends to issue a complete edition of the works in a single volume, price one thaler. They tell him that any such issue before the 9th November, 1867, will be piracy, to be dealt with accordingly; and appeal to the German people to sustain them as the publishers, chosen by Schiller's representatives, for their behoof. They profess to have paid the poet's heirs several hundred thousand gulden since his death, and say they shall continue paying in the usual ratio till 1868.

A TABLE of German publications for the year 1865 shows this result. In theology, 1,411 books; belles-lettres, 935; jurisprudence, 870; education, 696; history, 651; natural history, 517; medicine, 491; classics, 402; art, 385; mechanics, 359, &c.

THERE has been lately begun in Italy a novelty for that country, in the shape of a first-class illustrated paper, issued at Milan, under the title of *Tesoro delle Famiglie*.

KAULBACH's paintings on the walls of the new museum at Berlin are now completed,—six large pictures, with many accompanying ornaments, arabesques, &c. They represent the progress of human culture, and a German paper speaks of the multitudes standing wonderstruck before these works of a master.

THE literary remains of the late Friedrich Rückert, which have fallen by will to his son Heinrich, Professor of the German Language in the University at Leipzig, will be edited by that gentleman. It is understood that there is little of poetry among them; but the manuscript of chief value is one pertaining to a history of language, which Rückert had in his last year been diligently at work upon. The people of Neuses (near Coburg), where Rückert died, are arranging to erect a monument to his memory, which is to stand near his last dwelling, and not far from the monument, now existing, to Moritz August von Thümmel.

THE German translators have, first and last, taken in hand almost every book of any moment in English; but among the few neglected ones has been Swift's "Letters to Stella," which now have found a translator in Fräulein von Glümer of Dresden.

PARIS is said to contain 11,314 cafés and similar places of refreshment; and it is reckoned there are not less than 27,711 billiard-tables within its bounds, not including those in clubs and private houses, numbering some 3,127. Each public table is thought to bring its owner on a daily average about 10 francs,—a daily outlay throughout the city of 277,110 francs.

A WONDERFUL cashmere shawl, now in Calcutta, will be among the sights of the Great Exhibition at Paris next year. It is worked in arabesques of unheard-of fineness on a red ground, and was ten years in the workman's frame. It was originally ordered for the Queen of Audh, not long before the Sepoy revolt.

Le Monde Illustré finds the relative popularity of the new opera by comparing it with its predecessors,

as regards the time required by each to reach its one hundredth representation in the French capital. It is stated in *L'Événement* that only 28 operas have reached a hundredth performance since 1797. Meyerbeer's have obtained that goal in the following order:—

L'Africaine	in	10 months, 9 days.
Le Prophète	" 2 years,	3 "
Robert le Diable	" 2 "	5 "
Les Huguenots	" 3 "	5 "

The seven-hundredth performance of the *Domino noir* was recently given at the Opéra Comique, which shows a pretty constant success for twenty-nine years, this favorite piece having been that time before the public.

THE Frithiof's Saga of Bishop Tegner (whom Longfellow has made familiar to English readers) grew out of a poem of Oehlenschläger's, that has long remained sealed up to most scholars in the Danish tongue. It has taken one step towards acquaintance with the world at large in being recently translated by Gottfried von Leinburg, who has rendered the "Helge" into his vernacular. Tegner's poem already existed in fifteen different versions in the German; but this other was never before so honored.

It may not be generally known, says the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, that the famous statue of Pompey, at whose feet Julius Cæsar died, is now in the possession of the Marquis of Hartford, whose father paid 125,000 francs for it.

A LITTLE picture of Albrecht Dürer's, a crucifixion of the year 1500, of about four by eight inches in size, has recently been added to the Royal Gallery at Dresden, at an expense of three thousand thalers.

THERE are seventy periodicals in the Slavic tongue, of which forty-six are published in Bohemia and five in North America.

It appears from Albert Cohn's "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," that probably as early as 1603 a German "Hamlet," in Shakespeare's first copy, was on their stage, and it was rendered quite certain that "The Merchant of Venice" was played at Halle in 1611. It is now asserted, that not only "Hamlet," but also "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," and "Lear" were played at Dresden in 1626, and a little later, "The Taming of the Shrew," as appears from a list of Dramatic Exhibitions, preserved in the State Archives of Saxony. Not only from this list, but from other sources, it is ascertained that translations of the old English plays almost monopolized the attention of the play-goers at the German theatres during the first thirty years or more of that century.

THE masterpieces in the gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, which have heretofore been little known, are now likely to become widely recognized, as the royal permission has been granted to a German photographer to take negatives of them.

A WRITER in *Once a Week* relates the following anecdote:—

"Well," said my father, wagging his leg, as was his wont, his left arm over the back of his chair, a glass of old Port in his dexter hand, and looking steadfastly with a smile into the glowing Christmas fire, as though he conjured up in it the scene of the bygone occurrence,—"yes, I had two interviews

with King William; and they came about in this way.

"It was the early part of the summer of 183-, and I was riding down Piccadilly on my favorite mare, Jenny,

Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis,"

(my father was great in Horace, and always quoted him upon occasions), "so that I did not observe, until too late, another gentleman, well-mounted, riding on the wrong side of the road, meeting me. Before we could either of us stop our horses we came together with a rather sharp crash, our knees suffering smartly from the concussion.

"Of course we both immediately reined up; and the stranger, raising his hat, said, with a frank and courteous smile, 'It was entirely my fault, sir. I was on the wrong side of the road. I beg your pardon; I hope you are not hurt.' I returned his courtesy immediately; and, with mutual bows, after a few more pleasant words on either side, we separated, and passed on our several ways. As I rode on, however, I began to puzzle myself about my new acquaintance. During our short colloquy I had had time to observe his features, and was struck by the fact that they were not unfamiliar to me. I was sure I had seen that face before, but I could not for the moment call to mind whose it was, or where I had seen it. It was a most pleasant, open countenance of a man perhaps about sixty years of age, somewhat rubicund, as if with exposure to the weather; with white hair, and a most genial and expressive smile. Who was he? Where had I seen him before? I could not remember.

"Just then, however, a groom rode up, evidently in attendance upon the gentleman from whom I had just parted. As he passed me, the man raised his hat respectfully. 'Like master, like man,' I thought to myself. 'The groom follows his master's example of courtesy.' A sudden idea, however, just at that moment passed through my mind. I turned,—and observed the livery of the groom. It was the royal blue and scarlet, with a cockade in the hat. Strange that I had not recognized the stranger before. It was the King! Billy the Fourth, as we used to call him at sea. I could only hope his most gracious Majesty's leg did not smart as much as mine did after that rather rough meeting."

My father filled and drank off another glass of the '24; and went on wagging his leg, and tracing the picture in the fire as before.

"Curious," said I; "and did you ever hear anything more of the matter?"

"Not exactly," said my father. "Help yourself, and pass the decanter. But I *did* meet his Majesty again, as I said before; and, curiously enough, not under altogether very dissimilar circumstances. I was riding Jenny again a few days afterwards in Hyde Park. Near Grosvenor Gate she began to get very restive, and obstinately refused to keep her side of the drive. While endeavoring to quiet her temper, and induce her to go steadily on, two of the royal out-riders came up with me; and, looking round, I observed the royal carriage itself approaching. The King, with Queen Adelaide, was in the carriage, which was a close one; but, as it passed me, his Majesty looked out of the window, and, instantly recognizing me, waved his hand with his old pleasant smile, saying, 'Aha! my friend: what, in difficulties again? Good day, good day!' Help yourself, my boy, and pass the decanter," added my father.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866.

[No. 17.]

PRÉVOST PARADOL.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY, from *Le Soleil*.]

As the daily and weekly newspapers have recently been full of accounts of the reception of this gentleman as a member of the French Academy, we have thought his biography would at this time be particularly interesting.

The mother of Mons. Prévost Paradol was Mme. Paradol, one of the most beautiful tragic actresses of the French Comedy. Old frequenters of the theatre still remember her, and instance with commendations her acting in the higher parts of the drama. His father was a major in the imperial army, who was put on half-pay in 1815, he then being thirty years old. He had no income but his paltry half-pay. Mme. Paradol had her own opinions upon the subject of education. She insisted the first thing her son should learn should be a modern foreign language. She managed, not without great effort, to secure his admission to a boarding-school where only English children were received. Of a truth, mothers have happy inspirations! Who can measure the influence which this early knowledge of the English language has exerted on the tastes, ideas, and the fortunes of Prévost Paradol?

When he reached the age to begin the study of Greek and Latin, he was sent to Mons. Bellaguet's school. The pupils of this school are obliged to attend the lectures delivered at Bourbon College (which is now known as Lycée Bonaparte). Prévost Paradol had just lost his mother, and was kept by Mons. Bellaguet out of a sort of charity, which is not rare among some boarding-school masters of Paris. He did not enjoy among his schoolfellows that consideration paid within college walls, as well as in society, to wealthy children or to pupils distinguished by the possession of the first places in the classes. He shrank into a sort of haughty misanthropy.

He has related, under the veil of a transparent fiction, this period of time, which was the saddest epoch of his child-life. The passage is so curious, it throws so much light on Prévost Paradol's character, I cannot resist the desire of quoting a few lines of it. I extract them from a discourse on education which won a second prize from the Academy of moral and political sciences:—

"Repelled from the classes' routine of labor by the aridity of the subjects, by the wretched methods, and by the necessity of mechanical application which no attraction made easy, I was at the same time diverted from the commerce and games of my companions by an increasing misanthropy, and, above

all, by the unjust severity of my judgments. An exaggerated idea of liberty and law, inspired by my very isolation, led me to consider the empire of some scholars over others as a crime, and the slightest violation of equality as the inevitable and natural privilege of cunning.

"Aided by a friend, who was in a position not unlike mine, I surrounded myself with a sort of rampart, and assured myself a solitary independence. I refused to see around me anything but tyrants, flatterers, and subjects. The stubbornness of my resistance and the harshness of my criticisms daily increased. A book, in which our masters made us read nothing but words, inflamed me with its ideas, agreed wonderfully with my rising passions, ennobled them in my eyes, and gave to them the dignity of virtue. I have often read since that day the in-offensive collection entitled *Selectæ e Profanis Scripturibus Historiæ*, without being able to comprehend it should have had on my childish mind an action whose duration and strength I cannot forget.

"The heroic examples of resistance to oppression, of contempt for injustice, of a proud independence of the soul amid the wretchedness of the body, seemed to me to challenge imitation. They gave to my conduct a new character of perseverance and pride. The pomp of my stoicism, the disproportion which existed between my misanthropy and its causes, between my invectives and their object, could not escape ridicule, which has retained within college walls that mortal power it seems to have lost in society. Nevertheless I bore this ridicule, I was vain of the merited nicknames which were applied to me, and my isolation increased with my pride.

"As the studies forced on me continued irksome, I kept on the defensive in this direction likewise, and saw, in my commerce with my masters, nothing but a portion of my trials. Therefore I performed my daily tasks as an unjust tribute levied on my peace and quiet, and I diminished their weight as much as I could. Punishment was in my sight nothing but a temporary increase of this periodical burden, and in my leisure moments I would write in advance some *pensums* for my days of misfortune. But education and my masters occupied little place in my life: I gave myself up entirely to my thoughts and passions."

Re-read carefully this interesting chapter of autobiography. You may discover, even so early, in this impassioned and haughty child, frenzied for equality, and capable of vehement anger towards the oppressor, all the leading traits which afterwards characterized the man and the writer.

English again withdrew him from this savage-like

isolation. The teaching of foreign languages had just then been organized on the broadest bases in the colleges. Young Prévost Paradol naturally joined the English class, and he was easily the first scholar in it. The English professor was an excellent and acute man, who discovered particular talents in his pupil, and became attached to him. He is well known in university circles by his school-books; among them is an English and French Dictionary. I mean Mr. Fleming.

We all of us find, when we glance backwards over our school life, some professor's name which raises agreeable souvenirs in our breast. "I was he who first cleared our mind, opened the road of life to us, and gave us confidence in ourselves. We date from him our accession to intellectual and moral life. Mr. Fleming was Prévost Paradol's Providence.

He lent Prévost Paradol books which the college inspector dared not seize. The young pupil devoured Swift's works, and was in course of time so familiar with them as to know them almost by heart. At the same time more liberty was allowed him; he was teased less. He took up the works of our great writers and read them with that furious avidity which belongs to youth. He read Jean Jacques Rousseau with delight, and in this way, against college laws, and despite professors, gave himself a course of instruction which was to prove very useful to him later in life.

He transferred to the regular tasks of college something of that activity which he expended on unlawful studies. As he rose into higher classes he obtained better places. When he reached the second class he was sent, for the first time, to the general examination of all the colleges of Paris. The subject was Latin composition. He obtained the eighth prize.

When he reached the Rhetoric class he found Hippolyte Taine, the author of "English Literature," and other well-known works. Taine was going through this class a second time (adopting the excellent habit which was then commonly practised by the best pupils); Prévost Paradol and Taine formed an intimate friendship. Taine, whose philosophical vocation was already quite evident, had a sort of adoration for Spinoza. Prévost Paradol began to worship the same philosopher. He at the same time read History with great relish. He read Tacitus; and the frightful pictures which the Roman historian drew of despotism threw him into those transports of indignation which youth alone feels.

He began to work seriously and with passion. His rank in classes which required especial knowledge was always bad; but he was from the outset at the head of the class of French composition, and he retained it to the last. At the general examination of all the colleges of Paris he obtained the first prize in this class and in the class of history.

He had in philosophy the extra prize, which is the prize of French dissertation. He had argued all the year with his professor, Mons. Barni, the eminent translator of Kant. He urged Spinoza's views. Professors in those days were not as restricted as they are now in teaching speculative philosophy. The professors took delight in the wakening of young minds, and, far from constraining them under harsh discipline, they favored their boldness with indulgent complaisance.

The professors did not limit their labors to teaching a catechism, to commenting a *Credo*. They were inquisitive to discover the objections their lectures raised, even when they found it no easy

task to reply to them. It must, 'tis true, be confessed this method was attended with terrible inconveniences: young men learned to think for themselves; and all the world knows that is a most dangerous thing in a well-governed state.

The question proposed to the pupils for the subject of their philosophical dissertation was to prove God's existence. Prévost Paradol collected, in a very well-written dissertation, all the testimony given by the schools. It was nothing but a college composition, written in a rhetorical style; but the reader felt in it a sort of secret taste of independence and malice. This scholar had already the art, which he was subsequently to carry to so high a pitch of perfection, of hinting everything he was unable to say; of making opposition, less by the express terms he used, than by a general tone of style, so that it was impossible not to perceive it, while at the same time it could not be laid hold of.

This composition struck the judges very much; Mons. Vacherot especially received a deep impression from it. He was then the Director of Studies at the High Normal School. The judges instantly hunted in the heap of copies for Prévost Paradol's Latin composition. It was from the first to the last page full of the grossest blunders. This increased their astonishment. Pupils of high standing commonly wrote Latin a great deal better than they wrote French. They wrote like Cicero, because they wrote nothing but Cicero.

Mons. Vacherot made inquiries about the author of the dissertation. He was then hunting recruits for philosophical chairs. He made up his mind that this young man who was so poor a Latin scholar, and yet evinced so much talent, who avowed such free opinions in philosophy, and took such liberties with Latin grammar, would prove a Descartes or a Malebranche. Mons. Vacherot determined to open the High Normal School to him.

Prévost Paradol himself was extremely uncertain when he quit college what course to adopt. Had he followed his own inclinations, he would have studied law. He felt some talents for speaking. He had a sort of vague presentiment that he would engage in politics one of these days, and he knew perfectly well it was impossible to discuss a single political, economical, or social question without having studied law and its history. But legal studies are long and costly; it was necessary to live, in the mean time; and Prévost Paradol's father was not rich.

There was then a sort of current which bore to the High Normal School all the prizemen of the general examination. Prévost Paradol allowed himself to be borne on with the others, and presented himself with all his comrades. He was first in French composition and history; twentieth in Latin composition; and a long ways behind in everything else.

He would have been refused as of right but for Mons. Vacherot's intervention, because the High Normal School was established to give France good professors, and not brilliant newspaper writers.

Mons. Vacherot had secret designs upon the young man. He insisted the latter should be placed on the list of eligible candidates, although at the foot of the list. The day of oral examination he explained his designs to all the professors, and they asked Prévost Paradol easy questions. Mons. Deschanel, among others, made him translate the first eight lines of the Iliad, and the candidate got through as well as he could. He was, by an especial favor,

admitted the twentieth on the list. There were admitted twenty pupils that year.

I still see him as he was then; he was thin, with an elegant shape, a face sparkling with biting fun, and eyes full of fire. We judged each other quickly at school, and with that implacable severity of youth still unlearned in the dissimulations of thought and the attenuations of language. We called each other "fool" and "idiot" with astonishing facility; and, on the other hand, we called each other great man to our face, without cracking a smile. Happy, happy days!

Prévost Paradol was instantly recognized and saluted as a master among us. We noticed even then in his school tasks that ample and polished style to which he was subsequently to give so much grace and lightness. I still remember the first composition of his we read. It was a comparison between Xenophon's Economics and Cato's Rustic Things. He charmed us by that voluminous style whose movement was, nevertheless, thoroughly French; and I exclaimed, in a solemn tone which threw everybody into good humor at my expense, "Pay your best attention; here comes a great writer!"

Prévost Paradol, spurred by success, undertook with incredible ardor to repair the defects of his early education. He determined to be the first in every class, and he was the first in every class. He made Latin verse; he delved Greek themes; he entered at the foot of the class, and by especial favor; he was the head of the class the following year. At the same time he read a great deal. The High Normal School possesses one of the best selected libraries to be found in any public establishment in Paris. This library was opened to us liberally. Prévost Paradol loved Jean Jacques Rousseau, and studied him incessantly. His too long commerce with this writer, whose ideas are often false, and with this declamatory style, would perhaps have spoiled him; but he lived among men who adored Voltaire, and who loved short phrases and accurate words. We all breathed an atmosphere of simple style at the High Normal School.

During the vacation between the second and third years of his life at the High Normal School he saw the list of subjects of essays, for the best of which the French Academy proposed to give prizes. One of these subjects was a Eulogy on Bernardin de St. Pierre. He fired up at once. Bernardin de St. Pierre was the disciple of his friend Jean Jacques Rousseau. He was, consequently, very familiar with his works. He wrote the eulogy in a few days, and, with the superb confidence of youth, sent it to the French Academy, where he had nobody to recommend him.

This boldness proved successful. The eulogy was a work of mediocrity, a school-boy's essay, taken as a whole; but some pages, written in a very delicate and feeling style about Paul and Virginia, struck Mons. Villemain, an excellent judge in these matters. These pages may be found in *Les Essais de Politique et de Littérature*, where the author has preserved them, condemning all the rest to oblivion. Mons. Villemain proposed this composition for the first prize. Mons. Victor Cousin insisted the first prize should be given to Caro, his disciple and old pupil in the High Normal School. Mons. Villemain carried the day.

This prize did not find Prévost Paradol at the High Normal School. He quitted it before the usual time, in consequence of the political events which then changed the destinies of France, — the

Coup d'État of the 2d December, 1851. We took the greatest interest in politics, and carried into them the passions one feels in one's twentieth year. We held for the most part very advanced opinions. If the reader will remember France was then scarcely free from the troubles of 1848, he will understand that our minds and tongues were in a high state of excitement.

In 1851 Prévost Paradol was head of the section for the third year, which, according to the laws of the school, gave him the right to speak in the name of the whole school. He went straight to the Head-Master of the school, followed by all the other heads of sections, to make a declaration to him. An hour afterwards the street in which the High Normal School was situated was filled with soldiers, and the whole school ordered to stay in doors.

Then began painful days for everybody in university circles. Prévost Paradol, disgusted with the new order of things which reigned in the High Normal School, asked for leave of absence. It was granted with delight. The Minister of Public Instruction, in granting it, carried his kindness so far as to inform him the years he had spent at the school were effaced from the book of his life, and would not be reckoned in counting his years of service. One thinks seriously of retiring pensions in one's twentieth year!

Prévost Paradol buried himself in the humble cottage where his father lived on his narrow half-pay. The prize awarded by the French Academy could not last long. It became necessary to find some lucrative employment. He began to have acquaintances. He had entered into relations with Mons. Mignet, who took a very great deal of interest in him. He saw Mons. Thiers occasionally. It was one of our professors who extricated him from his embarrassment, — poor Mons. Gerusez, whom we had the misfortune to lose some six months ago. This excellent man had a heart as warm as his mind was amiable. No one could know him a little without loving him a great deal.

He exerted himself for his old pupil, and introduced him to Mons. Hachette. The celebrated editor received the young man with great kindness. Did he discover in that pleasing physiognomy a future writer? Did he merely desire to do a good deed? I know not. It is certain he saved from poverty and its temptations the unknown young man introduced to him.

Mons. Hachette was then publishing a series of histories for young ladies. An universal review of history was the cap-stone of the edifice. He gave it to Prévost Paradol to write, paid him \$600 for doing it, paying him \$50 a month until the whole amount of money agreed on had been paid. Prévost Paradol found, at the same time, employment at Halevy's house, and very agreeable employment, which was well paid. All he had to do was to come two hours a week, and talk of letters and history with two extremely well-bred young men. The Halevy's were old friends of his family, and the illustrious composer of *La Juive* had been his guardian.

These were happy days for him. He was free from want, confident in the future, and working with might and main. The book Mons. Hachette desired was written within the year, and appeared under this title, — *Revue de l'Histoire Universelle*. It passed almost unperceived then; its high price (\$2), and the special distinction which seemed to be attributed to it by the title of its collection (his-

tories for young ladies), repelled the majority of readers. It is nevertheless an excellent work, better suited for teaching thinking men, than virtuous little girls.

Mons. Hachette has since separated it from the publication in which it was buried, and published it apart, and its success has been considerable. I think men in society would find it very useful. It presents, in brief, a picture of the universe, and of time past, painted by a very firm and very brilliant hand.

A year passed in the company of the great historians turned all of Prévost Paradol's thoughts towards history. Mons. Miguet urged him to advance in this path. He proposed him an excellent subject: The Conversion of Henry IV., in which arose this curious question, Was it absolutely necessary for Henry IV. to embrace Catholicism, to ascend the throne? Would it not have been better for France for him to have remained a Protestant, and to have converted it by his example to the religion of free examination?

Prévost Paradol set to work to study the letters of Duperron and d'Ossat, and ended by making the subject a thesis for the Sorbonne. He aimed to become a professor, and the first step towards this was to obtain the degree of Doctor of Letters.

According to usage, it was necessary for him to add a Latin with his French thesis. He selected for the subject of his Latin thesis Swift's works, with which he had been familiar from his infancy. One of the masters of the Sorbonne, one of our professors of whom all of us have retained the kindest recollections, Mons. Berger, was good enough to correct the rather bold Latin of the young student of the Humanities. The grave faculty were delighted by this easy and picturesque speaker; it opened wide the doors of Doctor of Letters, and warmly recommended him to the Minister of Public Instruction.

The Minister of Public Instruction was then looking everywhere for new men. He instantly appointed to the chair of French Literature in the College of Aix the same young man whom he had rebuffed so harshly when he was unknown, but who now seemed destined to run a brilliant career. Prévost Paradol accepted without hesitation. Nothing kept him at Paris. He had lost his father.

Although in the mean time he had married, and had two little daughters, he was able to set out from Paris without leaving one cent of debt behind him.

One of the peculiar traits of Prévost Paradol's character is, that nobody has ever known how to arrange life in a more honorable manner than he has done. He loves comfort, and does not detest luxury; but he has a horror for everything like dissipation. He has never known, except by distant hearsay, those doubtful regions of make-shift in which so many people have perished, and which almost all of us have traversed.

He lived humbly when he had little, giving a great deal to a certain dignity of outward show, which he likes, and which suits well with him, stinting himself in everything else. Even now he leads a life which belongs to the middle class in some respects and to the aristocracy in others, but which has not the least shadow of relation with that unclassed existence which some people stupidly attribute to literary men.

He set out with his family for Aix, delighted to inhabit a country which, he was told, was admirable, and fondly imagining to establish himself perma-

nently, and end his life there. It is a singular truth, that at every halting-place of life man persuades himself he has reached destination, and makes arrangements to live and die there; while it often happens Death surprises him in an inn's chamber, where he alighted to spend only the night!

Prévost Paradol went to Aix with a very warm letter to the Rector of the Faculty from Mons. Miguet. The Rector consequently received him with open arms, and treated him with a kindness which the young professor greatly needed. For the Minister of Public Instruction had, while appointing him to this chair, retained prejudices against his ideas, or rather against his tendencies, which Prévost Paradol's future career proved to be well founded.

He pitched his tent in a suburb of Aix. The house was charming. It looked on a large garden, in which he cultivated flowers. He saw his children grow around him. He had, to crown all, something which consoles one for all teasing and annoyance, and gives more relish to all domestic happiness, — great success in his new profession.

To comprehend the universal favor he won at Aix, one must know what are our small provincial towns. There is probably no place in the world where one feels greater fatigue. There is little to do. There are few ideas to move. Mons. Edmond About said, with witty maliciousness, in his novel *Madelon*: "Death in those towns seemed to be nothing but a mere slackening of life." Men have occupations which engross their time and occupy their thoughts. Nothing can give an idea of the frightful vacuity of women's lives. They have nothing to fill the long hours of the afternoon, and the still longer hours of the evening, except insipid gossip and the futile, monotonous incidents of house-keeping's daily routine.

When amid the idle life the great news suddenly spreads, "A new professor is coming!" what agitation there is in all those unoccupied minds! He is a young man! Everybody is roused. In the provinces women are admitted to college lectures as they are in Paris to the lectures at the *College de France*. Mothers get their dresses ready. Some of them inquire the subject of the new professor's lectures. Can one carry one's daughters to them? The daughters of course die to go. It is two hours a week rescued from the monotony of provincial life. It is a good subject of conversation for dinners, balls, and visits. It is too — let me whisper this — a pleasure to look at a handsome man's face as long as one pleases, without hanging down one's eyelids, or confessing to the priest.

Prévost Paradol's face was charming. His eyes possessed extraordinary vivacity, his physiognomy was singularly changing, and animated with all the fire of intellect; his smile was haughty and at the same time amiable; he had the manners of the best society, with a certain petulance of countenance which betrayed his intellectual activity.

He spoke, and everybody was delighted. He selected for the subject of his lectures the French moralists, Montaigne, Larocheffoucault, Vauvenargues. What a harvest of delicate and acute remarks! What an inexhaustible text for oratorical developments!

Prévost Paradol carried into his lectures that marvellous facility, that sustained eloquence, and, above all, that fulness of forms, admired in his written style. The lectures of provincial colleges which are addressed especially to young men and women cannot do without oratorical amplification. No one

indulged in this oratorical amplification with more abundance, and at the same time with more grace, than Prévost Paradol. The old commonplace of morals or philosophy was rejuvenated in his hands. It flowed from his lips with an inexhaustible fluidity of speech which recalled Cicero to lettered men. His thoughts are not always very original or very profound; they delight in the region of middle ideas, which has always been most accessible to the crowd. They seem to swim in it, as in some boundless sea, with incomparable ease and lightness.

Most of these lectures have since reappeared in articles published occasionally in the *Journal des Débats*. One no longer finds in them the fire of a young and enthusiastic speaker. Age, which ripens everything, has touched these effervescences of the twentieth year, and, nevertheless, they still attract one by the elegance of style and by the perfect tone of good company which are the fortunate gifts of this rich nature. It seems as if antiquity and Louis XIV.'s age had just fallen from his hands; and yet one feels, too, by some allusions, the man of the nineteenth century who never forgets the things of his day.

Speech sufficed him in those days. He did not write and did not think of writing. He had never then contributed articles except to a small professional periodical published by Messrs. Hachette, the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*. He received from it a dollar a column. It required miles of prose to earn twenty dollars. He received at the same time invitations from the *Revue Contemporaine*, which was then in the opposition to which it has again been thrown by the loss of the government subsidy. But the climate, indolences, social pleasures, the delights of oratory, and a certain dread of compromising himself, kept him from entertaining these engagements. The *Revue Contemporaine* changed its line, without changing its editor, and went over arms and baggage to the government.

Its editor pressed Mons. Prévost Paradol more earnestly than ever to become one of his contributors. These invitations, when they came through the Rector, assumed a quasi-official character. The young professor was in no wise disturbed, and gave a decided refusal.

The Rector said to him: "Why, my dear child, you are condemning yourself never to return to Paris. You will remain with us all the days of your life."

"Very well," replied Prévost Paradol, "I am happy here, and regret nothing."

His resolution was firmly taken, when a letter came from Hippolyte Rigault. I knew the latter when he was professor at Charlemagne College, but Prévost Paradol entered into relations with him only after he quit the High Normal School. He made his acquaintance at Mons. Thiers's house. Rigault wrote his young friend that Mons. John Lemoine, obliged to abandon the *Journal des Débats*, left a vacancy in it; the proprietors at first intended to fill it with Mons. Forcade, who had refused it or had not pleased; a successor was hunted everywhere, and he had been thought of; he had been recommended to the chief owner and editor by Messrs. Thiers, Villemain, Mignet, and St. Marc Girardin.

This most attractive offer did not take Prévost Paradol unprepared. He had continued to pay passionate attention to politics in his provincial exile. The only luxury in which he indulged with his wretched salary was a subscription to the *Times*,

which he read assiduously. He kept himself familiar with French newspapers, and doubtless many times said to himself, This is what I would reply, were I there.

He was, nevertheless, a little giddied by the golden tile which fell so suddenly on his head. He has told me how he came to a decision. He said:—

"I drew out my watch and gave myself half an hour to reflect. I walked around my garden three times, weighing as well as I could both sides of the question, a prey to a terrible agitation of mind. At last I came to a decision, and I wrote Rigault I accepted the offer. The die was cast. I quitted the professor's gown and became a newspaper writer."

Prévost Paradol came well armed to the combat. His whole early education seemed to have prepared him for it. He had taken in the school of English writers a taste for free discussion, a turn of cold and haughty irony. History, which he had sedulously cultivated, by giving him the key to past events, opened wider perspectives on the future. A profound study of Voltaire and Rousseau had taught him to correct the sparkling vivacity of the first by the ample and sonorous phrase of the latter. He did not yet know the tactics of newspapers, but he was about to place himself under the orders of Mons. Silvestre de Sacy, a passed master in this warfare.

Mons. de Sacy was the old gladiator who was to say to his young successor: "Strike here, your blows will be surer; there are the galled withers; abandon all others and fasten yourself to this spot. Neglect that return-blow; it has not come home; you are untouched. This question has not yet attracted public attention; wait for the right moment."

Had Prévost Paradol matured opinions at that early day? Unquestionably not, if by this phrase be meant that he had formed clear and distinct opinions. But he had instincts and tastes which, in a mind as decided as his own, would soon become convictions.

Everybody is familiar with the brilliant campaigns he made in the *Journal des Débats* and the *Courrier du Dimanche*. He wrote more for these than for any other newspaper. He made but a halt in *La Presse*. One word about his connection with this newspaper.

The public were under the impression his departure from the *Journal des Débats* was caused solely by pecuniary questions. It is certain money was the pretext of a rupture which had become inevitable. But a few bank-notes of a thousand francs are not a serious matter under all circumstances, and the pecuniary questions would doubtless have been arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, had there not been at the bottom of the whole question a graver difference. The *Journal des Débats* was of opinion allowance should be made for the necessities of the times in which one lived; it softened sometimes and at other times neglected some of his articles which seemed incompatible with the then state of public opinion. Prévost Paradol pressed his opinions forward plainly and obstinately. This produced secret wrangling, inward discontent which burst forth one day about a trifle. Prévost Paradol quitted the *Journal des Débats* and became chief editor of *La Presse*.

He soon discovered he was not addressing the same public. His extenuations of language, delicacies of expression, dashes, silence, were not so well understood nor tasted by a circle of readers less refined than that possessed by the *Journal des*

Débats. It happened by chance he was even still less free in *La Presse* than he had been in the newspaper which he quitted from sheer impatience of the yoke.

Everybody knows *La Presse* then belonged to Mons. Solar. It was next to impossible for the extraordinarily precarious situation of this banker to avoid influencing the direction of the newspaper he owned. *La Presse* had gone from excessive audacity to a very natural timidity. Prévost Paradol felt ill at ease there; he did not dare, he could not give utterance to the truths which tormented him.

Thereupon he published his famous pamphlet upon *The Old Parties*. The prosecution instituted against the author of this pamphlet was used by the proprietor of *La Presse* to make him feel that his presence among the writers of that newspaper was not without danger to it. He resolved to ascertain exactly his position, and sent in for publication a very hostile article. It was rejected. He instantly sent in his resignation, voluntarily abandoning all the pecuniary advantages which his contract with the newspaper guaranteed to him, in the event of his being obliged to break connection with it.

The day he informed Mons. Solar of his withdrawal from *La Presse* he met one of his old associates at the *Journal des Débats*, Mons. Cuvillier Fleury, who was charged by the proprietors of the *Journal des Débats* to make overtures to him. Prévost Paradol accepted them with pleasure, and returned, amid the applause of the public, to the theatre of his old success.

He seemed to devote himself entirely to literature. He wrote literary critical articles; but, although they seemed to be purely literary at first, they soon became a pretext to return indirectly to politics. The truth is, Prévost Paradol is not merely a literary man, he is a public man, a neophyte statesman. His invincible tendency carries him towards political and social subjects, and Mons. Guizot justly said, at the reception of the French Academy the other day, while speaking of him, "he was one of the first of a generation in which France hopes."

At the last elections he appeared as a candidate. Mons. Gueroult, the chief editor of *L'Opinion Nationale*, was his competitor. He had little chance of election, and he felt it himself. He had warm partisans only in a very well educated portion of the higher middle class, and in the young men of the public schools. They did not form the majority. Prévost Paradol did not belong to a newspaper which has a very decided influence on the democratic portion of the voters. Besides, he has not those qualities—call them defects if you please—which are best adapted to please the multitude.

He seemed to be cold when he appeared in the electoral meetings. His aristocratic and haughty manners, his accurate, delicate language, his amiable and proud oratory, produced no effect upon men who could easily have been carried away by more popular eloquence. Prévost Paradol is an aristocrat in opinions, tastes, and talents. Had he lived in the days of the first French revolution, he would have sat by the side of the Girondins, but a little nearer the right than they sat.

People may differ in political opinion from him; but there can be no difference of opinion about his talents as a writer. He is now one of our first polemical writers. He has learned to write with unexampled grace the sharp, biting irony of the English

and the lively, light pleasantry which is so familiar to French writers. He is a mixture of Swift and Voltaire.

Prévost Paradol received from nature the fortunate gift of this sharp irony, and he has perfected it by an excellent education, and by daily exercise. I lay particular stress on this feature of his talents, because it is characteristic, and distinguishes him from other newspaper writers. Others have as ample a form, as clear a style, and as much ease in handling the average ideas of common sense; nobody possesses in the same high degree as himself this talent of cold and haughty railery.

Prévost Paradol's best articles have been collected in three series, entitled, *Essais de Politique et de Morale*. Another volume contains the series of letters he sent to the *Courrier du Dimanche*, where he continues to write as a skirmisher, and to venture on a great many malicious expressions, which the prudent gravity of the *Journal des Débats* would not allow. We must add to these volumes another volume which appeared last year, *Les Moralistes Français*.

These were titles to the attention of the Academy. Prévost Paradol had others in the attitude of opposition to the French Emperor, which he had assumed, in the relations he had formed, and in the traditions of that learned company. He was elected without having solicited a seat, and almost without having time to desire to be elected. He was travelling in Egypt, whither he had gone for the sake of his health, and perhaps, too, because he wished to study the Oriental Question on the spot, when he was informed that he had been proposed as a member of the Academy. He returned at once; and, as Mons. Guizot wittily said, he was an Academician almost as soon as he was a candidate. Prévost Paradol is the youngest Academician. He was born on the 8th of August, 1829. He is consequently only thirty-six years old.

A RIDE ON SKINS DOWN THE RAVI.

THE river Ravi, or Ravee, is one of the five streams which water the Punjab, one of the minor divisions of British India. It is on this river that Lahore, the capital of the province, is situated. Near Lahore the scenery is dull enough: the river flows through ceaseless sand-banks and level wastes of alluvial soil. Its current is slow, its water turbid, and so shallow as to be almost useless for boats to ply upon. But where it emerges from its parent hills it is deep and clear, a roaring, ice-cold torrent, rushing past bold rocky banks, adorned with foliage of every variety and color.

Let the reader picture to himself the sanitarium of Dalhousie, perched on spurs of the Himalaya, from 6,500 to 8,000 feet above the sea. The northern slopes of the mountains on which it is built look towards the solemn peaks of perpetual snow, which strike the beholder, even at a distance of twenty miles, with an overpowering look of calm majesty. The southern face of the Dalhousie hills overlooks the plains below, where rice and sugar-cane grow under the shade of the banyan and the palm.

From April to November every one who can escape from the fatigues of the counting-house, the court, and the parade, seeks the refreshing coolness of the hills, to roam over the green turf, through the pine-woods, which remind him of the loved scenes of his boyhood. The usual route to Dalhousie is by the winding road through the lower

hills, either on horseback, or in a sedan-chair, or by palanquin carried on men's shoulders. But to descend from the cool breezes and English climate is an easier task for the body, though distasteful to the mind. It is by no means needful to traverse the weary windings of the road, and listen to the ceaseless grunt of the bearers for twenty-four hours, as they convey you away from leisure and refreshing coolness to duty and steaming heat. The hardy frame of the Briton, braced up by the sweet mountain air to something of his youthful vigor and rejoicing energy, craves for more than the dreary monotony of the road; and it is to describe another mode of travelling that we write.

Leaving Dalhousie about 2 P. M., a precipitous and difficult mountain-path is entered on. It winds now over the brow of a jutting spur, now along the base of a grand old hill, now along a shady green, fringed with oaks, willows, and pines, and watered by a gently-running brook. Here are the clothes of the community spread out to dry; for this is the favored haunt of the washermen, where they carry on their homely occupation in scenes which the nymphs of Tempe might have coveted for their own. The missionary's little tent adorns the lonely spot; and, as we pass by, the excellent man himself strides forth, and goes with us on our way to bid us God-speed. We climb a hill covered only with gorse and cactus, and traverse a stony path along the crest of a ridge till we reach a gorge, and a fresh view bursts on our wondering gaze. A deep valley lies beneath us, at the bottom of which, we learn, is the Ravi. In front are the hills of Chumba, behind us the white houses of Dalhousie, relieved against the deep green of the ilex, cedar, and fir, which clothe the mountain sides. Look long at the scene. It reminds you of happy days when brothers, cousins, and friends met from distant stations, to share such pleasure as a land of exile can be made to yield. It tells of health restored to the nerveless body, and peace to the wearied brain. You remember how, six short weeks ago, you came up to those everlasting hills a poor invalid: now there seems no exertion or enterprise too great for your vigorous frame. Ah, well! the happy holiday is over now. Duty calls you back. You console yourself with the thought that the hot weather is nearly over too.

October will soon be here, and then there will be six months of cold weather, when the climate of the Punjab is certainly better than that of England. So, with many a hearty good wish, we grasp the honest hand of our friend the missionary, whose faithful preaching has taught us well-remembered lessons of hope and holiness during our six weeks' leave: he returns to his lonely tent at the Washermen's Green, and we continue our steady descent towards the river. A landlip has filled up our path; so we must clamber over the rocks, and firmly grasp the bamboo alpenstock which has supported us in many a steep and narrow way before. Mrs. P—— is carried in a queer conveyance, called a *bandy*; that is to say, a piece of druggot hung on a pole, in which she sits with her back to the hill, and facing the view, and is carried sideways by two men, one at each end of the pole. This machine, though uncouth in appearance, is a most comfortable affair, and the mountaineers who bear it never slip on the most rugged path.

But now the afternoon sun beats against the eastern rocks, and shade and rest become most grateful. A pull at the wine-flask and a sandwich refresh us for the second half of our journey, which

is said to be heavier walking than the first. While sitting under our rock, let us gaze into that sweet valley below us. The rivulet glancing over its stony bed, the flat-roofed cottages covered with gorgeous orange-colored ears of Indian corn, spread out to dry for the winter's store, the wee black mountain cattle climbing about the brown and gray rocks, the light green fern and sombre ilex and rhododendron, all combine to make a view of marvellous richness and beauty. This for the foreground. In the near background is still Dalhousie, then range after range of rising hill and upland valley; and finally, shining out clearly against the blue sky, are the glorious snowy peaks, which now glitter in their intense whiteness, but, two hours hence, will seem like magic flames, ruby and violet-colored, in the light of the evening sun. The eye wearies with mere extent of view; you turn to nearer objects.

The lengthening shadows and cooler air warn you that evening is approaching; and night must not be allowed to surprise us in these wild solitudes. Up! let us be going onwards. Now comes a long stone stair, which takes us down some six hundred feet, then over great boulders in the bed of a torrent now dwindled down to a purling brook, then through swampy malodorous rice-fields, till at last, after a descent of 4,500 feet in twelve miles, we reach a green plain with two or three grand solitary trees, under one of which is our little tent. This was sent on yesterday on mules, in charge of a servant, with a good store of provisions, which we are now fain to attack. It is not every one who can bear the rapid change of climate which so great a descent entails. The heat and heavy trudging has knocked up poor E——, who comes to our picnic meal looking very queer. His only contribution towards the hilarity of the evening is in seeing us eat, and he soon retires even from a toothsome game pasty. We visit him presently, and find him stretched on a villager's rough bed, with two or three constables fanning the mosquitos off his face; for he is superintendent of police, and can command their service on a pinch like this. Over him is a thin awning, to protect him from the heavy dew which falls in this low valley, and he is lulled to sleep by the roar of the river close by, which our timorous servant says looks awful. We take a quiet stroll and watch the darkness deepening as the western mountains shut daylight out from us. All up and down the course of the river, at elevations varying from 2,000 to 8,000 feet, we see the twinkling lights from many a cottage door, and the watch-fires kindled to drive away the bear from the juicy fields of Indian corn and sweet potato. The lights die out, but the fires are kept up, and ever and again the hooting of the watchman comes drifting down on the breeze, as he slings his stone against some ranging bear. We must turn in now, for the first blush of morn on the high hill-top will be our signal for movement.

Long, then, before it is light in this deep valley, we start from a sound sleep, hurry on our clothes, and run down to the brink of a wild, seething torrent, on which we are to embark. There is a delicious scene of excitement, not unminged with danger, in the prospect of our strange ride. Our fleet is soon ready. P—— and his wife, E——, and a native servant, each mount their conveyance and are pushed off into the dark flood. An odd conveyance it is, most uncouth to look at, most shaky to sit upon; no trim outrigger, nor even a family tub; not a canoe or a coracle, not made of iron or

wood; but a mere bedstead upon skins. It is made in this wise: a deceased buffalo or ox being seized upon, a cut is made in the inside of his hind leg, from the trunk to the heel, and the leg pulled out. The whole body and remaining limbs are then drawn through this cut, and the skin pulled over the head till it is free from the carcass. The advantage of this plan is, that when the skin comes to be fastened up for inflation, there is no sewing to be done: the apertures for the eyes and limbs are merely choked with a cord, and the skin becomes an air-tight bag with no further trouble. Two such skins are blown out and tied under a light country bedstead. On this we each spread a blanket to protect us from the spray, which will dash up beneath, and we sit down cross-legged. Each conveyance carries only one person. It is accompanied by two men, each holding to it with one hand, while he guides it partly with a paddle held in the free hand, and partly by the spiral motion of his feet in the water. Every man is supported by a similar skin.

Now we are off, with a "Bismillah" from the servant. The motion is delicious. We bound along, lightly riding on the very top of the waves, yet so gently as not to cause uneasiness to the most quailish. It is a pretty sight, as our fleet goes on in single file down the stream in the dim morning twilight; Mrs. P—— first, then E——, next P—— the commodore, and lastly the servant, in an agony of fear, clutching his hamper of provender as his only hope in this world, and eying the foaming waves and threatening rocks with fearful recollections of his dark-eyed spouse and piccaninny. But presently the first raft drifts slowly to shore, the others follow, and we learn that at this spot the river is just now too shallow to allow of our air-bubbles going over without the risk of being pierced and torn by the rocks below. The huge, ungainly rafts and skins are carried over a sharp little peninsula of excruciating stones, and launched again in the stream beyond. We mount, and again sweep along with the current. Now the sun strikes on the tips of the bold bluffs on our right, which tower above us, hoary with gray lichens, and green with pendent ferns peeping coyly from every crevice. On the left is a fine *sierra* of trap rock, stretching down from the distant mountains to kiss the hurrying stream, which swirls boisterously into a little cove at the bottom to give it a cold embrace, and tumbles out again more quickly, as if ashamed of itself for loitering ever so little.

On we rush into the ever-increasing daylight, the scene changing every moment. We spy on the left far above us a natural archway in the rock, through which may be seen the blue sky and flushing fleecy clouds of an Indian autumn morning. On the right is a fine baronial castle built by the King of Chumbha to overawe his refractory subjects. Anon we sweep between confining rocks, which rise perpendicularly above us to the height of hundreds of feet, while the torrent bears us dancing through the chasm, still dark in the shades of early dawn, unconscious of the sun, which has been shedding its warm glories on the hill-tops for the last hour. Here, down on the water, which was snow in the high mountain two days ago, and is still cold, the atmosphere is chilly, and we wrap our goat's-hair cloaks closely round us, and wait again till the gushing, bounding current brings us, ten minutes later, into an open country where a ferry plies across, and a crowd of shivering villagers are already waiting for their boat. Here we again land, while our attend-

ant Tritons blow lustily into one leg of each buffalo-skin to replace the air which the use of it has expelled. They tell us that the water is very cold, and brandy very warm; they have been paddling in the former for a couple of hours, and would like some of the latter. Our slender stock of cognac is quickly poured into their open palms, and it is sipped up very cleverly, without the loss of a drop. Refreshed with wine, again we venture on the deep.

Passing by a rock, we experience for the first time a sense of some danger, as our fleet is chased by an unwelcome rival in the race, — no crocodile or polar bear; only a huge log of timber, which was cut the year before last in the forests of Barmor, for railway sleepers at Lahore. It has drifted down to the present resting-place in two annual floods, and while sleeping quietly in a shallow our advent has disturbed it, and now it is coming after us down a place where the slope in the water is visible, at a good fifteen miles an hour, tumbling and rolling in clumsy gambols, pursuing us with threats to knock all the breath out of the bodies of the defunct buffaloes that are carrying us. The men see the danger, and skilfully paddle us away from our ugly neighbor; soon it is left behind, and still we swim along.

It is now eight o'clock; the hills are fading away from our view; the sunlight streams over meadow and corn-field; the laborer is at work, and goat's-hair cloaks are no longer needed. Umbrellas are unfurled; and E——, whose headache is not improved by the sunning, puts his head into a wet towel; so we creep languidly along. For now the region of rapids is passed, and the water has no longer the impetus which carried us along an hour ago. We pass under the Dalla Hill, where Sir John Lawrence in 1846 led the only military expedition in which he was ever personally engaged. This was an attack upon a rebel named Ram Singh, and the place has become memorable from the fact that two officers and several British soldiers were killed in the assault. Next we reach a sand-bank under Shahpore Fort. It is now strewn with logs of timber, and alive with gangs of laborers dividing the logs which are to go on from those which are to remain and be sawn upon the spot.

We must now disembark. Our agitated servant mutters thanks for the safe conclusion of his frightful voyage, and hopes again fill his heart that he shall to-morrow see the little brown mortal who awaits his fatherly embrace. We feel that our thirteen shillings apiece has been well spent. It has given us one of the most delightful mornings of our lives, and a thirty-mile rush down the river in four hours and a half. We betake ourselves to the friendly shelter of Shahpore Fort, with happy remembrances of our stay at Dahousie, and our journey on skins down the Ravi.

AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.

WHEN Bloomsbury was a fashionable locality in London, on a particular day, and in one of the best dwellings in that street of good houses called Great Ormond Street, there was considerable commotion, and the old housekeeper, who evidently for some long time past had been the only ostensible head of the establishment, was in her glory. Dusting-brush and broom were hard at work, rooms that had not seen daylight for some years were thrown open, shutters taken down, furniture and curtains uncovered, all denoting the expected return of the master

of the house, who, it may be here stated, was a bachelor.

It has been remarked somewhere, that you have but to enter the room where a man spends the greater part of his life, either in labor, study, or idleness, and you penetrate at once very far into his tastes and character. Such might be said with perfect truth in this instance, for there, not only in the library, but in every room and passage, was proclaimed loudly, by the thousand and one mysterious ornaments, glass cases, bones of animals, old armor, quaint furniture, rusty relics, &c., that our friend was an antiquary. More than all, however, did the display of innumerable coins in various receptacles betoken unmistakably that his favorite hobby was numismatology, or the study of coins. He had been journeying abroad in the far East for some two or three years, partly to collect for himself any interesting relics, and partly as the travelling correspondent of a society which had for its main object the elucidation of all mysteries relating to the current coin of every realm, ancient or modern. During his wanderings, of course he had become acquainted with many learned and scientific men of all nations whose pursuits lay in the same direction as his own. In some instances acquaintance had ripened into positive friendship, and particularly had it done so in one case, at Berlin, on his homeward journey.

When, on his arrival in that city, he presented letters of introduction to the Baron von Grumbach, president of several learned societies there, he found it was not the first time they had met. It appeared that they had formerly been students together at Heidelberg, and up to the time of their both leaving the university they had evinced many tastes in common; but our antiquary, then a young man of nineteen or twenty, returning home, their intercourse, was gradually broken off, though they corresponded at intervals upon such topics as studious young men find interest in. This habit, however, was relinquished by degrees, as time went on, and each became more and more engaged in his own affairs.

The young German, whose parents were wealthy, had followed his ardent desire for travel and love for scientific research. Mr. Winkworth, on the other hand, had not again quitted England (for foreign travelling in those days was not so easy as it has since become). The friends had thus lost sight of each other for nearly twenty years. Of course, this recognition led to a renewal, with redoubled intensity, of all the feelings which they had originally entertained the one for the other, and the surprise and pleasure were the greater, as the name Grumbach was not known to Mr. Winkworth as that of his old university friend, it having only recently been assumed by the German on his accession to a title and estates.

They were greatly delighted to meet again, and Grumbach insisted upon Winkworth becoming his guest during his stay in Berlin. He would take no denial, and the visit was prolonged from a few days to a few weeks, for the increased knowledge of each other, which ensued upon the gradual opening of their storehouses of learning, confirmed their old understanding, and ripened it into a friendship of the liveliest character. The study of coins entered largely into their discussions, and Winkworth displayed with great pride and gratification many rare and choice specimens gathered from the East and elsewhere. But he intimated that, from a certain correspondence which had taken place between himself and one learned in the science at Paris, he

hoped on his arrival there to terminate a negotiation which he had in hand for the purchase of a specimen the rarest and most perfect in the world. It is not necessary for me to give in detail an account of what the coin was, or whence it came; I need but add, for the purposes of my story, that it was supposed to be the only one of its kind extant, and that it had been long sought after. Of late years its existence even had been doubted. It had frequently been supposed to have been discovered; but on close examination by the most skilful eyes, the pretended "rara avis" had always turned out to be wanting in some minute characteristic known to be possessed by the genuine coin itself. Grumbach admitted that if such an one could be obtained, it would be simply invaluable, at the same time slightly discrediting its existence.

Words ran good-humoredly high upon the subject; England all confident in the coming triumph of its own society, and Germany sceptical to the highest degree.

"If my man does not deceive me," Winkworth went on to say, "within a month from this date (for his visit was drawing to a close) I shall have the treasure safely deposited on British soil, for it only awaits my arrival in Paris, I believe, to be made over to me."

The Baron von Grumbach could hardly disguise a slightly ironical chuckle at his friend's enthusiasm at the prospect of so great a success, which being observed by Mr. Winkworth, the matter was allowed to drop.

It had evoked a certain amount of undue self-gratulation on the one hand, and apparently a slight amount of jealousy on the other; jealousy that Germany should allow so valuable a relic to be captured almost under its eyes, and carried off for the glorification of another nation; for even firmly as the friends were bound together, this little matter seemed to afford the possibility of a slight unpleasantness between them. The subject was only once more touched upon during the remainder of Winkworth's sojourn in Berlin, when it was arranged, that if this success did attend the labors of our antiquary, Grumbach should become his guest on the occasion of the treasure being first displayed before the eyes of the learned in London. The reader, unless acquainted with the enthusiasm of men of science, or those well versed in this especial study, may hardly understand how so much interest could be excited upon apparently so trivial a matter as the date and impression of a particular coin; yet so it is, and a vast amount of energy, wealth, and time are continually being expended, in obtaining the rarest specimens of antiquity of every description, by the laborers for the different societies formed for the advancement of each separate branch of knowledge.

In the course of a few weeks after the incidents just referred to had occurred, Mr. Winkworth found himself safely lodged in his museum of rarities in Great Ormond Street. He had been home about a fortnight when huge and mysterious packages began to be delivered by carts and wagons at his door, choking up the already crowded passages and rooms. For days and days these cases, which contained the more cumbersome booty gathered in his recent raids in distant climes, were allowed to remain unpacked, filling up every available inch of space in the gangways of the house. Now that he had got them safely home, it was surely strange that he should take so little apparent interest in them.

He sat, however, for hours writing in his study, with a complacent, self-satisfied smile upon his good-natured face, and a little fortune was expended in the prepayment of the then expensive postage of letters to all parts of England and the Continent.

The truth was, that in an out-of-the-way quarter of Paris he had succeeded in purchasing from a Jew dealer in curiosities—who, perhaps strangely enough, was hardly aware of its real value—the much-coveted and unquestionably-genuine and unique coin before referred to. This had absorbed for the time all interest in the results of his recent travel. There is little doubt that the last month had proved, as he hoped it would, the most satisfactory portion of the time he had spent abroad; therefore his pleasure was boundless, and he had been scribbling to everybody he knew, or ever heard of, as likely to be interested in such a subject, announcing his success, and inviting them on a certain occasion, not far distant, to an exhibition of this wonderful treasure, the discovery of which would render him famous throughout the world, and add an unparalleled lustre to the association of which he was head and chief. For his own part he had no doubt of it; he well knew all the signs, characters, and hieroglyphics appertaining to the question; he knew in every minute particular what had been the shortcomings of the specimens hitherto advanced as genuine, but this was complete in all the requirements.

Whilst he was pondering over a list of names, and endeavoring to think if there were any others to whom he could send an announcement of the great event then occupying all his thoughts, a servant brought into the room a parcel, saying that the cabinet-maker had sent home the case recently ordered. It was a small square mahogany box; when the lid was raised, an inner glass case was displayed, within which again was seen a sort of velvet cushion with a circular indentation on the uppermost side; a case similar indeed to that in which jewellers display their valuables. On examination, Mr. Winkworth appeared dissatisfied with it, as it was by no means well finished; and, turning it about in his hands, he complained loudly of the bad workmanship; the inner glass case did not fit its wooden covering, the velvet was loosely glued on, and it was altogether a slovenly bit of handiwork. He declared that he would certainly be obliged to get another made; but for the present this must suffice.

When the servant had left the room, he drew from his waistcoat-pocket a small packet, which he began carefully to unfold, and eventually, after several coverings of paper had been taken off, exposed to his delighted gaze his priceless gem. Priceless gem, indeed! To the eye of the uninitiated it did not look worth a farthing; it was not much larger, and certainly was not above-half the thickness. On closely viewing it you could discover it was gold; but it was so old, worn, and battered, that it might just as well have passed for brass. There it was, however; and, after gazing at it fondly for a few minutes, he deposited it, with a proud gesture, in the circular niche on the cushion made for its reception. It did not fit it very well, and, as he moved the box, it slipped into his hand; but, replacing it, he shut the case, and put it carefully away in a cabinet, which he locked.

At length, the eventful day looked forward to by Mr. Winkworth with so much exultation arrived. His friend, the Baron von Grumbach, had come to pay his promised visit, and was staying in the house; he entreated Winkworth to grant him a private

view of the gem; but this privilege was denied with a sort of jocose sternness.

"All in good time," said Mr. Winkworth; "this is a piece of real business, and we must not trifle with it. When my audience is assembled, I shall read a paper on the coins of this date, referring particularly to all that is known in connection with this one, giving an account of my first discovery of it, my negotiations for its purchase, and conclude with an ample description of the proofs which I have, and which it bears of its authenticity. It shall then be handed round to the visitors in succession, and they will have the opportunity of commenting to their utmost upon it."

With a smile that was not altogether pleasant, Von Grumbach ceased to urge his request, and in a few days' time from this conversation he formed one of a numerous assembly of some fifty or sixty gentlemen who had gathered to overflow in the large drawing-room in Ormond Street.

Mr. Winkworth had received but few refusals to his invitations; his name stood so high that no one feared a disappointment, and the liveliest interest was created. There were present one or two bishops, several noblemen, learned professors, home and foreign, presidents of academies, directors of literary and scientific institutions,—indeed, just such a gathering as could only meet together for the exploration or elucidation of some deeply interesting point of science. They chatted together until the hour arrived for the commencement of business. There were neither seats nor standing room even for every one of the guests within the doors, which were consequently left open.

On a small table stood the case containing the coin, and a roll of manuscript, which the host presently began to read, amidst the most profound attention. A murmur of approbation followed its conclusion. The case was then unlocked, and Mr. Winkworth was about to hand the precious jewel round in its resting-place for inspection, when he suddenly said, "No, gentlemen, it fits so badly in its case, that I will ask you severally to take it in your hands, and pass it from one to the other." Then picking up the coin, he gave it, with a large magnifying glass, to the person immediately on his left. For upwards of two hours there ensued an earnest examination of the treasure; every one had something to say about it, to which all the rest listened. There were but few doubts raised as to its genuineness, and whenever any did arise, and were for a moment pertinaciously maintained, they were soon overthrown by Mr. Winkworth, who advanced to the disputant, and by the most irrefutable proofs demonstrated that the specimen was unique.

The Baron von Grumbach was nearly one of the last into whose hands it fell. A shade of something like disappointment came over his face as he examined it; he made no remark, and while giving it to his neighbor a keen observer might have seen something very like a sneer curling the corners of his mouth. Apparently not a doubt was left on anybody's mind, and jostling words of congratulation began to be showered forth upon Mr. Winkworth from all sides. At last a certain reverend gentleman came to the front, and in a short but neatly-worded speech, returned the thanks of the assemblage for the gratifying afternoon they had spent, and reiterated the congratulations which had been generally offered. The host replied, the party was breaking up, and Mr. Winkworth was about to invite his guests to descend to the dining-room for

some refreshments, when, on going to lock up the case, around which knots of visitors were standing in conversation, lo! his treasure was not there! He turned to the group nearest to him, anxiously asking them for it, deeming it was still under examination. No, they had not got it. Every one began to ask everybody else if he had it, and the inquiry spread like wild-fire across the room.

It was nowhere to be found! the greatest consternation ensued! What could have become of it? Some of the more immediate friends of the house had already gone into the dining-room. Inquiries were at once made there, but still the same reply, — they had not seen it since it was in their hands first. Search was made in all directions, on the ground, on the chairs, along the edges of the carpet by the wainscot, by the rug, fender, and in every possible corner, crack, or cranny in the room, where, in case of its falling, it might have rolled; all were subjected to the strictest investigation. Every one assisted in this; particularly diligent appeared the Baron von Grumbach; still no success attended their unwearied efforts. What was to be done? It was the most awkward thing that could have occurred; the majority of the visitors were personal friends of Mr. Winkworth, but yet one thing only suggested itself to his mind.

It must have been stolen! yet who could have been guilty of so infamous a thing? All present were men of the strictest probity, and of the highest standing and character, engaged most earnestly in one single object, the advancement of learning, and it was impossible almost to conceive that any one in that assembly could be capable of such meanness and dishonesty. Still, where was the coin? No servant had entered the drawing-room, nor indeed were there any above stairs, for the refreshments were laid unostentatiously in the dining-room, ready for every one to help himself; therefore the culprit, after all, must be, if anywhere, amongst the guests. Over and over again the search was renewed, but with no better result. Mr. Winkworth was perplexed beyond measure. How could he, the host, personally accuse any one in those rooms of committing a deliberate theft? Yet do what he could, the conviction would force itself upon his mind that this was the only way to account for the mysterious disappearance of the coin.

Presently he made his way through the bewildered crowd to his friend the bishop, who had just been spokesman for the assembly, and took him aside, and after they had whispered a few words together, the bishop called every one around him. With the utmost courtesy and good taste, and after expatiating a little on the extraordinary circumstances, he said, "There is but one thing for it, gentlemen, — we must all be searched, for our host's satisfaction as well as for our own; and I feel perfectly certain that there is no one here who will object to this." These words were followed by a loud burst of applause, and cries of "Yes, yes, by all means," resounded on every side.

This unparalleled proceeding was then carried out in the following manner. The guests were all to pass through the drawing-room to Mr. Winkworth's bedchamber, which was on the same landing, thence to descend by another staircase to the ground floor. No guard was kept at the top of the stairs to prevent any one going up or down without being searched, for it was felt to be a point of honor for every one to go through the bedroom. Mr. Winkworth and his man-servant acted as searchers;

all evinced the most earnest anxiety to display the contents of their pockets, and in some instances insisted on taking off their shoes and Hessian boots.

Had Mr. Winkworth possessed any sense of the ludicrous — which he certainly did not — he would have been diverted from the serious object at stake by the many farcical absurdities educed during this extraordinary scene. It occupied a considerable time, but like everything else came to an end.

There remained but two more gentlemen to be examined, and still no trace of the missing treasure had been discovered. These two entered the bedroom together, and were most zealous in showing how utterly impossible it was for them to have anything secreted about their persons. In fact, every one being innocent, was, as may be naturally supposed, only too glad of the opportunity of proving it. The coin was not found, however, and hopeless dejection settled down over the party. What more could be done? Again were Mr. Winkworth's perplexities redoubled on his servant whispering, "You have not searched the Baron von Grumbach." The sudden recollection of the truth of this penetrated like a sting to the heart of the antiquary. Of course not! he had never come into the bedroom; where was he? He was called for, and did not answer. *He*, now, was also missing; from which circumstance suspicion slowly though naturally began to attach itself to him. He had evidently avoided the test. Could anything be more unpleasant to his friend than this? Why, he was actually living in the house, and not only would it be necessary to search him, but his effects; especially as it had in the mean time been ascertained that his bedroom door was fastened. It was also known that he had not left the house, therefore it was concluded that he had locked himself in.

A polite message was sent up to him, requesting his attendance below, in order that he might explain his conduct and submit to an examination. He sent word back that if he came down he positively must decline allowing either himself or anything belonging to him to be searched. Hitherto, although these proceedings had been conducted in the most serious and earnest manner, there had been inseparable from them a certain air of comicality, but now that they had reached this point, they no longer bore that aspect. It did look terribly suspicious that the Baron should withdraw himself in such a way, and under such peculiar conditions. A consultation was held, and after much deliberation it was decided that a deputation should go to his room door, and formally beg, in the name of justice to himself and to all, that he would submit to what they required.

In the event of his refusing, as they had now only too much reason to suppose he would, they must very reluctantly threaten him with the authority of the police. This plan was proceeded with, and it all fell out as they expected, he refusing even to open his door. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to send for a constable, who eventually arrived. After commanding the Baron to let him in in the king's name, and he also meeting with a flat refusal, the door was broken open, and the party stood face to face with Von Grumbach. He was in a wild state of excitement, and with a small pocket-pistol in each hand, threatened, in his broken English, to shoot the first man who laid hand upon him.

At this moment a shout arose from the drawing-room, "It is found! it is found!" Quite impossible

would it be now to describe the mingled consternation, astonishment, and confusion that ensued. Who had found it? Where was it? were questions asked on all sides; and when the hubbub into which these usually grave men had been betrayed had subsided, it was explained.

One of the guests, while the awkward scene just described was being acted up stairs, had taken hold of the case belonging to the coin, and which curiously enough no one had thought of carefully examining after the first moment of its inmate being missed. Whilst idly turning it about, he had removed the glass portion of it, and in so doing, slightly disturbed the velvet cushion before mentioned. At the same moment he heard a gentle click, as of something falling to the bottom of the box. This attracted his attention, and turning it upside down, the cushion fell out, and the coin with it, upon the table. It had evidently slipped between the badly fitting edge of the velvet and the woodwork of the case.

Amidst all the pleasure that now followed on the restoration of the missing wonder, there was mingled a great feeling of awkward annoyance. What could be said to M. le Baron? How could Mr. Winkworth and his friends atone sufficiently to him for the outrage he had undergone? However, all that *could* be said *was* said, and Grumbach received the apologies graciously enough. Yet a natural curiosity manifested itself upon the simple question of *why*, as he had not secreted the coin — in fact, had had no more to do with it than anybody else — he should have made so vehement and active a protest against being searched. He at first made no reply to the interrogation, but merely drew from the breast of his coat a small packet, which he begged Mr. Winkworth to open. This was done, and there lay exposed to the wondering eyes around a facsimile of the much-vaunted and isolated specimen! Not a mark, not a hair's breadth of difference could be detected between them. Rigidly were they compared over and over again, and at last, changing hands so often, it was impossible to tell one from the other.

"There is my answer, gentlemen. Had I submitted to your search, most inevitably I should have been convicted of a gross and abominable theft, and at once have forfeited my position, and with it all I hold dear." Then turning to Mr. Winkworth, he added, "Had you not, my friend, persisted in refusing to show me your prize the other day, I had intended to tell you how, a few days after you had left me, I got scent of the existence of a second specimen in St. Petersburg, which I forthwith secured in person for my society in Berlin; and I was on the point of surprising you all by its production when the disappearance of yours led to what has just occurred. I had suspected that there was more than one coin of that date extant, but I am sure there are not more than two; here they are."

"Fiction founded on fact" is an old expression, used in many cases of story-telling, and I can find none better with which to conclude what I have related. The fiction only has been that part of the story which applied to names, dates, and localities; the main gist of the matter is fact, but, as may have been seen in its narration, could not for many reasons have been given in all its actual reality. Still the circumstances appeared as curious, and the coincidences, perhaps, as odd as any that have ever led to those mistakes and equivoques which sometimes clothe the events of every-day life in the garb of romance.

VINES AND WINES.

It will be important to many of our friends engaged in the wine trade, as well as interesting to the public generally, to learn that the Vendemmia or vintage feast has been this year celebrated in Madeira with all the honors and ceremonies which belonged to its observance in the day of the island's greatest prosperity.

The grape, as is well known, is not one of the indigenous fruits of Madeira, having been introduced about three hundred years ago during the governorship of a Portuguese noble named Alver.

After the departure of this man from the island, the cultivation of the vine for a long time was neglected, the people in general meeting with no encouragement.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, however, some nine or ten Jesuits landed at Funchal. These men were not only sages and scholars, but they were men strong in resources from repeated successful trials. No sooner had they touched the brown sands of Madeira with their sandalled feet, and breathed the pure atmosphere, stealing ever with refreshing fragrance from the groves and gardens, than they justly estimated the amount of wealth which slumbered amongst the everlasting hills of Madeira, like living crystal in a rock, and they resolved at once on effecting important changes in the agriculture of the country.

They found that both soil and climate were particularly suited to the cultivation of the vine, and accordingly they procured cuttings from Candia, Cyprus, and Burgundy, and once more the hills in the neighborhood of Funchal were clothed with amaranthine vineyards. Adopting the Eastern custom, they trained the vines over trellised arches, allowing the rich clusters to droop through the leafy roof, beneath which thousands of delicate flowers lifted up their heads, wooing the sunny gleams which came and went, as the soft wind stirred the broad foliage above.

The rock-ribbed spaces lying between one leaf-woven colonnade and another were left open, and of course presented wildernesses of flowers and ferns, the latter sending up their tremulous fronds from every crevice and fissure, shading and softening the gorgeous beauty of the scarlet and purple and golden flowers.

While on the subject of ferns, I may as well mention that one of those most difficult to find now in Madeira, is one which for centuries was thought to be indigenous only on the shores of the lovely lakes of Killarney, — the *Trichomanes radicans*. Even in the childhood days of the writer, it grew there in such profusion that tourists were in the habit of carrying it away in corn-sacks. Now, however, its beautiful filmy fronds must be carefully sought for in moist little nooks, and in the crevices of the rocks, or they will escape being discovered.

Having planted numerous vineyards on the hills, the Jesuits next turned their attention to the low grounds, and to the northern coast; but instead of watching, step by step, the progress of their judicious labors, it may be as interesting, and more profitable, to examine into the present appearance and prosperity of the island.

Comparing it with the years previous to 1852, before the sudden and fearful blight "*Oidium Tuckeri*" had destroyed its thousands of vines, the balance is against it; but comparing the current

year with any other during the past twelve, and the scale preponderates in its favor. The vines are recovering, and in all directions men are planting new vineyards.

The vines blossom in May and June, and frequently of late years, when they appeared most fresh and healthy, then, like a plague breath, came the blight, and they died off hopelessly. The disease first attacks the leaves, which, from a beautiful green, turn brown in a few hours; a clammy, whitish substance then appears, and they shrivel and roll up, never more to spread their fragrant surface to the skies.

This effect is attributed by some to an aphid; others say the stocks are worn out, and, like last year's nests, are fit for nothing. The chief remedy used is sulphur, and it is no uncommon circumstance to see two or three barrels of this powerful disinfectant dragged on sledges to a vineyard, to be sprinkled over the fruited plants, thus saving the grapes, but in a great degree destroying the flavor of the wine.

There were at one time between thirty and forty kinds of grape used in making the wines; now the island does not produce such a variety. The best grape for the wine known as "Madeira" is a small kind, of a reddish-brown color, called "Verdeilho." Its flavor is rich, and the skin remarkably thick. The clusters are small, each grape being no larger than a good black currant.

The Vinta Tinta, or colored wine, sometimes called "Madeira Claret," and "Madeira Burgundy," is made of various kinds of purple grape. To heighten the color, the juice, when expressed, is poured into a vat, into which the skins have been thrown, and allowed to stand until it has acquired the desired hue. Its flavor somewhat resembles that of Claret.

"Malmsey," or "Ladies' wine," is manufactured from the *Malvazia Candida*, which grows in no other situation in the world better than in front of the cliffs beyond Cabo Jiraó, or Cape Turn Again. Down almost to the water's edge the vine is cultivated, covering the very sands with verdure and beauty and fragrance, while from the heights come rills of limpid water, carried by means of conduits, to cool and nourish the shingly soil. There is a magnificent view of this headland from the new road, which runs along the southwestern coast for about three miles. If looked upon at sunset it will never be forgotten; when its lofty summits are gleaming with golden splendor, — when the ravines, touched by the departing rays, have grown luminous to their most inaccessible depths, — when the vineyards are glowing with the rainbow-hues of the dewy hour, and the two rivers, Socorridos and Vasio Gil (which, taking their rise high up in the Curral, unite near the base under the name of the "Curral River"), flow like a stream of molten silver into the sea.

The sweet dry Sercial, the delicate and delicious Bual, and many others, belong peculiarly to the neighborhood of Funchal. There is one grape, however, which I must not omit to mention, on account of its curious mercantile notoriety. It is a Hock grape, small and sour, grown chiefly in the northern parts of the island, and is so unpalatable that not only the rats and lizards, who lay all other vines under heavy contributions, leave it untouched, but even the "wild bees, humming their drowsy song," refuse to use it in making their "honey boards." The wine made from this grape is all shipped to Hamburg, from whence it is exported to England, and being there mixed with other wines of a some-

what better quality, is sold at a considerable profit under the name of "Hock."

During the last two years there has been a steady improvement in the vines, so much so, that in every direction new vineyards are being planted. This work is usually done in November, and if a visitor desires to witness the operation, he has but to choose any soft sunny day, when the trees are trembling in the fragrant air, — when the deep blue waters of the bay are coming in with a quiet murmur, and the foam is lying at the base of the Pontingua Rock like carded wool, — and wandering, without a guide, eastward from Funchal along the sea-cliffs, he can hardly fail of seeing husbandmen planting a vineyard.

Imagine a number of graceful rustics, of medium height, athletic, free in their motions, heaving the "euxada," a kind of light pickaxe, instead of digging with the spade. They work as if in sport; there is no appearance of lusty labor; they look careless and merry; while the cheering song, and the electric joke which opens every throat at the same instant, keeps each man's heart dancing to its own music.

Having made deep parallel trenches, they next plant cuttings two and a half feet apart, and then, I am sorry I must add, they plant cabbages and batatas, and other vegetables between the rows of vines; thus effectually depriving them of the necessary amount of moisture and nourishment. Returning in February, you find that the vineyard has been covered with cane trellis-work, presenting a succession of arched corridors about four feet and a half in height, over which the vines are wreathed and intertwined, so that when they are fruited, the clusters shall fall through and receive the benefit of the heat radiating from the earth, as well as that from the sun's rays, coming tempered through the mantle of soft green.

Or it may be that instead of leafy corridors, straight rows of cane have been placed behind the cuttings, which, holding them by their tendrils, encircle and garland them with living beauty. Gathering the fruit is a fatiguing work, and is always performed by the men, and it is also men's feet which press it, when it is thrown in the huge wooden troughs to be crushed. The average produce is a pipe of wine per acre, of which a tenth belongs to the government; one half of the remainder to the owner of the vineyard; and the residue to the farmer or cultivator.

During the month of September, the Vendemmia, or vintage festival, usually occurs; but for ten years — from 1852 to 1862 — it was only spoken of as a thing of the past. During that period the cheerful peasantry of Madeira suffered toil and sorrow, distress and want; yet in the end the Oidium Tuckerii, like the potato famine in Ireland, has proved a benefit, by discovering to the people fresh sources of independence within their reach, and by forcing the government to the expenditure of thousands of pounds in the improvement of their city, their villages, and their public roads.

THE VINTAGE FEAST.

The Vendemmia may be said to resemble the English harvest-home, though it is far more picturesque, having all the advantages of a sunny sky, splendid scenery, and costumes bright as "blossoms flaunting in the eye of day," and fitting like dresses in a picture.

The sun has hardly streaked the "east with pur-

ple light" on the morning of the festival, before the strains of vocal and instrumental music are heard approaching Camacha, a village situated on the Serra, or rather St. Antonio da Serra, from every direction,—from the interior of the island, from the well-known northern routes, and from the sea, which is dotted with gayly-painted boats, coming in from the numerous little villages lying along the coast, between Funchal and Canical on the east, and Funchal and Magdalena on the west.

Groups of peasants follow each musician, and for hours the roads leading to the Serra are bright with the picturesque multitude. The dress of the men on those occasions generally consists of white linen "quakes," very much like our modern knickerbockers; buff goat-skin boots, white linen shirts, blue vests ornamented with several small solid gold buttons, and blue carapuças with long gold tassels. The blue cloth with which these latter articles are made is imported from Portugal, generally from the well-known firm of Correa and Company, or it may be from the rival house of Lafourie and Company. The women are, as usual, dressed in bright colors, some wearing native manufactures, but the greater number clad in the gayly striped cotton sent to the Funchal market by the Lisbon Weaving Company; while their lenços are of fancy shot silk from the factories of Joze Barboza, or have come from the celebrated cotton looms of La Luz. Their jewelry has only the fault of being too heavy; their chains are like ropes, their bracelets like golden cables.

Arrived at the Serra, the first object of attraction is the Church of St. Antonio. It is a small building, somewhat resembling in its outer structure an English village church, with a low square tower. The walls are of a brilliant white, bordered with black. On the present occasion a tall flagstaff runs up from the tower and sustains an enormous crimson banner, on which the arms of Portugal are embroidered in silk, the huge crown only being worked in gold.

Surrounding the church is a square, answering the purposes of the adro of the Mount church, which is crowded with people who cannot obtain an entrance into the edifice, where a high mass is being performed;—the Vendemmia, like every other festa celebrated in Madeira, beginning with a religious service.

While the multitude are thus engaged, let us look at the scene around us. The Serra is dotted with barracas and tables heaped with provisions, beside each of which stands a little barrel of wine; while from the branches of the oak-trees hang quarters of the best beef the island can afford. On the right, in a hollow, we see what looks like a roofless hut, but from the red light glaring up from between its walls we know that they are roasting whole the fat ox on which the vine-dressers are to feast in the afternoon. On the left, at a short distance from the church, is the cemetery, surrounded by a low wall. In the centre stands a wooden cross, and thick and close around it lie the mounds of bare red earth, beneath which the dead await the call of the last trumpet. Between this and the church there is a long, low building, having a pretty open verandah running along the front. This is known as the "Pilgrim's house," and is abundantly provided with culinary utensils, and mattresses stuffed with the soft silky hair which grows round the roots of the beautiful rare fern, *Dicksonia culcita*. As lodgings are given gratis to all who bring their own provisions, this place is generally over-crowded during

the Vendemmia, but chiefly with elderly people, the young preferring to sleep in the tents, or under the trees in the circa or grove, at the opposite extremity of the Serra.

At this season of the year this beautiful bower wears that rich autumn dress, of which

"Every hue
Is but a varying splendor."

Bright-hued flowers are jewelling the earth under the soft shade of trees, whose tall trunks, from the roots to the topmost branches, are adorned either by the graceful fronds of the *Capillus Veneris* and *Davalia Canariensis*, or that curious lichen familiarly known as "old man's hair," hanging in gray tresses of half a foot in length, and waving loosely about with the faintest breeze.

There are many pleasant walks in the circa, but there is one which has a peculiar though melancholy interest for English visitors: it is known as the "Hydrangea Walk." Between rows of this beautiful shrub, whose branches are drooping beneath the wealth of innumerable large blue flowers, you pass on till about half-way through, when a slight rising in the centre of the path attracts your attention. You inquire why it has not been levelled, and are told that it is a grave. He who sleeps beneath had renounced the religion which the state declares no man must forsake, nor even be suspected of leaving, lest his grave be made in the streets or highways, where his friends and neighbors cannot choose but trample on his dust. About a mile from the Serra, where three ways meet, there is another such grave, and there are many others scattered through the island.

While we are still admiring the singular spectacle presented by the Serra, the bell of the church rings out a merry peal; the service is over, and the multitude is swarming over the plain. It is a novel and picturesque sight, though some of its details are mean and unpleasant. The first rush is to the refreshment tables, and there, in drinking a sort of wine made from pears, oranges, lemons, and grapes, even the honest hearts of the Madeiran peasants catch an unnatural spark, and shouts, whistling, and fantastic attitudes, such as one sees in the highlands of Scotland and the west of Ireland, accompany the dances, which commence all over the Serra at one o'clock.

In feasting and amusement the day is passed, and also a greater part of the night, when, just as the brief, dim half-hour of dawn comes round, the bells clang out a summons to the young maidens to commence the preparation of the morning meal,—a last feast, for the time, of beef and wine and fine bread.

As soon as this is ended the whole multitude join in a dance, called the cachuca, though differing altogether from the Spanish dance of the same name. When this is over every woman takes her partner's hat, and wreaths it with the beautiful blue flowers of the hydrangea, while the men on receiving them back make the mountains re-echo with their hearty shouts. Presently the Serra assumes a new aspect. Borequerous, who had been all the morning watching for the proper moment, now appear galloping into the Serra from all directions. Madeirans of every rank are graceful and fearless as Arabs on horseback; the borequerous, therefore, soon find customers, but the Lisbon ponies are in the greatest demand; they are well known to be strong, swift, and active, and though the riders will not be permitted to try their speed through the streets of Funchal, there will be

many a well-contested race on the new road before the sun sets.

In a gleeesome picturesque procession the multitude enter Funchal, and pass through all the principal streets, loudly cheered at every step, as the harbingers of a promise of a golden future.

THE BARRISTER'S WIG.

"THE wisdom is in the wig" is a very common proverb, and, like most of the common proverbs, doubtless contains a considerable amount of truth. To prove this, the reader has only to attend one of our law-courts for a day or two, and he will then hear opinions carrying great weight with them, which, if uttered out of court, and by an individual in a private dress, would be thought very commonplace indeed. But not only is there a great amount of wisdom in the wig, but a great amount of wit and humor as well; or, how should we read in the newspapers of the mirth elicited at our trials by the very dull jokes occasionally uttered by the members of the bar? We read in the Reports of a barrister, who said, "He would rather not answer that question" (a laugh). Another will say, "No, I thank you" (great laughter). Another, "Thank you, I am not to be caught in that way" (here the court was convulsed with laughter for some minutes, in which the learned judge joined heartily). Now out of court, all these sayings seem powerless enough, but in court their humor appears to be irresistible.

Although it has long been a favorite idea with me, that there is occasionally more wit and humor in the wig than in the individual wearing it, it is only lately that I have been convinced of the fact. Possibly I may be accused, and with justice, of putting a little acrimony in the statement of my opinion, for I was lately, in the witness-box, for more than an hour, the butt of a barrister with a witty wig.

I am a surgeon in considerable practice in a large country town, and was subpoenaed to give evidence in an assault case, in which the plaintiff was my patient for some time, in consequence of the injuries he had received. As the plaintiff, an old farmer, was half drunk at the time of the assault (he had been dining with some other farmers of his acquaintance after the market was over), it was, naturally, the policy of the counsel for the defence to prove that he was thoroughly intoxicated, and that the injuries he had received arose from his own helpless condition. Of course, if he could break down the medical evidence it would mitigate his client's cause greatly, if not completely exonerate him from blame.

I attended at the court on the appointed day, and was sworn. I mounted the witness-box with a feeling somewhat akin to awe at the solemnity of the oath I had taken, and with a resolution conscientiously to speak the strict truth in all things.

My evidence in favor of the prosecution went off smoothly enough, and, to tell the honest truth, I felt somewhat proud of it. Then the cross-examination began. Here a great change took place. The counsel for the defence had the reputation of being a wag, and I soon found my position change from that of a grave scientific witness into the Jack Pudding of the court. The amount of mirth the counsel contrived to elicit from my evidence was astonishing; yet, for the life of me, I could see no subject for jesting whatever. He inquired in what manner I made the distinction between having drunk a little too much and being drunk; what amount of beer,

or wine, or spirit I considered would have the effect of knocking a man down, and many other questions of the same description. Seeing everybody laughing, I began to think that possibly I did not give my answers carefully enough; the effect of the oath I had taken being still strong within me. I therefore gave my replies more circumstantially, as I imagined; but the questions increased in facetiousness in consequence, and my answers caused more mirth than before. I then thought that perhaps, in my serious mood, I did not appreciate sufficiently the wit of the learned gentleman, and I paid great attention to his words in order to find out in what their humor consisted. But in vain. His questions appeared to me to be simply what in vulgar parlance is called chaffing, and nothing more. By degrees I got so confused that I made a very simpleton of myself, and contradicted my own statements at least a dozen times over. At last, when he had contrived to make me neutralize completely the truthful evidence I had given in my examination in chief, he allowed me to leave the box; and I did so under the unpleasant impression that I had made a great fool of myself.

I left the court immediately, and the trial went on without me. But in the evening, I had the unpleasant intelligence that my patient had lost his case, principally owing to the uncomplimentary remarks made by the judge on my evidence, in his summing up.

But the annoyance did not stop here. The next day, not only the local papers, but the London journals as well, had a full account of the trial, in which I figured in by no means a flattering manner. There were the usual parenthetical remarks, — (The cross-examination of the witness elicited great mirth in the court); (The judge could with difficulty maintain his gravity); (Great laughter, which the ushers had much difficulty in repressing); and many other expressions of the same kind. At first I was naturally greatly annoyed at all this, but in a few days the feeling wore off; still, it frequently returned to my mind, and on more than one occasion I attempted to analyze the cause of so much mirth arising from so serious a subject, and with so little real wit on the part of the barrister. At last a vague suspicion arose in my mind that it was due in great measure to the wig; but how to prove my conclusion puzzled me extremely. When I least expected it, however, chance threw an opportunity in my way.

One morning, on leaving my house, my attention was arrested by a long procession on horseback coming up the street, dressed in a most motley manner. They were the company of an equestrian circus which had arrived that morning in the town. Their advent had been advertised some days before, and, as usual, the first great feature of their performance was their parade through the streets. The sight was certainly a very brilliant affair: the circus was one of celebrity, the troupe was numerous, the dresses magnificent, and they appeared to make a great impression on the beholders. But one thing struck me as abnormal, — there was no clown. To leave the clown out of a circus troupe is to take the whole romance out of the thing. All its intellect is destroyed, and nothing but a body of mere mechanism remains.

I was aroused from my speculations by a little slipshod girl pulling my coat, and telling me that my services were immediately required at the "Coach and Horses," where a lady was in want of my as-

sistance. I should here mention that the "Coach and Horses" is a large second-rate inn, much patronized by the small farmers and their servants on market days. Having no very urgent case on hand, I immediately went with my little guide to see my new patient. When we arrived at the inn we found the whole place in a state of great bustle and confusion. The circus troupe had taken up their quarters in it, and the place was strewn with boxes, travelling apparatus, children (and of them there was a swarm), and old men and women; for circus people have generally a great love for the young of their profession, and a great respect for the old.

The only able-bodied person I met in the courtyard was a man about thirty years of age, a quiet, decent, active-looking fellow enough.

"O, I am so glad you are come, sir," said he, "my wife is so ill, I am quite frightened about her; come this way if you please."

"I followed him up a broken staircase into a sort of garret, where I found my patient. She was a meek little woman, at that moment on the point of becoming a mother.

The case was a difficult one, but at last all ended successfully, and I called the husband and told him the good news. He appeared greatly delighted, and I left him in charge of his wife and baby, promising to call again in a couple of hours to see how the young mother was getting on.

It was about three o'clock before I again visited my patient. I found she was going on well, and I told her husband my opinion.

"I am very glad to hear it, sir. Do you think I might leave her for an hour in charge of that little girl? I ought to go to rehearsal, or I shall be fined if I am not there."

"O yes; there is no danger whatever; to-night I will send you a proper nurse if you want one."

"No, thank you, sir, there is no occasion for that; our women are very kind to each other."

He now put on his hat, and we left the house together.

"I did not know you were one of the circus performers," I said, as we continued on our way.

"I am the clown, sir," he said, "and I suspect they would hardly get on without me. I am sure I am glad affairs have gone on so well. I never can do anything if I feel at all low-spirited."

"Did I understand that you are now going to rehearsal?"

"Yes, sir; but I shall soon be back; I have not much to say."

As he spoke we came in sight of the circus, which had arisen the night before as if by magic. It was very large, and had the flags of all nations indiscriminately hoisted around it. I asked my companion if I might see the interior.

"Certainly, sir, if you wish it. Come with me and there will be no difficulty."

We entered the circus.

A responsible-looking man, with a whip in his hand, was standing in the centre of the circle, and a young lady in a practising dress was seated on a bare-backed horse by the side.

"Just in time, Tommy," said the man with the whip, "just in time; if you had been a minute later you would have been fined as sure as a gun."

Tommy made no answer, but walked up to the young lady's side, and, looking for a moment into her face, said, "Please, sir, she knows me; she looked at me." The master then smacked his whip,

and the horse started off at a hand gallop, he following her, while Tommy the clown walked in the ring-master's wake, his hands in his pockets, and wearing at the time a very thoughtful expression. Each time the horse stopped, Tommy uttered some absurdity too stupid to be worth naming. I remained in the circus for half an hour, and then left it, wondering greatly how the miserable platitudes I heard my friend Tommy utter could by any possibility raise a laugh in the evening. Probably, I thought, the dress might have something to do with it, and most of all the wig. Yes, the wig of the circus clown is as peculiar in its constitution as that of a barrister, and the clown's wit was doubtless in his wig. However, as it was merely a surmise on my part, I resolved to attend the performance in the evening and judge for myself.

In the evening, after seeing that my patient was going on well, I went to the circus to witness the performance. The whole place certainly presented a different aspect from that I had seen in the morning. It was brilliantly lighted and tastefully decorated, and was well filled with spectators; a circumstance which added much to the lively impression the sight made on me. The performance shortly after commenced, and at last Tommy, the clown, made his appearance. The scene was that with the young lady which I had seen in the morning. But how different was the result of his jokes! In the morning those which appeared flat and insipid were now pungent and sparkling. When in the morning he told the ring-master "that the young lady knew him, for she looked at him," nothing could be more melancholy. In the evening the same remark caused a violent fit of laughter.

I now examined the clown's wig. It was absurd, exceedingly absurd, but not more so than the barrister's. No human head of hair I had ever seen resembled the clown's, but neither did I ever see one that resembled the wig of a barrister. I now fully came to the conclusion that I had not made a fool of myself at the trial, but that the laughter and merriment which had been so uproarious in court was caused by the barrister's wig, and not by the stupidity and vacillation of my answers.

That night I slept little, so much was my mind occupied with the wig question. At last I remembered that the principal hairdresser in the town had a magnificent barrister's wig in his shop window, which he regularly dressed with great care the week before the assizes were to be held. He had formerly been assistant to a hairdresser in the Temple, and on removing from London, he had brought with him the legal tastes he had acquired during his residence there. This man was my constant patient, and a very good understanding existed between us. It occurred to me that I had an excellent opportunity of experimenting as to what was really the humorous power in the barrister's wig. If I could get him to lend me the wig for a night or two, which I felt assured he would readily do, and if I could persuade my friend Tommy the clown (his name in the bills was Signor Ludovico Selvaccio) to perform in it for a couple of nights, I could arrive at a tolerably certain conclusion on the matter. I resolved at any rate to try my influence on my two friends; and after having duly prepared my plan of action, I succeeded in going to sleep.

The next day, after seeing my gratis patients, I walked to the house of my friend the hairdresser. I found him at home, somewhat dyspeptic as usual. I inquired, with great patience and tenderness, after

his malady, and promised to send him some medicine. I then made some inquiries after his wife, who suffered from the disease even more than her husband. Fortunately they had no children, or my stay might have been prolonged considerably, for there was a great tendency to prolixity in the worthy couple when speaking of their maladies. All was at last terminated, and, with some little fear and trepidation, I broached the subject of the barrister's wig. I experienced far greater difficulty than I had anticipated. At first he was willing enough to lend me the wig; but when he understood it was to adorn the head of a circus clown, he immediately withdrew his promise. He told me he had a great respect for the whole legal profession, and enumerated different eminent lawyers whose wigs he had dressed when he resided in London; and on no account, even to oblige me, would he do anything to bring that profession into ridicule.

I was almost in despair, but still did not give up all hope; so I changed the subject into a lecture on dyspepsia, and the tremendous evils attendant on that malady if it were not carefully and scientifically treated. I found, as I went on, the faces of both husband and wife lengthen, and I took good care not to let the impression of fear under which they were evidently laboring in any way lessen. Having raised a considerable amount of terror in the minds of the worthy couple, I somewhat abruptly left them. I, however, went no farther than the next house, a stationer's, and I there occupied myself in looking with great intentness on some colored prints in the shop windows.

Presently, as I had fully expected, the hairdresser's wife came to me, and told me her husband wished to speak to me. I immediately returned; and he then said he had reconsidered the matter, and was perfectly ready to lend me the wig. "I will," he continued, "merely put a finishing touch to it, and you will find it at your house when you return." I sincerely thanked him for his kindness, and instantly proceeded to seek my friend the clown.

I found my patient progressing favorably, as well as her baby; Tommy himself was in the room when I arrived. He had the infant in his arms, and was gazing at it with great satisfaction and pride in his countenance. Seeing he was in a favorable state of mind to listen to my application, I immediately opened the subject. I told him I had a great favor to ask, and I trusted he would not be offended. I wanted to try an experiment that evening with his assistance, and he would greatly oblige me by wearing for the occasion a barrister's wig instead of his own. He appeared greatly astonished at my request, and I feared he would refuse me; but I was most agreeably disappointed.

"Offended, sir," he replied; "not at all. I will do it with pleasure. Why, the idea is sublime! How wonderful it is," he continued, "that so simple a dodge should never have been thought of before!" Then again his expression fell almost to sadness. "What a pity it is," said he, "I have not a wig of the kind, nor is there one in the whole of our properties."

I told him that I had a magnificent one at home, which was perfectly at his service. He expressed himself most gratified for my kindness, and it was arranged he should call at my house for the wig on his road to the circus.

The evening came, and I left the house to attend the performance. On my way I met the Rev. Mr.

Jones, a lately arrived curate. He was a tall, thin man, of most austere principles, despising all worldly amusements, and preaching against them on all possible occasions; yet, withal, he was most conscientious, charitable, and pious. When I saw him I tried to avoid him, for to say the truth I was somewhat ashamed at his knowing I was going to pass the evening at the circus. He recognized me, however, and crossed over the road to speak to me.

"You will be surprised," said he, after our first inquiries as to each other's health were over, "to hear that I am going to spend the evening at the circus."

"I am delighted to hear it," I replied, "for I shall have a companion then; I am going there myself."

"But I fear," said he, "we are not both bound on the same errand. My purpose is to address the audience between the acts, as I believe they call them, on the sin of wasting their time on follies of the kind."

"I trust, Jones, you will do nothing of the sort. You will make yourself greatly disliked if you do; and that would be a pity, as you are really a very good fellow."

"Indeed," said he, "I shall keep to my determination. I believe I have a duty to perform, and I will go through with it."

I was much annoyed when he told me so, for I really liked him; but, finding he was determined, I said nothing more on the subject, resolving to sit beside him during the performance, and to restrain him as much as I could.

We arrived at the paying place, and took our seats exactly opposite the performers' entrance. In a short time the place was completely filled, and the performance commenced. During the first two acts of horsemanship no clown appeared; but in the third, "The Flower-girl," Tommy entered the ring. He announced himself by calling out, in the clown's hoarse voice, "Here we are; how are you?" The effect of the wig was wonderful. For a moment all were silent, and then the laughter began: and such laughter! I never before witnessed anything like it.

When it had somewhat subsided, Tommy advanced to the master of the ring, who was so splendidly dressed that it almost dazzled me to look at him, and said, "How is your mother?" The laughter again rose as loudly as before, and was even longer in subsiding.

Never did Tommy achieve a greater success than on that evening. Everything he said told, no matter how stupid it might be. When the Wild Huntsman of the Wood started off, Tommy requested him to give his love to the cook, and the mirth was so boisterous it was some time before the wild huntsman could hear the music.

A policeman, with a remarkably stolid countenance, was standing at the door. Tommy advanced towards him, and shaking him by the hand, inquired affectionately after the health of his inspector. The policeman was instantly so overcome with laughter, that he was obliged to seat himself on a bench to recover himself. Mirth that evening was perfectly contagious; and even my reverend friend, on more than one occasion, struggled hard to conceal a smile. But he did not succeed in the attempt.

The programme of the first act had now been gone through, and the performers were on the point of leaving the circus, when Tommy addressed the master of the ring.

"If you please, sir, may I sing a song?"

"I did not know you could sing, Mr. Merriman."

"O yes, sir, I can; I used to sing at the great 'uproar house' in London."

"I am afraid that is a mistake, Mr. Merriman."

"No, sir, it is not; I once got ten guineas for singing a song there."

"You must excuse me, Mr. Merriman, but that I'm sure is an error."

"No, sir, it is not; and I can prove it in a moment."

"Pray do."

"Well then, sir, I was to have five guineas for singing the song, and when I had half done they offered me five more to leave off. I can sing it now if you like."

"I have no objection, if the audience has none."

Tommy immediately turned round to the orchestra.

"Sound W, gentlemen, if you please," he said.

Of course the orchestra sounded an immense discord, and Tommy placed himself in an attitude for singing.

"There was once a little maid
Who lived by her trade,
Whom her lover wanted to w-h-e-a-d-le;
When from pretty little Miss
He tried to get a kiss,
She scratched his nose with a ne-e-d-le.

"Then this little maid,
She was very much afraid
That her lover would come to-o-o her,
So she got into bed,
Put her nightcap on her head,
And fastened up the door with a ske-e-w-er."

No laughter that had occurred during the whole of the evening was equal to that elicited by the song, and Tommy made his exit amidst a shower of applause.

No sooner had the mirth somewhat subsided, when to my intense horror, my friend and neighbor, the Rev. Mr. Jones, rose from his seat, and, in spite of all my entreaties to the contrary, began to address the audience.

"My dear friends," he said, "pray listen for a few moments to me, for, believe me, I am solely actuated by a desire for your good. Do not think that I want to restrain any innocent amusement; but let me ask you if a scene like this is a proper one for beings with immortal souls? Would not the attention you are here giving to irrational exercises and gross absurdities be far better employed in reflecting on the wickedness of your past lives, and making preparation for the great change which must some day overtake us all? with which the strongest cannot wrestle, nor the fleetest avail. Death may approach us at any hour, noiselessly and without notice. He may choose for his victims the young or the old, the rich or the poor. This very night he may call some of these present away, and what is the preparation which has been made to receive him? When I look around me—"

Here he stopped short, and the muscles of his face underwent a series of extraordinary spasmodic contortions, while his eyes were intently fixed on the performers' entrance. I looked towards it and saw the head of Tommy, still arrayed in the barrister's wig, gazing from between the green baize curtains, as if he were looking out of bed, straight at the face of my reverend friend. Poor Jones tried to continue, but it was impossible; and at last, in spite of all his efforts to restrain himself, he burst into a hearty laugh. Then taking up his hat hurriedly, he

left the circus, the eyes of the audience at the time being fixed on the clown.

The circus remained two days longer in the town, and on each performance Tommy wore his new wig, which was a perfect success.

I would now earnestly press on all circus managers my advice to adopt Tommy's experiment. It would not only be sure to succeed, and put money in their pockets, but very probably in the end they would assist in banishing from the British courts of justice that ridiculous piece of tomfoolery,—the barrister's wig.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I.

"I NEVER saw such rain in my life."

"My dear, it always rains at Genoa."

"Then why does 'Murray' say that Genoa is a dry place, with sharp cutting winds?"

"My dear, 'Murray' makes a mistake. I have been here—let me see—six times; and every time it has been just like this, close, muggy weather, and raining warm water."

"I suppose it is the time of the year?"

"October: yes,—I have always been here in October, certainly—on the way to Rome; but if a place were ever dry and cold, one would fancy it would be just in October. I can't say, though, that I ever saw it pelt as it does now: it is more like Roman rain."

"A nice prospect for the Magra!"

"That odious Magra! How people can say that there is a road from Genoa to Pisa, when there is that thing right across the middle of it, I cannot imagine!"

Such was the dialogue which took place between Mrs. Leslie and her daughter Mary, as they waited the summons to the table d'hôte in their marble-floored apartment at the Hôtel de la Croix de Malte at Genoa. Mary was in rather delicate health, and her mother was taking her to Rome for the winter in the hope of bringing some roses into her cheeks. Not that there was anything seriously the matter, but her lack of bloom was mortifying to maternal vanity. "Don't talk of being pale, my dear," Mrs. Leslie used to say; "paleness is one thing, and sallowness is another. I was a pale girl myself, but as to you, you look like a bit of waxwork fifty years old. You are never fit to be seen except by candle-light." She need not have been uneasy: many a rosy-cheeked damsel was thrown altogether into the shade by her pale daughter.

"Blanche, are you ready?" said Mary, knocking at the door of an inner room. "Well, I must say," as Blanche made her appearance, "that Annette has turned you out in good style; you don't look as if you had spent great part of yesterday on the top of Mont Cenis."

Blanche was not Mrs. Leslie's daughter, though her name was also Leslie, but her niece, and the two cousins were the closest of friends; very much alike in spirit and animation, but in appearance such a contrast that each appeared to peculiar advantage in the presence of the other. Blanche was very tall, with a commanding sweep of figure, while Mary was rather square and substantial; Blanche had a complexion of lilies and roses, and a profusion of soft, sunny-brown hair, whose natural ringlets could scarcely be controlled by the plaitings and twistings which fashion required; but all this, though excessively pretty, in no way interfered with the charm

of Mary's fine dark eyes, and beautifully-moulded head, on which the black hair, braided as closely as possible, shone glossy and smooth as velvet. In short, they would have made a perfect tableau as Rosalind and Celia.

Blanche had been considerably spoiled by her mother, who had been left very young a widow with this only child, but who, happily perhaps, had died before the spoiling had gone seriously deep, and had left her daughter, a beauty and an heiress of thirteen, to the joint guardianship of her aunt, Mrs. Leslie, and of some old friends of her own, Lord and Lady Beresford, who, having no unmarried daughter, had insisted on taking Blanche to live with them immediately after her mother's death, now about four years ago; and she had continued to be the *enfant de la maison* ever since, to the extreme pleasure of the old couple, and apparently with tolerable contentment to herself, until this very autumn, when, for reasons of her own, she had taken a sudden freak to go to Rome with her aunt and cousin.

This freak she had performed, it must be confessed, rather with the precipitation of a spoiled child than with the demureness to be expected from a damsel of seventeen. She had been brought to town by Lord and Lady Beresford, who came up in the hope, that now, Sebastopol being at last taken, any day might bring them home their only son, who had been some years absent on active service even before his regiment, the Rifle Brigade, had been ordered to the Crimea. One morning, when Mrs. Leslie's house in Green Street was astir with preparation, portmanteaus and milliners' baskets being drawn forth from their hiding-places, and ladies and ladies' maids in earnest consultation over them, — just three days, in fact, before the southward journey was to begin, — Lady Beresford's carriage drove to the door, and out stepped Blanche alone.

"I am going with you to Rome," was her greeting to her astonished aunt; "don't say no, for I am quite determined; so if there is anything to be done about passports, please to do it; and as to the money, you must settle all that afterwards."

"My dear, does Lady Beresford approve?"

"Highly disapproves, of course; very angry indeed; but I have had it all out with her, and she knows she can't help it; so please, please, dear aunt, don't be cross. It is all settled; and Annette is to come in the evening with my luggage, for I am going to stay here till you go."

Mrs. Leslie remonstrated; Mary remonstrated, though so very glad, that her remonstrances lacked force; but it was all the same, — Blanche was quite determined; and it was not till after much cross-questioning that she condescended to reveal the reasons of her proceeding, which were not received by her aunt and cousin with the gravity she expected. However, Mrs. Leslie, of course, made a point of going to Lady Beresford as soon as possible for a private consultation, about which her niece knew nothing: the result of which was that it was settled, though most reluctantly on the part of the poor old couple, that the wilful child must have her way; and accordingly she had set forth with the Leslies, and found herself with them, on the rainy afternoon in question, at the Hôtel de la Croix de Malte, at Genoa.

"Did you ever see such rain?" was her first remark, as it had been Mary's.

"We were just saying," said Mary, "that we have a charming prospect for the Magra. It serves us right for aiding and abetting you, you naughty

child. If we are drowned, I shall always say you were the Jonah."

"Satisfactory the information will be to the fishes," said Blanche, laughing.

"A disconsolate damsel running away from her guardians always comes to grief," persisted Mary; "it would not be moral if she did not, for the sake of example."

Blanche held up her head; her aunt and cousin often affronted her by laughing at her precipitate flight.

"You may throw back that silly little head of yours," said her aunt, "but I shall always say the same: that you are behaving like a simpleton. I should think you were the only girl in England who would run away for fear of having to marry a young officer whom every one speaks well of, and who really must have a great deal in him to be so steady to his profession and heir to a peerage besides."

"There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, Who would gladly be bride to the braw Lochinvar,"

sang Mary, in her gay, musical voice.

"I don't care," said Blanche, laughing in spite of herself. "If he were an archangel I would have done just the same. Fancy writing to a man, and telling him to make haste home and marry me, — me, whom he has never seen; and all because I have money! And what sort of muff must he be to do it?"

"My dear, he has not done it," said Mary, shouting with laughter.

"Come, be just, silly child," said her aunt; "his sentiments have in no way transpired; you don't even know whether his lordship's letter ever reached him."

"A couple of old simpletons, begging their pardons," said Mary, "to have shown their game. If they had only let Colonel Beresford come home, crowned with laurels, and held their stupid tongues, you would have been safe to have fallen in love with each other."

"Fancy," said Blanche, still in high indignation, "when I have never been out, never seen anything of life, to book me in that way: to tell me it was a settled thing, and that dearest mamma had agreed to it: a likely thing! You know, aunt, they said it was settled; Herbert must have consented."

"I don't believe it," said her aunt; "but I'm sure I don't know. The Beresfords are not rich, and young men like money."

Here the dinner-bell interrupted them; and Mrs. Leslie and Mary, still laughing, accompanied our incensed heroine down the broad marble staircase.

Any one who has travelled along the beautiful coast-road from Genoa to Pisa knows that the usual topic at a Genoa table d'hôte is the probability or non-probability of being able to cross the Magra (so at least it was before the railway had been carried over it, as we understand is now the case); and as, in the month of October, every one is pressing southward, the Magra is for the time being the "bourne from whence no traveller returns" to give the desired information.

There happened, however, on the present occasion to be an exception to the general rule. A party of young officers, on their return from the Crimea, had just arrived from Pisa, and could certify that the Magra was passable two days ago, but said to be swelling every moment, as indeed must, they feared, be the case in such rain.

"I am sorry to hear that," said a very distinguished-looking young man, who had just come in,

and whose beard and bronzed cheek betokened him also to be a Crimean; "a bad look-out for me."

"For you, my good fellow?" asked one of the officers, to whom, as indeed to all the rest, the new arrival seemed well known; "you are going in our direction, are you not? Indeed, I thought you were at home already."

"On the contrary," said the young man, laughing, "I am this moment come from Marseilles by the packet."

"From Marseilles?" exclaimed several voices at once.

"Yes, from Marseilles; and very unpleasant I found it, so that I mean to go on by land. I am going to Rome for the winter, or part of the winter."

We cannot deny that at this our two young ladies exchanged imperceptible glances; half-conscious thoughts just shooting through their minds to the effect that they might perhaps meet this very pleasant-looking stranger in some of the parties in Rome. It was certainly within the range of possibility.

"Well, you're a cool hand, that's certain, after two years' absence not to go and see your own people."

"After six, you may say; you know our brigade was ordered straight from the Cape to the Crimea."

"More shame for you, you undutiful fellow; but I suppose there's a strong attraction at Rome?"

"A strong repulsion somewhere else." This was in a lower tone, but did not escape his opposite neighbors, though the conclusion of the sentence did.

"Well, we shall have you back soon, at any rate," was the reply. "You know you're safe of your Victoria Cross."

The conversation then turned again on the Magra, and every one had something wonderful to relate of that formidable torrent.

There may be even in this age some few who stay at home, and such may happen never to have heard of the Magra. For their benefit, therefore, we must state that it is a mountain stream between Spezzia and Carrara, which, in its normal state, is a modest brook easily fordable; but, unfortunately for travellers from the north, the season when they wish to cross it being in the very midst of the autumn rains, it is at that time in anything but this amiable condition; for a few days of wet sometimes suffice to swell it to such a pitch that it carries away, not only the bridges which men from time to time have attempted to throw over it, but vineyards and olive-groves, and even whole villages, leaving the Val di Magra (of which Dante sings) a scene of utter desolation. When in a state anything approaching to this, it can with difficulty be crossed even in a boat, on account of the swiftness of the current; and of course it is the interest, and consequently the practice, of the innkeepers at Spezzia to persuade travellers that matters are in this condition much oftener than they really are. This refers, as was before said, to the state of things some years ago. If, as we have been told, the Magra is now really spanned by a railway bridge which it is unable to sweep away, it must be a great loss to the Spezzia innkeepers, but a great blessing to the travellers whom they have been in the habit of fleecing.

II.

ALL that evening the rain kept pouring on; but the next morning the blue sky reappeared, and our travellers set forth in sunshine, brilliant, though fit-

ful, which added enchanting effects of light and shade to the beautiful coast-road along which their first day's journey led them; but as they reached its termination, the curious, rocky Sestri, jutting far out into the sea, the sun was setting in a bank of formidable storm-clouds; and before the night was over, the pattering of heavy rain against the windows, heard even in the midst of the howling of winds and dashing of waves, promised badly for the Magra.

On the next evening, when the lumbering vettura which contained our three ladies, their two ladies' maids, their courier, Brissot (now getting old and past his work), and an unlimited amount of luggage, arrived at the exquisite little town of Spezzia, all inquiries on this engrossing subject were met, as usual, with a mournful shake of the head.

"There had been a great deal of rain, but their excellencies would see to-morrow morning."

When to-morrow came, the aspect of affairs did not appear to be much improved: blow, blow, blow; rain, rain, rain; and our ladies, when they came in to breakfast, were greeted by Brissot with a face grievously elongated, and hands uplifted in despair.

"No Magra to-day, ladies; it is impossible!"

"Nonsense, Brissot," said Mrs. Leslie, who did not readily believe in impossibility; "don't you know the people at the inn always say that?"

A mournful shake of the head was Brissot's only reply.

"Well," said Mrs. Leslie, "let us have our breakfast in peace, at all events, and then we will settle what is to be done."

Spezzia is certainly a little Paradise,—there can be no doubt about that; but no one likes to remain even in Paradise on compulsion; and, on a rainy day, a pretty place has no very material advantage over an ugly one; and the thought of having to maintain a vetturino and four horses through an unlimited futurity of enforced idleness is enough to change Paradise into something not unlike its antipodes.

However, there seemed no fighting against fate. "What must be must, I suppose," said Mrs. Leslie.

"But, my dear aunt," said Blanche, "what on earth shall we do with ourselves here all day?"

"What, my dear?—collapse on our beds, of course," said Mary, always weary enough to be patient of a day of compulsory repose.

"Well, I have a suggestion to make," said Blanche.

"Queen Blanche is a woman of vigorous counsels," said Mary; "what is it, dear? Loop up our dresses and wade?"

"No," said Blanche; "float on our crinolines. But seriously, tell me, aunt,—we must pay for the man and the horses to-day, whether we use them or not?"

"I am afraid it is so written in the bond. The Magra comes decidedly under the head of Force Majeure."

"I thought so: well, then, why not use them? Suppose we tell Brissot to pay the bill and pack everything, and then drive to the water's edge and see for ourselves. If we have to turn back, we shall at least have the comfort of knowing that we have not been cheated."

"That is what I call strong-minded," said Mrs. Leslie; "a very good plan."

Accordingly Brissot was summoned, and, after a little argumentation, consented to the arrangement. In process of time it was announced that all was ready, and they went down to the carriage amid the

reiterated assurances of landlord and waiters that they would be back again before dinner time.

"Is the Magra passable?" asked Mrs. Leslie of a long-bearded, sandalled Capuchin, who stood in the hall.

"Spero, ma dubito," was the cautious reply: but there was a twinkle in his eye somewhat reassuring.

Off they drove, splashing through the mud; and at last, as they drew near the sandy, slushing plain of the torrent, a large travelling-carriage and four, straight from the Magra, dashed triumphantly towards them, the coachman nodding to their vetturino as he passed.

"Si passa," said the vetturino; and Brissot, looking back into the carriage, telegraphed that all was right.

When they had got fairly down on the strand, it appeared that the torrent had forced out for itself a second channel of no inconsiderable width, which must be crossed before arriving at the main stream. A little boat was in readiness to ferry over the passengers; but Brissot decided that, as it was raining hard, the ladies had better sit still in the carriage, for the half-naked, savage-looking beings who came crowding round, assured him that this channel was easily fordable.

The first thing to be done was to take out the horses and put oxen in their stead, which they harnessed with ropes; an affair which took more than twenty minutes to accomplish. It was accomplished at last, however, and to the music of the most unearthly shoutings and shriekings, the heavily-laden equipage was launched with a desperate plunge into the rushing, turbid stream. With great difficulty the oxen strained against the current, the carriage lurching most unpleasantly. On they went, however, with struggling plunges, till, in the very midst of the torrent, crack went the ropes, down went the two foremost beasts, kicking and floundering, while the carriage remained planted in the water, which so filled it in a moment that Mrs. Leslie and one of the maids were sitting up to their knees in water, as in a foot-tub, though the young ladies, with more presence of mind and agility, had tucked their feet up on the seat.

"Don't scream," whispered Blanche to the maid, who, looking out of window, had seen one wheel portentously elevated. "Dear aunt, don't be frightened; see how shallow it is; these men are all wading; the water is barely up to their waists."

But Mrs. Leslie was given to screaming: though very enterprising, she wanted presence of mind, and drowning was her especial aversion; so she screamed on. Mary sat quite still and silent, a shade paler than usual, but showing no other sign of alarm.

"Dear ladies!—angels of ladies!" sobbed Brissot, looking back from the box, "they are gone back to the town for more rope: don't be frightened."

"All the way to Spezzia?" asked Blanche; "a pleasant prospect!"

The girls scorned the idea of being frightened; but they felt by no means comfortable when the overloaded carriage began to incline very decidedly to one side; and the shouting, screaming creatures who were splashing round them did not afford much consolation; for when Mrs. Leslie asked imploringly if there were no means of being carried to the farther bank, they only shook their heads and pointed to the current, which was sweeping by with dizzying velocity.

At this moment our prisoners heard a tremendous

splashing close to them, and looking out, saw a light travelling-carriage containing two gentlemen, one of them apparently an Italian, but the other, a young Englishman,—the very Crimean officer returned from Marseilles, whom they had met at the table d'hôte, and who, springing into the water, was in an instant at their window.

"For heaven's sake, sir," shouted Brissot, "take care! you are risking your life! you can never stand against the current; and you don't know all the holes in the river as these people do."

"Never you mind that," said the Englishman; and in a moment he looked to the broken harness, saw what was the matter, and, rapidly desiring his Italian friend (who showed no disposition to tempt the stream himself) to drive on rapidly to Sarzana and order abundant fires, he set himself to repair the mischief with straps from the portmanteaus, to the astonishment of the unaccustomed savages whom he pressed into his service, and to the unbounded gratitude and admiration of Brissot.

The ladies scarcely saw what was going on; but the very presence of an Englishman and an officer reassured them; and when their carriage resumed its equilibrium, and the oxen began slowly to move it forwards, before there had been time to bring rope from Spezzia, they knew whose resource and promptitude they had to thank.

At last the carriage, with the ladies still in it, was safely stowed away on board the large flat-bottomed boat which is ferried across the main stream, and which makes slow progress against the powerful current.

"I hope you are not very wet," said the Englishman, coming to the window.

"Not materially, thank you," said Blanche.

"Only mamma," said Mary, "who chose to sit with her feet in the water."

"I don't know how to thank you enough," said Mrs. Leslie. "I am sure you saved our lives."

"I can hardly flatter myself so much as that," said the young man, smiling. "I don't think you were in any real danger."

"We were in a great deal of fear, at all events," said Blanche, laughing. "I don't think I ever felt frightened before."

"Then indeed you behaved like a heroine; for I did not hear any approach to a scream."

"Except from me," interrupted Mrs. Leslie; "I never could stand cold water."

"I am afraid you have had too much of it, dear mamma," said Mary, anxiously: "how you shiver; you are drenched through! I do hope you have not caught cold."

"Quick, quick! get to Sarzana as fast as possible," said the Englishman, expediting as much as he could the tardy process of landing and harnessing, and then mounting the seat by the vetturino. His presence seemed to put a little mettle both into driver and horses, and it was not long before they arrived.

"I hope there is a good fire for these ladies, and plenty of hot water," said he, in excellent Italian, to the obsequious padrone; "they have got wet in the Magra."

"All ready, eccellenza: the other signore ordered it; if these ladies will follow me."

The Englishman, without waiting for a word of thanks, hurried them to the door of their apartment, and took his leave. There they were much comforted at the sight of what seemed half a tree already blazing on the hearth, while men and maids

in abundance were proffering hot water and warming-pans.

These last were much to the purpose; for Mrs. Leslie, at least, was so thoroughly drowned as to be fit for nothing but bed, especially as the luggage had got so wet that almost every article had to be unpacked and hung out to dry beside the ample fire, before a change could be procured. The ladies' maids were in great woe over soaked dresses and dripping bonnets; but the young ladies themselves bore the *contretemps* with smiling philosophy, more occupied, if the truth be told, with speculating on who the hero might be who had so opportunely come to their rescue, than with mourning over the damage to their wardrobe incurred by the misadventure.

Their curiosity as to their benefactor was not, however, destined to be then satisfied; for when, after drying, and dressing, and dining, they inquired for him, they were told that he had only just stayed to change his dress; and then had driven on with his companion towards Pietra Santa, en route for Pisa and Florence.

III.

"WELL, Blanche, how do you feel, now that you are starting for your first ball? I remember I felt all in a cold creep from head to foot."

"Yes," said Blanche, laughing, "and vexed your mother, I know, by looking like a piece of faded waxwork, as she is always calling you."

"But I want to know how you feel yourself, and that is just what you won't tell me. Let me look at you: no faded waxwork there, certainly,—though I am not sure that you are not the least bit paler than usual; let me feel your pulse."

"Like Hamlet to his mother? You won't get any more satisfaction out of me than Mrs. Hamlet did out of him; here,—feel," holding out her white, braceletd wrist.

"It temperately keeps time," said Mary, "I cannot deny it; but don't you feel in the least as if something were going to happen?"

"O Mary, it is only in story-books that heroines meet their destiny, like Cinderella, at their first ball."

"Is it only in story-books?"

"I can't judge; of course you can, who have been out one season already."

"Well, not one's destiny, perhaps; but things do happen at balls; and I should think in Rome, particularly, where all people worth knowing are sure to turn up, as mamma says, at one time or another. Suppose, now, we were to meet our hero of the *Magra*; would you call that an adventure?"

"A very likely one to happen, if only we were going to an English house; he must be in Rome by this time."

"No chance of meeting any English to-night, except such as have first-rate introductions."

"Why should he not have first-rate introductions?"

"It depends on who he is, of course. This is a very exclusive house; the people never gave a ball before; it is only on the occasion of the marriage of the young Prince; for balls are not begun in the regular course of things, I imagine; so mamma says, and she knows Rome and Roman ways."

"Every one will take us for sisters, especially as we are dressed alike."

"Yes; and as you are Miss Leslie, and so much more imposing, while I am only Miss Mary Leslie,

and of contemptible stature, you will be set down for the eldest, which I consider a great triumph, I being nearly two years ahead."

"Let me look at you, my dears," said Mrs. Leslie, coming into the room, "and see if I approve of your appearance."

She must have been fastidious, if she had not approved of the two graceful figures which stood before her for inspection, throwing off burnous and shawl, and revealing the simple tarlatan dresses looped with roses and lilies of the valley, while a wreath of the same flowers crowned each young head, equally becoming to the dark classic braids of the one, and the luxuriant golden tresses of the other. She was fastidious enough, but this time she did approve thoroughly, and was well pleased to have such a niece and daughter to present to the Roman world, of which she herself, in her youth, had been no inconsiderable ornament.

The two young English girls were thoroughly appreciated at the Princess del D—'s ball, and the more so that they were the only English, and consequently the only unmarried ladies present. They were engaged for half the evening before they had been in the room five minutes.

"Signorina mia, mi permetti di presentarle il Signor Colonnello,"—something quite foreign to any English name that was ever heard of.

Blanche looked up, and found that the bridegroom Principe was presenting to her no other than the hero of the *Magra*. She was sitting at that moment by her aunt, who, though she had no idea what the name was, could do no other than frankly extend her hand, and tell the gentleman how glad she was to meet him again, and how glad she should be to see him if he would call the following evening at her apartments in the Piazza di Spagna.

It was rather late in the ball, and Blanche was engaged, as we have seen, for many dances; however, she gladly promised her hand for the first dance she had free. The stranger did not seem enthusiastic about dancing; for when he found that Mary also was engaged, he stood aloof, a mere spectator, until the time came when he could claim Blanche as his partner.

"Who is he?" inquired Mrs. Leslie of one of the ladies of her acquaintance.

"Un certo colonello, non so," answered she, with the peculiar Italian shrug; "viene da Crimea; figlio di milord a buonissima famiglia; ma il nome, non lo so."

"Those English names are so difficult," said another; "Creco, Creci, mi pare; che so to?"

Among the numbers who were presented to Mrs. Leslie and her young ladies they recognized the Italian gentleman who was the travelling companion of their friend at the *Magra*, and who was introduced as the Principe B—; but as the young ladies were engaged, and so unable to dance with him, he merely bowed and sought a partner elsewhere, which was a disappointment, as some information might have been hoped for from him.

As it was, they were obliged to remain in ignorance, promising themselves to search the visitors' book at Piale's the next morning, which Mrs. Leslie felt the more imperative as she could not help seeing that the unknown and Blanche seemed to be getting on remarkably well. Blanche, as a beauty and an heiress, was no inconsiderable charge; and though her aunt had assisted her escape from the summary "marrying-up" which her simple-hearted guardians had projected, yet in her secret soul she

thought the match they had proposed a very good one, and had resolved that, while under her care, the wilful child should not throw herself away on any one of inferior pretensions.

"That unknown is nice, is he not?" asked Mary, after they had returned home. "I was so sorry I was not able to dance with him."

"O Mary! I never met any one half so nice; so gentle, so unboastful, and reserved about himself and his own doings, and yet so full of interesting stories, when you once draw him out; I could listen to him forever."

"Desdemona?" whispered Mary.

"My dear," said Mrs. Leslie, with something almost sharp in her voice, "all soldiers are like that. If you had waited to see Herbert Beresford, as you ought, I have no doubt he would have been just the same. I always heard he was particularly agreeable."

"Did you ask your friend if he knew Colonel Beresford?" inquired Mary.

"Not I," said Blanche, impatiently; "we had something better to talk about."

Mrs. Leslie felt slightly anxious, but she knew her *métier* of chaperon better than to let it appear; so she chattered, and let the girls chatter as fast as they pleased, while they drank their tea, and then sent them off to bed.

"I shall write to Lady Beresford, and advise her to send Herbert out here, if he falls into the plan." Such was her ultimatum, as she laid her head on the pillow in the gray dawn of morning.

"Now, mamma," said Mary, after a very late breakfast, "let us run across to Piale's and discover our incognito."

The unenlightened in Roman ways must be informed that Piale is a bookseller in the Piazza di Spagna, and that on his table lies a book where most of the English visitors inscribe their names.

"Now let me see," said Mary, while Blanche looked over her shoulder.

"Captain Smith; no, he can't be Captain Smith, can he, mamma?"

"Yes;—why not?"

"Major Cresswell;—that's the man."

"Yes, yes; they said his name was Creci, which was very near for Italians."

"But they called him colonel," objected Blanche.

"The Italians call every officer colonello. That's the man, I'm certain. 'Hôtel d'Angleterre.'"

"Yes," said Blanche, "he said he was at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, very near us."

"That settles the point," said Mrs. Leslie; "Cresswell: not a bad name."

A sudden exclamation from Mary startled them, and she pointed where, much lower down on the list, stood in characters unmistakably legible the name of "Lieut.-Col. Honorable Herbert Beresford."

The ladies looked at one another petrified. Mrs. Leslie and Mary could scarcely keep their countenances, but Blanche was in towering indignation.

"This is too bad," she said, the tears starting into her eyes; "they have positively sent him after me. I call this downright persecution. I will never be introduced to him,—never!"

"My dear, Piale will hear you," whispered Mrs. Leslie, "and you will be the talk of Rome. No one shall tease you while you are with me; but it won't hurt you to meet the young man in society like any one else. Come home, and don't be silly, and we'll think what we had better do."

Home they went, only a few steps off, and sat down to discuss the matter.

"The more I think of it," said Mrs. Leslie, after trying hard for a few minutes to compose her countenance so as to harmonize with the grave displeasure which Blanche's had assumed, "the more inexplicable it seems, or at least the more I am persuaded that the whole affair is simply accidental. He can't have had time, can he, to have gone back to England, seen his father and mother, found you fled, and rushed here after you? Only think how rapidly we travelled;—it is impossible."

"They probably wrote to him at Malta," said Blanche.

"No time," said Mrs. Leslie. "What was the date of his arrival, Mary, did you notice?"

"There was no date, mamma, of that; only Hôtel d'Angleterre."

"Oh! then," said Blanche, "we will ask Major Cresswell about him when he comes this evening, as he is at the same hotel."

At that moment Mary started, as a sudden thought struck her; and shot a very significant glance at her mother, who responded to it by a rapid gesture enforcing silence as to the idea which had evidently occurred to both minds at once.

"It is very impertinent," said poor Blanche, "and exceedingly annoying."

"My dear," said Mary, "you cannot complain that your enemy has been very aggressive. Surely he might have called on mamma, if he had chosen it, so old a friend of his family."

"Perhaps he is only just arrived," interrupted Blanche. "I know all my pleasure in Rome is gone now."

"Not quite, I hope; but come, I see your head is aching; let me bathe it with some eau de Cologne, or you will not be fit to see Major Cresswell this evening."

IV.

In the evening the ladies were all, for various reasons, in a state of some trepidation, as they took their seats in their salon after their late dinner, and began to expect the arrival of their guest. Mary was excellent on such occasions, and so, indeed, was Blanche too, generally, but just now she was more unhinged than usual, and felt quite grateful to Mary when she proposed their drowning their anxieties in a rattling duet.

In spite of the rattle, however, they kept their ears open, and at the first ring of their door-bell stopped with one accord.

A card was brought in,—

"Lieut.-Colonel Beresford";

and at the same moment entered its owner, who proved to be no other than the hero of the *Magra*.

At the first instant there was an awkward, taken-aback pause; but it was only for an instant.

"So you are Colonel Beresford?" said Mrs. Leslie, as she saw that he looked rather surprised at his reception. "We have been to-day searching Piale's book to ascertain your identity: we settled that you could not be Captain Smith, but that you might be Major Cresswell, and, I can scarcely tell why, but you were established in our minds as Major Cresswell, which made us start when you were introduced by another name."

Colonel Beresford laughed at the explanation, and confessed that he had been in something of a similar puzzle, but that Piale's had not occurred to him: in fact he had not put his own name there,—

some one had done it for him. He had forgotten the number Mrs. Leslie had told him, but had been directed to the apartment of the Signora Inglese with the *dua* bellissime signorina, and had only acquired a distinct idea of her name just this moment, from the card nailed up outside her door.

These mutual explanations proved altogether satisfactory, and set all parties at ease. The evening passed off delightfully, chiefly in music; Mary's clever playing and Blanche's beautiful singing were thoroughly appreciated, and when, towards the end, the party became increased by several Italians dropping in, Mrs. Leslie observed, and this time with unalloyed satisfaction, that Colonel Beresford took advantage of every opportunity for talking apart with Blanche.

"It is a pity," he said, in taking leave, "that Cresswell should lose the great pleasure of your acquaintance, because he does not happen to be me; may I bring him? I can answer for his being a very nice fellow."

"O certainly," said Mrs. Leslie; "we are always at home in the evening till nine o'clock."

When he was gone, the three ladies gathered round the hearth and put on more wood, as preparing for a talk; but for a few moments all sat silent.

"Blanche, my dear," at last said Mrs. Leslie, "this man's being here is pure accident; nothing else, depend upon it. There has been no time for communication with the people at home: besides, they promised me faithfully you should not be molested."

"O, as to that, mamma," interrupted Mary, "he may have found out that Blanche was here, and come of his own accord, without consulting any one. It certainly strikes me as strange, in so amiable a person as he seems to be, coming here to enjoy himself instead of going home to see his father and mother. Don't you remember he said something at that table d'hôte of having gone as far as Marseilles, homewards, and then turned back?"

"I am quite sure," said Blanche, "that, be all that as it may, he has no idea that I am myself; he takes us for sisters."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Leslie, "no freeborn Englishwoman can be married against her will. You are safe here with me, and he is a very pleasant person, and will do to sing and dance with, if you don't choose to marry him. And now go to bed, child, or you'll lose your roses, and then you'll have to submit to being married for your money after all."

V.

ONE evening after another passed very pleasantly. Major Cresswell was introduced, and proved to be a very superior man, in Mary's opinion at least, and her opinion luckily was right, and he appeared to consider her a very delightful young lady. Morning engagements grew out of evening ones; visits to picture-galleries, riding-parties in the Campagna, and, as the days lengthened and brightened, expeditions to Frascati and Albano and Tivoli, — all the spring pleasures so well known to those who have had the privilege of enjoying a season in Rome. The Misses Leslie were much sought after, but by none so assiduously as by Major Cresswell and Colonel Beresford. This last soon discovered, what no one attempted to conceal, that the two girls were not sisters, but cousins; yet he evidently had no idea that the Miss Leslie in Rome and the Miss Leslie, his father's ward, were identical. This was often discussed as a matter of wonder between Mary

and her mother; as to Blanche, she very soon became mute on everything connected with Colonel Beresford.

"It is very odd indeed," said Mrs. Leslie, "that he should suspect nothing. I suppose his mother is so glad that he happens to have turned up in Rome, that she has the wit at last to hold her tongue, as I have written to urge her to do."

"But how can it be that it never occurs to him, her name being Blanche, too?"

"That is the thing, I suspect; the Beresfords, you know, never call her Blanche, but Lina, from her second name, Caroline, on account of their having a Blanche of their own, Lady Devereux. I dare say they always wrote of Lina Leslie, if they ever wrote to him about her at all."

"I see: well; it is manifest enough how things are going: all's well that ends well."

"All's well that ends well," echoed her mother, kissing her forehead, with a secret prayer that all may end well for her also, of which there seemed every probability.

One beautiful evening in March Mrs. Leslie and her young ladies went with a few friends to see the Coliseum by moonlight, and Colonel Beresford and Major Cresswell were, as usual, of the party. As soon as Colonel Beresford arrived, it was manifest, to Blanche at least, that something was the matter, for a cloud sat on his brow, usually so clear and open, and he seemed uncomfortable and abstracted, very unlike himself. However, he took his accustomed place by her side, and appeared more anxious even than usual to converse with her as much apart as circumstances allowed. As the whole party, divided into twos and threes, wandered about in the moonlight, it was not difficult to secure a sufficient *tête-à-tête* for confidential conversation; but it was long before either spoke. At last, as with an effort, "I am afraid," he said, "that to-night I must wish you good by."

"Good by?"

"Yes; I must be at Civita Vecchia in time to catch the direct boat to-morrow night."

"Why? has anything happened to your father or mother?" asked Blanche, anxiously.

"No, nothing. I may as well tell you; it is a qualm of conscience, but one I can't get over. I think, after six years' absence, I have behaved very cruelly in coming here at all; and to-day I have had a letter, urging me to stay on and enjoy myself."

"Which has acted by contraries?" asked Blanche, inwardly smiling.

"Exactly; it made me feel what a brute I have been; and so I'm off."

Blanche dared not trust herself to speak; and he went on.

"But I cannot go without asking if I may ever hope to meet you again. I think you must have seen, — you can scarcely have mistaken my feelings. Only just tell me if I may come back again; when I have seen my father and mother, may I come back to you? In short, can you give me any hope?"

What Blanche's answer was we will not inquire; indeed, it might be reported as "inaudible in the gallery." Whatever it was, however, it seemed to give satisfaction, for the Colonel's next observation, after a moment or two of entranced silence, was that "he was too happy."

"But, Colonel Beresford," said Blanche, at last, rallying all her dignity, "I must not let you go without explaining everything. I do not know, but I think you have not found out who I am."

"Who you are? Blanche,—my own Blanche, I hope. What can you mean?"

"You know about Lina Leslie, your father's ward."

"Well?"

"My name is Blanche Caroline, and they called me Lina."

"Is it possible?" He stopped short and gazed in her face; and, in spite of the depths of sentiment in which they were plunged, they both burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, that is a *dénouement*. My Blanche and Lina Leslie one and the same! My Blanche, I must tell you that Lina has been my nightmare, my dread, my *bête noire*; it was to escape marrying you that I came here instead of going home."

"And it was to escape marrying you that I came here."

"Is it possible? I had no idea that they had spoken of you. I got letters at Marseilles, urging me to hurry home and secure this wonderful heiress, about whom they had been boring my life out already; so I turned about at once, and sailed back to Genoa in the very first packet."

"They told me I was to marry you; so I set off at once, and ran away here with my aunt and cousin."

"Well, if that is not poetical justice, I don't know what is."

Very much amused were Mrs. Leslie and Mary at this *dénouement*, which even in the dim Roman lamplight was revealed to them by their first glance at Blanche's tell-tale face, as they drove home.

"You are a couple of undutiful children," said Mrs. Leslie, when Colonel Beresford called the next morning, before starting for Civita Vecchia, "and do not deserve for things to turn out so happily."

"Very true," said the Colonel, "and therefore do you not think that we are bound to make what reparation we can by carrying out our parents' wishes as soon as possible?"

All parties being at last agreed, there was nothing to wait for but the arrangements of lawyers and dressmakers. These, however,—a splendid fortune and proportionately splendid *trousseau* being in question,—were sufficiently tardy, or at least would have been, but that Major Cresswell's regiment was unexpectedly ordered to Corfu. Major Cresswell would not depart without Mary, by this time his promised bride, and Blanche would not hear of being married without Mary for her bridesmaid. So settlements and lace-flounces had to be expedited, and early in the month of June Blanche became, what she had so often vowed she would rather die than become, the wife of Herbert Beresford.

And now eight years have passed, and neither party has repented; they can scarcely even regret the folly of their mutual avoidance, as it brought about so satisfactory a result, though they are quite ready to laugh at each other and at themselves, and to tell their little ones the story of their "much ado about nothing."

THE OLDEST RELIC IN THE WORLD.

THERE is an anecdote on record of some English visitors to one of the continental churches which boasted of its relics, having been shown a very old sword as one of its rarest treasures. "What is this?" asked one of the party. "That sword, sir," said the custodian, "is the one with which Balaam

smote his obstinate ass." "Ass!" retorted the questioner; why, Scripture does not mention that Balaam had a sword, but only that he wished for one. "O, sir," was the ready reply, "this is the very sword which Balaam desired to have!" Without laying too much stress upon the authenticity of this sword, we can offer satisfactory proof that England possesses a genuine relic of antiquity, fully six centuries older than the age of Balaam, which the late Baron Bunsen justly declared to be "the oldest royal and human remains to which a date can be assigned in the world." In a large glass case, standing in one of the upper chambers of our great National Museum, is to be seen the skeleton, decently encased in its original burial clothes, of one Pharaoh Mykerinus, and surrounded by fragments of the coffin, whereon the name of its occupant can be easily read by the Egyptologists of the present day; affording thereby conclusive evidence that it once contained the mummy of a king who was reigning in Egypt more than a century before the time of Abraham.

The proof of this may be thus explained. About two years ago, Herr Dümichen, a German explorer of the monuments of Egypt, following up the indications pointed out by M. Mariette, a distinguished archaeologist, discovered on the buried walls of the Temple of Osiris, at Abydos, a large tablet containing the names of the ancient Pharaohs from the time of Mizraim, the grandson of Noah and founder of the Egyptian monarchy, unto that of Pharaoh Seti I., the father of the well-known Rameses the Great, including thereby the chronology of nine centuries; viz. from B. C. 2,300 to B. C. 1,400. This historical tablet, by far the most important ever yet discovered, may be compared to the sculptured figures of the kings of England at the Crystal Palace, from William the Conqueror to her Majesty Queen Victoria, which we presume, will afford sufficient evidence to the wanderer from New Zealand, when in the year of grace 1866 he may be exploring the ruins of ancient London, of the order of the succession of the monarchs of England.

Astronomical evidence, moreover, enables us to determine the time of two important epochs in the history of Egypt, one of which is connected with our present subject. Sir John Herschel has fixed the age of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh to the middle of the twenty-second century, B. C. The tablet of Abydos shows that the Pharaoh whose bones we now possess succeeded the builder of the Great Pyramid, with only two intervening kings. The tropical cycle has been calculated by the Astronomer Royal at B. C. 2,005, a date which coincides with Abraham's sojourn in that country. We are therefore warranted in assuming that the remains of Pharaoh Mykerinus belong to the age to which we have assigned them. About forty years ago, the Pyramids of Ghizeh were explored under the direction of Colonel Howard Vyse, whose work affords much valuable information to any one interested in the subject of Egyptian archaeology. As he was not present when these identical remains were discovered, he gives the account of their being found in the words of his superintendent, who thus minutely records the details:—

"By your request I send you the particulars of the finding of the bones, mummy-cloth, and parts of the coffin in the third pyramid. In clearing the rubbish out of the large entrance room, after the men had been employed there several days and had advanced some distance towards the S. E. corner,

some bones were first discovered all together, and no parts of the coffin or bones could be found in the room. I therefore had the rubbish, which had been previously turned out of the same room, carefully re-examined, when several pieces of the coffin and the mummy were found. There was about three feet of rubbish on the top of the lid; and from the fact of the bones and part of the coffin being all found together, it appeared as if the coffin had been brought to that spot, and there unpacked."

It is known that the Saracens broke into and plundered the Pyramids during the thirteenth century of the Christian era. Edrisi, an Arabian author of repute, who gives an account of the opening of the third Pyramid, on the authority of one who was present on the occasion, says: "After they had worked at it for six months with axes, in great numbers, hoping to find treasure, they came at last, to a long blue basin. When they had broken the covering of it, they found nothing but the decayed, rotten remains of a man, but no treasures by his side, excepting some golden tablets, inscribed with characters of a language nobody could understand. Each man's share of the profits of these amounted to one hundred dinars."

"The golden tablets," inscribed in an unknown language, were of course carried off by the plunderers, who, though unable to comprehend the mysteries of hieroglyphics, well understood that universal tongue which has been the circulating medium of all ages and all people from the beginning of the world. "The long blue basin," in other words the sarcophagus, which once held the coffin of King Mykerinus, remained in its original position, until six centuries later the explorations of Colonel Vyse took place. The sarcophagus was then found to be composed of basalt, which bore a fine polish of a mixed blue and brown color. The exterior was very beautifully carved in compartments, not unlike the Doric style, which confirms the opinion that Grecian architecture owes its origin to Egypt.

Unfortunately, the ship containing this beautiful tomb was wrecked off the coast of Spain, and thus what was destined for England became irrecoverably lost in the depths of the sea. But its more precious contents, which Edrisi so ignobly describes as "the decayed, rotten remains of a man," and which are in reality the veritable bones of good King Mykerinus, whose interesting history proves him to have been one of the best and greatest of the ancient Pharaohs, are visible to the present generation; in the estimation of some, the most valuable, as they certainly are the most ancient, of all the archaeological treasures contained in the British Museum.

The gods of Egypt have long passed away, — the tombs of her kings have been rifled, — "son of Pharaoh" has become a byword and reproach in the land which once was ruled by the greatest monarchs of antiquity, but which no longer possesses a prince of its own, — Egypt has become "the basest of kingdoms," — the so-called towns of Upper Egypt consist of mud-walled huts, built up beside her former gorgeous temples, and the most magnificent palace-tombs which the world has ever seen, — desolation is visible on every side; — but the corpse of the good old King Mykerinus, to use the language of a distinguished foreign scholar, "reposes at this hour in greater security than it did four thousand years ago, in the island, the mistress of the world, whose freedom and free institutions are stronger bulwarks than the ocean which encircles her, among the treas-

ures of all the realms of nature, and the most exalted remains of human art. May its rest never be disturbed, so long as the stream of history shall roll on!"

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Journal pour Tous is publishing a French version of "Oliver Twist," with some very admirable illustrations.

SOMEBODY in Leipzig has invented a check for runaway horses. A supplemental rein is attached to the outer side of the curb of each horse, and these united are led along the pole through conductors, and so brought within reach, by coming up through a hole in the bottom of the footboard. When the horses get beyond control with the ordinary reins, this is used, and by pulling it, each horse's head is wrenched outward, and they are left to waste their strength in pulling against each other.

L'Univers Illustré says that the French Academy are thinking of making the ceremonies of their bi-centennial anniversary take place at Paris, next year, at the time of the great exhibition. The same paper publishes for the first time some verses, which Théophile Gautier wrote in September, 1831, addressed to the young sculptor, Jean Duseigneur, whose name figured in the doings of the *Rencontre* school about that time, and who has just died, leaving behind him no specimens of his skill more remarkable than his bust of Gautier himself, and that of Victor Hugo.

IF, during a recent sale, a stranger had entered the auction-room of that house in Leicester Square where Sir Joshua Reynolds formerly resided, he would probably have experienced very considerable surprise at the appearance of the place and the proceedings going on. If, too, he had been informed that the scores and hundreds of dresses and garments which hung in every direction were the spoil from some Eastern city which had been sacked, he might very well have believed the statement. The sale of the theatrical wardrobe of the late Royal English Opera Company was taking place, and costumes of every conceivable kind were being knocked down to a small knot of people — half Christian, half Jew — who appeared to treat these gorgeous and spangled clothes in a very matter-of-fact sort of way. There were harlequins' suits, clowns' suits, and thrillingly-sensational demons' garments, which could be purchased complete by any aspirant to histrionic fame for 25s. each, or at least not more than 30s. The dresses of forty beautiful fairies realized only 5s. 6d.; and a magnificent Charles II. suit, ruffled and laced, brought only 50s. The wardrobe was very strong in Chinese Mandarins' dresses, all fully padded, and doublets and jerkins could be had by the dozen. "Eight tights in a lot" was a curious item to speculate in; and it was rumored that a mysterious magician's dress, covered all over with glittering hieroglyphics, was secured by a well-known spiritualist; but this was only a report in the room. Ladies' slips and Elizabethan trunks were prominent items; but the strangest article was a very terrible green devil which hung from the ceiling by his tail. The catalogue enumerating these "properties" would puzzle any non-professional; but the buyers, surrounded by these garments of departed demons, clowns, fairies, and magicians, haggled and bid and jostled each other as if all mysteries were known to them. To

the stranger, unaccustomed to such sights, the sale was a puzzle. The costumes of all periods and classes of society hung around the room, and, in the middle, the lessee of Astley's and a few other theatrical celebrities, might be seen surrounded by the children of Israel.

AT the sale of the late John Leech's drawings, which took place in London some months since, the Prince of Wales was one of the largest buyers. These original drawings have recently been framed, and now hang upon the walls of the Prince's favorite apartment at Marlborough House.

WE see it stated in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig, that the once famous Sophie Schroeder, whose histrionic triumphs reflected so much credit on the German stage in days long past, celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday on the 1st of March, and received many congratulatory missives, and among them one from King Ludwig I. of Bavaria.

A VERY curious optical instrument, says the *London Review*, has been invented by M. Houdin. It is termed an iriscope, and has for its object the detection of diseased conditions of the humors of the eye. It consists simply of a concave shell, having a small aperture in its centre. The patient uses the iriscope himself in the following manner. The instrument being placed upon the eye, he looks through the aperture at diffused light, and if the humors of the eye be altered in character, minute particles will be seen floating in the field of vision. M. Houdin says its principle is something like that upon which a water carafe is held up to the light to detect whether its contents are pure.

AN amusing story is now going the round of the Paris clubs. It appears that a short time ago a foreign prince made a heavy bet that he would be arrested by the police without committing any offence whatever, or in any way provoking the authorities. The bet having been taken by a member of the Imperial Club, the prince went to one of the most aristocratic cafés in Paris, dressed in a battered hat, a ragged blouse, and boots all in holes, and, sitting down at one of the tables, ordered a cup of coffee. The waiters, however, paid no attention to so suspicious-looking a customer; upon which the prince put his hand in his pocket and showed them a bundle of bank-notes. The proprietor then ordered the coffee to be served, sending meanwhile to the nearest police-station for a sergent-de-ville. The prince was duly arrested and taken to the commissary of police, where he stated who he was, and was afterwards taken to the gentleman with whom he made the bet to prove his identity. A similar story was told at Vienna some time ago of a Hungarian Prince Szandar, M. de Metternich's son-in-law, who, in order to make his arrest quite sure, took the bank-notes out of his boots.

THE following characteristic letter, addressed by Mr. Charles Dickens to the editor of *The (London) Athenæum*, contains some interesting facts concerning the production of the "Pickwick Papers."

GAD'S HILL PLACE, March 23, 1866.

As the author of the "Pickwick Papers" (and of one or two other books), I send you a few facts, and no comments, having reference to a letter signed "R. Seymour," which in your editorial discretion you published last week.

Mr. Seymour the artist never originated, suggested, or in any way had to do with, save as illustrator of what I devised, an incident, a character (except the sporting

tastes of Mr. Winkle), a name, a phrase, or a word, to be found in the "Pickwick Papers."

I never saw Mr. Seymour's handwriting, I believe, in my life.

I never even saw Mr. Seymour but once in my life, and that was within eight-and-forty hours of his untimely death. Two persons, both still living, were present on that short occasion.

Mr. Seymour died when only the first twenty-four printed pages of the "Pickwick Papers" were published; I think before the next three or four pages were completely written; I am sure before one subsequent line of the book was invented.

In the Preface to the Cheap Edition of the "Pickwick Papers," published in October, 1847, I thus described the origin of that work: "I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers, — then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember I have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life. . . . The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour, and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a "Nimrod Club," the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end."

In July, 1849, some incoherent assertions made by the widow of Mr. Seymour, in the course of certain endeavors of hers to raise money, induced me to address a letter to Mr. Edward Chapman, then the only surviving business-partner in the original firm of Chapman & Hall, who first published the "Pickwick Papers," requesting him to inform me in writing whether the foregoing statement was correct.

In Mr. Chapman's confirmatory answer, immediately written, he reminded me that I had given Mr. Seymour more credit than was his due. "As this letter is to be historical," he wrote, "I may as well claim what little belongs to me in the matter, and that is, the figure of Pickwick. Seymour's first sketch," made from the proof of my first chapter, "was of a long, thin man. The present immortal one he made from my description of a friend of mine at Richmond."

CHARLES DICKENS.

AN English paper, in recording a singular case of suicide, says: "It is not unlikely that the first idea of the guillotine suggested to the mind of Charles Vollance, who has just committed suicide here in London by means of such a machine, was taken from the reports given in most of the Continental newspapers, a few weeks ago, of the death of M. Couvreux, a French gentleman. It appears that this unfortunate man was possessed of two ideas,—a life of perfect virtue, and death without pain. He collected every work upon the guillotine, and in due time constructed one in his bedroom on the most approved principles, the axe weighing nearly 150 lbs. Cats and fowls belonging to the neighbors were occasionally missed, and with these, it is supposed, were performed his earliest experiments. Splendid curtains were next hung around the instrument of death, and, when all was ready, M. Couvreux, attired in white flannel, lay down, face uppermost, under the machine. In the morning, the body was found in this position, the head having been struck off on to a pillow of eider-down laid for the purpose. The will, dividing his property amongst the hotel servants, is at the present moment the subject of a legal dispute. From the report of the preparations made by Vollance, it seems more than probable that he had taken his ghastly lesson from Couvreux."

IN LONDON, MARCH, 1866.

TO-DAY the streets are dull and dreary,
Heavily, slowly, the rain is falling,
I hear around me, and am weary,
The people murmuring and calling;
The gloomy room is full of faces,
Firelight shadows are on the floor,
And the deep wind cometh from country places,
And the rain hath a voice I would hear no more.
Ah, weary days of windy weather!
And will the rain cease never, never!
A summer past we sat together,
In that lost life that lives forever!

If yonder, where the clouds part slowly,
The face for which my soul is sighing
Should smile upon me, I should solely
Cover my face in terror, crying;—
He nurst his boy in days departed
In such a firelight long ago,
And I am dull and human-hearted,
And 't is hard to feel that he loved me so!
Ah, weary days of windy weather!
And will the rain cease never, never!
A summer past we sat together,
In that lost life that lives forever!

Ah, sad and slow the rain is falling,—
And singing on seems sad without him!
Ah, wearily the wind is calling!
Would that mine arms were round about him!

For the world rolls on with air and ocean
Wetly and windily round and round,
And sleeping he feeleth the sad still motion
And dreameth of me, though his sleep be sound!
Ah, weary days of windy weather!
And will the rain cease never, never!
A summer past we sat together,
In that lost life that lives forever!

I sing, because my heart is aching,
With hollow sounds around me ringing:
Ah, nevermore shall he awaking
Yearn to the Singer and the Singing!
Yet sleep, my father, calm and breathless,
And if thou dreamest, dream on in joy!
While over thy grave walks Love the deathless,
Stir in the darkness and bless thy boy!
Ah, weary days of windy weather!
And will the rain cease never, never!
A summer past we sat together,
In that lost life that lives forever!
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

TOO LATE.

Ax, I saw her, we have met,—
Married eyes how sweet they be.
Are you happier, Margaret,
Than you might have been with me?
Silence! make no more ado!—
Did she think I should forget?
Matters nothing, though I knew,
Margaret, Margaret.

Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
Told a certain thing to mine;
What they told me I put by,
O, so careless of the sign.
Such an easy thing to take
And I did not want it then;
Fool! I wish my heart would break,
Scorn is hard on hearts of men.

Scorn of self is bitter work,
Each of us has felt it now,
Bluest skies she counted mirk,
Self-betrayed of eyes and brow;
As for me, I went my way,
And a better man drew nigh,
Fain to earn, with long essay,
What the winner's hand threw by.

Matters not in deserts old,
What was born, and waxed, and yearned,
Year to year its meaning told,
I am come,—its deeps are learned,—
Come, but there is naught to say,—
Married eyes with mine have met.
Silence! O, I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret.

JEAN INGELow.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

[No. 18.]

TRICHINIASIS.

THE public have been startled lately by the published accounts of a new and terrible disease in Germany, and especially in Saxony, which brings to mind some of the most terrible plagues of Egypt. The disease in question, termed *Trichiniasis*, caused by the ravages on the human muscle of a minute worm, termed the *Trichinis spiralis*, coming so close upon the cattle disease, did indeed, to the ignorant, appear to justify some of the terrible prophecies of Dr. Cumming, but to the more intelligent, and especially to the medical mind, it came as an old story. Singularly enough, the worm which is now occupying the attention of German anatomists was discovered as long ago as 1835, by Professor Owen. Both Mr. John Hilton, a demonstrator of anatomy at Guy's Hospital, and Mr. Wormald, the demonstrator at St. Bartholomew's, had two years previously observed small white bodies interspersed among the muscles of subjects under dissection, and that they were of a gritty character was evident from the manner in which they turned the edges of the knives. One of these specimens of affected muscles was, in the year mentioned, given to professor Owen by Mr. Paget, then a student, for inspection. These speckles the distinguished anatomist discovered, under the microscope, to be the capsule of a very fine worm, which was seen coiled up closely within it.

From its hair-like fineness, its discoverer derived the term "trichina," and from the spiral manner in which it was invariably found coiled up within its envelope, he added the word "spiralis." Hence the name by which it is known. An account of this newly-discovered parasite was published by Professor Owen in the Transactions of the Zoölogical Society in 1835, headed, "Description of a Microscopic Entozoon infesting the muscles of the human body." This paper gave a very minute account of the creature, illustrated with drawings, and established his claim to be the discoverer of one of our latest found inhabitants, which has made such a sensation in the world.

The discovery made much noise at the time throughout Europe, and the Professor's paper drew the attention of the anatomists of Europe to the worm. But one or two cases were recorded of the presence of the parasite in the human body, and the matter remained in abeyance for some years, until the German Professors again drew attention to it, and completed our knowledge of its method of introduction.

Professor Luschka, of Tubingen, carried our knowledge of the worm perhaps up to its highest point anatomically, and in the same year the method of transmission of the worm from one animal to another was made out by a series of experiments instituted by Herbst von Nachrichten. He gave the flesh of a hedgehog, which he knew to be infested with trichina, to young dogs, and speedily found that all their voluntary muscles were full of these worms. But although this important step was made out, little notice was taken of it. His experiments were repeated in Scotland and England, but the peculiar manner in which the worm got into the muscle was yet undiscovered. Kenker, in 1860, was lucky enough to supply this knowledge.

The body of a servant girl, who had died with many of the symptoms of typhus fever, came under the inspection of the anatomist. He found her voluntary muscles to be full of trichinae; and, upon inquiring into her case, he found that she had assisted in the making of sausages about three weeks before she was taken ill, and that she had eaten some of the raw meat a few days before her illness commenced. The butcher who had killed the pig, and several members of the family, had been affected in the same manner as the girl, but had recovered.

The sausages and hams were examined, and were found to be full of worms "encapsuled," as it is termed, or surrounded with an envelope; but, in the girl, the worms were found among the muscles in a free state. From this evidence the manner in which the parasite obtained entrance to the human body was fully made out. Pork — uncooked pork — was the vehicle by means of which the parasite was enabled to enter the human body.

But, says the reader, why should pork only be the means of conveying the entozoa to the human body? The reason is, that the pig is the only animal eaten by man that is partially a carnivorous feeder. It is supposed that the pig obtains them from dead rats, which are often infested with these worms, or other garbage. Birds, although carrion feeders, cannot, for some unknown reason, be infested with the worm. In the horse, the calf, and the young and old dog, says Dr. Thudichum, the young trichina are born, but they cannot pierce the intestines, and therefore cannot immigrate into the flesh.

Of course it is just possible that the worm may be conveyed, like the tape-worm, through the medium of impure water. We are not likely to drink this, but it often happens that fruit and vegetables are watered from impure tanks, into which these creatures may have got.

It is certainly an objection to the modern system of watering with liquid manure, that in this way the tape-worm, and possibly the trichina, may find their way on to the vegetables which we eat, and in this way we may be receiving noxious intestinal worms into our system. For instance, some people water their strawberries with liquid manure, not thinking of the little serpent that may be hidden in the fruit.

It is now known that, after entering the alimentary canal, the parasite finds its breeding-ground, and brings forth immense numbers of young, which immediately begin to make their way through the coats of the intestines and migrate into the muscles.

It is a singular fact that these disagreeable adventurers always select the voluntary muscles, or those which are moved at our will. The heart and kidneys, and those parts of the viscera which act independently of the will, are scarcely ever affected. It is, indeed, a matter of dispute how the worms get distributed so generally over the body: some anatomists asserting that they make their way directly by boring, as the ship-worm bores through a piece of timber; but Dr. Thudichum, who was appointed in 1864 to investigate the subject by the medical officer of the Privy Council, asserts that they enter the circulation, and are in this manner distributed equally over every part of the body. To use his words: "Arrived in the capillaries (terminal blood-vessels) they penetrate their two-coated walls, separating the fibres as a man separates the branches of a hedge, when creeping through it, and are now either at once in muscular tissue, their proper feeding-ground, or get into inhospitable tissues and cavities, and there either perish or escape from them by a renewed effort at locomotion, enter the circulation a second time, and ultimately perish in the lungs, or arrive in some muscle to obtain a late asylum." This hypothesis certainly seems the most reasonable, as it is in agreement with the known means by which other entozoa migrate. Arrived at the muscular tissues, it seems again questionable whether the worm attacks the muscle only, or whether it is not deposited in the intervals which occur between the bundles of muscles. Leuckhart says they penetrate the sarcolemma, and eat the muscular fibre itself. Dr. Thudichum says that he has never seen but once the worm in the muscle, but always outside of it. It is certainly a strange fact that, in many cases, persons attacked with trichiniasis have not only perfectly recovered from its effects, but have become as strong as ever. It could scarcely have happened that the muscles of these patients had been fed upon by vast colonies of worms, which would have inevitably destroyed them beyond repair. The probability is that the worm finds its way into all the tissues. Between the third and fourth week after immigration, the trichina has become full grown, and now it begins to prepare its capsule. It becomes fixed to the spot in which it is, solid matter is deposited around it, and curled up it lies immovable in its plastic capsule, and dies unless received again into the alimentary canal of another animal, which in this case of course it never does.

The presence of these encapsuled trichinæ in the muscles may cause irritation, but that speedily subsides; and it is pretty clear that many persons suffer little harm from them whilst thus curled up, as they have been found in the bodies of subjects that have been dissected, and whose previous history gave no evidence of their existence.

On the other hand the disease, when severe, puts on many of the characteristic symptoms of well-

known diseases. The fever caused by the presence of the parent worms in the intestines may be, as indeed it often has been, taken for gastric fever. Then, again, when the young worms are immigrating into the muscles, the most excruciating agony seizes the patient; he cannot move a muscle without the utmost pain, and he lies generally upon his back, with his legs a little apart, covered with perspiration. The face and neck become tumid with a dropsical effusion, which generally extends to the legs and abdomen. An attack of acute rheumatic fever appears to have seized the individual, but for the want of the heart symptoms. Again, the disease simulates cholera and typhus, and indeed poisoning, in many of its symptoms; but those who have seen a genuine case of trichiniasis cannot be deceived, as the whole symptoms present are consistent with no other disease. In cases of doubt a piece of the living muscle has been excised from the biceps muscle of the arm; and this test is almost certain to be conclusive, as the worm is distributed, in severe cases, in profusion through every voluntary muscle of the entire body.

Dr. Thudichum, speaking of a child who died of this disease, says in his report to Mr. Simon: "One preparation from the biceps muscle of a child, four and a half years of age, which died on the seventy-ninth day, contained the astounding number of fifty-eight. Such a preparation was estimated to weigh one fifth of a grain, and therefore every grain of muscle contained on an average one hundred trichinæ. Now assuming the weight of the muscles of an adult to be only forty pounds, and assuming him to be a victim of trichiniasis, and the parasites equally distributed throughout his body, he would contain upwards of twenty-eight millions of these animals."

The agony of this plague of worms attacking the fine fibres of nerves distributed throughout the frame, can from this estimate be thoroughly understood in the fever and weakness caused by the destruction of fibre, and the irritation is accounted for with equal ease.

The progress of the disease is pretty much as follows: During the first stage, which lasts from a week to ten days, there is great intestinal disturbance, caused by the presence of the parent trichinæ in the intestines giving rise in severe cases to alarming diarrhoea, as may be expected.

The second stage lasts a fortnight or three weeks, — seldom longer; during this time the immigration of the young trichinæ, hatched in the intestinal passage, is taking place, hence the agony throughout the body, the dropy in the face, the hurried breathing, and the fever. Although the dropy becomes genuine, it in no manner depends upon kidney disease, as that organ is never affected in any way.

In the fourth week the immigration has entirely ceased, and the worm is beginning to be incapsulated. From this time the patient begins to recover, the appetite improves, the pains become less, and unless complications arise, as in other severe fevers, the patient gradually passes into a state of health.

Death may, however, take place at any stage of the disease. At the great outbreak of this disease which took place at Calbe, in Germany, it was observed to happen on the fifth, eighth, fourteenth, twenty-first, and forty-second days of the illness. Death generally is brought about by exhaustion: the exhaustive diarrhoea which sometimes occurs, together with the inability to take food, and the terrible agony, easily explains this termination.

The difficulty connected with the treatment of

this disease is consequent upon the impossibility of knowing what is really the matter in its early stages, when treatment is alone useful. In regular outbreaks of the disease the physician is led to suspect the evil in the beginning, and then it can be cut short by destroying and expelling the parent worms before they have had time to colonize the intestines with their young. But at the commencement of an outbreak, or in isolated cases, the symptoms are too like those of gastric fever to lead to a suspicion of the real nature of the affection.

Prevention is far better than cure, and happily this can be easily accomplished. As pork is the only means by which the parasite can enter the human frame, we have only to take care that we eat it thoroughly cooked.

The Englishman has a very strong prejudice in favor of doing his leg of pork well, however much he may like beef and mutton underdone. The Germans are apt to suffer desperate outbreaks of this disease because they are fond of smoked sausages, in which no heat is applied to the meat. The severity of the infection depends indeed upon the amount of cooking to which the trichinous meat has been subjected, and the order in which it is affected is as follows: raw meat, smoked sausages, cervelat sausages, raw smoked ham, raw smoked sausage, fried sausage, fried meat-balls, brawn, pickled pork, blood sausage, boiled pork. As few people are likely to eat raw pork, there seems little danger to be apprehended from the most dangerous item in the list; but it is well to know that boiled pork is in all cases the most harmless.

The power of the worm to resist heat and cold is very remarkable. They have been frozen to five degrees below centigrade, and have been thawed to life again. Ordinary vermifuges are powerless against them, — their vitality is as great as the wheel-worm, which seems almost indestructible. Let our friends, then, take care never to touch the smallest portion of underdone pork, and beware of German sausages, polonies, and things of the same kind, as they would beware of an assassin.

Before the discovery of the new disease, trichiniasis, several epidemics occurred in Germany, which very much puzzled the physicians.

In two or three cases it was supposed that the persons suffering had been poisoned in some mysterious manner, and judicial inquiries were instituted without any result. More generally, however, the outbreaks were ascribed to rheumatic fever, or typhus fever. It was observed at the time of their occurrence that the outbreaks were confined to particular families, regiments, or villages.

The symptoms, then obscure, are now recognized as those of trichiniasis; indeed, there seems to be little doubt that they were outbreaks of this disorder. They all occurred in the spring of the year, the time of pig-sticking in Germany, and the very characteristic swelling of the face, in the absence of any kidney disease, was observed.

The mortality arising from this disease is in direct ratio of the severity of the attack, and this depends upon the number of worms which may chance to be introduced into the body. One pig is sufficient to cause an epidemic far and wide; indeed, many of those which have ravaged Germany within these last three or four years have been traced to one trichinous pig.

At the outbreak at Planen one person died out of thirty attacked. At Calbe, where the epidemic was more severe, seven persons died out of thirty-

eight infected; at Hettstädt, where one trichinous pig infected one hundred and fifty-eight persons, twenty-eight died. From these facts the formidable nature of the infection may be gathered.

If sudden epidemics can be traced to the action of an obscure worm, may we not hope that many of our disorders, now obscure in their origin, and consequently unmanageable and incurable, will in time come to light, and be amenable to treatment? Possibly some more subtle power even than the microscope will be discovered, and give us the power of scrutinizing diseased conditions, and finding out the agents so stealthily at work in bringing the human machine to misery and premature death.

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Revue Française*.]

I.

THE personages of this bit of wire-drawing are the usual ones of a comic stage; namely, a lover and two women, one a coquette, the other not one. I shall have nothing to do with fathers, uncles, tutors; but, without knowing what is to come of it all, I just take my stand at the side-scenes. As for the comical valets, who add spice to such things, and the pretty little female go-betweens, who are usually at the bottom of all such intrigues, I don't know whether I shall leave anything for them to do or not; for I am one of those who write without any definite plan.

The action takes place in our day, somewhere near Paris, at Marly or at Meudon, just as you please; and you will be spared a description. The scenery is simple, — a summer apartment on the ground floor, opening through a conservatory or glazed gallery on a garden.

The hour, eleven in the morning. M. Hector, our lover, has been waiting some minutes for Camille and Cécile, his two cousins, coquette and otherwise. He has just come from Paris, expressly to see them and take advantage of the absence of his uncle, General Flavy, the father of Camille, to plan some little scheme of revenge for the scoffs and raileries with which these ladies had always treated him. M. Hector was neither short nor tall, ugly nor handsome, dark nor fair; nevertheless his manners were notable, and marked the man of the world. There was a time when the frequenters of the *Boulevard des Italiens* were called beaux, lions, and what not, which had some meaning in it; but we have not any equivalent for these phrases now-a-days. For want of a better word, I should call M. Hector de Sévigny *un viveur de bon ton*. He had decided suddenly to temper this somewhat eccentric mode of life with a little reason, and take to himself a wife. The fine project sprang up one night, and was now somewhat advanced, but was still all a mystery to the world and to his cousins, whom he had seen little of since they had gone into the country. Their very ignorance of him was what he was determined upon taking advantage of, to give a finishing stroke of glorious gallantry to his bachelor career.

"I am determined," said he to himself, "that this day shall find me loved, longed for, and adored by these cousins of mine; and when it comes about that this coquette Camille, who makes such a pretence of the invulnerability of her heart, and this nonchalant Cécile — pretty Creole she is, by my faith! only who could be graceful and so heavy? — get thoroughly enamored of me, then 's my time to invite them to my wedding! That will be a victory

for me worth having; and what a downfall for them!"

What's going to come out of this fine plan, and who is going to be victor in this game of wits,—that's what you are going to hear.

II.

It is necessary to present to my reader these two ladies, upon whom so much is to depend, before going on with this story.

Mme. Camille Damberg, a young widow of twenty, with Italian features, and of the particular Roman type beside, with a Parisian heart, was rich even to millions, lively, and coquette all over; indeed, a veritable queen of the salons.

Mlle. Cécile d'Harville was seventeen, fair as Mother Eve, curious, ignorant,—as Eve was before she tasted the fatal apple.

Suddenly the door opened, and the pretty face of Mme. Camille Damberg showed itself.

"O my cousin!" she murmured, and shaking a finger at him. "Look out, Monseigneur Don Juan, I'll read you a lesson—"

But the rustle of her silk, or some perfume about her, may be, had already betrayed her presence, and Hector, rushing toward her, kissed her on both hands.

"How kind it is of you to come here and surprise us in our hermitage," said Camille.

"A hermitage! How? am I who come for a breakfast to get an anchorite's fare?"

"You can't expect much more in the country, you know."

"So, so, you think you are going to frighten me; but you won't do it this time, let me assure you."

"Would you, then, be a Spartan?"

"Not at all, but the contrary," replied Hector, with vivacity, "and my calculation proves—"

"Well, let us see," interrupted the curious Camille.

"At Paris, I should foolishly have had a good breakfast by myself, or, what is worse,—for I have enough self-respect,—with some worthless fellow; but here bare roots will become delicious, with your presence to season them."

Camille could but smile.

"Upon my word, Hector, that was well said! And you have come from Paris expressly to make me such sorry speeches as that? You'll make some mythological divinity of me, next thing."

"It is but true—" but here Hector hesitated.

"What is it?" asked Camille. Hector was as confused as the page Chérubin when surprised by the Count Almaviva.

"You will find me very impertinent," said he. "I have just discovered—"

"What then?" asked Camille with spirit, who, like Hector, would conceal her vengeful motives.

"That this is but my absolute opinion; that you are charming, adorable, and that there is no other happiness but in being with you."

In making this protestation, Hector drew near and took her hand; but she quickly withdrew it, as she thought that the butterfly was going to destroy itself in the flame. Then smiling, so as to show her dear little pearls, she asked Hector how many women he had already said that to.

The young man regained his playful tone, and replied, "I can't say exactly; but you have heard such things quite as often as I have ever said them; though, unhappily, your heart is too like a diamond, or some other precious stone, to be easily melted."

"Do you think so? Then it don't say very much for the sincerity of the assailers."

"Luckily—"

"Oh!"

"Without doubt. Let us see, if Diogenes—"

"Good for Diogenes!" cried Camille.

"Hear me out," replied Hector. "If Diogenes had found immediately what he was looking for, he would not have searched all his life."

"How's that?" asked Camille, curious to discover what Hector was coming at.

"Never mind. The past is past, dear cousin, and the present is our only care; and quite enough for happiness, when one can take it easy." Hector said this with such an air of sincerity, that Camille was all the more troubled. "That's singular language," she thought, "I have never doubted that—" but coquetry silenced her heart.

"You have fashioned that at your ease," said she; "for in point of sentiment, Hector, it always seems to me that the past had neither the guaranty of the present nor the future, and your past—"

"My past!" interrupted Hector, "my past is assuredly a voucher for my sincerity." Then, fearing he had gone too far in thus laying himself open to Camille, he added, "If you can have any interest to doubt it—"

"That seems to me paradoxical in the highest degree; but as you speak it decidedly, let me tell you I am quite indifferent."

Then came a silence,—that of embarrassment.

Then she spoke. "Let us talk of other things. What's going on in Paris?"

"In Paris?" said Hector, coming out of his reverie.

"O, people drabble and soak; talk horse at the club, bet at the races: in fine, they amuse themselves prodigiously."

"That must be very diverting," said Camille, in a reproachful tone, which was significant to Hector. "Now I understand your rare visits. But have you taken to the course?"

"Me! No, not that I know of," said he, indifferently. "I wagered—"

"And lost, without doubt?"

"Not at all."

"Won then?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, this is hard to understand."

"Easy enough, and quite amusing," said Hector, smiling: "it is a way I have,—nothing miraculous about it, I assure you. I bet a hundred louis on *Monarque* or *Arabella*; then I make things square by betting just the same on his competitor. That is my style of recklessness; and, what is more, it is a very convenient excuse for putting a pleasant or sad face upon matters, just as I may fancy to think of the half I gained or the half I lost. Besides, quite an original idea, is n't it? for, since women have taken to betting, it seems rather unhandsome to win their money;—better keep out of it."

"How," cried Camille, "women! what women?"

"O, fine ones, to be sure."

"Ah, you laugh. This is a likely story!"

"Exactly, but it is the truth; and it would be well for truth, if she had a little common sense."

"How? what's that? But come, tell me if this fine sort of people run steeple-chases."

"Patience! you shall see."

"Ah, M. de Sévigny, you mock me. Tell me, now, if it does compromise certain women," (she was pressing the matter intentionally,) "as without doubt you know."

"Tell me how I should know anything of it in the past," replied Hector, contritely.

"O, you good apostle! Look out. To defend one's self without accusation is almost to own the crime."

Hector smiled. "With you, who are sheltered from all the petty errors of the heart, one can well admit this sort of thing. Doubtless the example of certain ladies whom you have designated has given the sign of this unbridled luxury. I use the expression that fine ladies are ambitious of employing."

"Oh!" exclaimed Camille.

"Faith! yes," cried Hector, "the word is low. They say all manner of bad things of these ladies; and no one has anything more attractive to do than to imitate them. They do not deserve, believe me, either this excess of indignation or of honor. The most part, I assure you, have great airs, and a grand tone; but it all has a sign it would be well to leave to them. Why follow in their footsteps? Is it, then, in the hope of denying them some butterflies who would burn their wings? It is at once imprudent and impolitic. For, in fine, when there are young idlers in a fair way to waste their time, and spend their fortunes on these charming Madeleines, you will allow, dear cousin, that they are only after same easy amour, and know their own impotence in the presence of a delicate sense of genuine love. Such is it that renders the contest with a true woman so completely unequal, and even dangerous."

The young woman showed evidence of incredulity.

"You doubt," continued Hector, "but it is truly that one of the rare virtues, which has a power of its own to-day. These seducers, who run up a list of amours with any seriousness of passion, are just the merest inventions of the penny journalists. These debauchees, riddled with debts, Don Juans of the Café Anglais and of the Maison Dorée, dandies all hair, are only interlopers in good society. Cut off such excrescences, and you get rid of such swaggering vices, and you have a young generation, well-bred, neither too lively nor too sedate, just fit for the world as it is, filling the right place in the salon, and just as capable of becoming good husbands and good papas as the most virtuous of —"

"So be it;—but the women do bet at the races —"

"Certainly they do; but, nevertheless, they have another mission than that to fill. Finally one goes to the Bois de Boulogne, and it is not the less amusing without doubt; but it is very futile, when one looks there in vain —"

"For what?" asked the curious Camille.

"For the very thing you can't find in the salon."

The other thought that here at last was something ingenious and serious; and so she looked at Hector out of the corner of her eye. "Is it that he is indeed a cousin?" said she to herself. "What heart! what delicacy! In faith, I have misjudged him." Hector made the same reflections on his part. Camille, wishing to push matters, said, "So you sought for —"

"Yes, what Diogenes did, and I am afraid —"

"Away with you, for a trivial, inconstant —"

"It is exactly this inconstancy, which, leaving the heart so completely void, makes more sensible a sincere affection undisguised to all."

"O, take care! An affection born so quickly is not the thing; and there is often the uttermost indifference under the mask."

"Plague on you, cousin, for a piece of subtlety! And how do you know?"

"O, it is not necessary to have a reason for everything," said Camille, reddening a little.

"You don't speak your thoughts, Camille."

"That is always true with seeming confidences," and the young woman reddened more. "Hold, Hector, were I a — coquette," — and she never was more one, — "I should take your talk for a declaration."

"Then," said he, eagerly, "I pray for such a coquetry as would serve me so well."

"What folly!" replied Camille, sighing. "How can I believe that you came here to — But I know: wait till Cécile comes; she is the one doubtless that you —"

Hector did not stay for the finishing of the sentence, but cried, "O Madame, how could you think it! Cécile, — a child!"

"But she is adorably pretty, sir."

"So, jealous!" thought Hector. "Very well." Then thinking that Cécile might indeed make a somewhat inopportune appearance, and that he had yet considerable to do to complete his conquest of Camille, he proposed a walk in the garden. The plan was too nearly her own not to be accepted eagerly.

"Let us continue our talk, Madame, for I see that to convince you I have still much to tell you. Will you take my arm?"

"Gladly."

"I shall be happy if this delicious contact does something for my suit."

"You have too little confidence in your own merits, and are too modest, dear cousin."

"Is it not a trait of genuine affection not to flatter itself of success?"

"A complete metamorphosis," cried Camille, laughing.

"Laugh away; it only renders you the more charming."

"Upon my word, I won't listen to a word more, Hector"; and so, quitting his arm, she went to a bell-pull and rung.

III.

AFTER all, the author must introduce his amusing valet. Call him Jobin, and let us suppose he is another Sosie of the actor Priston, at the Palais Royal. You can fancy the nasal, drawing voice, the great, stupid eyes, and the dumfounded look of our new personage.

"My parasol," said Camille to the valet when he answered the bell. Meanwhile Hector was contemplating the charming widow in a mirror that reflected all her graces. "She is adorable, and I have not found it out," he thought. "She is more dangerous than I had any idea of. What life! what grace! and just the degree of coquetry to render her adorable. Where have my eyes been?"

Meanwhile Camille, a little dreamy, was deciding that her cousin had never before seemed quite as he did now; that he would have endangered even herself — a week earlier.

Jobin entered with the parasol.

"Come, Hector," said the lady. And he hastened to offer his arm; when they soon disappeared among the linden shades of the garden alleys, where the clematis and the ivy-grape grew.

Jobin, flattening his nose against a pane in the glass-gallery, followed them with a curious eye, and delivered himself in this wise: "M. de Sévigny and Madame seem very well content with one another to-day. After all, once is not always; and, as the

doctor says, kings have wooed shepherdesses; but Madame is not a shepherdess of Nanterre, and M. Hector is no king of Longchamps. Hector! There's nothing like fellowship on the turf to beget intimacy. The Bourse can do great things!" He took an eye-glass from the pocket of his red waistcoat, and tried to fasten it under his brow. "When Madame rung I was coming to tell this dear friend — there you have it fine — that Mlle. Cécile begged him to wait in the salon till she had finished her toilette — there you have it a little better. When Mlle. is at her toilette, it is no short job; that's perfectly right! O, these fine ways! I have spent time to acquire them, as well as the superlative speech; but I have got them. What a charming creature is Mlle. Cécile, and would n't she look well 'side of me in caleche. I could love her, though, the young Creole. Madame is not bad; but then she has married once. It is growing warm out there in the garden, bless me! Ah, Hector kissing his cousin's hand! It is n't much, but it's the right sort."

So the valet Jobin, enchanted with his own wit, his person, and his ability to keep his eye-glass in place according to the mode, twirled about on his right foot, and found himself face to face with Cécile just entering the room, and laughing violently over the funny object before her.

"Well, Master Jobin, these are manners! Eh! goodness gracious, a quizzing-glass too! Well, hand me a book," said she, as she threw herself into an easy-chair. The book lay upon a little table quite within her reach, while Jobin searched the apartment through, and then asked where it was.

"There," replied Cécile; "don't you see it?"

Jobin hastened to obey. "How lazy!" said he to himself. "Well, patience, Jobin; when you are rich, you shall make your footman read to you!"

"Here, sir, where is M. de Sévigny? Did you not tell him?" asked Cécile.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, if, — that is to say, No! because Monsieur has gone into the garden with Madame Damberg, and I could not —"

"Very well"; and, pointing to a tabouret close by, she added, "Jobin, place that tabouret under my feet." The valet obeyed, and thought as he left the room, that had he been she, and needed a tabouret, he would have made one of Jobin.

Cécile fell lazily back in her chair, and, closing her eyes, set to thinking. "A walk in the garden, well, that were agreeable; but then it is horrid hard work. So I stay here. Then my presence would only spoil matters, for Camille has got that impertinent fop, Hector, in hand to give him a lesson."

At this moment a silvery laugh caught her ear; she looked up, and perceived Hector and Camille just at the end of the gallery; but her indolence was too much for her curiosity.

"Everything is right," she thought. "She can play the coquette on him, and I could do the same. Just so; only they try to make me out a child; but I can have my turn at it too, I hope." She got up with utter nonchalance, but not without grace, and went towards the gallery. "Camille is coquette, wit, and what not, and knows just how to come off victor in all these skirmishes of the salons. As for me," — and she gazed at herself in the glass with a smile full of malice and vague indications, — "why, I am commonplace, indolent, lazy. Well, what matters it? no worse for that! Is there not some other means of conquest than this wit and its battles? Well, I am willing. Yonder, under the beautiful skies of the Isle of France, there I was in-

deed a woman. Here I am a child who can do nothing at these things. But they will see, nevertheless." Some vague disturbance came upon her. "But this is perhaps a wrong I am going to commit, just on the verge of — O, should anybody know it! Very well, I will return to my dear colony, for there, at least, I am a sovereign without rival: my caprices are my orders; my fantasies, laws, which find none to disobey them."

Her cousin's voice only confirmed her resolution. "You are an angel," said he to Camille, "and I love you."

"You shall find out," said Cécile, "if I am the simpleton you take me for." So she dropped back in her chair with the most indifferent air.

IV.

ON re-entering the room, Hector had the air of a conqueror, and Camille was radiant.

"A complete triumph," she whispered to Cécile, embracing her; then turning to the young man, "What say you to our flowers, dear cousin, — to those of Cécile above all? for it is to her that we owe a part of this collection."

"They are charming."

"O, they are but poor specimens of the marvellous tropics," said Cécile. "Transplanted to our soil, they lose all their glory. A flower only flourishes where it is native."

"Nevertheless, they are not altogether worthless to such as never leave home," said Hector.

"There's a gallant for you, Cécile!" said Camille.

"Bah! nonsense for country wit! and if one should give him occasion, this poor cousin of ours would make both of us believe that he adored us, singly and together."

"If I could have the pretence, I would proclaim neither my success nor my failure, but the thing would be impertinent on my part."

"So that you would not decline wholly the proposition," said Camille, a little seriously; "only in confessing that there might be some difficulty in succeeding, you wish to show your discretion, — faith! it is a very nice sort of business."

"Eh? But it is not so vulgar a matter, as times go," replied Hector, opening the book which Cécile had thrown aside.

"Yes, plume yourself on your discretion," said Cécile. "Are n't you the one who would like to find out my secrets, and divine my sympathies?"

"But it is all fair play!" replied Hector. "Ah, very dangerous reading this!"

"What is it?" asked Camille.

"Paul and Virginia, of sentimental memory," said Hector.

"And you think that dangerous?" asked Cécile.

"Dangerous for me, certainly; for how can I stand such an eclipse?"

"Paul is dead," said Camille, "while you are —"

"That's consoling, certainly. Paul is a dead prince and I a live shepherd."

"I think you are both wrong," said Cécile.

"Paul is no more dead than Virginia; both are immortal."

Hector hummed, —

Du haut des cieux, tu demeure derrière,
Bon Bernardin, tu dois être content.

"And at the Isle of France," said Cécile, "they show you —"

"The sand on which they walked," interrupted Hector; "that's the story to believe."

"It is so with all legends," said Camille.

"With everything true," said Cécile.

"Ladies, all opinions are respectable, even mine. I would not gainsay that masterpiece, but, alas! we are fallen upon times when we are lost, and not capable of such heavenly sentiments."

Cécile looked at him closely, and cried, "So he acknowledges he is no longer a Paul!"

"No longer a Paul!"

"How many such can we number?" asked Camille.

"Dear cousin, the commission charged with that statistical labor has not yet reported; but they have slipped out an indiscretion. Commissions don't do anything else —"

"True!" cried Camille; "and this indiscretion —"

"Tells us of the transformation of the species *Paul*," said Hector, talking attentively at the two; "and, according to these savants — But I'd better leave on them all the responsibility of their opinions: the women will not complain of it too much."

"Women! is it possible?" cried Cécile; "but the *Virginias*!"

"The indiscretion of these savants has not reached that; and I don't know that they have decided upon the same transformation in the species *Virginia*."

"These savants seem to me very impertinent," said Camille.

"And their transformation is not encouraging," added Cécile. "The worm passes for an ugly thing, it is true; but the chrysalis is very inconstant."

"Don't believe a word of it!" cried Hector.

"They are flowers without scent that incite these ugly stories."

"Bah! It is easy to see the meaning of such pretexts," said Camille. "It is always the last flower which is the most beautiful and dispenses the sweetest perfume."

"You calumniate the winged things, ladies, which pass by the beauty of the camellias to pilfer the sweets of the roses and violets."

Cécile fancied the distinction clever; — of course she did, for did not her cousin mean the violet for herself? As for Camille, she questioned if Hector did not dream of sharing these compliments, and tried to change the conversation; but Hector had a mind of his own, and hurried on, —

"But permit me to ask of both of you, — and you first, my pretty Cécile, — if really you have dreamed out a type of husband like this Paul here?" and he showed the book.

"Certainly."

Camille appeared anxious.

"Well, Cécile," replied Hector, without seeming to suspect the young woman's bad humor, "you are right, and you are wrong."

"There's explicitness for you!" said Cécile.

"And you, my charming widow?" said Hector, turning to Camille, who no longer sulked, but said she could not desire any greater happiness than such an ideal.

"Very well, you are wrong."

"How so?"

"And you are right!"

The two women looked smiling at each other upon this, and asked if he were mocking them.

"I have no fancy for such impertinences," he replied; and, addressing the younger, he added, "Yes, my dear Cécile, you are right in desiring, and you fully merit, as loving a spouse and as pure a one as this; but, my pretty coz, there are exigencies in the

world that we must submit to. A husband like Paul would be rather too rustic to-day. The world must have a share of you. Be a *Virginia* in your household, but a woman of the world, and something of a coquette in society. In your family relations you were right; outside of that, you were wrong."

"I understand," said Camille, "it is a Paul of high life that would suit her; now for me!"

"You, my adorable widow, the life of the salon is your sphere, — fit to shine among all by your wit and your beauty. It would indeed be a crime to keep you in a nest to coo eternally. You need candles and fêtes and music and dancing. Such a flower as you would wither away in the bucolic atmosphere of the good Bernardin. You understand, then, how you were wrong."

"I am ready to admit it; but how can I be at the same time right, my paradoxical air?"

"That is easy to show you. You and the man of your choice are people of the world. You sacrifice to the exigencies; you coquette on your part, — that is the woman's privilege. Your husband must sacrifice you in the salon, and let you alone in the centre of that circle where you are queen. But in his home life he throws off this restraint of the world, and your charms no longer meet his indifference. He hastens to change his lion's skin for the lamb's. You find then for yourself that type of lover you have dreamed of. In the one case the lover should transform himself into the man of the world; in the other, the man of society gives place to the lover. And this is the way, my dear Camille, after having been wrong, you are right."

All this pleased Camille much, for she took it all as proof of her coquetry's power over him.

"This would be very well," said Cécile, "if one could choose —"

Hector interrupted, "But you choose often on one side, dear ladies, and in deceiving yourself you deceive him who thinks to have divined your heart's secret. Alas! if you were not so often incomprehensible, there would be few bachelors among us."

Camille smiled maliciously. "How, coz! are you dreaming of marriage, — you?"

"Faith, this bachelor life is so monotonous. One is nothing in society without bonds, without position, without serious attachment."

"How, you, young, rich, so elegant that others copy you," cried Cécile, "you bid farewell to that life whose praises you have so often sounded. It is beyond belief."

Hector cast a fascinating eye upon his two cousins. "Ah, what would you? that one should weary himself out, till, without knowing it, he is past the time for happiness; or that about him he should find some charming woman, with whom it would be sweet to pass life, and then brave sarcasm —"

"That's for Camille," thought Cécile; "but I have not had my last word yet."

"And nothing remains but to make the choice," said Hector.

"Ah! you have yet to choose?" cried Camille.

"Out of the indifferents!" cried Hector; "but it is not among these last that I would seek, for it seems to me necessary to have a loved one —"

"And lover," murmured Cécile.

"You have finished my thought, dear Cécile, and bear in mind, that it is the end you ought to aim at; for your true lover is like a miser: it is not that he possesses a treasure, but the treasure possesses him, and you know what a lover's treasure is. Now, for all women, that kind of royalty, this satisfying of

every caprice and every fantasy, is the true happiness!"

Camille was serious. "That is your mind, then," said she.

"Precisely. Whoever puts restrictions on love does not understand it!"

"That's a delicate way of putting it, surely," said Cécile; "and if all marriages were thus —"

"Almost slavery," cried Camille; "Hector makes the men too perfect and the women too exacting."

"As for myself, who am not rich, happily," cried Cécile, "I hope to be loved for myself alone; if not, I would rather remain as I am."

Camille looked savagely at her cousin. "How dare you make reference to my fortune, which is, luckily, considerable."

Cécile seemed contrite. "How could you think it?" she cried, and threw herself with feigned sadness into Camille's arms, who equalled her hypocrisy in saying, "We can be happy, each for herself, can't we?"

Meanwhile, the happy Hector bit his moustache and said to himself, "Now for a grand stroke of my evil intention."

The door opened and the squeaking voice of Jobin announced M. Beauclerc, the notary of the family. At this the two ladies colored profusely. "Admit him," said Camille, briskly, and turning to Hector, "Excuse me, my friend, you must know widows are sometimes troubled with business."

"Nothing more natural. Certainly go, sweet coz." Nevertheless Camille hesitated for an instant, to look at Cécile and try to divine her thoughts. But the placid and tranquil face of the young woman reassured her completely. She thought that her victory was too certain to entertain any doubt of her cousin, — the child! and so went out, smiling and triumphant.

"Now for my turn!" thought Cécile.

V.

WITH Cécile, Hector had another part to play. For several months her heart had been proof against every variety of his assaults, and he had only got laughed at for his pains. Accordingly he depended upon a well-preserved indifference for success to-day. So he sat down at the other end of the salon, and began examining very attentively the designs in an album. The young woman contemplated him for a moment with a smile, and then, sinking with provoking nonchalance into her chair, she called out, "Hector!" He was deaf. "My coz," she said, trying a sweeter tone. "My coz," was the perfectly indifferent reply.

"So this is the way you treat me, off there, some miles away. It is very evident Camille is no longer here."

"O, can you believe —"

"Come, sit here, and go on with your seductive theories."

Hector took his chair into the middle of the room.

"What, so far still! Come here."

He came a trifle nearer.

"What timidity in the fop," thought she; then aloud, "goodness, can you be afraid?"

Hector drew near. "How you mistake my sentiments, dear coz," said he. "What I experience is —"

Cécile interrupted him with asking him to pick up her handkerchief, which she had just dropped. This done, he found Cécile had posed herself in a most bewitching attitude. Her head, always charm-

ing, was resting on her left hand; and her arm, exposed by the drooping sleeve down to her elbow, was perfect in its roundness, and had that milky whiteness peculiar to blondes. Her body, lightly inclined on one side, showed a bust the most beautiful in the world.

Hector was roused. "Charming! ecstatic!"

"Put this tabouret — there — under my feet. I am very lazy, am I not?"

"You are divine!"

When Hector pushed the tabouret she raised her robe a little, disclosing the finely arched foot of a Cinderella, and an ankle so beautiful that he was for an instant dazzled! This was all done with such well-feigned nonchalance that even a sceptic would not have suspected it.

"It is something," said she, languidly, "to talk with a friend."

"A friend," cried Hector; "better than that!"

"A cousin, if you prefer it."

"Better still, dear Cécile," said the amorous swain; and taking her hand he kissed it and protested it was charming, delicate, and all that.

"What are you doing?" cried she, withdrawing it.

"Ah, Cécile, you must know that contact with you has some danger in it; that you are, of all women, one of the handsomest and most engaging, and one would be a thousand times happier living with you — for you —"

Cécile smiled, enjoying her triumph, and, wishing to conceal her blushing, turned to take a fan from a table behind her; while Hector, staying her arm, got it for her, but just then catching a glimpse of her face, stood mutely regarding her.

"I am wrong," said he at last, "in speaking of the world, — of society. One ought to pass his life only near you, far from the crowd —"

"Hector, cousin, you tell me things that I ought not, cannot, listen to; leave me."

Hector threw himself at her feet. "Stay, dear Cécile, stay. I pray you let me tell you —"

"But I cannot hear you. Ah, if you knew —"

"I know that I am fascinated, overcome, that my heart beats, my head is on fire, and that —"

Vainly the young woman tried to escape; Hector was always on his knees pressing her hand to his lips. She, worked to excitement, prayed him to leave her. "Ah," cried she, "if they should only see us, I am lost." But this cry of conscience made no difference to Hector. "Listen to me," he answered, "I am at your feet; I love you!"

At this moment the door again opened, and Camille, pale and speechless, with a bitter smile on her lips, appeared to the two in all their confusion.

VI.

CÉCILE concealed her blushes behind her fan. Hector seemed to be trying to find something on the floor. Camille advanced calm and majestic. She had lost her case; but she did not wish to have Cécile gain hers; and so, addressing Hector, she said, —

"Cécile has without doubt told you —"

"What's that?" interrupted Hector, hoping to have found matter for his relief.

"That M. Beauclerc, my notary, has come to draw the marriage contracts."

"Contracts!"

"Yes, — mine first, M. de Sévigny. I must inform you of my immediate marriage to M. de Fontenay."

Hector asked himself if it were all a dream. "Ah, the coquette!" he murmured.

"As to Cécile," replied Camille, "I leave to that dear cousin the pleasure of telling you—"

"Yes," said the other, making a violent effort to conceal her shame and emotion, "it is just,—I had forgotten—"

"What then?" Hector broke in, completely distracted.

"Alas! that I am punished!" thought Cécile, and then aloud she added, "my marriage with—"

"Your marriage!" cried Hector, thinking to have misunderstood her.

"Yes, cousin, my marriage with M. Laville, who takes me back to the Colonies."

Hector was deaf with rage. "She also!" cried he. "Ah, I am played upon like a fool. And she goes! Heavens! I'll have the last word." And so, laughing satirically, he continued, "It is pleasant, very pleasant, all this in you! Indeed—at the moment when—ha! ha!—I shall always think of it. Of this M. Beauchère, is it he you have spoken of? O, indeed, it is very original in you. Ha! ha! ha!"

Hector only laughed at his mouth's corners, for at heart he was furious with the trick he had been caught in.

"Very well," said they.

"But this same notary is mine, and I suppose he has warned you—"

"Of what?" said Camille, impatiently.

Hector, wishing to draw out his revenge, contented himself with saying, "Truly, it has been very discreet on his part."

"How so?"

"Well, he has drawn up for me also a—" Hector stopped short; he smiled a malicious smile, and then in a very ceremonious tone added, "Mesdames, I have the honor of announcing to you my immediate union with Mlle. Claire d'Elbis; and I have come from Paris purposely to give you this piece of news."

"Ah, surely this is wonderful," said Camille, in a bitter-sweet tone, which ill concealed her anger.

"How, you?" cried Cécile. "I swoon!"

Hector went on, "Permit me, ladies, to wish you joy."

"What a lesson!" thought Camille.

"What a school!" Hector thought on his part.

Jobin came to say breakfast was ready, and that the General had just alighted, accompanied by MM. de Fontenay and Laville.

"My intended husband," Cécile thought, "provided he does not find out—"

Camille interrupted further thought with, "Come, let us go and present you, dear cousin."

"That would be charming."

"One might call it a breakfast of the betrothed, but unfortunately one is wanting."

"Yes," added Cécile, forcing a smile, "this pretended one of our cousin,—this Virginia."

"Truly, that would make the thing complete," Hector replied, thinking how furious they were, and of his victory.

"Come, coz, your arm!" said Camille. Hector advanced and offered his arm; and they were all going when suddenly Cécile called the servant. "Jobin," said the indolent Creole, "my handkerchief."

"What a matter this is," murmured the lackey; "but patience: two—three marriages—resents must come out of all this; after that we shall see!"

DONKEY-RIDING ON PARNASSUS.

It has been calculated that, at some period or other of their lives, most men and all women have been guilty of the crime of writing indifferent verses. Senior wranglers, and attorneys' clerks, and a few other favored persons have been perhaps an exception to the rule, and have passed a dry, chippy, verseless youth. But the majority of mankind have known the gentle pleasures of donkey-riding upon Parnassus, and have exhausted the ordinary common-places and rhymes about despair, and broken hearts, and flowers and bowers, and the moon. The first effect of the sprouting of the juvenile affections on the male portion of our species is to make them preternaturally gloomy. They have really themselves to blame, for they begin by fixing their young hearts on all sorts of impossible and unattainable objects. Either it is a married cousin twice their age, or it is their tutor's chubbiest daughter, or else a blue-eyed seraph in a bonnet, who beams on them every Sunday during the holidays from a distant pew in church. They have long been acquainted with what Horace and Ovid and Lemprière's Dictionary have to say about the terrible and withering effects of love, and now at last they are introduced to it in reality. And they find the passion quite as harrowing as they had expected. Their own miserable condition is much worse than that of all the heroes of whom they have read. Swimming the Hellespont, and finding Hero waiting on the other side, was a much easier affair than telegraphing the state of one's heart to decorous and innocent young angels during divine service, or summoning up courage to tell the gay and unconscious married cousin all the torments she has inflicted, with the horrid possibility in the background, that she will be heartless enough to laugh when she is told.

Placed in this sad predicament, between emotion on the one side and the cold code of social conventionality on the other, the juvenile lover believes very naturally that Destiny has marked him for her victim. Under such circumstances, he feels that Horace and Ovid and Sappho and Byron have chalked out beforehand the proper course to be pursued. They wrote poetry when they were in love, and the only thing to be done is to follow the example. The chief difficulty is in finding material. Rhymes and metres are not invincible obstacles, but when the cruel being who is the cause of all has been described as light-hearted and careless, and her victim as hopelessly blighted, almost all has been said. When the sea, and the woods, and the rocks, and the daffodils, have in turn been informed of her behavior, scarcely anybody is left except the moon; and it is impossible to go on for months keeping literary company with, and exclusively addressing one's self to, the moon. Shelley and Byron could not have done it themselves; and after a feeble effort to maintain his verses at the proper astronomical elevation, the youthful lover terminates his donkey-ride on Parnassus, and returns to cricket and football with a feeling of concealed indignation at the want of sustained romantic power in his donkey.

Young poetesses are more prolific and more patient than the young poets in this respect. Like the latter, they start, as a rule, in a proper temper of gloom; though it is not produced, as in the case of the male juvenile, by unrequited affection. With the young lady, the gloom, generally speaking, is the consequence of the iron discipline of the school-

room. Governesses are a very trying set. They have a way of goading the young soul into a frenzy, and making life seem very barren and unendurable. What with French verbs, and Pinnock's dates, and scales, and posture lessons, and the continual strain kept up on the mind by the necessity of walking straight and keeping the shoulders down, existence would be altogether intolerable, if it were not for the consolations of religion and of poetry. There will, at all events, be no governesses in heaven; pianofortes will give place to harps, and Pinnock and chronology will be extinguished when time itself shall be no more. The youthful poetess turns her attention, therefore, to poetical reflections on what will happen to her when she is an angel. She will have wings, and perhaps a lute; and when she turns over in her mind all the things that rhyme with wings and lutes, and remembers that when wings and lutes have been exhausted, lyres and pinions will still remain behind, she feels that, come what may in the shape of French verbs, she is rich indeed. And, accordingly, heaven plays to the young poetess the part that the moon and disappointed affection play to the young poet. It is obvious, from the nature of the subject, that she can continue patiently much longer at it. Some authoresses never use up the topic at all. They go on all through their lives, belonging to what may, without irreverence, be termed the lute-and-wing school of feminine poetry. The occupation is by no means in itself an unhealthy one for the young, and it is certainly much better for the head and heart to write about real angels than, like juvenile authors, to be scribbling about human angels in female dress. As compared with the latter pastime, the former is a noble and invigorating exercise; and youthful poetesses, who are in the lute-and-wing line, make up in high moral tone and in piety what they want in variety and strength.

The next stage in the history of versification is less natural, but a little more artistic. The young donkey-rider has learnt to appreciate the literary pleasure of metrical composition. He has taught himself to admire the feats in metre and in rhythm accomplished by all the great poets whom he observes caracoling over Parnassus, and he does not see why his Pegasus should not perform the same. Henceforward he trots out his animal for the sake of making it jump, and not simply with a view of occupying himself as a blighted being ought. The old anxiety to be a lover, gives place to the new desire of becoming a poet. He tries, one after the other, all the fences which others before him have taken, and contrives somehow or other to shamble over most of them with more or less satisfaction to himself. Minds begin by being receptive and impressionable long before they are productive or original, and as philosophy is said to commence in wonder, poetry-making starts in admiration. The first step is to reproduce the poetical echoes that have been picked up from reading the poetry of bigger men. A large number of great sentimentalists are remarkable for a characteristic mannerism of their own. They have a peculiar trick and swing and rhythm which reappears time after time in their various literary achievements. Their admirer soon seizes it, and believes that it is in this that the secret of their excellence resides. Poetry is the art of cooking and serving up pleasing thoughts in a tasteful and effective way, and the young cultivator of the Muses knows, or thinks he knows, how to cook his hare, long before he has caught it. His disposition

to imitate is fostered by the real pleasure that successful imitation brings with it. Next to the pleasure of creating comes the genuine pleasure of reproducing what other people have created. Reproduction or imitation is, in fact, a sort of creation of a secondary order. The definition of poetry given by the first of ancient philosophers is, that it is an art of imitating, by which he partly means, that it is the art of reproducing in language ideas which exist in nature or in the mind; giving, in fact, to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. Young poets, unfortunately, have no airy nothings of their own. They are obliged to borrow, not merely the principles of cooking, but the idea which is to be cooked. The process of re-cooking gives them a real artistic satisfaction, and if they were content to practice it in private, it would be a valuable part of their literary training.

The mistake they make is in hoping that the *rechauffé* which they have so sincerely enjoyed making, the world at large will care to taste. If the *rechauffé* were usually good of its kind, there would be less harm in their thinking so. But the parts of the style of great authors which they most commonly serve up are, as a rule, the most prominent, the most vulgar, and the most worthless. It is not unnatural that it should be so. Clever rhymes, or ingenious twists, or curious and involved expressions, take the firmest hold on the attention of those who are only half trained to discriminate between literary pearls and literary husks. The beauties of a thoroughly artistic work, though patent to a skilled observer, are for a beginner far less patent than the mannerisms which deface it. He has a dim sense that the thing is beautiful, and he thinks that the cause of the beauty is the one thing which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, impairs and weakens it. Instead, therefore, of a good *rechauffé*, he presents his generation with a *rechauffé* that leaves out the subtle essence of the original, and reproduces only the garlic and the pepper in enormous quantities.

The errors of the authoress are not quite of the same description. She is too ambitious of creating startling effects. In ordinary cases, women do not go through the intellectual fermentation that is a necessary part of the literary training of men. They are simpler in their tastes and predilections; and their comparative ignorance of the tricks of composition preserves them from half the fantastic extravagances and mannerisms into which male poetasters tumble. They do not attempt as much as Phaeton or Icarus, and their failures are therefore less ludicrous and absurd. Having started in the lute-and-wing business early in life, they are quite content to continue in the humbler line of hymnological manufacture. Their imitative tendencies are amply satisfied when they have mastered some of the more difficult rhymes of Mrs. Hemans, or Mrs. Barrett Browning, and learnt that sweet evangel will rhyme to angel, that manna will go properly in harness with hosanna, that teraphim is a pleasing and ingenious match for seraphim, and that death's gloomy portals, may be made to pair off opposite to any number of immortals.

As poetry depends for its success on the poet's having something to say, and knowing how to say it when he has got it, the donkey-rider on Parnassus finds himself in a perpetual dilemma. In the first place, he starts at the wrong end of the rope. No amount of manœuvring in verse will ever make up for the absence of all subject-matter, and the poet-

aster is so anxious to manœuvre that, down to the end of his career, he goes on attitudinizing instead of thinking. After long and laborious practice he teaches himself, like Blondin, to wheel his literary wheelbarrow on a tight rope over the heads of his audience. But a literary wheelbarrow is not of much use, as long as it has got nothing in it except dewy showers and autumn flowers and moonlit bowers. Wheeling a whole cargo of them safely over from the beginning of a poem to the end is a poor occupation for a long life, and brings little credit or emolument to the performer. Considering the rush that there is upon versification in the present age, it appears marvellous how very little substantial work is done. The only parallel is the case of modern sermons. In theory, parsons ought never to want matter for a sermon. The vicissitudes and varieties of life are infinite, human character is full of lights and shadows, and the topics with which religion might deal are as illimitable as the universe. In the presence of all this field for reflection and observation, it seems almost a miracle that sermons should be uniformly monotonous, dreary, and poverty-stricken. The same kind of mental and moral atrophy that attacks men who write sermons appears also to prey upon men who take to poetry-making. How rational human beings can go on for years at either occupation, without ever stumbling up against a really good thing to say, is purely unaccountable. The only explanation at all conceivable is, that they are so busy over the process of boiling their thoughts, that they end by forgetting that they ought to have thoughts, in the first instance, to put in the pot. It is possible that in the present day men think less than they used to do. They live more in a crowd, and are less alone. Even education is conducted in a hurry and a bustle, almost at railway speed. It is no longer a necessary part of intellectual training, that a gentleman should have meditated as well as studied, and should have lived, if one may use the expression, in the society of great authors, as well as have galloped through some of their most notorious works. The proper penalty to inflict on authors of bad sermons and bad verses would be, to transport them for a couple of years to solitary confinement in a country house, in the vicinity of a first-rate library. They would emerge from the salutary discipline wiser and less fluent men. We should have fewer new poems, and shorter sermons, but the world would not lose by the change a quarter of what the reformed and repentant criminals would gain.

It is not a little singular that the poetasters who have so few ideas do not really succeed in the rhythmical efforts to which they devote their exclusive attention. Great rhythmical poets seem to be dying out of the land. There are probably none in existence, except Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. The truth is, that the same want of intellectual tension which prevents the donkey-rider on Parnassus from being instructive or edifying also prevents him from being thoroughly successful in the musical and mechanical part of his work. He can make rhymes, if he cannot make ideas; but the rhymes he makes are, in general, rhymes and nothing more. Very few poets are born complete masters of rhythm. There is such a thing as a natural ear for it, as there is such a thing as a natural genius for music; but both require an equal amount of laborious cultivation. It is by slow degrees, and probably with much care, and after a series of literary infanticides, that Mr. Tennyson has made him-

self a consummate lyrical performer. His earliest published poems are removed by a long interval from the more perfect melody which his later productions often display. What began only in imperfect promise has ended, in his case, with successful performance. Taste and melodious diction come to no man in his cradle. Horace himself, who boasts that the Muses visited him in his childhood, is careful to disavow all claim to the facility of Lucilius; and the genius which begins in facility, like all other genius, will not get far upon its journey without much trouble and self-culture. As the poetasters of the age neither display thought nor cultivation, the question naturally occurs, what on earth is the good of them? The answer is, that, after all, they may as well be bad poets as bad at anything else. The deficiency of vigor, of intellectual substance, and of patient cultivation, which makes them worthless in literature, would make them equally unavailable in other walks of life. They may as well write feeble poems as fail in business, or remain to the end of their lives, weedy barristers or indifferent picture-painters. They do less harm to the world as they are, and, though they are a nuisance and an annoyance, no one who cares for the welfare of his fellow-creatures would wish to see the donkey-riders on Parnassus take to donkey-riding in the Church, or in commerce, or in Parliament. As they have been born into the world, they must stand somewhere, and they may as well take up their position in the monthly magazines and on the dusty shelves of publishers.

SUPERIOR INFORMATION.

I WAS once spinning a bait for pike in a small but well-stocked river in Northamptonshire, and I had just taken the bait-fish in my hand to adjust the hooks, when a friend who considered me learned in matters of sporting and natural history, said suddenly, "Pray, what are those little black things floating on the water, shooting about in circles, the size of a split pea, there by the side of the stream?" He meant the whirlingig, *Gyrinus nator*.

For my own part, I had not the faintest notion at that time what the creatures were called. I have of course taken pains to find out before venturing to write this article. But I was preoccupied then; I was thinking of the bait, and whether it was any good trying that hole down by the little waterfall, where I had a shady sort of a run yesterday; and so I only answered, "O, those are little black things that float on the water."

"Thank you!" said he. It occurred to him, perhaps, that he had told me as much when he asked the question. And yet, in my abstraction, I no doubt fancied that I had fully satisfied him. The "little black things" are common enough, and I had conveyed to him that they were no curiosities; but it did not strike me, till I heard his laugh, that the oracle had not spoken the expected words of wisdom, and that my superior information must have appeared to him nothing better than a sham.

This, indeed, is a very simple occurrence, but I have caught myself telling it often as a good tale, as the sort of thing a man mentions at his own expense, with a fair conviction that he can afford to do so, as a funny exception to his general accuracy and information.

People all over the world have certainly a tendency to endow somebody else with the credit for possessing superior information. Very clever people

are constantly committing themselves by the perfect reliance they place upon the opinion or advice of some contemptible quack. A man who has given his whole heart, and most of his life, to law, theology, or the classics, will often go for information on a matter of horseflesh or farming to some new pretender who happens to have at command a few special and technical phrases. A man or a child may pass for an adept without much apprenticeship. Let him assert himself pretty loudly, and he is sure of listeners. I once made the acquaintance of a very gaudy barn-door cock; he was in the habit of strutting and crowing his challenges all day; but I regret to add that, when at last they were answered, when a neighboring fowl of small stature burst upon his dunghill, he fled in the most disreputable manner, before the very faces of his hens. He had not a ha'porth of the pluck he bragged of. The adept sometimes is sterling enough, no doubt, but frequently he is some little fool to whom accident has given a character for proficiency. One would think that this latter personage could only retain his ascendancy amongst the very ignorant or the very loving; i. e. with the unsophisticated, or in the bosom of his family. These of course, one might imagine, would be content with a superstition, and fail to perceive the fallibility of their god. But the strange thing is, that wise men are so often contented to seek their information from the lips of ignorance.

What I mean to say is this, that not only is a man who has the credit for being an adept looked upon from all quarters with a wonderful respect, but that also it does not seem to be a particularly difficult matter to obtain that credit. In the instance which I have given of the *Gyrinus nator*, I humbly consider that I arrogated nothing to myself: the oracle did not happen to be up in that subject; and, besides, the oracle was busy and pre-occupied. There would have been nothing ludicrous in the response but for the expectation of its infallibility. But how I enjoy seeing a thorough-paced pretender floored! And, after mature consideration, I think that a mere pretender to be a judge in wine is the finest and the fairest game of all. Observe with what expressive silence he seeks to convince you of his superior information! He scorns to bluster about his knowledge. He covers the glass with both his hands, and sniffs the aroma when the wine is supposed to be warm; he holds the stem lightly between his finger and thumb, sloping the glass a little, and looks intently upon what he conceives to be an oily richness running down the sides of the glass. Then, perhaps, he pronounces on the vintage or the bin, as the case may be. He tells you that it is very fine wine indeed; that it ought to be drunk, however, as there is a good deal of it, he believes, and it would be a sin to let it get *passé*. This, and all the rest of it, which we know so well by heart, he says and does. Alas for his superior information! for you, suspecting that he was an impostor, gave him a bottle out of the cask of something rather tawny.

A little circumstance once occurred within my own knowledge, which is, perhaps, worth setting down here. Some gentlemen, who were either a committee, or a board, or a meeting, at any rate, who had met together very many times on business, determined, as such gentlemen do determine, to solace their anxieties with a dinner. This dinner was to be given at some first-rate hotel either in Manchester or Liverpool, I believe. Well, as the

dinner was to be dainty and the wines "curious," the original business committee appointed yet another committee amongst themselves, which should have power to choose two able and experienced men given to a familiarity with French dishes, but, above and beyond all, connoisseurs in wine. As far as the mere dinner went, I understand that they got on tolerably well, — possibly their only business here consisted in approving the elaborate *carte* sent them by the cook; but the wine was a more solemn matter. A great responsibility rested on them. With champagne, of course, they were safe, as the brand was a sufficient guide. Neither did they at all commit themselves in the matter of claret; Lafitte and a heavy price carried them through. But with port wine they found some difficulty, and their opinions were divided. It grew dark as they argued and tasted, and lights were brought. They were left alone in the room at last with port and sherry; and when at length the time came for these superiorly-informed beings, these, the elect of the committee, to produce the port which they had chosen out of so many samples, lo and behold! it was *brown sherry*.

Now, I wonder if I may say, without disrespect to the clergy, that it is very seldom I obtain from the pulpit the information which I desire. That information ought to be superior, because it commonly comes from educated gentlemen, and always from those who are supposed to have made its subject their special study. Sometimes it is superior; it is better than one's own, I mean; it is as good as the pages of a book. It is a common and a hateful fault, it is a silly and a disreputable fashion, which reviles the clergy of these kingdoms. With the exception perhaps of the bar, there is no profession whose members are so well informed as those of the clerical. And yet how frequently is one ashamed of the sermon, and indirectly of the clergyman who preaches it! Very often his superior information is taken wholesale and word for word from somebody else's printed sermon; occasionally he only steals the skeleton and the thoughts; sometimes he borrows a friend's lucubrations, and, in that way, very possibly gives us the benefit of thoughts twice stolen. But I am very seriously afraid that the most common practice is to contrive by some means to do without any thoughts at all. This is a pity and distressing. It is pretentious and unfair, and an abuse of confidence, for a man to dress himself up in a silk gown and walk solemnly along an aisle, and slowly up some steps, conducted by another man with a red collar and a blue stick with gilding at the top, when he has got nothing to say. The public have been saying their prayers, and are quite contented to let well alone; they are ready to leave the church with reverential thoughts and good desires; they are not exorbitant in their demands, and really don't want to trouble anybody for anything more. But when the responsible parties offer to begin again, when they tacitly assure us that there is yet another matter worth staying for, and when this other matter is ushered in with the pomp and promise mentioned above, it does seem reasonable that some effort should be made to rise above rigmarole, and to present something of a higher character than the most vapid platitudes. And yet there is in the depths a deeper still. However annoying it may be to have a string of unmeaning sentences forced upon you, it is much more annoying, and I think irritating, to have some ridiculous truism recommended to your understand-

ing with as much circumstance and show as if it were a recent discovery in polemics, or an important message from Heaven. Worst of all is that explanation which seeks to recommend itself by its condescension, which is supposed to come from a great mind to a very narrow one, which charitably simplifies matters in order to make them easy. Thus, I once heard with my own ears a piece of superior information which made them tingle, and surely nothing less than the reticence of good manners could have saved the congregation from committing themselves in shouts of laughter. "As it were a young lion lurking in secret," said the preacher; "that is, my brethren," he kindly continued, "a lion in the bloom of youth." O ye gods! a rosy-cheeked lion, a blushing lion! And yet he never saw the incongruity, but thought in his heart that he had made matters clear and comfortable to our comprehensions.

Perhaps, as a matter of fact, every one is better informed than his fellow upon some point, and every one, therefore, who can speak or write, is capable of conveying information. But let us take care that the man to whom we go is a sterling man, a genuine professor of the subject on which we consult him. No one surely who wished to learn how to milk a cow, would apply to the school-girl who was passing through a course of instruction, but to the milkmaid herself. Neither would a reasonable man who desired to become acquainted with top-dressing and turnips, inquire of any other than an experienced farmer. But from these, undoubtedly, a great deal might be learned. The relative value of a knowledge of the classics, and a knowledge of milking or of agriculture, has little to do with the fact, that farmer and classic may have each a very considerable amount of knowledge which the other does not possess. The presence of superior information on one side is as clear as its presence on the other; and no one, however learned, who will condescend to ask questions, can go through the world without confessing that he becomes a wiser man almost every day of his life.

I think we deceive ourselves wretchedly about the amount and value of our information. General knowledge is exceedingly superficial with the mass of "educated people," though they may be, perhaps, the last to think so. We take our acquirements too much for granted. Most of us, perhaps, know how far Mercury is from the sun; that the peregrine falcon changes the color and markings of her plumage after the first moult, and that flint is one of the primitive earths. But should we be able to endure one of the great tests of a thorough soundness; to answer, off-hand, the searching, though simple questions of a child in the easy rudiments of astronomy, ornithology, or geology? However, men will gild an ornament when they cannot afford a golden one; and we are all ready enough to assert ourselves in matters of information; we don't let the world rate us at too low an estimate. The best of us tag on a bit of tinsel sometimes. We all do it,—from the man who "crams" his conversation, to him who is only silent in order that he may appear to know. And really, after all, there is nothing very alarming in all this. There is often much less hypocrisy in it, than in the conventional "Good morning"; and if a man will only refrain from irritating his fellow-creatures, by assuming their boundless ignorance in the explanation he offers them on matters which are patent to mankind; if he will avoid, as far as possible, flourishing his superior information in their

faces when they least desire it; if he will not profess a profound acquaintance with matters of which he is entirely ignorant, we shall all jog on very comfortably, either in our learning or our ignorance; for, whatever else we may lack or possess, there will at least be the happy presence of that invaluable companion, good-humor.

PAST CELEBRITIES.

To suppose that Mr. Cyrus Redding had exhausted himself in his "Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal" is an error only to be dispelled by the perusal of these two new volumes* of reminiscences. Mr. Redding's experiences extend, indeed, over so considerable a space of time, and go so far back, as to embrace many worthy of remembrance through genius, attainments, or public services, who have now run their career and passed away, and who yet were not even born at the period when these reminiscences begin.

This is the case with the late Lord Canning, our perennial author having first met his father, George Canning, at Saltram, in 1812, the same year that Charles John was born. Yet does he remember the appearance of the before-mentioned great statesman so distinctly as to give a more homely, and yet a more vivid, description of him than we have heretofore met with. "I see his compact figure now, his open countenance, and bald head,—and as clearly, too, as at that time. When dressed for dinner, a point always scrupulously regarded in those days, Mr. Canning looked remarkably well, and with his intellectual cast of countenance, could not fail to impress the mind of a stranger that he was a man of no ordinary stamp. A mild and good-humored expression animated his features; his forehead was lofty, his eyes expressive of kindness and intellectual vigor. White silk stockings, shoes and buckles, snuff-colored or brown dress-breeches with knee buckles, a white waistcoat, and a blue coat with gilt buttons, were then generally worn at the dinner-table."

The personality is as effective as canvas, but when we come to the reflection of mind, that of the observer mingles itself amusingly with that of the observed, for the only reminiscence recorded upon this individual occasion was, that the first propounder of the Monroe doctrine was uncommonly tickled at Mr. Redding's quoting from Espriella's letters a suggestion to cure sickness from eating hare by giving greyhound broth. Mr. Canning being a man of literary as well as of oratorical and political powers, this, with his pure unadulterated classical English, gave him great advantages in debate. One of his happiest hits was on the occasion of Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) using the arguments of Philpott's (Bishop of Exeter) against emancipation, which led Canning to remark that he (Copley) had stolen all the arguments he had just used from a source that recalled to his mind the old song,—

"Dear Tom, the brown jug that now foams with mild ale
Was once Toby Philpott's."

Mr. Cyrus Redding was a zealous advocate of Catholic emancipation, and suffered greatly in the cause; it is not surprising, then, that Canning should be his great political hero, and he tells us that, had he survived, "he would have done something for the interests of literature, which might have pre-

* Past Celebrities whom I have Known. By CYRUS REDDING.

served it from becoming little more than a thing of the trader's speculation, and the corruptor of the popular taste through pampering the least informed among the multitude.

The reminiscences of J. W. M. Turner, who is designated as "the first of English artists," but who was as remarkable for his curt manners, shrewd remarks, and personal independence, or, as our author has it, "freedom from all the 'booing' so common in the presence of station or wealth for profit or patronage sake," as for his undoubted genius, refer mainly to excursions in that "region of fine landscape," the mouth and estuary of the Tamar; the rest is a disquisition upon Turner's talents and peculiarities, full of noble sympathies and aspirations, but in which all may not agree in finding it a matter to praise that his pictures are "divested of that hard, clear outline" shown by Claude, or that in them "we lose sight of those detestable Gothic edifices reared during the Middle Ages, and in their style studied, for the purpose of holding the human mind in darkness."

One anecdote of Turner is peculiarly illustrative of his art. Being near Saltash, the sun just setting, and the shadows becoming dark and deep, an artist in company remarked, that the ports in the sides of the vessels in ordinary could not be discriminated; he was looking, at the time, at a seventy-four gun ship, which lay in the shadow under Saltash. The ship seemed one dark mass.

"I told you that would be the effect," said Turner. "Now, as you observe, it is all shade."

"Yes, I perceive it; and yet the ports are there."

"We can only take what is visible, no matter what may be there. There are people in the ship; we don't see them through the planks."

"True," replied the other; "you are correct."

There had been a previous discussion on the subject between the two professional men, in which Turner had correctly observed that, after sunset under the hills, we could only see the hulls, — a mass of shadow. We have a picture of Turner's before us.

Mr. Cyrus Redding informs us that when he first met Hazlitt, he scarcely knew what to make of him. It was not till he had become acquainted with the inner man, by his writings, that he appreciated his talents. This is probably often the case when the individual has no accidents of birth, fortune, powers of conversation, or advantages of person or manners with which to attract attention. Hazlitt was like De Quincey, whom he resembled in the absence of any of these worldly recommendations, a deep thinker, and a powerful observer, — not a talker. Christopher North used to say, he did the talking at table, — he left it to the opium-eater to tell him afterwards who and what the company were. So with Hazlitt; Talfourd, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and many of his contemporaries, outshone him in conversational powers, but he left them far behind him in his powers as a critic. Hazlitt grappled with the profoundest treatises on abstract subjects. "If," Mr. Redding says, "the periodical publications of the present hour were to deal in them, they would fail from lack of interest, through the want of popular comprehension." We do not agree with this. Abstract philosophy and scientific subjects are more generally treated of in the present day than of yore, but the art of popularizing, such as Laplace, Arago, Herschel, Lyell, Faraday, and a host of others have done in our times, was then unknown. As a stern and uncompromising Dissenter, — "Ecclesiastical

hatred," says Redding, "is a proverb," — he had a great distaste for the "Lakers," as Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were then styled, and he looked upon them as apostates to the generous principles of their youth.

The notice of Hazlitt is chiefly made up of reminiscences of his connection with the *New Monthly*, and there is an amusing anecdote of Campbell's insisting upon a report by Hazlitt of a great fight between the Game Chicken and the Gas-light Man being inserted, in opposition to Mr. Redding's wishes, because, he said, it was "a picture of the 'elegant' manners of your country," i. e. Mr. Redding's country. "It is a picture of manners," said the poet, — "your manners. It is a history painting; let us insert it." Hazlitt had once said that a free admission to the theatre was the "true pathos and sublime of human life," but in his last published words he remarked, "That if the stage shows us the masks of men, and the pageant of the world, books let us into their souls, and lay open for us the secrets of our own. They are the first and last, the most home-felt, the most heartfelt of all our enjoyments." Hazlitt's was undoubtedly an observing, thoughtful intellect, but corrupted in the purposes to which it was applied by the worst forms of Cockneyism.

Dr. Parr at Hatton, in his summer-house, or "lion's den," as it was called, wig and pipe included, is a pleasant picture. "The fame of Parr, his ponderous wig and bushy eyebrows, his character," says Mr. Redding, "in fact his great learning, prevented me from conversing freely with him, until I found I had conjured up an imaginary phantom, a fear for which there was not the slightest ground." Dr. Parr was, indeed, a man of simple and homely habits, and of ordinarily mild language. At church, he conducted the service with as much simplicity as if he were speaking in his drawing-room. His parishioners, high or low, he regarded equally as his care, — he made no distinction. Mr. Redding says, he entered Hatton church one Sunday morning with a lady. Parr stopped reading the lesson, said to his favorite servant, Sam (who he complained was a hot Tory, and would sometimes dispute against his master's Whiggery, though an excellent servant), "Show that lady and gentleman into my pew." He used to have a maypole set up in the little village, at the inn of which all the male guests at his little fête dined. The ladies dined with himself and Mrs. Parr in the library. He would at times take his pipe and go into the kitchen before he went to bed, making any clerical friend he had at his house go with him. He would there sit by the fire, smoke and talk of the men of his cloth who had passed away, and how the old-fashioned clergy lived in the country in their scanty dwellings.

This learned, venerable, and truth-loving old man had some notions which Mr. Redding sets down as unworthy a man ranking so high above the silly spiritualists of the present day. He did not like to sit down with an odd number at table. He was once pacified on the matter when some one observed that a lady present was in the family-way. The "some one" was not, at all events, a very delicate-minded person. A scholar and a gentleman, "Jack Bartlam," as Parr called him, visited Hatton on particular days of the week, and became like one of the Doctor's family. He died suddenly in a bookseller's shop in Harley Street, London. Ever afterwards, up to the time of his own death, Parr had a plate laid at table for Mr. Bartlam upon the days of the week he used to dine. The Doctor might sometimes be

seen silently looking at the vacant chair for a minute or two during dinner, his knife and fork idle, as if he had suddenly recalled the memory of his old friend.

At the latest visitation he ever attended at Warwick, while he was sitting by the Bishop of Worcester, engaged in conversation, the Bishop proposed a glass of wine to their meeting that day three years. They were conversing upon the probability of such an event when a brother clergyman, by accident, struck his untasted glass of wine to the floor, and it rolled to the Doctor's feet unbroken. The Bishop made a sudden exclamation; no one besides spoke a word. All seemed struck in some strange way by the incident. Parr, who till then had been full of conversation, said scarcely a word, and appeared at once depressed in spirits. In about half a year afterwards he ceased to live. Here, according to Mr. Redding's theories, we have a whole conclave of silly divines.

Parr presented a very grotesque figure on horseback. A servant in livery rode before, in place of after, him; then came Parr himself, dressed as if in the first of garments he could lay his hands upon before starting. He wore his dressing-gown under his coat, which reached to his ankles, and mounted his cauliflower wig, and a clerical cocked-hat over all. He had but one spur, put on over a boot stocking. Sometimes he carried his hands in a muff, fearing an attack of erysipelas.

He was justly fond of the view from the churchyard, which is uncommonly fine as well as historically interesting in many objects it commands. Kenilworth Castle and the fine woody country intervening,—the spires of Coventry in one point, and Edgehills in another. The noble towers of Warwick Castle, and St. Mary's church, where the bones of the friend of Sir Philip Sidney repose, and the haughty Leicester, are observed amid surrounding foliage. Nothing can be more beautiful or historically interesting. Report has, indeed, made a bear or a lion of this learned eccentric, but benevolent old gentleman; but Mr. Redding declares that this was not his natural character. "Indignation at some wrong, or the retail of an injustice, or a bold contradiction, would alone make him condense the most forcible language into a brief compass, or work out an antithesis and hurl it at the head of his opponent with terrible energy." It must be borne in mind that Parr was a Whig, and all Mr. Redding's portraits and recollections are colored with a strong political bias. Comparing Parr, for example, with Johnson, the former did not, according to Mr. Redding, "take up a subject on the wrong side merely to display his command of language and argumentative power, nor had he any of that unmanly subserviency to the 'divine nature' of royalty which so lowered Johnson, and stamped him a Tory in the plenitude of his character."

The Reverend Caleb Colton, the author of "Lacon," was a far more eccentric character than Dr. Parr. According to Mr. Redding, he first introduced himself to his person and then to his dinner-table. He was a sportsman, a believer in ghosts, a wine-bibber, and a speculator; and yet a penurious man. He is said to have at one time opened a cellar *incog.* for the sale of wine, in Dean Street, Soho. Yet this most entertaining of companions would dine with the Duke of Cumberland; and when Mr. Redding ventured to suggest that the Duke might deem his colored trousers uncanonical, he replied, "If I find he notices it, I shall tell him that the benefits

of the Gospel do not depend on the color of a man's breeches."

Losses in Spanish bonds drove this stray genius from England; he lost his living, became a gambler in Paris, speculated in pictures, and finally committed suicide to avoid a painful and hazardous surgical operation. It was a sad life and a sadder end for a man of undoubted abilities. But all the abilities in the world are of no avail where there are neither rectitude nor sound principles.

Dr. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, was as eccentric as Colton, but without his failings. A person of such description affords a perfect mine of anecdote. When in the West Indies, whither he proceeded as physician to the governor, Sir William Trelawney, Miss Anne Trelawney, Sir William's sister, was his butt. One morning she asked him what news there was in the island. He replied, "None, except that a cherub had been caught alive up in the Blue Mountains." "Well, Doctor, and what did they do with it?" "Do, my dear lady, why, they put it into the cage with a large poll-parrot, and in the morning it was found blind. The parrot had picked out both its eyes." As a practitioner in Cornwall, Wolcot was ever at war with the corporation and his professional brethren. He had no regard for what was sanctified solely by custom, and would, for example, allow his fever patients to drink cold water, now admitted to be very sound practice. In London, the Tories and Royal Academicians were, as is well known, his chief game. He was very frugal. In age, he said, three things were necessary to health and comfort, namely, "fire, flannel, and brandy." His luxuries were "verse, painting, and music," in all of which he was a proficient,—excelling in the first. He is, indeed, admittedly the wittiest of all our satirists, except Butler. In his old age he went blind from cataracts. Sir William Rawson persuaded him to allow of one of the eyes to be operated upon, but without benefit. He always chuckled at this, and said that he had given the operator his worst eye. The follies and faults of men in high places were not his only subjects of satire; publishers were, with Gifford of the *Quarterly*, his special dislike. Of Philips, who was a vegetarian, he said that did not prevent his sucking out human brains; and to another he said, "Eh! what have we here?" "A skull," replied the bookseller; "perhaps a poet's." "Nothing more probable," replied the Doctor; "for it is well known that you booksellers drink your wine from our skulls." Wolcot died, according to Mr. Redding, a firm believer in a great First Cause. "I heard him state his perfect belief and trust in a Deity; but he did not believe in the Christian system of faith, because he said that it was, however in some points good in itself, wholly ruled and directed at present by human caprices."

There is a life of Mr. Beckford, published in 1859, but Mr. Redding has some personal reminiscences to relate which cannot fail to be perused with interest. Nearly the whole of "Vathek," he tells us, was struck off at a single sitting, which caused the author a serious indisposition, as he wrote night and day. Beckford was put in possession when he came of age of one hundred and ten thousand pounds per annum, and a million in ready money; and the story of the manner in which he defeated the schemes of a northern duchess, who visited Fonthill in order to provide him with a titled wife, is peculiarly amusing. So also of his coachman and his wife, who made free with his carriage. To cure

them, he supplied them with a liveried footman, and exposed them for six months to the ridicule of the other servants. Mr. Redding cannot, although he speaks highly of Beckford's talents, taste, and acquirements, sympathize with him wholly. Beckford had a belief in "blood," which Cyrus Redding has not; and, on matters of superstition, he argued "that it administers to the comfort of the gross of mankind," which is certainly going too far. Where we differ with Mr. Redding is, not that sense and reason must be discarded, but that there is that in human nature — and in human nature only — which is beyond the reach of either science or philosophy. Such, for example, is a belief in a future and spiritual existence.

As one of the old and ardent champions of Catholic emancipation, and subsequently of free trade, Mr. Redding is not only at home in his reminiscences of O'Connell, Sheil, and Cobden, but these eminent men enjoy his sympathies. His comparative estimate of the qualities of the two first distinguished Irishmen is, indeed, one of the cleverest things in the work; but while there can be no question as to the propriety of discarding religious disabilities and removing the shackles from commerce, as far as the reciprocities of other countries will permit, the conclusions at which the veteran reformer arrives are sadly and strangely contradicted by the facts of the case.

Madame de Staël-Holstein, John Clare, Mentelli, Horace Smith, Cuvier, Haydon, Belzoni, and Czartoryski complete this series of intellectual portraits. Mentelli was an extraordinary man, a true Hungarian philologist and philosopher, who lived in a garden conservatory, and then in a room under the Arsenal in Paris. He was known as "l'homme sauvage," and not undeservedly so. The notice of Horace Smith, who is described as "one of the most agreeable, even-tempered, kind-hearted men" Mr. Redding ever knew, is perhaps one of the pleasantest sketches in the book, — even where all are good.

PEGGY MELVILLE'S TRIUMPH.

I.

IN the winding streets of the ancient burgh of Crail, with its posts and gates formed of drift-wood and whales' jaws, and itself as salt flavored as the neighboring German Ocean, there walked, in the time of good Queen Bess, a grave young man of thirty, in a sober but richly embroidered cloak and velvet cap. He was one of those Melvilles whose names are so famous in the history of the Scottish kirk, — James, nephew of the courageous Andrew. They were men of learning, condition, and birth, and claimed not only kinship with the Melvilles of Carnbee and Dysart, but even a distant share of kingly lineage, through John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster." They had spirit and wit, too, though small in body, that famous uncle and nephew. Andrew was fiery and irresistible, "a blast," as he was sagaciously defined; while James was regarded by the time-servers and double-dealers, the cowards and traitors of the day, as still more dangerous, though he was the hope of the milder and more peaceful patriots of all opinions, because he was a "crafty byding man." They were like each other in person, and warmly attached with the reverential relation of father and son, and the confidential bond of an equal friendship. James, with loving vanity, writes that he "would to God, he were as like Mr. Andrew in gifts of mind as he is thought to be

in proportions of body and lineaments of face; for there is none that is not otherwise particularly informed but takes me for Mr. Andrew's brother." Slight, spare men, but tough in warfare, staunch in endurance, with faces full of intellect and will. Trained not only to play the part of mental athletes, but to make the best of their scanty flesh, they were as noble-looking men as any specimens of robust Christianity. There was nothing of the scarecrow or thread-paper about Andrew when he led the belligerent Assembly, or about James when he addressed the secretly sympathizing English Council, who might accept and honor a bench of bishops, of their own free will, but whose mingled Norman and Saxon blood formed a puddle far to saucy for the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and the imposition of this or that form of worship in the teeth of the worshippers.

That strange little town of Crail was gray and still enough nigh three hundred years ago, and the keen searching air was snell indeed this ripe October. But Mr. James, though he drew his cloak around him, faced it with the enjoyment of a persevering, wholesome spirit, and passed on, acknowledged respectfully on all sides, and looked after occasionally as a man to be seen on a white day. Men of influence and authority were in particular request at that moment, for the times were especially precarious. The terror of the Armada rested on the land, and Andrew Melville had been speaking and preaching against the dreaded invasion to students and burghers before the king and the foreign ambassadors, until town-house and country-place, farm and cottage, were awake to the formidable news, and warned of the danger.

But probably Mr. James was then less troubled at the thought of a struggle with the captains of the Armada than at the spectacle of an old lady, of precise and stately aspect, who sallied forth from a large square house, with many broad windows, set in the wide, weather-beaten, grass-grown street, and near to the cross, not yet plucked down. She approached as if to arrest his progress. He might escape the Armada, but he could not avoid his second-cousin, Mistress Peggy Melville of Carnbee, and he would certainly be detained awhile by her, to receive her family confidences. He had been hurrying to the beach beyond the town, by the braes of prickly whins, to take counsel of nature as to the prospects of a storm. Peggy Melville's straightforward, pertinacious, somewhat overbearing statements and demands would sadly entangle the thread of his ideas; but James Melville was more accustomed to be interrupted than let alone, and would as soon have thought of being haughty and pettish as his mate Elizabeth Dury, or to his little Andrew or Anne, as to Mistress Peggy, one of his mothers, as he called her pleasantly.

Mistress Peggy Melville, of the Melvilles of Carnbee, was as imposing a specimen of spinsterhood as Mr. James was of his calling of a divine. She was big-boned and harsh-featured, but with a certain native nobility about her large proportions which explained how it was her contemporaries insisted on her claims to good looks in her time. But now, truly, she was but a striking relic of the past. She wore the fashion of her day, which was calculated to exaggerate her peculiarities of size and air. Her dress was of green velvet, somewhat faded, but still rich in texture, with a plaited farthingale bulging out her quaint sides above the long, armor-like stomacher encasing her waist. A ruff with its super-

tasse supported her neck, and the light red hair, which was still profuse and unstreaked with gray, was frizzled, crisped, and laid in a rope from ear to ear, and wreathed with silver; and over the whole, with some regard to her years, she had the kircher of russet pinned beneath her chin. Thus attired, Mistress Peggy sailed along the street of Crail, with her maiden in flocket, hood, and pinnars, bearing her fan, her velvet-bound gold-clasped Bible, and a basket of such donations as she might distribute on the instant to any of her dependants."

"I wish you gude day, Mr. James," cried the old lady, stopping short at once; "a sicht of you is like the gift of a cordial, or essence more precious than common. I was on my way with Mariot to measure out the Widow Auchterlonie's duds; but the dead will keep while you and I take the air and hold some converse, which may be the Lord send to our mutual edification."

"Amen, Mistress Peggy," answered James Melville, without the slightest shade of ridicule or insincerity. "Well met, madam, what is your will with me to-day?" said he, as he offered her his ruffled hand. So leading her carefully and tenderly, the two took their way to one of the promenades of Crail.

"I've muckle to tell you, Mr. James, and muckle to hear of your doings; but first, Captain Joshua is to be in within eight days, and I'm thinking to beat up your quarters and wait him there, for the 'Lord Henry' will not pass Anster; there is not water in the hole here to float her."

Mr. James was almost relieved that she did not dash at once into the hackneyed bugbear of the Armada, but at the same time he could not resist drawing out her opinion on the subject. "You'll be heartily welcome; my Lizzie will count herself highly honored to have our brave, modest kinsman, Captain Joshua, again appearing to windward, as the nautical folk term it; but will he not run some danger of falling in with the van or rear of King Philip's monster squadron, that is to bear down upon these islands and annihilate them, unless the Lord interpose in our behalf?"

Mistress Peggy stopped short in indignation. "The Lord will hinder; and even if He do not so — grant that He pardon me for speaking my mind, if it be presumption — do you think Joshua Melville and his Protestant crew are not enough for a third, or a half, or the whole rout of these idolatrous cattle?"

"I believe it, if need were," James Melville assured her. "Mistress Peggy, I admire thy constancy."

"There sud be no admiration going, sir; there sud only be derision and wrath at the puny cubs, who are ready to flee to the hills and the caves because the King of Spain launches his hulks. Shame on them! I cry, shame on them for Scotsmen and Reformers!"

"But none are so far left to themselves as to speak of flight; the question is only the keeping ourselves in readiness for an immediate engagement, or the propriety of a timely retreat, till we collect our forces for a fair encounter, — a right tug of war."

"Retreat! quo he, — a beggarly blush for running awa; but you'll no propose it, Mr. James, you'll no abet it, nor will Mr. Andrew, though he's made the loons ower proud already with his notice."

"Na, na, Mistress Peggy, we stand at once by our creed; we've enough to do treating with prelacy, let alone Popery. But what would you do yourself, Mistress Peggy, in case of a strait? would you bide

quiet with my wife and bairns in the manse of Anster?"

"Troth, no, James Melville," answered she, grimly; "I would ride back to my ain house here in Crail, and I would mount a guard of the auld Carnbee men, and the bodies here that I've served, and that have a liking for me and my name, and I would take my father's auld blunderbuss, and I would point it at the first Don who rode up the street, and shoot him dead, as sure as I'm a stout woman, and though I should be dragged through the town at the cart-tail within the hour. Eh! James Melville, it is a hard blow to my pride that I maun stand behind biggit wa's, just because I'm a woman, and a scrap of a man like you, — a jimp lad, though you've a great soul, I'll no deny that, — every Melville has pith either in mind or body, — to walk out with sword and pistol even aneath your Geneva gown."

"You dinna grudge me my birthright, surely, Mistress Peggy; mind though Deborah went down to the battle, it was Barak she bade lead the Lord's hosts."

"But it was Jael that slew Sisera, lad; you're halting there."

"Be thankful, madam, it was not a bishop who got that advantage; but you would not have the heart to slay and kill, Miss Peggy, and I'll stand to the death on the fact that Judith only exists in the Apocrypha."

"Na, I dinna need to appeal to Judith; but though I maun keep house with my lasses, and only bind your wounds and part your spoil, I can send you a brave recruit, Mr. James, — Captain Robert is at home with us this week or more."

"A gathering of friends for some work," exclaimed James Melville, for a Scrymgeour was an uncle of James Melville's, and this Captain Robert, of the "Beacoun," was a Scrymgeour from the Scrymgeours of Dudhope, constables of Dundee, and hereditary standard-bearers. "Has Captain Robert come in to aid us, or has he taken prizes in his last run?"

Mistress Peggy bent her brows discontentedly. "I cannot flatter you men folk of the family with any sic wiselike errand in this fellow's person. Captain Robert was wont to be a gallant spirit, fonder of the salt water, the quarter-deck, his ship's cargo, and his enemies' faces, than any vain diversion on shore. Joshua thought well of him, very well of him, but he's lost his credit — clean."

"Peradventure he may protest —

'O Mellibee, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.'

I hope he'll redeem his character in time."

"I understand none of your Latin," asserted Mistress Peggy, sharply; "but you've heard that he's making his suit to young Eppie Melville?"

"I confess Lizzie entertained me the other morning with some such gentle prospect; but I fear you disapprove of the match."

"I," cried Mistress Peggy, vehemently; "who said I disapproved? The matter is neither here nor there to me; but if bairns will take upon them the troubles of life, and marry and be given in marriage at sic a season, I say Eppie Melville has no cause to be aught but very thankful for the offer of a decent lad, a brave, active gentleman, a Scrymgeour allied to her ain clan."

"Then, is it Eppie that says No to her wooer?" inquired James Melville, certain that something was wrong, and wishing to ascertain the obstacle from so ready a judge as his cousin.

"Do ye consider your speech, Mr. James? That young Eppie is a bairn that owes Joshua and me a bairn's duty,—honor and obedience. What business has she with Noes if we think fit to grant Ayes?"

"But, Mistress Peggy," urged James Melville, "when God instituted marriage, he brought Eve direct to Adam for his approbation, acceptance, and peculiar portion. It is therefore written, A man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and again, *vice versa*, let a woman make her own selection and abide faithful, body and soul, to her husband. I would not encourage contumacy in bairns, but to deny their freedom of choice partakes of that provoking of the children to anger, which is expressly forbidden to all parents and governors."

"I like not such splitting of straws, Mr. James; there were no parents to the fore in Adam's case. What had parents to do with Adam and Eve?"

"The rib was taken from Adam's side, my dear madam, to imply that he alone was concerned."

"I want none of the logic of the schools, Mr. James; I wonder to hear you sae loose in your doctrines, and you a father yourself."

"I do assure you, madam, I exact all obedience and reverence from my children, particularly while they are in a state of infancy and pupillage."

"Fell-like obedience and reverence! The last time I was yont, I spied Andrew refusing his parritch, and Anne tiring herself, like a little Jezebel, with a pair of cast-off bands."

"Bless the bairns! The one had been sick, the other frolicsome," commented the imperturbable minister, probably, in his heart, relieving himself by a breath of the good-natured scorn usually vented on the fantastic progeny of bachelor and spinster; but he amended his reply with a sober bit of manliness, that discomfited even Mistress Peggy.

"We are frail humanity; Lizzie and I are inconsistent enough; but it was the Lord that filled our quiver, and it is to our Master that we are answerable for the temper of the arrows. At the same time, Mistress Peggy, among great public concerns I behoove to feel a near private interest in the affairs of my kinsmen. Will you tell me why young Eppie Melville is contrary to Captain Robert? He, a man of grace, virtue, and parts, a tall lad and a frank chield, and come to honor on the seas. What would Eppie have more?"

"Mr. James, Eppie has been nurtured on the Word itself, and the sound interpretation of the catechism. Ye ken, that examined her, whether or no she was well drilled in her answers, and here she is, as sour a crab as if she had been rooted in vanity and ignorance. What excuse has she to set the lad Captain Robert's teeth on edge, but just that he is a tall lad, and has won renown on the seas? Auld! he's but sax-and-twenty, and small chance that I would be so far left to myself as to trust her to any beardless varlet."

"Tell her I had thought she had a more correct and elegant judgment than to prefer a youth to a man, or a silken courtier to a king's officer, a valorous man with a high charge over his fellows, a true man full of his work and his duty."

"Well said, James Melville. You'll speak to her as in your office, and bring her to her senses. I'll have no foolish woman cast scaith at Robin, were it only for the sake of Captain Joshua."

"I respect your motives, madam," put in James Melville hastily, "but I decline the commission, that is, in my character of minister of the Gospel; I will

not be art and part in the confessional. What would my zealous uncle say to such backsliding? But if you bring the lass in your train to the manse of Anster, I can speak a friendly warning word to her as a brother."

Mistress Peggy was forced to be content with this support. Though she could turn all Crail round her finger, she was well aware she could not move Mr. James a hair's breadth beyond his conscience.

Mistress Peggy now suggested that they had better get back to the town, and also that she would have barely time to reach widow Auchterlonie's, with her duds, before the hour of noon. She therefore prayed Mr. James to ask a blessing, and eat a bit of her dinner.

Mr. James excused himself, on the ground that John Melville's spouse had his plate set. He was nothing loath to terminate the promenade, and he restored to his own ruminations. But the couple parted very cordially at the entrance of the street, to which Mr. James had courteously returned with his old cousin.

II.

It was evident that a gale was rising, such as frequently swept the coast and strewed it with wrecks. It roared among the old chimneys of Mistress Peggy's house, and up and down her wide staircases and passages; it hissed in its rapid accumulation of spray on the thick, small-lozenge window-panes, and whistled angrily in at the shaking wooden framework. It is possible that Mistress Peggy affected not to hear it, since she astounded young Eppie by denominating it a chance puff of air, when she complained of the soot descending in the midst of her pastry. The pilots, retired captains, and idle sailors were already lounging down to the pier, with heads inclined scientifically so as to balance bonnet or cap on shaggy hair without support,—a performance which no land-lubber, accustomed to faint zephyr stealing round the lee of a solid hill, could hope to emulate. But Mistress Peggy would not admit the fact of a storm, until James Melville rode by unflinchingly through the gathering blast he had anticipated, to his manse in the Tolbooth Wynd of Anstruther. "That wilful lad," she said, "he'll be wet to the skin, or slung from the saddle."

"Madam," spoke Captain Robert, consolingly, "I've walked the quarter-deck in a stiffer wind, and had the spray on every side, and ne'er been a grain the worse for the airing and the ducking."

"And though you had been as ill as you could be, Captain Robert," said Mistress Peggy, rather pettishly, "that would have been a sma' matter to James Melville's being in the least degree mazed, or chilled, or spent in an autumn tempest."

"I believe it," averred the big, brown young man, with some earnestness; "a sea-calf is not to be compared to a lion; but I'll away to the harbor-head, where I can be of use in my own calling." And with a gusty sigh, heard even above the tempest, and certainly directed in no way to Mistress Peggy, he quitted the apartment.

This Captain Robert, or Robin Scrymgeour, was a young man of only about five-and-twenty, but by exposure, and hard work on the sea, he looked as though middle-aged. He was a square, sun-burnt, imperative man. Loud, uncereemonious, and peremptory, as his profession disposed him to be, he was an autocrat on deck; still he was decidedly soft in one region of the heart, and shy and sensitive, as well as ardent. Poor Captain Robert had

the disadvantage of possessing a case which did not well correspond with his inner works. It was difficult to conceive the big, brusque, unconsciously noisy man as ever being bashful, tender, and touching. Yet Captain Robert had both delicacy and fancy; and one proof of this was, that he felt keenly, at present, his own surface defects, and began thus late in the day to regret bitterly his rough and old-looking exterior. "She'll have naught to say to a man who looks like a widower of forty; and what grace can I command, to approach her with smiles, and bows, and soft words, when my cheek is as dark as mahogany, and my very beard is more bushy than Captain Joshua's, and my lightest foot-fall shakes the room, and all my sentences form themselves into orders and commands?"

It was all the worse for Captain Robert that young Eppie Melville was acting in perfect sincerity and ingenuousness, while their mutual relatives and friends would have had the banns published off-hand between the man and woman as an exceedingly fit pair, since they were both members of the righteous kirk, and the one a Scrymgeour, the other a Melville.

Unfortunately, young Eppie was not of this mind, as she sat darning on the bunker or window-seat of her aunt's parlor at Crail. She was a beautified edition of Mistress Peggy; looking at the one, you could revive the young life of the other. Eppie too was big and large-featured, but so sonsy (*anglicé*, plump), and so fair, that there was nothing unwomanly in her size. How could there be? When were there ever such peach-like cheeks? There was positively a pearly bloom on them, like the palpable soft mealiness on the grape and the plum. In this same fairness there was a youthfulness that only faded when the tender rose grew into the streaked red which yet kindled Mistress Peggy's high cheek-bones. Perhaps there would have been a babiness about that pure, creamy bloom, had it not been for the decided features and their decided expression.

Still Eppie was no queen, any more than Captain Robert was an ogre. But in spite of her size, she had a pleasant liveliness, even amid the gravity of a Scotch Presbyterian household. She had a foot as light as ever danced a saraband, if the General Assembly and Mistress Peggy would have allowed profane dancing; and an arch humor too, though she had been bred in an atmosphere of sermons, and had a liking for them, as a good, unsophisticated girl likes what she imagines is wholesome and profitable, even when she cannot always rise to its presumed earnestness.

Eppie was not Captain Joshua's daughter; she was the child of another brother of Mistress Peggy's, — a brother the old lady had contended with all his violent life, and nursed fondly on his quiet death-bed. The girl was completely an orphan, and entirely under Mistress Peggy's tutelage; but she paid her aunt a higher compliment than to allow her to make her miserable.

So the young girl was undignified enough to peep slyly after Captain Robert as he went out, for the purpose of saying satirically, quite low to herself, — "He rolls like a grampus. Now! what would I do with a brown sea-captain? I've enough ado to keep myself cheery and perform my duty, without plaguing myself with sic a terrific burden. If I'm ever to have a man of my ain, he maun be gracious and learned like our Mr. James, or at least easy and pleasant like that sorry young Learmont. Why

should the sinners always win the ball for pleasantness? The Apostle bids us be courteous, and is aye minding us to rejoice, but we're ower stark and ower dowff to heed his injunctions. I'll wait till I meet a gude man, and a soft-tongued, young, brisk, and bonny ane like mysel', an' such as Mistress Peggy hersel' sometimes thinks there's no ill in singing about. Let them say or do what they will, our ballants will go on hand in hand with our psalms; they are often doleful enough to be clean out of the category of light songs. I'll not ballast myself with a great, roaring sea-captain."

The gale rose with the night tide and blew in those trumpet blasts and sudden fierce roars that presage the wildest of coast storms. The sea raised its voice, and all Crail echoed with the tumult of earth and sky, until by the early morning few lay abed, but hurried up and out to learn what damage had been done, but principally to look on the tossed, tormented sea, all bare, save where some poor vessel, with naked poles, scudded on the crests of the seething waves, fretted already with sad tokens, and bringing in a harvest the most mournful that human avarice can claim.

There was reason enough that Crail should be astir this October morning. One ship had been laid on the Car Rock, and then lifted up and driven in upon the town, and was now being beaten to fragments; and another was still holding off, and making for Anstruther, round the breakers off the point. Captain Robert had been aroused, by break of day, to lend his skill and strength. Even Mistress Peggy, though this was the very day she was to travel to Anstruther to await her beloved brother Captain Joshua, donned her hood, and hurried with her niece Eppie, and the whole population of Crail — man, woman, and child — to witness the disaster and its end. Notwithstanding her spirit and strength, it required all her breath to supply her lungs as she stood in the place of honor on the shore, respectfully backed by two of the principal men in Crail, — the innkeeper and the mercer, — with the minister, Mr. John Melville, at one elbow, and Eppie Melville fluttering at the other.

An east-coast gale must be the likeliest to a hurricane of anything in Britain. Few would believe the extent of its power if they had not fought it, or been foiled by it in pitched battle. The storm spends itself for the principal hours of its duration in prolonged gusts that rush with the concentration of a blast in a Highland gorge, and actually oppose a solid violence to the tolling wayfarer. This incensed, unappeasable opponent is further strengthened by the wrack with which it is laden, and which can be plainly seen by the eye, — a stream or reversed pillar of vapor approaching to engulf the traveller, the nearest to a water-spout or the sandy whirlwind of the desert of all the wide phenomena of nature. This wrack divides at its edge into the minutest dust of rain, which, mingling with the lashed spray, and the shifting sand, and the flecks of foam, renders the air dense, and enwraps the whole wild stage of the seashore where the breakers are thundering, and where the central figure of a ship is stretched in sad motionlessness, or only quivers now and then from stem to stern, until at length one mightier sea-wolf than the rest springs on its side, to rebound again howling.

The ship, though unknown, was not of foreign build, yet the seamen swore she was manned by foreigners, as they neither comprehended nor answered signals. Her crew was very numerous for her size, too; for they clustered like bees fore and

aft, while she was fixed on the shore, and the waves shook and twisted and ground her rib from rib. Had she not swung inland, head foremost, with an impetus that launched her far inshore, and had the tide not been low, she would have been under water long before a man could come out of Crail to her aid. As it was, the tide was rising, and her danger was every moment on the increase.

At the mention of foreigners, there had been a significant glance and pause, and the fatal word Armada trembled on several tongues. But Captain Robert summoned the best men to follow him, and his appeal stirred other feelings in them. No boat could live down there; for the great sea billows, broken by the cruel rock, where the spray fell again like a linn, did not so much advance rank by rank, as they bubbled and raged and lashed each other like demons. But there was a hope of shooting a rope through the surf, and by that narrow causeway landing the drowning crew. For this purpose picked men advanced as far as possible into the water, and endeavored to cast the line where it could be caught by those on board the vessel.

This is not so dangerous a service as the attempt to rescue by a boat, but it is sufficiently hazardous, and very striking in its features to the anxious eyes of the spectators. Five or six men formed a chain, and waded hand in hand into the turmoil. Their progress was sickeningly slow; and they stood and yielded at intervals, while wind and water, as if infuriated by their courage and coolness, whirled and spouted against them with fresh violence. Homely, curt, careless fellows, they think nothing of their deed, even when they feel their feet slipping from beneath them; and they have seen, ere now, some of their number hurried off as in a chariot. One man breaks the slender chain, and advances alone. He is chief in muscle and nerve, or he has the responsibility of command. If that swaying line, which shows like a thread against the roused elements, is fixed, what will hinder it even then from snapping,—exposed to so fearful a strain? And if it snaps, away go the men who are paying it out and those who are clinging to it as to salvation.

Captain Robert was the man who cast the rope to the ship on the shore at Crail, and well for him that his stature was full, his sturdy vigor established, and his presence of mind and authority acquired. He stood singly in advance; he made the throws, under which even his balance wavered, and he caught again the rope when it fell wide of the mark. The spray went over and over him, and round and round him, and whether it blinded him or no, it blinded the spectators. Once it dragged him down, and he swam for a minute and a half till he regained his depth. No Hercules could have struck out five minutes in that whirlpool. Once again he was dragged down, and an eager shout arose, "Come back, Captain Robert, you're ower venturesome; you'll be swamped as sure as you're alive." The whole crowd held their breath for him, counted his feats, and blessed his gallantry.

Mistress Peggy did not turn away; she gazed steadfastly, and murmured through her shrivelled lips, "Robin, Robin Scrymgeour, you're playing the man this day." She envied him. When he succeeded in his aim, and a great shout on shore joined the faint cheer of the seamen on board, Mr. John Melville, the minister of Crail, who was holding converse with the infirmity and timorousness of age, bared his white head to the blast, and uttered aloud a thanksgiving and a petition for further protection,

and the people joined silently in his prayer with a hush of reverent faith, and glistening, grateful eyes.

Poor young Eppie's feelings were roused to the utmost pitch. At first she had plucked her aunt energetically by the gown, and sobbed out, white and scared, "Let me gang hame, auntie, I canna stand to see it."

"Stay where you are, bairn," Mistress Peggy answered, emphatically, "and learn the vanity of life."

"But, auntie," groaned Eppie again in a few moments, forced by the torture she was undergoing to be explicit, "I cannot bide it, since—since Captain Robert is the foremost man. You ken, you ken, I've no right to watch him, clasp my hands and set my teeth till he come back,—though I never meant to abuse him, and it was not my wyte, you ken, auntie; I dare not witness his danger, or his destruction."

"I command you not to lift a foot, Eppie Melville; if you stir from my side, I'll send some of the menfolk after you. It serves you weel, you vain lass, and you shall see what stuff gude Robin Scrymgeour's made of before he is done with you, as he ought to have been lang syne."

So Eppie had no resource left her but to stand and look. Soon eager curiosity and tremulous interest robbed her of the cowardly impulse to escape the contemplation of his triumph; for now Captain Robert triumphed over every detractor. Who could call to mind his roughness and loudness, and heavy set manhood, while he stood there with his life in his hand for the sake of his neighbor? Who could waste a thought on the absence of lightness and elegance, in the immediate presence of the stern realities of life and death?

But Eppie remembered distinctly her own objections to Captain Robert on these counts,—her own flouts at his awkwardness and unyieldiness. She remembered how she had clouded his clear eyes with reproach by running away from his company to the psalm-singing, and had dulled his best narrative by her indifference when he spun his yarns to Aunt Peggy and Mr. John Melville over the lamp, by the hearth, or at supper. And he had never blamed her; but had labored to make himself less loud and gruff, if not less big and brown. He had attended to her whims, and courted her with every conceivable gift from his stores. But she scorned to be propitiated by them, and would even have returned them if she could have dared. He was her kinsman, however, and Mistress Peggy was in the way, and she had no choice but to receive, and then disparage and neglect them. He had forgotten her now, as he stood there swinging and rocking as he had never swung and rocked in his hammock; he had, for the moment, forgotten his mistress, and the pain she had cost him, and would have been impatient to be reminded of her, as men turn from women in their peculiar combats. Yes, he loved her, he knew that too well; but he was a man, and must do his duty; she should not come between him and it. It would be hard, if, after embittering all else, she should thwart him here.

But there was no cause why Eppie should forget; and she remembered all, and with notable results. First, she prayed with all her heart to the merciful God not to punish her lightness and foolishness, by slaying her cousin, Captain Robert, in his nobleness, before her eyes. Then she said to herself, that she had not known Captain Robert in his bravery and gallantry, and she had not dreamt how proud she should be of his deeds. She would listen to no other

sutor, wed no likelier man. How could she give the preference to a glib tongue, a smooth courtesy, a red and white cheek like her own, when she had seen Captain Robert thus faithfully risk his life for strangers? The heroic vision would rise and humble her in all ordinary circumstances. Oh! she wished Captain Robert could receive her resolutions and hear her vow. Thirdly,—and this was when Captain Robert swam that minute and a half, buffeting those water mountains,—Eppie suddenly struck her colors and laid down her arms. In her desperation she cried, unheard by any mortal, it is true, but registered in her own soul and conscience: "I will wed you, Captain Robert; I'll never say you nay again, man; I'll go before the minister to-morrow, if you'll but come back to dry land."

The moment young Eppie took that magnanimous resolution, her cheeks began to burn less painfully, and her heart to throb less overpoweringly. She could exert her eyes and ears again; indeed, her sight and hearing seemed to have been magically touched by some precious ointment, as when Cinderella underwent the touch of the fairy's kind wand. Captain Robert, among the waves, looked grand and goodly, a man for a silly woman to be proud of and to cherish upon her knees. His face, when he turned it for a second, was as dauntless and as true a face as could give comfort and protection to a weak woman; and his voice, when he shouted his orders, was as sweet in its persistence as it was manly in its power.

But the chance of withdrawing her protest, and allowing her consent, was not swift to come. There was Captain Robert still straining every nerve, and perilling his valuable life to relieve his fellow-creatures, in perfect ignorance of her intention. She felt it would be so hard if he should never learn it, so dreadful if his delusion unbroken, he should fall a sacrifice. And she felt that now she was bound to interfere, when for the third or fourth time he traversed the rope with his passengers. They were so slow, those stupid, staggered, slight-built strangers. With dilating, beseeching eyes, she appealed for the last time to her aunt. "Must he continue to go? Is he to be worn out? Will no person take Captain Robert's place, or is he to get his death of cold, if he be not clutched by some drowning man, or swallowed up by the hindmost wave?"

Mistress Peggy shook her off afresh, though this time more gently: "Whisht! ye silly bairn, Captain Robert is the captain, and that tow is his vessel,—a captain never quits the ship till every living soul is delivered. I, mysel, would not suner leave my house in the circumstances." Young Eppie could have stamped with impatience, and then cried with contrition and fear. But at length the weary task was ended, and Captain Robert escorted his last half-helpless charge over the gangway, and staggered on shore himself. The Crail men raised some plaudits for their captain, since the step between them and eternity had again widened out to a lifetime. But then came old glances and rising murmurs against the rescued crew,—a swarm of dark-haired, sallow-faced men, with oddly-cut jerkins, high hats, and long beards. Out of the jaws of the great deep, they were hovering on the brink of another danger. What business had such as they near the coast, when men were looking for the Armada? The Armada! the word was a test; stop them! pinion them! gag them! apply to them their own tortures. Think of the cursed Inquisition, and the peaceful British subjects—the faithful Protestants

—burnt at the stake like savage Red Indians. But Captain Robert interfered, and allayed the sudden panic. He could hardly be said to reason; but then he hectorated like a brave man who had played his part, and like an unsophisticated man who never doubted his right to dictate terms. The stiff, pugnacious townsmen looked glum, and muttered a little, but they bent to the claims of gentle birth, the influence of the Melvilles, and the deeds of Captain Robert. The waifs he had rescued were stowed away safely enough, both as regarded themselves and the townspeople, for they were locked into the empty church, which the zealous mob had stripped, and in which they were yet to sign the Covenant amidst tears and prayers, and the most solemn oaths ever nation swore.

III.

CAPTAIN ROBERT in his beaver, and with dry hose and doublet, prepared to start for Anstruther. "Tush! it's a daft emergence," he protested, not caring to be praised, and certainly a little spent with his efforts, though he would hardly own it. He was perfectly unconscious of the change of fortune that was awaiting him. This was no time to approach him with overtures, and Eppie grew frightened and anxious. It was a comfort that they were to travel in company, for no fatigue or stress of weather would induce Mistress Peggy to fail in her appointment, when Captain Joshua was expected in port. Even on that howling, tempestuous day, roads were open, and sure-footed East Neuk beasts paced them, and hardy East Neuk folks journeyed to their destination.

It was a simple cavalcade. Mistress Peggy, in her hat and mantle, sat on a pillion behind one of her old, stolid, sure Carnbee men, on a work-day horse. She travelled so seldom now-a-days that she indulged in no palfrey. Eppie rode on her own brisk pony, which she managed perfectly; and Captain Robert, who, being a cadet of family, rode indifferently well for a sailor, was mounted on a high horse, hired from the Arskine Arms, of size to suit his own proportions. He towered above his companions, and though he was in such good company, seemed, shame upon him! eager for the road, and perplexed and abstracted, rather than attentive and painstaking, as had been his wont. Eppie did not know what to make of him, and it appeared to grow more and more difficult to proffer to him a hint of her soft relenting. She was nervous, she was not herself; yet she was more fascinating in her soul-breathing heats and tremors than in the undimmed, unmoved lustre of her fairness and stateliness. But that horrid, brown sea-captain, only made to strive for drowning men, or stamp up and down on deck, or blurt out his truthfulness, and blush, got no benefit from this "lovely woman's agitation."

In his old white Manse, in the Tolbooth Wynd of Anstruther, James Melville, through the sough and shriek of the wind and the dash of the waves, dreamt of his captive kirk, the lady of his vision, and slept away the fatigues of his daily duties. He was rather rudely roused from his slumbers by the startling announcement that the Baillies of Anster waited to have speech of him anent a matter of mighty importance to the burgh.

This matter of mighty importance was the disposal of a ship-load of distressed men whose vessel had foundered off the Orkneys, and who now, with their captain, Don Jan Gomez, were waiting in sor-

ry plight the decision of the magnates. The first outburst of indignation at the thought of the Armada was soon lost in the contemplation of the helplessness of the strangers; and they were very soon as well bestowed as circumstances would allow, Mr. James Melville having showed such tenderness as to make him say to himself, as Captain Robert knocked with his riding-whip at the Tolbooth door, and Mistress Peggy's riding-skirt was seen fluttering down the street, "I must be able to repress my relings at my ain hearth, else Mistress Peggy will play my Lady Makgill of Rankellour, and I will be forced to banish her belyve out of my hearing."

But Captain Robert also told his tale, and to his great relief Mr. James wrung his hand in token of the utmost sympathy. "You have done well, sir; you have excelled. I envy you that you were sent to deliver them. I have no fear of my kinswoman since she has cast een on their grievous plight, and trembled for their near destruction. Aha! Mistress Peggy, their is no word of the blunderbuss now, but of roaring fires and warm duds and cordial drinks to heap on the head of the foe."

Mistress Peggy was ready at his call. "Mr. James, I would scorn to strike a fallen man. Poor lads, poor lads! they are far frae their mothers and sisters; drowning the ae moment, in durance the next, and it's a lang word to hame. Eppie, bestir yoursel, ye selfish lass; what can we do to comfort these forlorn and desolate men?"

Mr. James chose for that evening's homily — not the blessed text, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," for that would have seemed to savor of the self-commendation which "in privacy" his soul abhorred — but the conscience-stricken address of David to Abigail: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me. And blessed be thou which hast kept me from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with mine own hand."

Ere evening there was a grand gathering in Anstruther. The arrivals were such as caused Mistress Peggy and her niece, and even shy Mrs. Melville, to put themselves in proper apparel, shake out their wimples and their standing collars, fasten the jewelled drops to the band above the brow, and the ouches on their girdle. Yet, it is true, young Eppie's gaze was wondrously distraught and dim from a window in the principal street, where they could enjoy the rare sight of so many old friends, and the general show of horse and rider, groom and hound, as they defiled to the grim Tolbooth door.

Mistress Peggy looked, admired, and nodded her head, with its ponderous pile, which rose like a beehive in the centre, with fans at each side. "A pretty sight! It minds me of what my mother was wont to tell of the grand gala day when Queen Mary, our luckless Mary's mother, landed at Balmorie Point, and every laird and lady of the East Neuk rode in her train to St. Andrews to meet my lord the king."

But the autumn afternoon was drawing to an end. The gentlemen about Anstruther, having dined at noon and finished their sitting, were thinking of riding cannily home again, or dropping aside into little convivial parties, to eat their supper, and, it is to be feared, depart from the straight road of sobriety, by entering upon those orgies which King Jamie himself, highly decorous in other respects, always countenanced, and which neither Knox nor Melville, for all their wise kindly moderation in meat and drink, could quell.

'These Fife gentlemen were nevertheless brave men and honorable, and could not disgrace themselves by a dastardly revenge. They rather experienced a merciful or a supercilious satisfaction in extending charity to this strange and stray debarkation of the Armada. So my lord of Anstruther carried off Don Jan Gomez de Medina to taste his high hospitality, and half a dozen more gregarious lairds trotted home in the gale, to consult their puzzled dames, and make arrangements for similar receptions. But the main body were stowed in the Tolbooth, which had just been used as a council-chamber, and somewhat like wild beasts did the dark-eyed, long-haired, southern-tongued strangers appear, peeped at as they were, half curiously, half in scorn, by the townsfolk.

Eppie Melville, amongst the rest, would see the strangers. So Captain Robert escorted the girl a little discontentedly, for he said to himself with irritable jealousy: "Now, I would not wonder though my lass were taken with a craze for these wrecked prisoners. Women aye side with the weak and vanquished, and the more wizened and ill-conditioned they are, perhaps the women are all the readier to be smitten. But she maun have her way."

Eppie walked round the dismal guard-room, and glanced shyly at the olive-skinned, the lustrous eyes, the slender limbs, and the emphatic gestures, and picked out the chief men, as much by their proud look and endurance and composure as by their scarfs and rings. And the gallant Spaniards gazed in their turn, and were charmed by the tall fair beauty, so statue-like, but rose-tinged as if the setting sun had shot its last rays on the snow of her cheek, perhaps fancying at the same time with what a noble motion she would tread in their dances, how her long firm fingers would swing and crack the castanets.

"They are comely youths, though they be black and slim, Captain Robert," whispered Eppie.

Captain Robert groaned and shouldered his bulk. "They are new-fangled, Eppie," he muttered scornfully.

"I'm wae for them, Captain Robert."

"Lass," said the captain, "you need not tell me that."

"And I would like to solace them."

"Eppie, you had better try it. I have borne many a thing, but this I will not bear. I was willing to ware my life for the like of them, papists and heathens as they are, not six hours syne; but I fear they had better have gone to the bottom after all!"

To Captain Robert's utter amazement and discomfiture, Eppie now began to cry. She had expected this turn, and led the way to it.

"I wonder at you, Captain Robert. You saved such poor souls, and you are a grand man, and they but beardless boys; but you should not grudge them a woman's pity."

"Now, now, forgive me, Eppie, I would not hurt you; but ah! woman, you flung away on these strangers what you have never yielded either to my service or to my prayers."

"It is not true," sobbed she, passionately; "though I laughed, I was vexed at your courtship. I tried to stop it to save you pain, and every now and then I was blaming myself hardly that I should cause you to suffer, until — only — until this morning."

"God forgive you, Eppie; what was there in a

simple act of duty that could rob me of your scant esteem?"

"O, Captain Robert, dinna you see that from the moment I saw you performing your duty, you had no need of my pity?"

He did not see it; he had some thought that she was mocking him.

"Would you prefer my pity to my admiration?" Eppie demanded with great stateliness. But he had brought her to the verge of another word, and, having submitted herself to be humbled so far, she cried behind her kerchief more vehemently than ever.

Captain Robert was now indeed blessed; his honest eyes were opened to the simple fact, and he accepted it with the most profound gratitude. Ay, of course, he preferred the warm love pressed close to his bosom, to the pity which, like charity, is pale and cold, and hovers at a distance. It was sweet to the sailor that these familiar, rude waves had so unexpectedly struck the first peal of his wedding bells.

What remains to be told? Mistress Peggy was an authoritative mother to those silly, trauchled, hungry men, and though they could not interchange a word, they impressed her with their dignity, for she described Don Jan as "a buirdly man of a sedate walk and conversation."

Mr. James Melville, in spite of his downright declaration that "there could be little friendship between them," had frequent friendly intercourse with the commander, gifting him with the few bottles of rich wine, presented to him by his kinsman, Henry Scrymgeour.

In due time the party were honorably embarked and despatched to their master, who had made himself the laughing-stock of bluff Drake and Hawkins, with Europe at their back.

Captain Joshua in the "Lord Henry" had come into port the day after the landing of the Spaniards, and had immediately sailed again, along with Captain Robert in the "Beacon," to hang as privateers on the skirts of the yet unmet Armada.

Naturally enough, Captain Robert completed his work smartly, and glided into Anstruther harbor with the boom of the last Antwerp gun, to claim his bride before the winter storms should strew the coast with wrecks. But Captain Joshua tarried in the chase of the defeated enemy, and Mistress Peggy was resolved that the wedding which would make two pier-heads gay should not be concluded without his august countenance.

This Captain Joshua, on whom the old lady laid such stress, was not so indispensable a personage to others. He was a little man, Mistress Peggy's junior in everything; quiet and subdued on shore, though a trusty guide on the inconstant element, on which he had sailed so long that it was almost as native to him as to the swift careering curlew or courtesying little wild duck. But he was the head of Mistress Peggy's family, the sole remnant of her generation, and for full fifty years she had insisted on paying him deference. There was something touching in Mistress Peggy's fidelity, and in the eagerness with which the independent old lady bent the head and wore the coif to unexacting Captain Joshua, clinging to the vestige of her womanly allegiance, although so cased in the armor of self-reliance, stubbornness, and sarcasm.

Captain Joshua did not return, though there were

eager hearts awaiting him. Magnanimous Captain Robert grew urgent in his suit. No, Mistress Peggy was obdurate, the "Lord Henry" was safe, Captain Joshua had never seen the dungeons of the Inquisition, his merry men sang out nightly "All's well," and Anster had not succored the benighted Spaniards in vain.

"Mistress Peggy," urged Captain Robert, "I maun sail with the spring winds, and I would fain wed my Eppie. You would not send a man abroad in his honeymoon. If we be parted as we stand, I'll not be less stout, but I'll maybe grow gray ere I halt, and likelier lads may woo my lass when my back is turned."

"Awa' with you, man; gin ye cannot depend upon her for ae voyage, how will ye trust her for twa lives?"

Mistress Peggy was white and restless as she overwhelmed her persecutors with reproaches; but she would not be overborne by their longings or by their terrors. So the bridegroom tarried for his bride, until on one white, watery November dawn the "Lord Henry" rode within hail, and the boat from its side had Captain Joshua in the stern, and Roger Swanson was rowing the first oar, that he might the sooner present his child to the Lord, and, at the same time, slip into the long-handled wooden ladle his thank-offerings from his prize-money. And young Eppie Melville, in the flush of her strength and delicate bloom, was selected to carry the babe in his caul and mantle all the way up the church aisle, blushing and bridling in a bewitching maidenly fashion, all because she was a sailor's niece, and about to become a sailor's wife.

But where had the loiterers lingered? They had brought home a rare experience. They had followed in the wake of the ruins of the Armada, and, following too far, had floundered into the circle of six galleons, and been captured and towed under the white walls of Cadiz. There they had heard the salute of cries of vengeance and oaths of retribution, till the stalwart figure of Don Jan Gomez rose upon their glad sight, and forced a passage to their side. Don Jan was not ashamed to own them; he entertained them like a frank sailor, he pleaded and prayed for them, and so they were out of the gloomy grip of Philip. They were now here with casks of purple raisins, and barrels of snow-white flour, and boxes of oranges and figs, and American sugar, and runlets of wine; and they told how Don Jan and his captains had inquired "for the Laird of Anstruther and the minister," and every good man of the Anster towns.

Mistress Peggy was a happy woman in her triumph, and proud beyond easy bearing, till Captain Joshua was sly enough to whisper a private message from her strange friend. Then, indeed, Mistress Peggy started up, her stately face in a flame, and working with half angry, half confused laughter. "The presumptuous peat! the light-headed auld fule! to mint sic madness. An East Neuk woman of douce years to be Donna to a philandering, doited Don; he had better speer my hand in the dance next. A hantle more fitting he were ordering his burial, like his King Charles. And though he had been in his prime, like Captain Robert, and I had been in his prime, and I had been youthfu' and glaiket, like that weathercock Eppie, would a woman of the Covenant have cast an ee on a besotted son of the Pope of Rome? It is an idle jest, Captain Joshua, and it sets you no that weel to repeat it."

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.*

"RELIGION, Society, Nature, — such are the three struggles which man has to carry on. . . . The mysterious difficulty of life springs from all the three. Man meets with hindrance in his life in the shape of superstition, in the shape of prejudice, and in the shape of element. A triple fatality (*ananké*) oppresses us, the fatality of dogmas, of laws, of things. . . . With these three which thus enfold man there mingles that inner fatality; the supreme *Ananké*, the human heart." As in *Notre Dame de Paris* we saw the working of the first of these contests, and in *Les Misérables* the restless pressure of the second, in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* we are asked to watch man contending with external nature, and then crushed by the supreme fatality of all, the irresistible *Ananké* in the heart of man. The story which illustrates this tremendous strife has that simplicity and that perfect finish which only the powerful hand of a master can compass. A fisherman encounters all the fury and caprice and treachery of outer nature, in order to win a woman whom, on his return, he finds to have, unconsciously but irrecoverably, lost her heart to another. But this plainest of stories is worked into genuine tragedy by an exercise of poetic power which, in some portions at least of its display, has very rarely been surpassed in literature. We may notice here, in passing, that the English translation is a singularly indifferent performance, which gives the reader very little notion of the force of the original. The translator is constantly making downright blunders, and, when he does not blunder, is exceedingly weak. It seems the fate of illustrious Frenchmen, Emperors and Republicans alike, to meet incompetent translators in this country. It may be admitted that in the present instance the difficulties in the way of a good translation are sufficiently numerous. The book is not wholly free from what the world has agreed to consider the characteristic defects of its writer. His fondness for the display of minute knowledge of names and dates and events inflicts on the reader tedious catalogues, which are not valuable in themselves, and which interfere with the artistic effect besides. Accuracy of local coloring, too, scarcely demands those long lists of rocks and creeks in the Channel Islands, which are forgotten as soon as read. And an English reader wonders how the author came to write, as he does repeatedly, *le Bug-Pipe*, when he means the Bagpipes; or, still more amazing and impossible, *le premier de la quatrième* as French for *the Firth of Forth*, — which is almost as incredible as the old story of *poitrine de caleçons* for "chest of drawers." Those, again, who cannot forgive Victor Hugo for his staccato style of writing, which makes each sentence come on us like a pellet shot from a gun, will find at least as much cause of offence as ever. But if there are these and other old flaws and imperfections, there is also a power, a depth, a sublimity which the author has scarcely reached before, either in his prose or his verse.

The subject is the most suitable for his own genius that he has ever chosen. When he illustrated the bitter destiny which overwhelms the social outcast, he wrote with the air of the philosopher who views life through the understanding, but he was in truth writing in the spirit of the poet who sees things through his emotions. This made *Les Misérables* a

splendid and affecting picture, and gave it that air of presenting life and reality as a whole, which was its most conspicuous mark. But it was felt that the sensibilities of the poet had been engaged all on one side, and that they were so strong as to sweep away all considerations of the function which society exists to discharge, and of the kind and quantity of instruments which are the only ones to her hand. Moreover, whenever anybody speaks of the irresistible weight of social laws, we feel that they are only irresistible in a sense; and, still more important, we feel that they are capable of such an amelioration by slow steps as shall leave none but bad men burdened by their prescriptions. But the Fatality of Nature is different from the so-called Fatality of Society. The forces of the merciless ocean and the winds, the inhospitable solitudes of the sea-rocks, the fierce cruelty of the sea-monsters, are what they are. By no taking thought can man mollify the tempest or mitigate, the fury of the storm. He adds to the number of his devices for escaping from the ferocity of nature, but the winds rage and the waters are tossed, and the monsters seek their victims just the same. The terrors of the waves may well be called inexorable, and in them, therefore, the poet finds a more appropriate theme than was afforded by the evils of society, which for their cure or right understanding demand, not the poetic, but the scientific mind. We may discern the greater fitness of the present subject for Victor Hugo's genius in the more perfect truthfulness of the man who contends with the Fatality of Nature. Jean Valjean, who had to contend with the Fatality of Laws, was thoroughly artificial. His virtue and perseverance and patience were in a manner overdone. His character was created for a purpose, and the presence of his purpose could not be concealed.

The good Bishop was just as artificial. Gilliat, on the contrary, is very carefully and elaborately drawn, but all his traits are simple and natural. He is surrounded with no unreal halo, though he is remote enough from commonplace.

"He was only a poor man, who knew how to read and write; most likely he stood on the limit which divides the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer is passive. . . . The obscurity in which his mind was wrapped consisted in pretty nearly equal parts of two elements, both dimly visible, but very unlike; in his own breast ignorance, infirmity; outside himself mystery, immensity." "Solitude makes either a genius or an idiot. Gilliat presented himself under both aspects. Sometimes he had that astonished air I have mentioned, and you might have taken him for a brute; at other moments he had in his eye a glance of indescribable profundity." A very superficial critic might say that Gilliat is only Jean Valjean in another dress. In reality, there is only the resemblance between them that is inevitable between two characters each of whom is more or less shunned by his fellows, and each of whom is engaged in deadly struggle with one of the three forms of what the author calls *Ananké*. At bottom, however, they are two quite distinct conceptions. Gilliat is the more satisfactory of the two, because to draw a man with great muscular strength, and great ingenuity and great patience of the mechanical order, is easier, and less likely to tempt the artist into what is fantastic and artificial, than the conception of a victim of a supposed social injustice which is no injustice at all. This advantage of having a simpler plot, a more natural set of circumstances, and, above all, of hav-

* *Toilers of the Sea.* English Translation by W. MOT THOMAS.

ing nothing to prove, is conspicuous all through. It leaves the author free to work out each of his characters completely, free to paint what is the main subject of his work with an undivided energy and enthusiasm. Perhaps, though, in one way this tells against him. The stupendous force of the descriptions of Nature and her works and laws — the theme of the book — is so overpowering that the incidents of the story and the interests of the people in it seem petty by comparison. There is probably a design in this disproportion. The vastness of the unmeasured forces which labor and rage in the universe outside the minds of mortals is what the self-importance of mortals pleasingly blinds them to. It is the eye of the poet which discerns this, and through nearly every page of Victor Hugo's story we hear, as a ceaseless refrain to the loves and aspirations and toils of his good men and his knaves alike, the swirling of the sea-winds and "the far-reaching murmur of the deep."

The grandeur of the long episode of Gilliatt, recovering the machinery of the steamboat from the terrific rock, may make us forget the singular power of the earlier scene at the same spot, where Sieur Clubin found himself, "in the midst of the fog and the waters, far from every human sound, left for dead, alone with the sea which was rising, and the night which was approaching, and filled with a profound joy." The analysis of this joy of the scoundrel and hypocrite, at finding himself free to enjoy the fruits of his scoundrelism, and to throw aside the burdensome mask of his hypocrisy, is powerful to a degree which makes one smile at the lavishness with which credit for power is so constantly given to novelists and poets. The dramatic force of the situation, the appalling mistake which the scoundrel has made, the sanguineness and shiftiness with which, like all hypocrites, he seeks to repair it, the swift and amazing vengeance which overtakes him, has perhaps never been surpassed. And the horror is not theatrical or artificial. The spot is brought vividly before us by no tricks, but by genuine imaginative power. The rock on which Clubin has, against his intention, driven the steamboat, is a block of granite, brutal and hideous to behold, offering only the stern, inhospitable shelter of an abyss. At its foot, far below the water, are caverns and mazes of dim passages. "Here monstrous species propagate, here they destroy one another. Crabs eat the fish and are themselves eaten. Fearful shapes, made to be seen by no human eye, roam in this dim light, living their lives. Vague outlines of open jaws, antennæ, scales, fins, claws, are there floating about, trembling, growing, decomposing, vanishing, in the sinister clearness of the wave. . . . To look into the depth of the sea is to behold the imagination of the Unknown on its terrible side. The gulf is like night. There, too, is a slumber, a seeming slumber of the conscience of creation. There, in full security, are accomplished the crimes of the irresponsible. There, in a baleful peace, the embryos of life, almost phantoms, altogether demons, are busy at the fell occupations of the gloom."

The minute yet profoundly poetic description of the most terrible of these monsters, in a succeeding part of the book, is one which nobody who has once read it can forget, any more than the horrors of the *Inferno* of Dante can be forgotten. The *pieuvre* at one extremity of the chain of existence "almost proves a Satan at the other." "Optimism, which is true for all that, almost loses countenance before it. . . . Every malignant creature, like every per-

verse intelligence, is a sphinx, propounding the terrible riddle, the riddle of evil." What is their law? "All created beings return one into another. *Pourriture c'est nourriture*. Frightful purifying of the globe. Man, too, carnivorous man, is a satyr. Our life is made of death. Such is the terrifying law. We are sepulchres." But we are not quite left here. "Mais tâchons que la mort nous soit progrès. Aspirons aux mondes moins ténébreux. Suivons la conscience qui nous y mène. Car, ne l'oublions jamais, le mieux n'est trouvé que par le meilleur."

It will be seen from this, that Victor Hugo is not affected by the sea as other poets have been. Of course, nobody expected to find him talking silly nonsense about its moaning over the harbor-bar, while men must work and women must weep, or reducing the sea and the winds to the common drawing-room measure of polished sentimental prettiness. Here, as elsewhere, the terrible side of Nature is that which has most attraction for him. Only here he seems to have been unusually insensible to the existence of her other aspect. Take the well-known picture of "The Toad" in the *Légende des Siècles*. The hideous creature is squatting in the road in a summer evening, enjoying himself after his humble fashion. Some boys pass by, and amuse themselves by digging out its eyes, striking off its limbs, making holes in it. The wretched toad tries feebly to crawl away into the ditch. Its tormentors see an ass coming on drawing a cart, so, with a scream of delight, they bethink themselves to put the toad in the rut where it will be crushed by the wheel of the cart. The ass is weary with his day's work and his burden, and sore with the blows of his master, who even then is cursing and bethawking him. But the ass turns his gentle eye upon the rut, sees the torn and bleeding toad, and with a painful effort drags his cart off the track. The whole picture gives one a heart-ache, but the gentleness of the ass is the single touch which makes the thought of so much horror endurable.

In the *Toilers of the Sea* we almost miss this single touch. Watching the sea year after year in the land of his exile, Victor Hugo has seen in it nothing but sternness and cruelty. He finds it only the representative of the relentless Fatality of Nature which man is constantly occupied in combating and wrestling with. It is so real, so tragically effective, that such a reflection as that "Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow" must seem the merest mimicry of poetic sentiment. The attitude which he has before assumed towards Society he also takes towards external Nature. To Keats Nature presented herself as a being whom even the monsters loved and followed, a goddess with white and smooth limbs, and deep breasts, teeming with fruit and oil and corn and flowers. Compared with the sensuous passion of Keats, the feeling of Wordsworth for Nature was an austere and distant reverence. He found in her little more than a storehouse of emblems for the better side of men. Victor Hugo is impressed by Nature, not as a goddess to be sensuously enclaspéd, not as some remote and pure spirit, shining cold yet benign upon men, but as men's cruel and implacable foe. Other poets have loved to make her anthropomorphic, and to invest her with the moral attributes of mortals. He holds with no such personification of Nature as a whole. Nature to him is little more than a chaos of furious and warring Forces.

The prolonged and sublime description of the storm at the beginning of the third volume is what nobody but Victor Hugo could have conceived, be-

cause nobody else is so penetrated with a sense of the fierce eternal conflict which to him is all that Nature means. Take the tramp of the legion of the winds, for instance: "In the solitudes of space they drive the great ships; without a truce, by day and by night, in every season, at the tropic and at the pole, with the deadly blast of their trumpet, sweeping through the thickets of the clouds and billows, they pursue their black chase of the ships. They have fierce hounds for their slaves. They make sport for themselves. Among the waters and the rocks they set their hounds to bark. They mould the clouds together, and they rive them in sunder. As with a million hands, they knead the boundless supple waters." The gigantic wave, again, at a later period of the storm, "which was a sum of forces, and had as it were the mien of a living being. You could almost fancy in that swelling transparent mass the growth of fins and gills. It spread itself forth, and then in fury dashed itself in pieces against the breakwater. Its monstrous shape was all ragged and torn in the rebound. There was left on the block of granite and timber the huge destruction of some portentous hydra. The surge spread ruin in its own expiring moment. The wave seemed to clutch and devour. A shudder quivered through the rock. There was a sound as of some growling monster, the froth was like the foaming mouth of a leviathan."

It has been said that the sublime picture of the storm—and the variety and movement in the picture are among its most splendid characteristics—makes us indifferent to the conclusion of the story. The truth is, that but for this the conclusion would be absurdly weak and unintelligible. It is the long exile of Gilliatt on the fierce rock in the isolation of the sea, his appalling struggles with all the forces of nature in temporary alliance against him, which make the very gist and force of the final tragedy, the supreme Fatality. It is because we have seen him in the presence of the raging troop of the winds, and battling with the storm of waters, that we feel the weight of the blow which at last crushes him. But for this the whole story would be a piece of nonsensical sentimentality. It is this grand *ciporeia* which raises what might otherwise have been a mere idyl into a lofty tragedy. "Solitude had wrapped itself round him. A thousand menaces at once had been upon him with clenched hand. The wind was there, ready to blow; the sea was there, ready to roar. Impossible to gag the mouth of the wind; impossible to tear out the fangs from the jaws of the sea. Still he had striven; man as he was, he had fought hand to hand with the ocean and wrestled with the tempest." Meanwhile, the object to attain which he was waging his fearful war had been slowly removing itself from his reach, and when he returned he returned to find it irrecoverably vanished.

WAITERS.

OUR readers will recollect in "David Copperfield" the account of David's first hotel experience, and especially the description of the waiter who drank the boy's beer, in order to save him from the fate of an apocryphal personage named Top-Sawyer. That waiter was out of the usual run of waiters. As a rule, those functionaries are kind to children. There are still a few snug hotels where old gentlemen bring lads to bait on the way to or from school, and the waiters in those establishments are attentive to the youngsters. We doubt whether, in after life, one

ever feels a greater pleasure than that which rewarded our first paying of the waiter. Calling for the bill, and settling it off-hand was pleasant, but the vail to the waiter was delicious. There he stood, clothed in the canonicals of his order, and invested with that dress coat to the dignity of which you yourself had not yet aspired. You could give him just as much, or as little, as you liked. You always liked giving him much if you had it; you were, in fact, more than half afraid of him, if the truth was told. A time comes when this respect vanishes; you point roughly to the items of your account, and inquire if attendance is included, sending off the waiter to get himself stuck down for a paltry shilling below the last brandy-and-soda you had before breakfast. Such is life. A waiter never again impresses you. His calling falls in your estimate to the level of the social area,—but one remove from the cook.

Indeed, we believe there is no member of the community who is reckoned so small as a waiter. Who ever heard of one voting, or going to law, or beating his wife, or exercising any other privilege of an Englishman? He is even neglected in literature. You seldom find a waiter in a novel. He cannot claim descent from the drawers or tapsters of old; he figures not in Shakespeare or Ben; he does not belong to the serving men of Suckling, who "presented and away" at the feast commemorated by that famous knight. Mr. Tennyson, to be sure, marked down the plump head-waiter at the "Cock" as poetic game, but it was only to surround him with local color, to paint him, Teniers-like, pipe and pot, with his mind enveloped in the fog of dinners, and his notions limited to steak and the willow pattern. Nor is the modern drama propitious to the napkin. Occasionally, farce-writers engage a waiter for the purpose of bringing in the crockery they intend to have smashed in the course of the piece, but they give him nothing to say beyond "Yes, sir." The meek and deferential affirmativeness of "Yes, sir," is supposed to express, as it were, the dropping-down-deadness of waiterism. The phrase belongs to the profession, as does also a certain gait. A waiter neither walks nor runs. He does something between a skim and a slide. There is caution in it (a view to breakages ahead) and still a jaunty affectation of the reckless. He must be a judge of human nature, at least of human nature expectant of dinner, when the animal is predominant, and in temper like that proverbial bear whose head is tender.

We are not at all as polite in hotels as at home. We order a meal peremptorily. We smile with a grim incredulousness when told we shall have it in a "quarter of an hour." When the time has expired, and our patience nearly with it, the waiter lays on the salt, emphatically proposing the cellar, as it would seem, as a sort of ground to rest our appetite on for a while. If still delayed, he gives us bread, and then pickles, with an intent doubtless to distribute our vexation among many things, that it may not collectively fall upon himself and the malingering mutton. This is one of the mysteries of the craft. It is dying out before modern improvements, however, and is not noticeable in the monster hotels. Indeed, the latter possess a type of waiter peculiar to them,—we had almost said, a monster waiter. As our cupola or turret vessels will probably demand a different chip from that of the old sailor block, so the huge caravanserais claim for their service another description of attendant from that which we are accustomed to.

The class is as yet scarce defined enough to set it out in detail.

Waitering admits of variation, and can be accommodated to circumstances. There is, for instance, the music-hall waiter. Twenty years ago nobody could have predicted him. He brings to his occupation a disposition utterly opposed to the habits of his ancestors. He condescends to ask your orders. He does not permit you to have unmixed the music his employer provides. If he perceives you entertaining yourself in the company of kindred spirits with the charming "Slap Bang," he sidles up, and wishes to know if you "ave said gin 'ot." It is his business also to ascertain the moment of the evening most conducive to the prosperity of the proprietor. Generally, when the irrepressible nigger or the "great" Tolderol comes on, the music-hall frequenters liquor up. The stages of festivity are marked or checked off by tumblers. Then the waiter improves the shining hour, and, calm midst the storm of "hankore," the reek of punch, and the clash of four-and-twenty fiddlers, he sits from the tables to the bar, dexterous and imperturbable. He is remarkable for his ingenuity in making pence play a prominent part in the matter of change. Whatever he gets, copper comes of it; there is always a twopence or so slinking obsequiously from the silver in his direction, and which, on the slightest intimation from you, vanishes with an astounding alacrity.

The Cremorne waiter is of another kidney. He is a swell in his line, but inexorable as to the dole; even should you help yourself to a cigar from a box, he appears with a light, and thereby prescriptively assesses a further duty on the already overtaxed luxury. He is exceedingly wide awake, this Cremorne waiter, and no alarm yet invented will call you early enough to get round him. The whitebait waiter is more or less continental; his poll and head are placed at a Parisian angle. He is a stickler for the wine list. He is very discreet and polished. He is used to little parties. During *tête-à-tête* dinners he always looks out of the window at the right time, and on the same occasions he is most particular in knocking at the door to announce the Hansom or the Brougham. His costume is perfect, and fit for any ball-room. Waiters, like giants, usually go in the legs. Neat enough to the waistcoat, you not unfrequently find them baggy at the knees, and running to slippared slovenliness in the extremities. A whitebait waiter is admirably choked. His linen is really a credit to his laundress. This gives him not only a gentlemanly, but a clergyman-like air.

Very different from him is the waiter of an à-la-mode beef shop. This latter is spotted with cold gravy from head to foot. If he has seen better days his nose is usually red, and his complexion pasty. There is an indescribable broken look about him. He jingles forks and knives in a corner drearily when the customers are helped, as though he felt that all was vanity and vexation of waiters. He appears to be forever figuratively contemplating his visage in a perpendicular spoon. Nothing rouses him, and you are inclined uncharitably to believe that his apathy and ill-humor arise to a considerable extent from his being kept so long from getting drunk. Where does this waiter live, and what will he do when he pawns the gravy-spotted suit?

Besides the regular waiter, there is a sort of casual, who, on the annual dinner of a genteel family, is sent with the other confectionery from the cook-shop. He is generally cheap, and a watch on his move-

ments is sometimes necessary. Dregs are considered by him as perquisites, and, in fact, he regards all the flotsam and jetsam of supper in the same light. He will undertake the decanting of the sherry at very short notice, and almost with what the French call "effusion."

Next comes the club-waiter, who studies the members, and is careful to hang on the beck of the committee. He can oppress a visitor grandly. His movements are dignified, especially when he is freighted with an expensive wine, which he opens in such a manner that, suppose you are taking your modest beer in the neighborhood, the cork sounds like a fillip in the face of your poverty. He occasionally serves the billiard-room, but with an implied protest. He prefers the haunt of hungry sinners, and takes not kindly to cues; he is often on bad terms with the marker.

Waiters towards each other are an unsocial class. In this age of universal institutes and societies, we wonder they do not resolve into an academy, as the hairdressers have done, and inaugurate it with an exhibition of skill. We once heard a waiter boast, in a tone as if he felt sure of fame, that he was the only member of his craft who could cut sandwiches from hot bread. A *souée* of waiters, at which the nice conduct of the bread-basket and the napkin would be emulously displayed, ought to attract a cloud of witnesses; and we should like to see those who daily contemplate the famous roast joint of this country go in for a larger slice of the social advantages within their reach.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE first volume of a native translation of Shakespeare has just been issued at Bombay.

THE anniversary of the birth of Hahnemann was celebrated by the Homœopathic Society of Paris by a banquet on the 10th of April.

IN Paris, the average sale per week of artificial eyes amounts to four hundred. One of the leading oculists "receives" in a magnificent saloon, resplendent with gilding and mirrors. He evidently has an eye for business!

THE Emperor of Austria, on Good Friday, went through the annual ceremony of washing the feet of twelve poor old men and as many old women, their aggregate ages amounting, for the former to 1,069 years, and for the latter 1,063 years. The eldest of the group was 96 years of age; the youngest, 85.

THE last literary production of the late Master of Trinity was his article on Mr. Grote's "Plato," in the April number of *Fraser's Magazine*. It is reported that Mr. John Stuart Mill has written an elaborate review of the same work, which will appear in the forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

A DANGEROUS hoax, says the London *Spectator*, was played off on the 1st April. About 300 tickets were sold for a penny each, signed "Wildboar," purporting to admit people to the Zoölogical Gardens on Sunday, and promising that all the beasts should walk in procession. The buyers of course thronged the gates, and when refused admittance became so violent that the authorities of the Gardens sent for a strong force of police. An effort was subsequently made to punish one of the sellers of the tickets for obtaining money under false pretences, but it failed. The author of the tickets

evidently knew London nature well. Admission simple might have tempted buyers, but the most remote chance of seeing the tigers walk about loose, of getting into real danger, was absolutely irresistible.

A STRANGE anatomical phenomenon, says the *Indépendance Belge*, has just been brought to light at Tornay. A *post-mortem* examination of a young non-commissioned officer, who had died in the military hospital, has shown that all the internal organs were reversed, — thus the heart was on the right side, and the liver on the left, &c. Despite that peculiarity, he had always enjoyed excellent health, and died ultimately of typhus fever.

MADemoiselle RIGOLBOCHE, the toast of the Paris cafés two or three years ago, is dead. This girl excited a similar sensation to that which Thérèse, the songstress, has recently made. The printshops of Paris were crowded by beardless boys and moustachioed men in search of her photograph, taken in every conceivable attitude. The bookshops exhibited "*Mémoires de Rigolboche*," with portraits of the danseuse in various positions; and a mad volume of illustrations bearing the title of "*La Rigolbochomanie, Croquis Lithographiques et Châre-graphiques*, par Charles Vernier," was issued by the publisher of *Charivari*. In this last work, all Paris is pictured as having gone mad with a desire to imitate the steps and twisting of the favorite of the *Château des Fleurs* and *La Jardin Mabille*. The name became a rage, and everything was called after her: thus there were cravats à la Rigolboche, Rigolboche boots, Rigolboche gloves, and a score of other things. As the dancer ceased to attract, the books about her became waste paper, and the poor creature died in the ward of a public hospital, and was buried in the *Fosse Commune*.

SIR J. T. COLERIDGE, in a letter to the *Guardian*, proposes to furnish a memoir of the late Mr. Keble. In the mean time he corrects an error as to the age of the deceased. "Without being able now," he says, "to state precisely his birthday, I believe confidently that he was only eighteen — at Easter, 1810 — when he passed his examination and was placed in both first classes. This would make him seventy-four, and not seventy-seven. It was part of his glory to have achieved that, and subsequent successes, at an unusually early age." Sir John Coleridge adds: "It would be wrong to say that the Church of England has lost one of her brightest ornaments in losing one of her most dutiful and loyal sons; for he remains her ornament. His work, too, remains; the spirit which animated him, and the example he set, will still exert, by God's blessing, their influence upon us; thousands upon thousands ten times told will hang over the 'Christian Year' with a tenderness only increased by the thought that he who wrote it has passed away to his rest and reward. But the many who in trouble of heart came to him and found comfort and assurance under the guidance of his wise and gentle spirit will feel that they have sustained a loss which can never be supplied."

DESTINY.

OLAF and Gonthon, abbot's thralls,
Were hewing abbey wood;
Fine beams for chancel roof they sought,
And oak beams for the rood.

Around them north and south there rose
The cuckoo flowers in bloom;
But overhead the raven croaked,
Amid the pine-trees' gloom.

Blue miles of drooping hyacinths
Spread where the saplings grew;
But still the raven boded ill,
Above them out of view.

The violets long had passed away;
But where the axes rang —
All in between the hazel stems —
The purple orchis sprang.

The wild deer eyed them down the dell.
Down from the great beech-tree
The climbing squirrel turned to look,
And watched them silently.

The sunshine, barred with shadow-firs,
Cast gleams across the dell;
The thrushes piped and fluted
Where'er the sunbeams fell.

Woodpeckers ceased no measured toil,
Hearing the woodmen's tread;
No merry blackbird hushed his song;
No echoing cuckoo fled.

With axes glittering keen and bright,
Amid the fir-trees' line;
With song and psalm and gibe and curse
They hewed a stately pine.

In splashing showers the splinters flew
Around them as they wrought;
Deep in the centre of the glade
They'd found the tree they sought, —

A giant mainmast, — massy, huge,
All jagged with broken spars,
With lessening ledges of close boughs,
Impierceable by stars.

They clove it slowly, gash by gash,
With ever hungry steel; —
Slowly before their stalwart arms
The tree began to reel.

"Who knows," quoth Olaf, laughing-eyed,
"This tree that soon will fall
May prove a gibbet for some wretch
To swing and scare us all?"

Then Gonthon laughed, and bit his beard,
And said, "Why Olaf, man,
We hew the beams for the organ-loft
And for a shaven clan."

Just then, beneath the heaving roots,
They saw a brazen urn
Brimming with coined Roman gold,
That made their wild eyes burn.

They ran to it, they fought for it,
They grappled in their pride; —
Till wild beast Gonthon struck his knife
Into fierce Olaf's side.

On that day week the raven sat
Above the fir-trees' line,
And croaked his prophecies fulfilled
Upon the gibbet pine.

Above the spot that still was red
With murdered Olaf's blood
Swang Gonthon — he, the abbot's thrall,
Who'd hewed the gibbet wood.

W. T.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

[No. 19.]

THE FIRST BLOW AGAINST CHOLERA.

THERE is every reason to expect that we shall hear more of Cholera next summer, and that it may come nearer home to us than it did last year. While politicians have been sitting in conference for the arrest of the outlaway of the disease as a political offender, one of the most eminent of our English physicians has been ripening the fruits of his own study and experience, and he has within the last few weeks given them to the public in a little book of "Notes on Cholera," which concerns the public very much. For in that small book of about a hundred lightly printed pages* there is given to the world what the foremost members of the medical profession are now readily accepting as the first true and complete explanation of the disease, which is moreover such a demonstration as immediately excludes the method of treatment founded upon a mistaken theory hitherto dominant, the method which has actually aggravated danger, killed, instead of cured.

The first real blow struck against Cholera is the discovery of what it is. For the physicians are its true antagonists, and knowledge of their enemy is the condition of successful battle. Some of our readers may remember that at the time of the cholera epidemic in 1854, Dr. George Johnson, who was then, as now, physician to King's College Hospital, and whose credit stood high in his profession for important original additions that had been made by him to the known pathology of disease of the kidney, strongly supported, by results of his own hospital experience, the treatment of cholera with castor oil. He spoke with knowledge and with reason, though he is now convinced that he often gave excessive quantities of castor oil. Upon what path of inquiry he was travelling when he made that recommendation we are now quite able to understand. The true doctrine of the nature of cholera is explained in his little book with a masterly clearness and cogency, is really unassailable by any rebutting facts, and will henceforth pass bodily into every good text-book upon the character and treatment of disease.

The theory hitherto dominant has been that the worst symptoms of the disease are caused by the drain of fluid from the blood. The treatment, therefore, has been to check purging by opiates and astringents, and even to restore to the blood its lost constituents by saline injections into the veins.

But if this were so, it is argued, there would be

some relation between the symptoms of choleraic collapse and the loss of fluid by vomiting and purging. Yet the authority of all who have written upon cholera from much experience, in India and in Europe, affirms that there is no such direct relation; that they often bear even an inverse ratio to one another. Cholera cases have been most malignant where there was least passage of fluid from the intestines. If there were any correspondence between loss of fluid and degree of collapse, it would still have to be shown that they stood to each other in the relation of cause and effect, that they were not effects of a common cause. But in fact, so far as there is any relation at all between the discharge of fluid from the system and the peril of collapse, it points to the existence, not of a direct, but of an inverse ratio between them.

Again, if the collapse in cholera be caused by the watery constituents of the blood, it should have such symptoms as an excessive drain of fluid from the blood is known usually to produce. The collapse caused by a profuse drain from the blood is marked by a small and frequent pulse, pale skin, dim sight, and ringing in the ears; symptoms so much increased by the erect posture, that in extreme cases the raising of the head, even for a moment, from the pillow causes fainting. The collapse of cholera is quite different from this. There is the peculiar blueness and coldness, with other symptoms indicating interference with aeration of the blood; and the patient, whose skin is blue and icy cold, with a pulse hardly perceptible, is often able to stand up, and even walk. Several authors have expressed their surprise at the amount of muscular exertion of which even a cold and pulseless patient is capable. Again, the patient, exhausted by drain from the blood, whether of water alone or of the blood constituents, slowly recovers strength.

A cholera patient who recovers, is himself again in a few days. "I have seen," says Mr. Grainger, "a man stand at his door on Wednesday, who on Monday was in perfect collapse"; and a professional observer of the disease in India speaks of recoveries from cholera as "almost as sudden and complete as in cases of patients who are resuscitated after suspension of animation from submersion in water."

Again, compare results of treatment in collapse through drain of liquid from the blood and in collapse through cholera. In one case wine or brandy will soon cause improvement of the pulse and visibly assist recovery. Give them in the collapse of cholera, as they have been given freely and boldly, and the patient will even grow colder, his pulse dimin-

* Notes on Cholera, its Nature and Treatment. By GEORGE JOHNSON, M. D., Professor of Medicine in King's College, London.

ish in volume and power, apparently as a direct result of the stimulant. Or again, no sane physician would order venesection as a remedy for collapse from a drain upon the blood, yet it has been a puzzle to physicians in India that blood-letting in cholera does not produce syncope, but often a relief that seems miraculous. A man struck by cholera was brought to one physician unable to move a limb, and, except that he could speak and breathe, to touch and sight a corpse. Free bleeding enabled him in half an hour to walk home with his friends. Sir Ranald Martin tells how his farrier major was reported dying of cholera, and he found, using the language of the theory now happily disposed of, "that during the night he had been drained of all the fluid portion of his blood." Sir Ranald opened a vein. The blood oozed at first like a dark treacle, presently flowed freely, of its own natural red color, and he who had been dying a moment before, stood up and said, "Sir, you have made a new man of me."

Such experience, which represents the rule, not the exception, is utterly incompatible with the old doctrine that loss of blood, or of constituents of blood, is the cause of the fatal collapse in cholera. In the cholera epidemic of 1849, the cases brought into King's College Hospital were treated, in accordance with accepted doctrine, by liberal doses of brandy and opium, to stimulate the circulation and to check discharge. Under this treatment the mortality was very great, and it was changed for an administration of large quantities of salt and water. This excited frequent vomiting, and rather increased the purging, but it increased the number of recoveries. Observation of the results of these two opposite modes of treatment produced the train of thought which led Dr. George Johnson, when he himself had charge of the hospital during the epidemic of 1854, to act on his conclusion that the commonly received theory of choleraic collapse is erroneous. He gave emetics and purgatives with fair success, and in all cases of premonitory symptoms in medical officers, pupils, nurses, or other patients of the hospital, he gave castor oil, a treatment invariably followed by recovery. During the epidemic of 1849, several nurses and patients so seized had been promptly treated by opiates, passed into collapse, and died.

In a number of the *British Medical Journal*, Mr. Watkins tells that having observed in 1854 the mortality under treatment by opium, at a time when the epidemic was increasing both in number of cases and severity, he treated twenty-one cases by repeated doses of castor oil, and nineteen recovered. His colleague treated seven cases by full doses of opium, and every one died.

The morbid poison which is the exciting cause of cholera, and which may enter the blood either through the lungs or through the stomach, causes also that copious secretion from the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, by which nature endeavors to get rid of the perilous intruder. The secretion is, probably, as much a part of the natural process of cure as the eruption on the skin in case of small-pox. At any rate, no patient ever recovered from small-pox without the appearance of the eruption, and no patient ever recovered from cholera without some vomiting and purging.

The blue skin, the more or less hurried and difficult breathing, the coldness and the great diminution of the volume and force of the pulse in choleraic collapse, point, says Dr. Johnson, to the great cen-

tral fact "that the passage of blood through the lungs from the right to the left side of the heart is, in a greater or less degree, impeded." This fact is also demonstrated by the appearances observed in the heart, blood-vessels, and lungs after death. The right side of the heart, and the pipes leading thence to the lungs, are filled, often distended, with blood; the left side of the heart is almost or entirely empty. The tissue of the lungs is pale and dense, containing less than the usual amount of blood and air. That is the state of things when death has occurred from collapse; and, on the other hand, there is a great engorgement of the lungs when death has occurred in the febrile stage, which often follows reaction. In the state of collapse, venesection, by relieving the over-distension of the right cavities of the heart, restores to them their contractile power. And it is this impediment to passage of blood through the lungs that, reducing the flow through the arteries to a minimum, causes shrinking of the skin, collapse of the features, and sinking of the eyeballs by reason of the more or less complete emptiness of the branches of the artery that brings them their supply of blood.

But what is the cause of this blockade of the circulation? Not mechanical thickening by loss of fluids, for we have seen how untenable that notion is. And the occurrence of collapse is often remarkable for suddenness. Sir William Burnet, in his Report on Cholera in the Black Sea Fleet, gives the account of a surgeon who says, "the attacks were in many cases so sudden, that many men fell as if they had drunk the concentrated poison of the upstree." Blood-thickening by drain of fluid cannot happen thus in a minute or two. Thickening there is, but as a necessary consequence, not as a cause, of the arrest of circulation in the vessels that convey the blood from the right side of the heart into the lungs.

Dr. George Johnson's explanation of the stoppage is, that the poison of the disease, having entered into the blood, acts as an irritant upon the muscular tissue, as is shown by the painful cramps it occasions; that it thus acts in producing contraction of the minute capillary vessels of the lungs into which the heart injects the blood for aeration, and that the result of this contraction is entirely to arrest or to impede the flow of the blood through the lungs, whence it should pass revived into the arterial system.

We need not dwell upon further evidence that this arrest of blood at its entrance to the lungs is the true cause of the collapse in cholera, or on the way in which the chemistry of life will be affected by impediment to aeration of the blood. The blood in cholera is black and thick only during the stage of collapse, as a simple consequence of the deficient supply of oxygen. One curious fact, however, Dr. Johnson mentions, and shows how exactly it confirms his theory. While other secretions fail, that of milk, during collapse from cholera, remains abundant. This has been observed by others, and variously accounted for. The explanation now given is, that the chief constituents of milk, — casein, sugar, oil, and water, — may be obtained from the blood without the addition of oxygen.

The fact that immediate but not permanent relief has been obtained by hot injections into the veins this theory accounts for by the mechanical action of the fluid in diluting the irritant poison, and the effect of its heat in overcoming for a little time the contractile force of the capillaries.

The last link in the chain of the argument is evidence of the presence of a morbid poison in the blood as cause of cholera. But this fact is generally admitted, and the evidence by which it is supported we will take for granted. So we come to what is the main question for the public. If this be, as it surely is, the true theory of the action of cholera poison, of what practical use is it? It teaches the physician to walk in the light where he has hitherto walked in the dark. It tells him how to assist nature, and how he may avoid interfering with the process by which nature herself labors towards cure.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE state of Coleridge's mind when he wrote his fragments of *Kubla Khan* must have nearly resembled that of any reasonably excitable person during a first visit to Cairo. Just a degree too vivid to be a natural dream; many degrees too beautiful and wonderful to be an ordinary daylight vision, the rich dim courts, the glorious mosques, the marble fountains, the showers of southern sunlight poured on stately palm-tree and slow-moving camel, and shifting, many-hued crowd,—all form together a scene such as no stage in the world may parallel for strangeness and splendor. One day spent in roaming aimlessly through the bazaars, and the gardens, and the mosques of Hassan and the Gama Tayloon, does more to reveal to us what Eastern life means—what is the background of each great Eastern story, the indescribable atmosphere which pervades all Eastern literature—than could be gained by years of study.

At least, I can speak from experience that it was such a revelation to me, and one so immeasurably delightful that, having performed the long journey to Egypt mainly with the thought of the attractions of the ruins of Thebes and Memphis, Karnak and Philæ, I waited patiently for a fortnight within sight of the Pyramids without attempting to visit them, satisfied with the endless interest of the living town. At last the day came when the curiosity of some quarter of a century (since that epoch in a child's life, the reading of Belzoni) could no longer be deferred. I had a *concern*, as good folks say, to visit Cheops that particular morning, and to Cheops I went, mounted on the inevitable donkey, and accompanied by a choice specimen of that genus of scamp, the Cairene donkey-boy. Unluckily I had overnight ordered my dragoman to wait in Cairo for certain expected mails, and bring them to me in Old Cairo whenever they might arrive; and of course the order involved my loss of his services for the entire day, spent by him, no doubt, with my letters in his pocket, at a coffee-shop. Thus it happened that my little expedition wanted all guidance or assistance,—such acquaintances as I possessed in Cairo being otherwise occupied on that particular morning, and not even knowing of my intention.

Arrived at the ferry of the Nile, just above the Isle of Rhoda, it was with considerable satisfaction that I found a party of pleasant English ladies and gentlemen also proceeding to the Pyramids. Their time, however, was limited by the departure of the Overland Mail that day, and of course they could make no delay—as they seemed kindly disposed to do—to keep up with me and my wretched donkey, or rather donkey-boy.

If there be an aggravating incident in this very trying world, it is assuredly that of being mounted

on a non-progressive donkey, unarmed with any available whip, stick, spur, or other instrument of cruelty, and wholly at the mercy of a treacherous conductor, who pretends to belabor your beast, and only makes him kick, and keeps you behind your party, when you have every reason in the world to wish to retain your place in it. Only one thing is worse, a mule which carries you through a whole day of weary Alpine climbing, just too far from all your friends to exchange more than a scream at intervals. If there chance on such an excursion to be ten pleasant people of your party, and one unpleasant one, whom you particularly wish neither to follow nor seem to follow, it is inevitably that particular objectionable person whose mule your mule will go after, and press past every one else to get at, and drag your arm out of its socket if you try to turn it back, and finally make you wish that an avalanche would fall and bury you and the demon-brute you have got under you in the abyss forever. On horse-back you are a lord (or lady) of creation, with the lower animal subject unto you. On mule-back, or ass-back, you are a bale of goods, borne with contumely at the will of the vilest of beasts,—not where you please, but where, when, and how, it pleases.

To return to my expedition to the Pyramids. Very soon the English party were out of sight, and slowly and wearily I was led a zigzag course through fields of young growing corn, and palm-groves, and past the poor mud villages of the Fellah-Arabs. Mud, indeed, occupies in Egypt an amazing prominence in every view. Mud hovels, mud fields, where the rank vegetation is only beginning to spring through the deposit of the inundation, mud-dams across a thousand channels and ditches, and finally the vast yellow mud-banks of the mighty Nile. If man were first created in Egypt, it is small marvel that his bodily force should be a "muddy vesture of decay." In the course of my pilgrimage on this particular day my donkey-boy cleverly guided me into a sort of peninsula of mud, out of which there was no exit (short of returning on our steps) save by crossing a stream of some three or four feet deep. As usual in Egypt, two or three brown Arabs arose immediately when wanted, from the break of rushes, and volunteered to carry me across on their shoulders, their black-shish, of course, being divided with the ingenious youth who had brought me into the trap. What it costs to the olfactory organs to be carried by Fellah-Arabs, language altogether fails to describe.

At last the troubles of the way were over; the sands of the Desert were reached, and the stupendous cluster of edifices, the three Pyramids of Ghizeh, the Sphinx, the Cyclopean Temple, and the splendid tombs, were before me and around. For miles off, in the clear air of Egypt, where there is literally no aerial perspective, I had been able to distinguish the ranges of stones which constitute the exterior of all the Pyramids, save the small portions of the second and third still covered with their original coating. It was hardly, as Longfellow says,—

"The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen and better known
Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

Almost as soon as they come within the range of vision they are seen with their serrated edges and the horizontal lines of the deep steps, marked sharply with the intense shadows of the south.

Of all these ruins of Ghizeh — these earliest and mightiest of the records of our race — the one by far the most affecting and impressive, is assuredly the Sphinx. A human face, nay, an intensely human face, a portrait full of individuality even in its solemnity and colossal grandeur, — gazes at us with the stony eyes before which have passed Hebrew prophet and Greek philosopher, and Roman conquerer, and Arab khalif. Had Napoleon the Great, told his troops that sixty centuries looked on them through the Sphinx's eyes, he would have used no unmeaning metaphor. Even the very ruin and disgrace of the mighty countenance seems to render it more affecting. Half immeasurably sublime, half pitiful, nay, grotesque, in its desolation, it stands, with its brow calmly upturned to heaven, and a somewhat one might almost deem a ruddy flush upon its cheek, but with every feature worn and marred since it has stood there, a stony St. Sebastian, bearing through the ages the shafts and insults of sun and storm.

I must not pause to muse over the Sphinx, nor yet to describe the gradual revelation which comes to the traveller of the enormous magnitude of the Pyramid, as he slowly wades at its foot through the heavy sand, and perceives when he has walked thrice as far as it seemed he need have done, he has but reached the half of the base.

The English party, who had outridden me, were concluding their luncheon as I reached the Pyramid, and after declining their cordial offers to share it, I asked one of the ladies, 'Had she visited the interior and Cheops' chamber?' "No. Some of the ladies and gentlemen had done so. The Arabs were a wild set of men, and she did not like to put herself in their power." Deeming the lady's caution must be over-developed, and too intensely interested to make very serious reflections on what I was doing, I engaged the Scheik at the door of the Pyramid to provide me with proper guides so soon as the English party had ridden away.

Five strong Fellah-Arabs volunteered for the service, in spite of my remark that three were enough, and we were soon plunged into the darkness of the first entrance-passage. All the world knows how the Pyramid is constructed; a solid mass of huge stones, all so perfectly fitted that scarcely a pen-knife might be introduced in any place between them. The passages at the widest, scarcely permit of two persons going abreast, and are for long distances so low as to compel the visitor to stoop almost double. The angle at which these passages slope upwards is also one which, on the slippery, well-worn floor, renders progress difficult as on the ice of an Alpine mountain. But oh! how different from the keen pure air, the wide horizon, the glittering sunlight, of the Alps, this dark, suffocating cavern, where the dust, and lights, and breath of heated men, make an atmosphere scarcely to be breathed, and where the sentiments of awe and horror almost paralyze the pulse. Perhaps my special fancy made me then, as ever since, find a cave, subterranean passage, or tunnel, unreasonably trying to the nerves; but so it was, — the awe of the place wellnigh overpowered me.

The Arab guides helped me easily in their well-known way. One or two carried the candles, and all joined in a sort of song at which I could not help laughing, in spite of both awe and lack of breath. It seemed to be a chant of mingled Arabic and English (a language they all spoke after a fashion), the English words being apparently a continual repetition: —

"Vera goot lady, backshish, backshish;
Vera goot lady, give us backshish";

and so on, *da capo*. Twice we had to rest on our way from sheer exhaustion, and on one occasion, where there is a break in the continuity of the passage, there was an ascent into a hole high up in the wall by no means easy to accomplish.

At last, after what seemed an hour, and I suppose was about fifteen minutes, since we left the sunshine, we stood in Cheops' burial-vault, the centre chamber of the Great Pyramid. As my readers know, it is a small oblong chamber, of course wholly without light or ventilation, with plain stone floor, walls, and roof, and with the huge stone sarcophagus (which once held the mummy of Cheops, but is now perfectly empty) standing at one end. The interest of the spot would alone have repaid a journey from England; but I was left small time to enjoy it. Suddenly I was startled to observe that my guides had stopped their song and changed their obsequious voices, and were all five standing bolt upright against the walls of the vault.

"It is the custom," said one of them, "for whoever comes here to give us backshish."

I reflected in a moment that they had seen me foolishly transfer my purse from the pocket of my riding-skirt to the walking-dress I wore under it, and which I had alone retained on entering the Pyramid.

"Well," I said, as coolly as I was able, "I intend, of course, to give you 'backshish' for your trouble, and if you choose to be paid here instead of at the door, it is all the same to me. I shall give three shillings English (a favorite coin in Cairo), as I said I only wanted three men."

"Three shillings are not enough. We want backshish!"

"There they are. They are quite enough."

"Not enough! We want backshish!"

I must here confess that things looked rather black. The Fellahs stood like so many statues of Osiris (even at the moment I could not help thinking of it), with their backs against the wall and their arms crossed on their breasts, as if they held the *flagellum* and *cruz ansata*. Their leader spoke in a calm, dogged sort of way, to which they all responded like echoes.

"Well," I said, "as there are five of you, and I am rather heavy, I will give you one shilling more. There it is. Now you will get no more." Saying this I gave the man the fourth shilling, and then returned my purse to my pocket.

"This won't do. We want backshish!"

"It must do. You will get no more backshish."

"It won't do. We want backshish!"

Each moment the men's voices grew more resolute, and I must avow that horror seized me at the thought that they had nothing to do but merely to go out and leave me there in the solitude and darkness, and I should go mad from terror. Not a creature in Cairo even knew where I was gone. I should not be missed or sought for for days, and there I was unarmed, and alone, with these five savages, whose caprice or resentment might make them rush off in a moment, leaving me to despair. Luckily I knew well it would be fatal to betray any alarm, so I spoke as lightly as I could, and laughed a little, but uncomfortably.

"Come, come. You will have no more backshish, you know very well; and if you bully me, you will have *stick* from the English Consul. Come, I've seen enough. Let us go out."

"We want backhish!" said all five of the villains in one loud voice.

It was a crisis, and I believe if I had wavered a moment I might never have got away; but the extremity, of course, aided one's resolution, and I suddenly spoke out, angrily and peremptorily, —

"I'll have no more of this. You fellow there, take the light, and go out. You give me your hand. Come along, all of you."

It was a miracle; to my own comprehension, at all events. They one and all suddenly slunk down like so many scolded dogs, and without another syllable did as I ordered them. The slave habit of mind doubtless resumed its usual sway with them the moment that one of free race asserted a claim of command. Any way, it was a simple fact that five Arabs yielded to a single Anglo-Saxon woman, who was herself quite as much surprised as they could be at the phenomenon.

O, how I rejoiced when the square of azure sky appeared at the end of the last of the passages, and when I at last emerged safe and sane out of the Great Pyramid! Dante, ascending out of the Inferno, "a riveder le stelle," could not have been half so thankful. Away I rode, home to Old Cairo on my donkey, and could spare a real laugh under the sunshine, when I found that the wretched old Arab Scheik, with whom I had left my riding-skirt, had quietly devoured my intended luncheon of dates, and then carefully replaced the stones in my pocket!

M. GUIZOT.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *L'Événement*.]

"NEVER judge by appearances," says a proverb evidently invented for near-sighted people. I say, on the contrary, Always judge by appearances, if you have good eyes. The vices, grandeurs, hesitations, of our soul are written on our countenance, in perfectly legible characters to him who knows how to read.

Look at M. Guizot's last photograph, wrinkled, seamed, deeply furrowed by Age's inexorable finger; tortured by a thousand pangs, that head has not lost a single iota of its noble and, it may be said, epic appearance.

The eyelid is violently contracted, but the eye is full of fire. The jaw and chin are ploughed by numberless lines; but the bold nose, the mournful, rigid, proud mouth, on which, even when it is silent, eloquent words swarm ever ready to take their flight, are grand. When we look at that oaken-man, who has so visibly and so firmly remained standing, though the thunderbolt has fallen upon him, we cannot help thinking of Victor Hugo's lines, — "Naught hath conquered, naught hath tamed, naught hath bowed this old Titan."

It is only recently M. Guizot has really acquired the last Beauty of the old man, which at the present moment shines with all its majesty in him. Do not laugh at this word Beauty; every artist will understand it. Ten years ago a little, peaked, odd-looking abdomen, a green wig, (the true traditional wig of the French Academy,) a satin scarf, which was the neckcloth in fashion during Louis Philippe's reign, and clothes of old fashion, gave him a strange and unexpected appearance.

But old age, real old age, (M. Guizot is 77 years old,) has rearranged all that, and has clothed this imposing figure with everything which commands admiration and respect. Become absolutely and definitively thin, straight as a sword and a lily,

M. Guizot, on whose body floats his black clothes, still wears his satin scarf; but he wears it like a hero who, out of modesty, conceals his wounds, and the dried, bony, valiant hand which protrudes from his over-large sleeve is that of a combatant, whom nothing but death can disarm.

At last, — a victory for which French Statuary and painting will forever congratulate themselves! — M. Guizot has thrown aside the green wig, which, since Alfred de Musset's and Emile Augier's election, is no longer regarded as indispensable to the dignity of an academicien. His long, sparse, fine white hair, with silver shadows playing on it, surrounds his face as with some gentle, serene light, and gives to this Dante-like countenance of a wild, almost divine melancholy the tranquil majesty which the green, luminous laurel gives to that of the old Ghibelline.

The green wig, — I beg pardon for insisting on this particular, but no detail is insignificant which touches an historical character, — the green wig was long the despair of Paul Delaroche. This cold and correct painter was then painting the dry, stiff, most Protestant, but after all excellent portrait of M. Guizot. The hair, so long dead, inert, disgraced by creases, twisted into irritated, motionless locks like the serpents of a sculptured Eumenides, foiled the skill of the conscientious artist. He delivered a special lecture to his pupils on the subject of this celebrated and unlucky wig.

"Gentlemen," said he, "pay me particular attention, and do not smile, for what I am about to say merits all your attention. Look at this! This wig is ridiculous, ugly, frightful. Now, as I am a faithful depicter of nature, I must represent it as it is, with its awkward and decrepit motion, with its graceless lines, with its peculiar arrangement, which is exclusive of everything like beauty. But, nevertheless, as I am and as I must be, above all, an historian, it is indispensably necessary I take care this trivial accessory in nowise diminishes the visage of this great man, whose image I would transmit to posterity with the lofty and haughty character belonging to him intact. This, gentlemen, demonstrates to you, in a clearer manner than all theories, how necessary it is the painter as well as the poet should possess that quality which is precious among the precious, and which has been called — style!"

History will act like Paul Delaroche. It will strive to keep the figure of the statesman, whose strength and indefatigable ardor were unconquered by fifty years of labor and struggle, pure and grave. History will be sure to do so; but even were it averse to doing so, it will be obliged to do this act of justice. It is not the least originality of M. Guizot, that this austere, haughty enemy of everything like popularity, who, more than anybody in France, has borne the attacks of a licentious press and caricature, has never been wounded, nor so much as touched by the potent arms of Ridicule.

A great many men have opposed him, a great many have hated and do so still hate him; — nobody has laughed at him. Let us add, nobody has been, or can be, able to refuse their respect to his antique probity, which has remained as impregnable and as brilliant as a pure diamond.

M. Guizot escapes, and has always escaped, ridicule. M. Champfleury, in his excellent History of Modern Caricature, notices this with rare sagacity. Examine, for instance, a collection of caricatures, in which a whole nation of witty men have strained their invention to exhibit M. Guizot in the least respectable and least sublime situations, and

where Calumny itself many a time slipped in unknown to the generous and impassioned spirits whom the intoxication of a pitiless war carried to excesses which were then excusable. You are astonished, when you close the collection, to find the impression left on you is one of respect and involuntary admiration for M. Guizot.

He has had, he has, that ardor of conviction, that faith in himself, that steady obstinacy in what he believes to be the truth, whose influence no one can escape. Daumier, whose invincible pencil has been able with certainty to doom so many men to be objects of derision, not only to their contemporaries, but to posterity, — Daumier has not been able to make anybody smile at M. Guizot.

Daumier has not been able to do it, and — object worthy of note — life, with its ridiculous hazards, has had no more power to make him a butt of laughter.

In 1848, during the first effervescence of the Revolution, a celebrated artist amused himself writing a pantomime for the Théâtre des Funambules. In this pantomime King Louis Philippe, with his whiskers and historical wig, were parodied by an actor wearing the costume of Robert Macaire, and a flower-sprinkled Pierrot, habited in the stiff and austere costume of a Protestant clergyman, represented M. Guizot. Debureau, the well-known Pierrot of this theatre, has a regular and delicate face, which, especially when arranged to produce an effect of this sort, is not without some analogy to M. Guizot. What happened? Did M. Guizot, represented by a befowered Gille, seem ridiculous? No, far otherwise. The Gille, costumed to look like M. Guizot, was subdued by seriousness, and, despite the author and the actor, seemed to play a noble character.

Writer, professor, linguist, author of immense historical works universally known, and which are in everybody's hand, M. Guizot has been violently attacked, and, more than all, denied every merit in all of these characters. He has been praised, too, and often without measure. What share really belongs to him in these denials and these praises, what must definitive criticism (which places everything in its true place) really think of the famous professor, of the author of the History of the English Revolution, of Essays on the History of France, of the translator of Gibbon and Shakespeare, of the statesman who remained so long in the breach?

Here there is no embarrassment, no hesitation. In M. Guizot there is nothing but an orator, but he is, with M. Berryer, the greatest modern orator. As soon as M. Guizot speaks in public, he becomes clear, luminous, powerful; he commands attention; he has striking images, draws and animates portraits of masterly grandeur which will live hereafter. As our master Sainte Beuve has judiciously said, the artist of style exists in M. Guizot only in the second place, and because the artist has been created by the orator. But the orator does really exist, and by his admirable genius tames, enchains, delights, and carries away audiences.

After M. Guizot had quitted the political theatre, he had spoken but once at the French Academy, — at the reception of Father Lacordaire.* It happened that, in one of those summer audiences from which the public of Paris was absent, (and which was like a summer performance in our theatres,) and which was devoted to the solemn fatigue of the Monthyon prizes, M. Guizot had to speak. Before

he rose, intellectual M. Villemain had negligently harangued the sparse audience with the dandyism of a tenor, who, knowing nobody is listening to him, tries to avoid shining more than is necessary.

M. Guizot spoke in turn, and involuntarily, without having formed an intention of being so, was powerful, earnest, fascinating, and, as he had done in his best days, lavished unexpected effects and impassioned turns. An avaricious attention seized the audience.

It was beyond expression astonished to hear such admirable things so well said, in connection with so threadbare and monotonous a subject.

His success was immense, wonderful, unprecedented. Three rounds of furious, enthusiastic applause reverberated like thunder under the peaceful cupola of the Academy. It seemed as if the applause would never cease. M. Guizot stood pale as a sheet, pale with emotion, pale with delight. He had once more found the excitement and the genius of his old fighting days.

MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"AUGUSTA, I wish you would practise Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh! how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt, she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged, — for only the old and wedded were excluded, — coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty, — I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago, — but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practised for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow, he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now, — at least, rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things whilst I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden enclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least, they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and

* The writer is mistaken. M. Guizot received Count de Montalembert before Father Lacordaire. — Ed. Every Saturday.

others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden, with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dreamland like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really forever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning gray, hears that grand, mournful music to which your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave, very little altered, and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate, he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased, they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to everything he said or did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright, warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good-humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course, we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but, somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did, not merely then, but ever afterwards. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. O, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt towards him; and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative, — I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's, — and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but, O, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure, brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I —"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. Whilst she was reading it, he said, softly, —

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little heedless Jessie good, — poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed. "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him. "Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes to me herself,—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he *would* always keep in a corner of the sitting-room, he said very calmly,—

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busybody," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busybody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I cannot help thinking—"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this

year; but now I will take you to the sea-side. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish withered hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But, oh! too calm, too deep, were those slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said their best, but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have condoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still, how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant, under her inflection; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I cannot say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money,—I say it again,—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string,—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed

quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked, — 'gone to London?' 'No, indeed! What should she go to London for?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied; 'it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often."

Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor, half-starved, stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him? — and if I cast him away, who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him, — nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? "Poor Carlo, — poor old Carlo!" I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me, — but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall, dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying, —

"Mr. Thompson, ma'an."

I rose. He came in with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

"O, I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson."

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not? But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

"She left in no very contented mood, I believe,"

he resumed. "The balance in her favor was low, — lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations cannot be repeated often you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time, — a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know I cannot pity her very much."

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

"I have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

"Even you have heard it," he said, looking scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation, "I can do so but in one fashion, — as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said at last, — "and you —"

"Well, what about me? Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely, — else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him, — I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level, — I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair,

and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity,—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor, forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you,—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away farther from me,—never,—never again—should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose, thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress, roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to give you up, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"O, if we are to go back to that—" he began resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we

went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BEAU BRUMMEL.

I.

As few of those who were either contemporaries of the Beau, or who knew him intimately, are now alive, while his name and peculiarities are still fresh in the mind of the public, a favorable reception may be expected for any well-authenticated anecdotes respecting him, coming from one who lived for several years on terms of intimacy with him, and who has hitherto not given them publicity.

My anecdotes assume no character of importance; they are merely characteristic of a very peculiar man, who was rather droll than witty, but always amusing, prompt, and happy in reply, and unsparing in severity when attacked. The Beau had a small gray scrutinizing eye, which instantly surveyed and summed up all the peculiarities of features, dress, and manners of those who approached him, so that the weak point was instantly hit of any who accidentally or incautiously transgressed, or who had the temerity to attack him. A trifling instance will illustrate this personal peculiarity. On one occasion, he was in conversation with one or two persons on the Place de Calais, when a gentleman, on joining the group, unintentionally struck the Beau's favorite little white terrier with his foot. It so happened that the new-comer had very large feet and awkwardly made boots. Brummel, immediately stooping down, and scarcely noticing the offender, but looking most contemptuously at his boots, patted the little dog on the back, ejaculating at the same time, "Poor little thing; you have not been used to be trod upon by such boots as these." After having discharged this bolt, he turned round on his heel, and walked off, continuing his caressing language to the little animal, who was with him so great a favorite, that no greater affront could be offered the Beau than that which involved any slight, either accidental or otherwise, towards her. She was a handsome little terrier, milk-white, but rather fat from being overfed, so that even at the slow pace at which the Beau walked round the ramparts of Calais, for exercise, before his daily repast at seven, the poor little thing could with difficulty keep up with him.

But notwithstanding all the Beau's care of his little favorite, poor Vic finally encountered the fate of all pets of this class. Brummel, calling on a friend, earnestly solicited his company at dinner, at the *Hôtel Bourbon*, stating as his reason, that poor Vic was so alarmingly ill that he could not remain in the house, but that he had left her in the care of

François (his valet) and Doctor Jonville, so that everything that could be done for her would be done. After taking his usual walk, he repaired to the *Bourbon*, and dined with his friend; the repast was scarcely over, when François entered with a very melancholy and funereal sort of visage, and pronounced in a slow and solemn tone, "Monsieur, c'est font fini"; upon which Brummel rose from his chair, and repaired to the window, and wept for several minutes like a child.

This is the man who has been represented as being totally devoid of feeling, merely because on many occasions, on the great stage of life, when fortune smiled upon him, he acted his part conformably to the character which he had assumed, rather than agreeably to the one which nature had given him. He could neither have said nor have done the numerous "good things" which are attributed to him, if he had been influenced by his feelings: his object was to produce effect; he had a particular character to support, and in this respect he eminently succeeded, for he attained a position in life, and kept it for a number of years, which is rarely reached by persons of his rank; it is certain that, in the zenith of his prosperity, noblemen of distinction not only sought his acquaintance, but were actually gratified by walking arm and arm with him up and down St. James's Street. It is also well known that he was intimate with the Prince Regent, dined frequently with him both at Carlton House in London, and at the Pavilion at Brighton. The cause of the rupture with the Prince is generally supposed to have been his having taken the liberty to request his Royal Highness, after dinner at Carlton House, to ring the bell for wine, when the Prince, complying with the first request, ordered his carriage, and never spoke to him afterwards.

On this point I questioned the Beau, and he assured me the statement was totally devoid of foundation in truth. "From your knowledge of me," said he, "can you possibly suppose that I, who knew the Regent's susceptibility as well as, if not better, than any man breathing, could have been guilty of so gross a want of tact? No; it is not true. I knew the Regent too well to have been guilty of so gross a folly."

I could never ascertain from him what was the real cause of the separation; there are, however, several reasons current; one which I heard from pretty good authority is, that the Beau wrote some verses about the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, in which he styled the Prince Big Ben, and the lady Benbina; these lines were, moreover, somewhat sarcastic, and being shown to the Prince by some enemy of Brummel's, produced that feeling on the part of the Prince which led to the rupture.

There were many circumstances which arose during the several years in which a friendly intercourse existed between the Beau and myself, which led me to infer he was not so deficient in good feeling as is generally supposed to have been the case. I cite one instance among many, leaving the estimate of its worth to the decision of the impartial. Some few years after his arrival in Calais, Brummel contracted a *liaison* with a young French girl, who shortly became the victim of a pulmonary complaint, which ultimately destroyed her. She was long ill. During the whole period of her illness, the Beau not only supplied her with all the necessities of life, but used constantly to send the half of his dinner to her.

If he had kept a regular *cuisine* in his establishment, and been in affluent circumstances, there would have been nothing worthy of remark in this act; but as the Beau's means were very limited at this time, and his daily dinner was sent to him from Dessein's at five francs per diem, just sufficient for one appetite, the abandonment of the half of it may, I suggest, be fairly considered one of those sacrifices, although trifling in appearance, which entitles the person who makes it to some credit for good and kindly feeling. During the first few years of the Beau's residence at Calais, he was comparatively well off, a noble duke having allowed him two hundred pounds a year so long as he lived; on one occasion he received one thousand pounds through the house of Messrs. Moreau, from some unknown friend; and on another he gained a prize in the French lottery to the amount of about, as far as I can recollect, three thousand francs, which at the time was very acceptable, and caused him considerable satisfaction. He told me, on the occasion of this good fortune, he had just finished his toilet preparatory to taking his daily walk, when François entered the room, announcing: "Monsieur a gagné une terne"; which communication was agreeably confirmed by the almost immediate presence of one of the functionaries from the lottery-office with a wheelbarrow containing several sacks of five-franc pieces. This, I believe, was the only success of this description the Beau ever had, although he was in the habit of risking weekly a five-franc piece in some one of the lotteries then in existence.

Previous to Brummel's leaving Calais for Caen, to take possession of his consulship, his circumstances were by no means flourishing; he had long lost the annuity of two hundred pounds, in consequence of the death of the noble donor of it, and I believe he had brought very little with him on leaving England in 1816. He told me he once won in one year the large sum of forty thousand pounds by play at Wattier's and at Newmarket; all of which disappeared as rapidly as it had been acquired; in fact, at the stakes he was in the habit of playing, an income of forty thousand pounds was required rather than that simple sum. To a sixpence with a hole in it, which he picked up one morning in 1813 in the streets on leaving Wattier's, he attributed the commencement and continuance of his good fortune; and to the subsequent loss of this little coin, all his subsequent misfortunes. This coin he kept in his waistcoat pocket, and as long as he retained possession of it, fortune smiled; but on the very day this precious talisman was found wanting, his bad luck set in, and with such continuous and unremitting rigor, that he soon found himself totally without funds. He told me he advertised in several papers with a view of recovering his talisman, and offered five pounds reward, but without success. Mr. Raikes, in his *Diary*, states that the Beau merely picked up a plain sixpence, and bored a hole in it himself; but I always understood from the Beau that the coin he found *had* a hole in it already made; and in virtue of this circumstance, he considered it lucky. From this slight anecdote, it may be inferred that the Beau was superstitious; and from what I saw of him, I should say he was very much so.

He mentioned to me that the play at Wattier's in those days was so high that he once witnessed the Honorable Mr. W—— go double or quits for thirty-two thousand pounds; which he lost. No pack of cards was ever played with twice, and when a hand

cumstances which affords no inconsiderable argument in favor of that ability to conciliate, please, and amuse which he so eminently possessed.

His neckcloth was of white cambric, of large dimensions, wound twice round his neck, brought down capaciously in front, and fastened by a small gold pin. This peculiar tie was designated in those days as the "waterfall-tie." The neckcloth itself was a large, square piece of cambric, out of which twenty or more ties for the dandies of the present day might easily be made. I now arrive at the most important, and certainly the most conspicuous part of the Beau's dress, and one on the selection of which he bestowed much thought and consideration,—his waistcoat. This was generally very striking, being of velvet, of some conspicuous color, and covered with flowers, worked either in silk, silver, or gold; indeed, this was the only showy part of the Beau's attire. His hat was of the fashion of former days; large, wider at the top than at the bottom, with a large, upturned rim; under it was a well-arranged wig, of a brown color, slightly approaching to red, to keep his whiskers in countenance. His teeth were small, his chin rather prominent. When out walking, he always carried a very neat cane with a gold or silver head. His indoor dress in the morning was rather conspicuous, the dressing-gown being of thick silk covered with handsomely-worked flowers, with slippers to correspond; and as the wig was not on duty till he had completed his toilet for his daily walk, a handsome velvet cap, with a gold tassel at its top, occupied its place, so that the Beau, in his morning's costume, had somewhat the appearance of a magician or astrologer. His mornings were employed in reading newspapers and French novels, and in mixing his snuff, which he kept in jars in his cellar; his favorite mixture was Martinique and Bolingero. The operation of blending his snuffs I have often seen him perform on a large piece of parchment with an ivory spoon. Although he had a great variety of handsome and valuable snuff-boxes, the one which he habitually carried was a large ordinary one of "papier-mâché."

The sitting-room in which he passed many years of his life at Leleux's, the librarian in the Rue Royale, Calais, was remarkably well arranged, the type of his former room in London, although on a smaller scale. Although there were no paintings of much value, there were several small handsome book and other cases of Japan and marqueterie, on the tops of which were placed various curious specimens of china and snuff-boxes, all of which eventually disappeared to meet some pressing emergency. I never could learn precisely what became of them, but I rather fancy they encountered the usual fate which objects of this character meet with when they fall within the remorseless grasp of some corsair of a creditor, who depreciates before he seizes, so that that which was purchased at great cost, goes finally for the smallest trifle.

If the Beau's life offers no positive lessons of instruction, it exhibits many important negative ones; indeed, it may be sometimes quite as useful and instructive to ascertain why one man failed, as to discover why another has succeeded; to be made early acquainted with that which ought to be scrupulously avoided, because it is injurious, is salutary knowledge; and as it is much more easy to avoid what is bad, than to pursue and imitate that which is good and praiseworthy, a negative lesson of this character is not without value; it is readily learned and adopted, because it requires no exertion, and is

compatible with the greatest indolence; whereas, to emulate the great and noble deeds of the exemplary and distinguished, requires the exercise of considerable energy, determination, and virtue.

From the Beau's life, much instruction of this valuable description may be derived, for the guidance of those who are on the eve of entering upon the great stage of social life; and, although I admit there is comparatively little which suggests itself as worthy of imitation,—little of a positive character,—there is much which may be received in the shape of warning. The Beau, however, possessed many good qualities, but those, unfortunately, proved his bane, and were the precursors of his downfall. He excelled to an eminent degree in the art of making himself agreeable to others, so that his society was considered an acquisition, and he was tempted to leave his own sphere, and to embark in one which eventually proved his ruin. At the commencement of his career at Eton, where he was educated, he soon became a great favorite amongst his school-fellows, and formed those connections which were subsequently of so much apparent service to him at the commencement of his social career.

The advantages of public-school education, in consideration of the valuable connections there formed, experience teaches us have been somewhat exaggerated, for boys do not meet so frequently in after-life as is generally supposed; neither do those, as a rule, who were very great friends at school, continue to be friends in after-life, if their social positions are different. But that considerable social advantages are derivable from public-school education cannot be denied. In Brunnel's case, the connections which he formed at Eton were kept up and continued for several special reasons, chiefly of a personal character, and not on general grounds.

In the first place, in consequence of having entered a fashionable cavalry regiment, and being quartered at Brighton, and having by some fortuitous circumstance become acquainted with the Regent, the opportunity of meeting several of his former schoolfellows, some of whom were men of rank, readily occurred; and as he still possessed the "magic art" to please, his society was sought, so that in his case, as far as advantages of that character can be appreciated, his having been educated at Eton proved of value to him; but *respicere finem*, in consequence of this association with men of rank, and of expensive and dissipated habits, he became immersed in those habits of vice and extravagance which soon swallowed up his small means, and led to certain acts which compelled him to leave his country. He inherited from his father upwards of thirty thousand pounds, so that had he fortunately conformed to circumstances, and kept within that sphere in which his birth and fortune ought to have induced him to confine himself, he might have passed a very agreeable and happy life without the sacrifice of independence, and have escaped all the pain and humiliation which he subsequently underwent before the great anticlimax of his imprisonment and death at Caen.

He was confined in a common jail; herding in a small, comfortless room with other debtors, whereby he was subjected to an ordeal of suffering and privation most trying to any man, but especially so to one who had enjoyed all the luxuries of life, and who was, if possible, over-scrupulous on all matters connected with comfort and cleanliness. He was incarcerated in the month of May, 1835, at the suit of M. Leveux, a banker at Calais, to whom he was

indebted to the amount of several thousand francs. M. Leveux had formerly been a personal friend of the Beau's, but at last, becoming tired of his repeated unfulfilled promises to pay, carried out this extreme measure.

The Beau was arrested with all those external ceremonies which usually attend an operation of his character in France, so that the fact of his misfortune was immediately promulgated amongst his friends and other residents at Caen; and although there was a disposition to relieve him from his embarrassing position, the sum required for this purpose was far too large to be obtained from the voluntary contributions of his comparatively new friends and acquaintances. The captive was taken completely by surprise, and complained bitterly of M. Leveux having given him no intimation of his intentions.

As may be readily imagined, the Beau felt this humiliation severely, especially as felons as well as debtors were confined in this prison. The hardships which he at first underwent were, however, to a great extent modified by the kind interposition of his friends, and he experienced no lack of the necessities of life. After nearly three months' incarceration, he was liberated by the generous interposition of his former friends in England, who contributed sufficient to pay off Monsieur Leveux; and I believe also a further sum was subscribed to secure to him a small annuity, so as to rescue him from absolute want; he, however, only survived the great misfortune of imprisonment five years. Previous to his incarceration, he had experienced one or two severe attacks of illness, approaching to paralysis. On leaving prison, he returned to his former quarters, and as he lived at a table d'hôte most days, was still an object of curiosity to tourists and others who chanced to pass a few days at Caen.

But it was evident to all who had previously known the poor Beau that he was much altered; indeed, symptoms of his intellect being impaired had already become visible; finally, so much so, that it was arranged by his friends that he should be transferred to a hospital, called Le Bon Sauveur, superintended by nuns and Sisters of Charity, where every attention was shown him during the last few months which preceded his decease; his mind was so far gone that he was incapable of appreciating the various acts of kindness which were extended to him, although it was admitted, at the same time, by the Sisters that he was very docile and easy of management; he entered the Bon Sauveur in the year 1838, and died in 1840. Agreeably to my own feelings, I cannot conclude this slight sketch of some portions of the old Beau's life, without doing justice to the many good qualities which I know he possessed; I passed many agreeable days with him, the recollection of which resuscitates all the friendly feelings which I formerly entertained for him. I always found him truthful, generous, and sincere. His courage was unquestionable, and his spirit of that decided and marked character which induced him instantly to resent the slightest indignity which was intentionally offered to him. As a companion, his qualities were of the highest order; he was always cheerful, amusing, and full of anecdote, and there was a natural exuberance of joyousness and fun about him, which made his society at all times agreeable.

In conclusion, I introduce to the notice of my readers a letter which I received from the Beau from Caen, dated February 19, 1833, inasmuch as it is written in his usual gay and animated style.

CAEN, February 19, 1833.

MY DEAR —: Your letter has been long staring me in the face like an injured ghost, but till the present instant I have not mustered up sufficient resolution to answer it, and even now I should perhaps have neglected its pale reproaching looks, had not I met with an accident (young devil that I am) in jumping out of a *ciadine* last night, by the which juvenile freak I have severely sprained my right knee, and if it may be any retributive satisfaction to you, it is so much swelled that it will confine me *chez moi* two or three days. This annoys me, and puts me out of temper, for it is the very meridian of our gay season here, and so you must not expect to be amused by anything I may write to you. I wish to heaven F—, with her constitutional propriety and invariable indulgent kindness to me, was at my elbow to rub the afflicted part with the camphorated stuff my Sangrado has ordered. I would have written to you before the expiration of last summer, but somehow or other I was continually gadding about to different places in the environs, and from time to time I protracted all epistolary debts and duties. Since the short days of autumn and winter have regenerated society here, and the truffles and the whist, I do not know how it has been, but from my idleness and dissipation I have unconsciously limited my writing to passports and to bills of three months. What a perfect reverse of the tranquil, innocent life I led during so many years at Calais, is that by which I have been led away at this place! Nothing but feasting, play, and dancing; to be sure I do not meddle but in a moderate way with the second amusement; and the "dear creatures" most amiably dispense with my entering into the latter public attention. Two or three places to go to every evening, and all consisting of the very best society; it is indeed principally formed of the *ancienne Normande noble* resident here in their old staring hotels, all Carlists or Henry V. to the backbone; but as I never interfere with political principles or absurdities, I manage to live on the same familiar terms of intimacy with the modern *préfet* and with the fallen peer.

I think L—n has done right in marrying Made-moiselle O—r; he could never expect anything better, and the quiet conjugal state may prolong his life a few years more, if she remains with him so long. I had a letter yesterday from B—e R—d, *remplie* with regrets and civil expressions at the altered condition of Calais—from which place he wrote—since my departure; nobody scarcely to speak to, nobody to *dine* with. He says, however, he stood godfather the day previous to a last-born of M—'s, eighteen at the subsequent repast,—raw, sanguinary beef, and barbarous cabbage! He does not mention the *convives*, so I presume he is ashamed of them; he adds that E—y, the second female offspring from this veritable *garenne de lapins*, is about to be married to a Mr. P—l (who the devil is he?), who is allowed only £ 100 a year by his father, and that if he marries without his consent, he will forfeit that. Nothing like settling in matrimonial life.

I see by the papers that M—k has been bitten in endeavoring to bite a German baron; damages against the said M—k, whom the *journal* styles a Mr. M—k, £ 200,—a picture-dealing transaction of the lowest description.

Remember me affectionately to F—y; and if you go on maiming the poor snipes, and, as usual, tuck yourself up after dinner for the rest of the

evening in your arm-chair, to redeem by snoring those physical forces exhausted by the day's exercise, enjoin her to write to me diffusively and explicitly, and parole I will answer her. — Very truly yours,
G. B.

Have you read the *Cocon*? Charming! And *Le Duc*, and *Le Page*, and *La Princesse*, and *Le Sous-officier*. Walter Scott's *Bob of Paris* is wretched, — Cooper's *Bravo of Venice* worse.

DEMI-MONDE LITERATURE.

A NEW journal has within the last few weeks appeared in Paris, which is understood to represent the views, ideas, and interests of the frailer, though more powerful portion of the ladies of that city. This valuable paper comes out every Sunday morning, thus acting upon the reader as the discourse of a favorite divine acts upon her more reputable sisters, and giving a sort of pleasant tone to her mind for the rest of the week. It is printed on a single sheet, of a charming rose-pink hue, and may be purchased for the modest sum — the only modest feature it possesses — of two-pence halfpenny. Most, if not all, of its contributors seem to be ladies, — Turlurette, Marie, Cora, and the rest. We are promised the disclosure of some singular mysteries, "toujours, bien entendu, du côté féminin," — a reservation which naturally rather enhances than decreases the attractions of the pink sheet. This promise, however, can hardly be said to be fulfilled. The singular mysteries are still kept profoundly dark in the recesses of Turlurette's bosom, and, from all that can be gathered of Turlurette's fashion of life, one may suspect that she has as little story to tell as the needy knife-grinder. The "soiled dove" has, as a rule, a singularly small collection of views or ideas. A journal professing to represent them would be rather like the famous chapter on the Snakes of Norway. They have no ideas. Plucking well-feathered young pigeons, and surpassing their rivals in riot and extravagance, are the two processes which exhaust their simple views. Four pages of pointless jests, witless little anecdotes, senseless little songs, and little bits of gossip about the play, are perhaps as faithful a representation of the minds of these fascinating creatures as one could desire. The pink sheet is the result of holding up the mirror to the understandings of the mercenary fair. The *Aspasie* of Paris, and perhaps of other cities too, has her amusing qualities exactly reflected in the truly brilliant and delicate wit of her literary organ. For instance: "One day at the Casino Cadet a fine lady with whom I — was dancing reminded him that he had no gloves on. 'It does n't matter,' he replied. 'I'll wash my hands after the quadrille.'" Or the picture of married bliss: "My dear, you are yawning." "Very likely, husband and wife only counting as one, when I'm by myself I'm bored." . . .

The idea of a registry of this kind of all the spiteful things which women of loose morals find to say of one another, is so exceedingly happy, that one wonders why some of the enterprising young members of the fashionable world, in our own country, have never taken it up. They certainly manage these things better in France. Imagine the pleasure which would be given to the horse-taming heroines of the Row, if they could awake every Sunday morning, with the proud knowledge, that their *obiter dicta* of the week were being diffused over the length and breadth of the town, on pink

paper. Macaulay dwells with just pride on the fact, that words spoken in the Senate at two in the morning, are read in Edinburgh in the afternoon, and reach the remotest Highlands by night. If the Parisian notion is borrowed, there is no reason why the elegant jests or pungent sarcasms vented by Anonyma in her box at the Opera, on Saturday night, should not be eagerly read at the Sunday breakfast in London, and in the intervals between the morning and afternoon services in the country. Indeed, we don't see why some sort of international arrangement should not be made. Everything in these days has its international aspect, from dog-shows, downwards; and an organ, which contained all the fine things which had been done and said in the Quartier Bréda on the one side, and in Fimlico on the other, would perhaps do as much to cement the alliance between the two countries, as the tranquil emulation in manufactures, and the peaceful rivalry of the iron-clads. As yet, the French ladies have scarcely got a thorough knowledge of the manners and customs of the English. One of the contributors to the pink sheet, writing under the curiously compounded title of *Aspasie Dea Maria*, forwards a little story, which we venture to reproduce with little fear of hurting the feelings of a respectable English family. An hotel at Nice is the scene of the myth: —

An English family had been living there for some time.

Two daughters, a father and a mother.

This family, which is noble and rich, is indefatigable in attending the balls of the Préfet.

One of the blonde young ladies met a young man there on three occasions.

One evening the family came down to dinner.

One of the young ladies is missing.

The mother, who has just left her, supposes that she'll be down directly.

One hour passes . . . two . . . the whole evening.

Excitement of the father and mother. . . .

All is in a revolution at the hotel. . . .

The next day they learn that the young lady was seen with a young gentleman.

The day after that the parents get the following letter.

The "jeune lady" would appear to have written to them in two languages, for the letter is printed by the Aspasian contributor thus: —

"Dear Father and Mother,

"Un petit Français m'avait promis son nom. Je l'ai suivi. Il m'a trompée et m'a laissée à l'Hôtel de Gènes. Il était marié et suis retenue pour la somme de seize livres. Envoyez-moi cette somme et votre pardon.

"Votre respectueuse fille, MISS MARY."

The result was that the father at once forwarded the sixteen pounds, and sent poor "Miss Mary" home. "Qui disait donc," concludes *Aspasie Dea Maria*, "que les Anglais n'étaient point *fantaisistes*?" So very different from the French in this respect, of course.

Not the least remarkable thing about the contributors is their candor as to the secrets of their craft. The share which *poudre de riz* has in their comeliness is a standing joke. Anna, for instance, gets very cross because Juliette insists upon going at full gallop in the Bois, which makes all the powder come off. "Tiens, voici la boîte," says Juliette, immediately passing the box to her in a friendly way. Their passion for money is as little

concealed as the artificial source of their charms. Nathalie honestly assures us that Regnier's verses are fully as true in 1866 as they were in 1731:—

"Que par de jolis vers, par une chansonnette,
Un amant trouve grâce auprès d'une coquette,
Je le crois bien;
Mais que cent pistoles en prose
Ne fassent mieux la même chose,
Je n'en crois rien."

In a rather amusing series of papers, — the only thing, indeed, worth reading in these pink sheets, — entitled a "Voyage," not round the world, but round the *demi-monde*, the authoress exhibits the ugliness of the country through which she is taking us with an effect to which the sternest moralist could not approach. The lying, affectation, greediness, and utter rascality of the women, and the folly and infatuation of their dupes, are depicted with a charming inconsciousness on the part of our guide that this sordid trickery is in any way either wonderful or objectionable. The picture of the actress "en disponibilité" is marked by an exceeding frankness. Most of the leading characters, it would seem, make a pretence of following the drama. As soon as she has left the Conservatoire, say at eighteen, the lady is taken by her mother to travel. On this journey she signs several engagements, — at Vienna with a field-marshal, retired from service, who consoles himself for the wounds of war by cultivating the arts; "à Berlin, avec un principicule allemand, qui lui donne un traitement de ministre, et auquel elle rend de mauvais traitements; à Hambourg, avec un banquier artiste, qui lui donne un aperçu du *libre échange*." Then she arrives at St. Petersburg, with the fixed idea of becoming a princess, while the fixed idea of her mother is to "avenge the French army." "The first attains her end sometimes, the latter invariably."

All this time the dramatic art, in the shape of a lot of plays in paper covers, remains buried in an old bandbox. The result of the tour is that the actress finds herself without her memory, her voice, or her theatrical knowledge, "mais elle a gagné une position financière avouable." With this capital she sets up business in Paris. She speaks Russian, smokes cigarettes, calls her coachman *moujik*, covers herself with furs, and devours caviare at every meal. Arms are quartered on the panels of her coach, and she calls herself Baroness or Countess, or anything else she chooses. Her excellent mother passes for aunt or companion nominally, and in reality manages the house and conducts all affairs with the pawnbroker. She has her reception days, like her neighbors, and counts all sorts of rich and titled foreigners among her visitors. At the play she always has one of those dark big boxes known as *baignoires*, "being very well aware that one is never so much remarked as when one tries to escape observation." Whether she means all this to be a kind of student's manual or handbook of etiquette for young ladies, or a piece of descriptive natural history for the use of the world in general, it is difficult to decide. Probably it is the former. Anything like a scoffing treatment of a subject so momentous to the readers of the journal would be as fatal as an attack upon cant and bigotry in the columns of a religious newspaper.

One lady contributes a little story to the effect that, finding herself in the room of a male friend, and it being one of her few principles never to neglect any chance of rummaging an open drawer, especially if it were marked *Tombeau des souvenirs*,

she came upon various letters of dismissal from his former acquaintances. Perhaps one of them will suffice for English readers:—

"My dear —: You don't deserve either my love or my regrets, and I'm going to forget you in a ball this very evening; but as my hair is indispensable, be kind enough to send it to me. Ever yours, MARTHA. — P. S. You'll find the curls in the second drawer, close to the rice-powder."

At all events, nobody can accuse our delightful female contemporary of making vice at all attractive. The soiled dove is transfixed by quill pens taken from its own bosom.

SIR RALPH'S HERIOT.

A LANCASHIRE TRADITION.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, or, as it appears in ancient chronicles, "*Ashton-sub-Lima*," is a market town on the north bank of the Tame, Lancashire, about six or seven miles from Manchester. It is well laid out, well built, and thriving. It is admirably adapted, by its situation, both for the purposes of trade and manufacture. It is the centre of a populous neighborhood, has an unlimited supply of coal, and railway communication with all parts of England.

In the "good old times"—that far-off period which so many people talk and read about with pleasure, but to which so few, if any, would like to return—Ashton was the seat of the Ashton, or Assheton family. A Sir John Assheton, in the fifth year of the Sixth Henry, became possessed of the Manor of Assheton on payment of one penny annually. This worthy knight is said to have built the old church, and to have been the first to introduce seats for the common people. With a gallantry which adds fresh lustre to his spurs, the number of these seats being limited, they were given exclusively to the women,—the tenants' wives and daughters.

Sir John was succeeded by his son Sir Ralph, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the Black Knight. It is supposed that the annual ceremony observed at Ashton on Easter Monday, of "Riding the Black Lad" simply commemorates the popular odium in which Sir Ralph was held; this custom bearing a close resemblance to the "Guy Fawkes" proceeding of November the 5th.

Sir Ralph was feared and hated by his tenantry. He was permitted, by royal letters patent, to execute supreme jurisdiction, and he misused his trust.

One of the most oppressive forms of taxation, originating in the feudal age, but perpetuated long afterwards, was the custom of *heriotship*. This was neither more nor less than a fine for dying. A certain claim could be, and was, made by the lord of the manor on the property of the deceased tenant, and it fell with great severity on widows in humble circumstances. Death laid low the bread-winner, and the landlord stepped in to take away best part of the scanty store the dead man might have scraped together.

There was, so says tradition, a poor widow near Ashton. Her husband had held his little farm under Sir Ralph Ashton, one of the most rapacious and cruel of men. The character borne by Sir Ralph was worthy of the old doggerel which set forth public opinion with regard to him,—

"O Jesu! for thy mercy's sake,
And for thy bitter passion,
Save us from the axe of the Tower,
And from Sir Ralph of Ashton!"

He spared neither age nor sex; he had no pity for the sick or the dying; he showed no mercy to the widow and the orphan: wherever his shadow fell, trouble came; wherever his voice was heard, weeping and wailing were not far off. When Sir Ralph heard that his tenant was dead, he sent an imperative order, commanding that the heriot should be paid without delay. Now the widow had nothing with which she could satisfy his claim except one cow, and the cow was the chief sustenance of her family. The widow had four children to feed,—one of them an infant not many weeks old, the eldest an idiot boy, harmless, but useless, strong and active, and about fourteen years old. This poor lad, tenderly beloved of his mother, was to her more trouble than all the rest,—not that he would willingly have pained her, but his strange, wild ways perplexed her, and she feared, whenever he was out of her sight, that he would come to harm.

It was a sad scene which the widow's home presented on the Christmas morning of 1484. Sharp, cold weather,—weather unusually severe, the country for miles around covered with snow; the rivers and streams bound in icy fetters; the bleak wind sweeping and moaning through the forest and over the waste, as if it were chanting a Lenten dirge rather than singing a Yule carol. Cold outside the miserable home of the poor widow, and colder within, she and her children had taken a little milk and eaten a little porridge, and they sat huddled together over a few red embers on the hearth. The idiot boy was singing softly to himself, and winking his horny eyes at the fire; the other children were all unwittingly making their sorrowful mother still sadder. "Was it not Christmas? then why not have holly like they did last year,—eh, mother? Why not have a Christmas fire,—we should like Christmas fire, mother? And how long will it be before father comes home, and shall we have Christmas fire to-day, and see the holly, and sing as we sang last Yule-tide?" The cow lowed from her crib, separated only from the family by a slight partition, and the sound the poor beast made only served to deepen the misery of its poor mistress. The Black Knight of Ashton claimed the cow for his heriot, and if he took her there was only death for them.

Suddenly the door, which had been closed, was flung open, and Sir Ralph Ashton looked in,—a tall, squarely built man, with sinewy limbs, and a great quantity of dark hair on head, and lips, and cheeks, and chin. His eyes glowed like fire, and there was a scowl on his face that betokened a storm.

Harsh, hard, fierce, and cruel were his words. He had himself come to claim his own, and he would have it; the heriot was his, the cow was his, none should deprive him of his rights. Mercy! it was not in his bond. Leniency, delay! nothing was said of either in his feudal charter. Charity, for the sake of Him whose feast they kept that day! Sir Ralph laughed his own harsh laugh, and said he had no time for fooling. So a couple of fellows who had accompanied Sir Ralph drove out the poor beast from the shed, and the knight, with a threat of expelling the family from their miserable hut, turned to depart. It was the idiot who stopped him,—

"Beest thou our liege lord?"

"Ay, fool; what hast thy pert tongue to say to that?"

"The liege lord will die, mother,—will he die?"

"Hush, boy, hush!" said the widow.

"Nay, let the brat speak out. What of it, boy,—what if I should die?"

"Then thy liege lord will claim heriot."

"And who may he be?"

"Old Hornie,—Beelzebub!"

"And what heriot should I pay to him?" roared the knight, half angry, half amused.

"Thy soul."

"And thy body shall smart for it, imbecile!"

"Oh, ha' pity, ha' pity,—the lad's daft!" and the widow threw herself before the knight, who roughly spurned her with his foot.

"Enough of this. All of you shall suffer for this. There, no whimpering." He strode away across the snow, and never once looked back.

There were strange doings that night at Ashton Hall. It was rough weather,—snowing hard and freezing hard; but the company was still numerous, for, when the lord of Ashton dispensed his good cheer, woe to those tenants who slighted his hospitality! A huge fire was kindled on the broad hearth, but it gave forth no bright and cheerful light; it sputtered, and could not be made to blaze. The air was damp and chilly; the wassail seemed to have lost its flavor, and the Christmas plants looked shrivelled on the walls. The guests spoke in low whispers, and affected the fire rather than engage in any merry-making sports; the minstrels, in their little oaken gallery, rubbed their benumbed hands, and felt oppressed. There was good cheer; there were mummers in quaint devices of all sorts, hobby-horses, and what not; but there was no mirth.

About six in the afternoon, Sir Ralph came into the hall, and glanced angrily round upon his guests, and his indignation broke out in a storm of reproach. Was his bounty to be churlishly received by his own hinds? Had John the Slater, and Roger the Miller, and Jack the Woodman, and Hobbe o' the Leghes, come there to a feast or a funeral? Were blind man's buff, hot cockles, and bob-apple too poor sport for these gentry? Was not the Christmas pie large enough or good enough for their tastes? By his halidome, it should go hard but he would teach them better manners.

While the angry knight was thus addressing his guests,—guests who stood appalled before him,—one of the mummers, a little fellow, clad in black, with a mask having horns, and, besides, a long tail with a fluke to it, cautiously crept out of the group, and stealing unperceived behind the angry host, seized him by his cloak, and tripped him on the floor. Sir Ralph had never in his whole life been so humiliated. Every face about him turned white at the spectacle. He regained his feet in an instant, and catching up a stout oaken cudgel, dealt about him with no weak hand. The guests flew before him in dismay, and were chased round and round the hall in the utmost confusion. Some fell, some escaped into the open air; but the black mummer neither fell nor fled. He was, or rather seemed to be, everywhere at once. He was safely in a corner one moment, and Sir Ralph was making sure of him, when out and away was he, dexterously diving and running between the knight's legs, perhaps upsetting him, perhaps, for an instant, leaping on his back,—here, there, everywhere, making the hall ring with his shrill laughter.

At last, no more than a dozen of the guests remained, with the exception of those who were badly hurt, and lay groaning on the floor. Sir Ralph

paused to take breath, and look about him. There, in the music gallery, with his legs hanging over the front, sat the black mummer, swaying his body to and fro, and laughing as if he was a witness of the drollest affair he had ever seen in his life.

"Pull down the rogue," called out Sir Ralph. "Guard the stair. Some of you seize him. By the Rood, he shall pay for his sport!" The figure leaped from the gallery, and stood face to face with the knight. Sir Ralph raised his cudgel, and aimed a stout blow, but the knave avoided it. Again Sir Ralph strove to strike, with the same result. Then, in a shrill voice, heard distinctly over the hall, the black figure cried, —

"The heriot! the heriot! Sir Ralph, I came to tell thee thy liege lord would take his heriot at Easter." And, with these words and a diabolical laugh, the figure vanished.

Sir Ralph hastily quitted the hall. He was troubled. Hurriedly he sent for his priest. What passed between them is unknown. Next morning the widow's cow was returned to her; in the course of the day assistance was sent to her from Sir Ralph's almshouse. He became charitable. He was attentive to his religious duties. He forbade any allusion to what had occurred on Christmas night; but, as the year advanced, he was noticed to change in other respects: he became weak, the rigorous fast of Lent told on him, and at Easter he died.

Such is the popular tradition of the Black Knight of Ashton. It is related by various authorities with different embellishments, and its explanation is sometimes supernatural, and occasionally the reverse. Who was the strange visitor, — the black mummer, with his quaint antics and dreadful message? The Evil One, say some; a "Boggart," full of mischief, say others; only a few incline to the opinion which to us appears the most probable, namely, that the mummer was no other than the idiot boy, — witless enough, but not so "daft" as to be incapable of the concoction and execution of an ingenious trick, — mad enough, doubtless, but with "method in his madness."

TOUCHING TIGERS.

THE native ground of the tiger has been greatly too much restricted. Some writers have confined it to India alone; others, to India and the Malayan peninsula; but the animal extends into Chinese Tartary and Eastern Russia, to the confines of Siberia, where it is as formidable and as much dreaded as in the Soonderbuns of Bengal. The strangest feature in the distribution of the beast is that it is unknown in China, in those very latitudes which are in India most favorable to its development. Hong-Kong, for instance, is in the same parallel as the Soonderbuns, but the tiger is quite unknown there or on the adjacent mainland. Atkinson is, I believe, our most recent authority on the occurrence of this animal in the countries bordering upon Siberia. And it does not appear that its size, strength, or ferocity is at all diminished by the coldness of that climate.

Tiger countries are so varied, that the tiger cannot be strictly described as limited to any particular form of country. It wanders much, taking long journeys by night, swims wide rivers or salt-water creeks, lurks in dense thickets or heavy grass or forest when in the neighborhood of man, but rambles freely over the open inland thinly inhabited. It ascends wooded mountains up to seven or eight

thousand feet above the sea; and in the western parts of India, bereft almost of vegetation, finds a stronghold in the numerous deep ravines which cut the surface of the arid plains.

My first acquaintance with the tiger in his natural state was made in a country which has only of late years become known to Europeans. Much as has been done by our countrymen towards extirpating this animal in the jungles of the Turraie, and the Morung, and other parts of India, wide regions still exist within and on the confines of the southwest frontier of Bengal where the shot of the sportsman has seldom if ever broken the silence of the dreary woods.

Along the southern skirts of the Kolehán, in Ké-onjur and Mohurbun, where the Koél and the By-turnee wind ripples through the shades of far extending forests, where the poor Ho, or Sontal, in his wretched clearing, rears his solitary hovel, and shares with the Sámbar and the wild pig the scanty produce of his little field, there the tiger, instead of lurking in the jungle, marches boldly forth in the broad daylight, and seizes the bullock at the plough, or the poor husbandman's half-naked daughter, while filling her pitcher at the lonely pool. It comes with the gathering dusk to the ill-fastened hovel door, breaks down the fence in which the starving kine have been immured, slays in a few minutes, perhaps, the whole of the little herd on which the owner relied for his subsistence, and often thus succeeds in driving away the settler.

But even in these wild solitudes man sometimes maintains his supremacy over the beast of the field. The Ho, or, as he is commonly called by more civilized neighbors, the Kóle, trained from boyhood to the use of the bow and arrow, is generally an adroit archer, and many individuals among his tribe are singularly intrepid men. He has need to be so, who, leaving the safety and comparative comforts of a large village, with no weapons but bow and arrows and a light battle-axe, and no companions but wife and children, sallies forth into the wide forests, where man never trod before, and founds there a new settlement. Sometimes two or three able-bodied persons of his "keeley," or clan, will assist him in felling and clearing an acre or two, and once or twice he may revisit his native town to purchase seed and poultry and cattle. But with these exceptions the new settler and his little family live and labor in solitude, and must by their unaided efforts strive for mastery with the wild beasts of the forest.

Many years ago — so many, that names of persons and of some places concerned, have passed from my memory — official duties led me to a small village in Rengrapeer, one of the remotest and wildest divisions of that wild country the Kolehán, on the southwest frontier. The hamlet consisted of some five or six cottages in a cleared space of as many acres, surrounded by forest. A brook, whence the women of the village procured water, ran by the bottom of a slope, about two hundred yards from the houses; and (a usual feature in Kóle villages) a few large slabs of slaty rock fixed in the ground marked where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Near one of those I observed a pole erected, on which grinned the skull of a tiger, with the bones of one of its arms dismembered half-way up. I turned to the villagers near me for an explanation, and heard this:

The daughter of the Moonda, or head man of the place, was affianced, in the rude native fashion, to

one of the young men of the village, and their nuptials were to come off in a few days. One evening the girl with some of her female companions went, as was their daily wont, to the brook already mentioned, to bathe and fetch water for the household.

They had been absent but a quarter of an hour, when the startling voice of a tiger, and the piercing shrieks of the women, suddenly broke the silence of the hour, and before the roused villagers could snatch their arms, the girls came flying back with horror in their faces, and in a few words announced the dreadful fact that a tiger had carried off one of their party. It was the Moonda's daughter. Her stout-hearted kinsmen rushed, but with hopeless hearts, to the rescue. Foremost among these was her intended husband, and close by his side his sworn brother, allied to him by a ceremony, common amongst this people, of tasting each other's blood, and swearing to stand by each other in after life, come weal, come woe. While the rest were following with skill and caution the bloody traces of the monster and his prey, these two, dashing on through the dense jungle, soon came upon the object of their search. In a small open space (which I afterwards visited) the tiger was crouched over the dead body of the girl, which it had already begun to devour. The approach of the hunters roused him, and he stood over the carcass, growling defiance at the two men.

In a moment an arrow from the bereaved lover's bow pierced the tiger's chest. It struck deep and true, but not so as (in sporting phrase) to stop the dreadful beast, who, from a distance of some thirty paces, came down, with his peculiar whirlwind rush, on his assailant. The young man had just time to draw his "kappee," or battle-axe, from his girdle, when the tiger seized him by the left wrist. The man, leaning well back to gain room for the swing of the axe, drove it with all the collected strength of rage and despair into the tiger's forearm, severing the massive bone, and leaving the blade buried in the muscles. Next moment his head was crushed within the monster's jaws, and he fell dead upon the ground, while the tiger, tamed by the loss of blood, turned round and began to limp away. All occurred so rapidly, that the surviving comrade had not shot a shaft, but now, maddened, he run to the retreating brute, and sent arrow after arrow up to the feather into its side and neck until it rolled over, dying, within a few yards of the ill-fated young couple. The tiger still breathed as the rest of the party came up. They struck off its head, dis severed the muscle by which the left forearm still adhered to the shoulder, and with these spoils, and the mangled bodies of the poor victims borne on litters, returned, a melancholy procession, to the village. The above minute details I had from the chief actor himself, a stalwart young fellow. The event had occurred not more than a month or five weeks before, and the sun-dried strips of flesh still adhered to the ghastly trophy on the pole. I wished to have brought the bones away, but they gave some comfort to the poor old Moonda's heart. They reminded him that his daughter had not died unavenged, and I left them there.

Another instance that became known to me of heroism among the Kôles, is of a more homely sort. In another part of Rengrapeer, a clearing was made in the forest by an old man, his wife, her sister, and a grown-up daughter. No other human being lived within miles of their solitary hut, and the head of the family had to go frequently, and always alone,

to a distant village for the necessities of life. His first season's ploughing was stopped by a tiger killing one of the only pair of bullocks he possessed, and he was obliged to sell the other to buy rice for the rest of the year. Before the next rains, he managed to procure another pair of oxen, and patiently recommenced the tillage of his little clearing. But his unwelcome neighbor again robbed him of a bullock, and once more put an end to his operations. This was too much to bear, and with singular hardihood the old man determined to rid himself of his enemy or die of him. The bullock lay dead within a few paces of a patch of grass which intervened between the clearing and the forest; and the man, thoroughly conversant with the habits of the tiger, knew well that in this grass the beast would lie until the cool of evening summoned him to sup upon the carcass. He proceeded without further ado into the house, armed his household, the three women aforesaid, with a bamboo each, placed them in line along the edge of the grass, posted himself by a circuitous route on the opposite side of the cover where it skirted the jungle, and, having given some preconcerted signal to his auxiliaries, waited, bow in hand and arrow on string, for his dangerous enemy. The three women, nothing daunted, began beating the ground in a business-like manner. They shrieked and yelled, and advanced steadily into the cover; it was not extensive; before long the tiger came sneaking out towards the man, who, well concealed behind a tree, let him pass so as to obtain a clear broadside view, and then let fly an arrow into the centre of his neck. Fortune favored the bold, and the brute fell dead.

So little did the veteran think of this exploit, that I should probably have heard nothing about it, had he not come to my office attended by his family and the mankee, or head of his circle, with the tiger's skin, to claim the reward (ten rupees a head) given by government for the destruction of this animal; a reward which, shabby as it is, was not to be despised by the poor settler. He was a short, wiry man, some fifty or sixty years of age, with a dogged, determined look, and spoke of killing the tiger and making his old wife and sister-in-law beat him up, in such a matter-of-fact way that we were all in shouts of laughter, though filled with admiration for the stout old boy and his hard-favored amazons.

There was great *luck* in such an easy conquest, but it is not, even within my own knowledge, a solitary instance of so large an animal being killed at once by so apparently inadequate a weapon. A very big tiger was once brought into head-quarter station of the Kôle country—Chybasa—which had been killed with one shot by a mere stripling, some sixteen or seventeen years old, who seemed much more engaged in admiring the flowers in front of my house, than interested in the recital of his prowess, made to me by his comrades and the head man of the village.

Those who have engaged in tiger-shooting excursions, either on foot or on elephants, know full well how many shots the brute sometimes takes. And such instances of quick work as the two above cited may surprise the most experienced sportsman.

I have already observed that where population is exceedingly scarce, the tiger loses much of his skulking, hiding disposition, and attacks his prey in the open. In 1837, 'or '38, a lad herding cattle in the village lands of Koorsee, near Chaibasa, was pursued over a meadow, and *through the herd*, and was killed by a tiger, who had begun to eat him when

scared away by the villagers. I saw the body; it lay in the midst of an open field, at least two hundred yards from any cover. It was disembowelled, and with the chest torn open; but the face was as that of one who lies in a pleasant sleep.

The enormous forearm of the tiger has often attracted attention. We have seen a cat pat a dead mouse, or the face of a dog which was teasing her, and it is easy to understand what a tremendous blow a tiger could give in the same manner; but I believe it to be a mistake to suppose that he strikes down his prey with his paw. He strikes in self-defence and when fighting, but not when seizing his victim.

I have seen many carcasses of deer, cattle, buffaloes, and horses, which had been killed by tigers, and they all had the same appearance; four deep holes at the back of the neck (two of them on each side the cervical vertebrae), made by the animal's incisor teeth; no other mark. Of course, if the tiger had begun to feed on the body, it was extensively lacerated. And if (as sometimes in the case of a buffalo) the prey had struggled much, and had succeeded in dragging the tiger a few yards, the chest and fore legs would bear the impression of the claws and the tremendous grip, but these, as far as my experience goes, were exceptional cases.

It is evident that the tiger, in seizing his prey, rushes on to its back, grips the neck with his jaws as with a vice, and, with his arms confining the animal's struggles, lies there upon his victim until it is suffocated. With a human being I know not how the case is. A tiger has been seen to seize and carry off a man by the neck, or the arm, or thigh, indifferently. In the well-known cases of Major Coinett and Captain Fenwick, they were both seized by the thigh, and carried off, it is said, on the animal's back. More recently, a Captain Hill, superintendent of police in Burma, was gripped by the neck, and there held until the arrival of his people rescued him from his awful position. In 1846, in Mämbhoom, near Midnapore, I was out after a tiger, on foot, and having wounded him severely, was searching for him in the jungle with a number of beaters.

Three times we came upon him, and each time he broke cover by charging through the mob of us. Once, he struck a man on the chest, knocking him over, and scratching him severely. Next time he seized one of the beaters in his jaws, by the thigh, giving him a rapid shake and passing on. But these are all cases in which the animal was acting in self-defence, or in retaliation. What I have said above refers to its usual mode of capturing its food.

The averment in our "natural history" books, that the tiger disdains to touch carrion, is quite untrue. The same rhetoric is indulged in regarding the eagle, and is equally erroneous. The lion also, the "king of beasts" is, I believe, as little scrupulous as any other cat, in this particular. I have described how the tiger captures and kills his prey. When dead, if the body lie convenient to his covert, he lets it remain; if it be too far out in the open, it is dragged farther in towards the jungle, and there left until towards dawn. Sometimes the body is disembowelled after being removed a little way, and is then drawn away to some hidden spot. A leopard has been seen to disembowel a goat, holding it by the throat, lying on its back underneath the body, and ripping it open by repeated kicks with its hind claws. Probably the tiger operates by the same method. He appears to prefer a rump-steak, or a round, to any other portion. These are almost

always the first part eaten, then the ribs, rarely the fore-quarters, and never, within my knowledge, the head.

The following little anecdote, while it illustrates this, affords a pretty good specimen of the tiger's caution, of the silence of his approach, and of his immense strength. In the cold weather of 1838, near the same village of Koorsee where the herd-boy had been killed, I was one day shown the body of a cow, which a tiger had just struck down. It lay close to some rather thin jungle, near a ridge of low rocks; a few larger trees, such as mangoes, were interspersed in the brushwood, and the ground was covered with dead dried-up leaves: so crisp, that it seemed impossible for an insect even to pass over them without being heard. It was then about noon, and I determined to sit up for the tiger, who, we knew, would come again at nightfall, or before next morning, to devour the carcass. A charpaie, or small native bedstead, was speedily procured from the village, and lashed across the fork of a mango-tree, within a few paces of which lay the cow. Before sunset I and my companion (our doctor) were escorted to the spot by a body of armed Kôles. I disembarassed myself of a huge sola, or pith hat, which I placed on the ground near the tree, and in it I deposited a pair of unwieldy dragoon's pistols (it was before the days of "repeaters"), which I thought would be useless in our elevated position. I also took off, and left at the foot of the tree, a pair of thick shooting-shoes, and then, with the help of my village friends, gained the charpaie, and sat myself down by the worthy doctor. Between us were four double barrels and ammunition. When we were fairly in our post, our escort silently withdrew to a hovel on the skirts of the village, just within hail.

The moon, near its full, was rising, and the night calm. A deep shadow rested under the trees, save where, through gaps in the foliage, the silver rays stole in. A solemn silence reigned around, scarce broken by the whispering rustle of the leaves as at intervals the night air sighed fitfully. Those who have sat motionless and patient, far into the night, with such an object in view, can understand the oppressive feeling that steals over one in the stony stillness, with ear and eye stretched to catch every sound, or detect the slightest movement. Immovable as statues we sat, without a whisper. Creature-comforts we had none; for cheroots and brandy-and-water were

"Banned and barred, forbidden fare,"

it being supposed that a tiger cannot abide tobacco. Loins, and backbones, and necks, and legs grew stiffer and stiffer, and ached wearily; but still we sat. The night passed slowly on, the moon climbed higher and higher over our heads, and at last shone upon the dead cow below; but not a sound fell on the ear. Tired nature began to murmur against the penance; first a few remarks were whisperingly ventured: "I don't think he's coming." "I think he heard those fellows and is off." "He can't be here, or we should have heard him," &c., &c. Gradually such feeble suggestions gave way to positive assertions, delivered in a tolerably audible tone, and at last I openly declared I would wait no longer, and descended to the ground.

My first act was to get my shoes, and while putting them on and chatting without further constraint, I remarked that it would be as well to call our guides. Forthwith, uplifting my voice, I shout-

ed out the name of the Moonda. Hardly had the word passed my lips, when an abrupt, startling roar from a thicket within a few paces of me petrified us with amazement. Never had I felt so wretchedly helpless. Standing unarmed at the foot of the tree, I had one shoe on, and was about to put on the other. While expecting every instant to be my last, I felt sure that an attempt to climb back to my perch would be the signal for the tiger to seize me. To remain standing there was equally disagreeable. My pistols came to my recollection. They were lying in my hat, but the hat lay somewhat in the direction of the thicket. It was a trying moment; but in another moment I found myself striding towards the hat, one shoe on and the other off, and hardly conscious of what I did. I remember grasping the pistols, cocking them, and with the barrels levelled towards the bush, which I steadily faced, shuffling sideways to the tree. The feel of the trusty weapons in my hands was comforting, as was the sight of the doctor, who, with both barrels of his gun cocked, and pointing at the bush, leant eagerly forward on the charpaie, covering my retreat.

At length I reached the tree on the side farthest from the thicket, and went up it like a lamplighter, pistol in hand, although, on our first arrival, I had required the assistance of other people's arms and shoulders. "Thank God!" exclaimed the doctor, as soon as I was seated by him. You are up. I thought you were a dead man." And so saying, he fired into the bush, just as our escort came up with lighted torches; and we returned to our tent in the village.

Scarcely had the sun risen on the morrow, when a Kôle ran in to tell us that the cow had been removed. The doctor was obliged to return to the station, but I repaired at once to the spot of our night's vigil. The cow was gone, and a broad trail showed which way she had been dragged. At about a hundred yards from our mango-tree, and near the foot of the rocks before described, lay the stomach and entrails, and a pool of blood. Farther on, was a spot where the tiger had been rolling. The marks were plain, with some of his hair lying where the ground had been pressed down. And on a ledge on the summit of a perpendicular scarped rock about four feet high, lay the carcass of the cow, partly eaten away. The tiger must have jumped on the ledge with the cow in his mouth; there were no other means of ascent. The prodigious power of the animal may be conceived from such a feat. After gazing for a while on the spectacle, some of the most experienced Kôles present assured me that the tiger after gorging on so much beef, could not possibly be far off, and they volunteered at once to beat him up and drive him towards me.

I accordingly selected a commanding spot, and sent the men a détour of some three hundred yards in front of me, whence they commenced beating in my direction. In a few minutes the tiger was roused, and passed my station at a distance of about sixty yards, in a lumping, heavy canter, with his tail in the air. I took deliberate aim a little in front of his chest, and fired. The ball cut a twig, and must have deflected from its first direction, for the tiger passed on without taking the slightest notice of my salute, and in another instant was lost in the jungle, leaving me to return to camp intensely mortified.

Bears (*Prochilus labiatus*) swarm in the Kolehân

and all the rocky and jungly parts of Orissa; and the Kôles assured me that at times they became the prey of tigers. The tiger, they said, did not care to face an old dog bear, but would lie in wait on the top of a rock where bears were wont to pass and repass below, and drop on the back of the first one that came beneath. Poor old "bhaloo," taken so unfairly at disadvantage, generally falls an easy prey, but on equal terms the bear, it appears, does not fear a tiger. Near Keyra, in Singbhoom, I once saw both animals driven out of the same patch of jungle, and they must have been lying there near each other for a considerable time.

There has been much controversy about the tiger's power of jumping; some are of opinion that he cannot entirely quit the ground with his hind feet. For my part, I do not see what is to prevent him. The muscles of his legs are fully able to overcome the weight of his body, which is generally spare and transversely narrow. I have seen a tiger take a very decent drop leap. Tigers have been known also to get, somehow, into howdas on elephants' backs. In short, I am inclined to believe that those who deny his jumping powers argue with reference to his great weight, and do not sufficiently consider the great strength which bears that weight along.

Natives are much more successful than Europeans in lying in wait for a tiger. They are more patient, and will sit from nightfall till morning almost motionless. They are content to sit on the bare branches of the tree, where their dusky bodies are invisible. In Orissa the custom is to throw a light upon the carcass of the animal which the tiger is expected to devour. It enables the "Shikaree" to take better aim with his long, clumsy matchlock, and the light is readily obtained from an ordinary "chirâg," or oil lamp, placed in an earthen pot, the side of which next the carcass is knocked out, while the side next the hunter casts over him a still deeper shadow. The flame throws a steady gleam over the spot which the tiger will probably occupy, and it is notorious that the animal has no fear of the light, but, on the contrary, appears to be enticed by it. I wonder why this custom is not practised by Europeans, for all who have tried shooting at night-time must know how impossible it is to take proper aim when the muzzle of the gun is lost in darkness, even with the aid of chalk along the top of the barrel, or paper attached to the sight.

I know not if the opinion obtain elsewhere, but in Orissa the idea is that a tiger prefers the flesh of a horse to that of any other animal. At Porahaut, in Singbhoom, 1838-39, I once saw four cows which had been killed by a tiger. They were lying dead in a byre, but otherwise untouched, while a horse that had been grazing outside had also been killed and dragged towards the jungle. Its carcass lay near a small deserted hovel, and in this I determined to keep watch all night, as the people considered it certain that the tiger would come back to feed on the body. Everything was duly prepared. Facing the dead horse a small hole was made in the wall of logs, and the light of a "chirâg" so placed as to fall well upon the horseflesh. At dusk I entered the shanty, with two double-barrels and ammunition, some blankets to lie on, and a trusty follower, himself a keen hunter, to take "spell and spell" in watching. When we had entered, the doorway (the only opening into the shanty) was strongly closed and secured, and we silently began our watch. The night closed in pitchy darkness, but as I cautiously peeped, through the loophole I saw that the

light of the lamp outside in the pitcher fell steadily on the horse's body, and being determined not to throw away a chance by leaving the spot before day, as I had done at Korse, I resigned myself to a long night of patience. I do not know how long we sat side by side. The sounds from the town, softened by the distance, at length ceased altogether, and the forest, utterly silent, became inky black in the night. The absence of jackals, or of pariahs (village dogs), which roam about the skirts of human habitations at such hours, was, according to my companion, a strong proof that the tiger must be somewhere near: an assurance which kept me awake, till, in the stillness, I could watch no more.

A hand laid stealthily on my knee awoke me, another grasp and I was broad awake, sitting up on the floor and listening. "Bāgh aya" (the tiger has come) whispered my companion, and there was a low tearing, crunching, gnawing sound from where the horse lay. No red Indian could have passed the barrels out more stealthily than I did. With my finger on each trigger I cocked the gun without the slightest "click" being audible; and then, peering along the barrels, looked out. The horse lay about ten yards off, — something was upon it, something reddish. How small the tiger appears! The gnawing and rending go on, but the bodies are confused together, for the "chirāg" has grown dull. I must not pull until I get a fair shot at the head. No hurry, take it easy! The gnawing suddenly stops, a head is uplifted, a sharp nose, and two pointed ears cocked, followed by the too familiar "bow-woo!" reveal a village cur.

As usual, the Brahmins and other people of Pora-haut attributed my failure to my having omitted making the usual "pooja" or offering to Deyvee, the goddess invoked on such occasions. To no subject does superstition more strongly attach, among the inhabitants of wild jungly countries, than to the tiger. In Upper India, the spirit of the person last killed by the animal is believed to ride on its head, and guide it to a fresh victim. Among the Kōles it is the acknowledged avenger, the Nemesis of evil deeds. The oath administered in courts of justice, and among themselves, calls on the tiger to slay him who shall speak aught but truth. The angriest expression one Kōle can use to another is, "Koola kai hāb," — "May the tiger seize him!" In their hunting excursions these people, who firmly believe that the tiger has preternatural means of overhearing all that is said, carefully avoid mentioning him, except by some assumed name. He is generally mentioned as the "Raja" and "Maharāj." On one occasion, when we were in search of a tiger, the Kōles, preparatory to beating the covert, placed me in a spot, which it was thought likely the animal would pass; and the head man, or "mankee," gravely told me that "Maharāj" would in all probability take an airing in my direction, and that when he came near I was to be very careful how I made my "salām" to him. My instructor would not for the world have said, "You must take good aim before you fire."

Tigers are shot in considerable numbers every year in India by trap bows and arrows set in their haunts by the "Bughmārs," or professional tiger killers. The instrument has been often described.

Mongolian nations, such as Burmese, Karéns, Shans, Malays, and the Dyaks of Borneo, instead of planting a bow which shoots off a poisoned arrow on pushing against a string, fix a little above the ground a strong elastic horizontal bamboo, at right angles to the free end of which is fixed a jagged

and barbed wooden dagger, smeared with poison. The bamboo is then bent back, and is so secured in that position that pressure upon a string placed across the tiger's path loosens the catch, and the bamboo, striking the animal about the shoulder, buries the dagger deep in his body, where, being barbed, it remains. The victim generally dies in a few hours. Travellers are warned of the position of these traps by a bamboo cross or frame stuck up by the path, on either side of the trap, so that people approaching in either direction are put on the alert, and avoid danger by making a short détour. It is a curious fact that the Shan Karéns, in the Tenasserim provinces, and the Dyaks of Borneo, make use of precisely the same expedient to kill the tiger and to warn the passenger.

I cannot call to mind having met in any book with an accurate description of the tiger's cries. The snarling and growling of the animal when "stirred up with a long pole" is familiar to all who have visited a menagerie, and appears to be the only noise the creature makes when in a state of captivity; but in his native forest, in the long nights of the cold season, when the woods on the hill seem to sleep in the moonlight, the tiger striding along his lonely path, and seeking his fierce mate, mews like an old tom cat, — or rather like a hundred old tom cats in chorus.

It is a loud and harsh and grating *miau*; a sound of dread echoing along the dreary jungle, making the sentry pause as he paces on his post by the slumbering camp; and the solitary settler turn in his cot, and thank the gods his little ones are safe within. It is seldom heard more than twice or thrice. When the tiger is on the look-out for food (usually of an evening), he lies silent and motionless in some dense covert close to water where animals resort to drink, and when one of these approaches near enough, he bounds out on his prey in perfect silence; or, with an abrupt sonorous grunt, terribly startling, which appears to paralyze the victim, and deprive it of all power to fly or resist.

The old fable or legend of the "lion's provider," founded on some base of truth, applies to the tiger, who is believed by many nations of India to be guided to his prey by the jackal. All who have resided in, or travelled about, the wild and jungly parts of Bēngal, where the main forests border on cultivation, will remember hearing at night a peculiar wailing cry, passing slowly along in the distance. It sounds like the syllables "*pee-all*" or "*see-all*" uttered in a doleful scream, and it proceeds from the "solitary jackal," whose Bengali name "*Shiāl*," is probably derived from the cry. This "solitary" jackal is not a separate species, but the ordinary jackal of the plains; individuals of which at times depart from their gregarious habits, wander alone at night in the vicinity of jungle, and, according to the inhabitants of such regions, give notice of the vicinity of the tiger by his weird cry, and attract him to follow them to some carcass, which has been discovered by the jackal's keener sense of smell. In the hot, sultry nights of March and April, people in these jungle villages often sleep out of doors on their small, low charpāies or bedsteads, and should the cry of the shiāl be heard approaching, all hurry indoors, or assemble in a central spot, armed with such weapons as they can muster.

The Turraie, or Turriana of Nepal, and the Morung, names applied to the plains stretching away southward from the Cis-Himalayan range, are now

almost entirely cleared and cultivated, but I remember the time when they were covered by forest and vast beds of elephant grass. These plains afford now, as they did then, inexhaustible pasturage for buffaloes, which are driven in thousands from villages in the "mud-dkés," or cultivated country, so soon as the grass dries up in the latter, to graze in the low humid lands of the Turraie, until the rainy season calls them to their homes.

These herds are tended by a wild and half-savage set of men, acclimated to the pestilential air of those regions, which they leave only to make an occasional excursion to distant villages for food. Here they live, in low, swampy reeds and forests, in which other human beings would die in a week, struck down by malaria. Here they pass their churlish lives along with their buffaloes, and scarcely raised in intellect above them. In former years, before the Turraie forest was cut down, tigers were plentiful in all these pasture-lands, and the wretched "Aheers," or herdsmen, were obliged to keep in the midst of their droves for safety.

Surrounded by his faithful buffaloes, the half-starved, half-naked, and shivering aheer felt himself as safe as if within a fortress. For, the moment these animals come across the smell of a tiger, they crowd together with their heads outward, presenting an impenetrable phalanx; often, acting on the aggressive, they follow up the trail, charge violently in mass upon the tiger should they overtake him, and with their hoofs and horns make short work of him. English sportsmen, traversing these wilds, are naturally astonished at the impunity with which a few unarmed miserable-looking men dwell in a forest beset with tigers, and are still more surprised when made acquainted with their means of safety.

Of tiger shooting in the orthodox way, that is to say, mounted on howdaed elephants, so much has been told and written, that I have nothing left to add. Safe as this amusement usually is, it has its dangers. To be on a runaway elephant in a mango grove, or a forest of middling-sized trees, is something like being taken aback in a hurricane. And crossing the "duldul," or quicksands, of the Gunduck river has made stout-hearted men turn as white as this paper. The tiger is now almost eradicated from the borders of Goruckpoor, Pirhoot, and Poorneea, where in my boyish days he abounded. May the same fate await him by and by in Rengrapeer! But calling to mind the grave advice of the old mankee, to the end that I may have my wish, let me whisper in secret. I breathe no more the name of the dweller in the "Bun Mahál,"—the palace in the wood,—but with reverent farewell say, "Maharāj, Salām!"

HOW FISH-HOOKS ARE MADE.

THE wire for making fish-hooks is procured in coils from Sheffield or Birmingham, of different qualities, varying with the kind of goods required. All first-class hooks are made from the very best cast-steel wire; other qualities are made of steel, but inferior; whilst the common sorts of large hooks are made of iron.

Cutting the wire into lengths suitable for the hook about to be made is the first operation, and is performed in two ways. The small and medium sizes are cut from the bundle or coil in quantities, between the blades of a pair of large upright shears, in the same manner as needle wires; but large sea-hooks, made from thick wire, are cut singly, each

length being placed separately upon a chisel fixed in a block or bench, and struck with a hammer. What are called "dubbed" hooks are "rubbed" after being cut,—that is, placed in a couple of iron rings, then made red-hot, and rubbed backwards and forwards with an iron bar until the friction has made every wire straight. Hooks, in general, are not rubbed, but are at once taken to be "bearded" or barbed, which is thus performed: The bearder, sitting at a work-bench in a good light, takes up three or four wires with his left hand, between the finger and thumb, and places the ends upon a piece of iron, somewhat like a very small anvil, fixed in the bench before him. In his right hand he holds the long handle of a knife of peculiar shape, the blade of which, having the edge turned from him, is placed flat upon the wires, the knife-point at the same time being passed under a bent piece of iron firmly fixed, which enables him to obtain sufficient leverage to cut the soft wires and raise the barb, or "beard," this being done by *pushing* the handle forward, whilst the point remains fixed, as described. It becomes a laborious operation in the case of very large sizes, requiring, not merely a forward motion of the arm, but a strong push with the body against the handle.

They are next taken by the filer, who makes the points. Each barbed wire is taken up separately, fixed in small pliers held by the left hand, then placed upon the end of a slip of box-wood, and filed to the degree of sharpness required. This is a matter of great nicety and delicacy. Common hooks are pointed with one file, but the finer sorts require two or three, flat and half round. Large sea-hooks have the ends flattened, and the burr cut off on each side with a sharp chisel into a roughly-shaped point, previous to being filed. The points of "dubbed" hooks are not filed, but ground upon a revolving stone, and this process is called "dubbing."

When the points are made, the "benders" proceed to operate upon them. A woman holds in her left hand a piece of wood, at the upper end of which is inserted a curve, or "bend" of steel, projecting slightly. Taking a wire in her right hand, she catches the beard upon one end of the steel curve, and pulls the wire round into the proper "hook" shape. For the larger sizes, the "bends" are fixed, not held in the hand.

Nothing now is necessary to perfect the formation but "shanking," which is done in various ways. Hooks are flattened at the shank end by a workman, who holds the curved part in his left hand, rests the end upon the edge of a steel anvil, and strikes it one sharp blow with a hammer. Some are tapered at the end with a file, whilst others are simply curled round, or "bowed," to provide a fastening for the line.

With steel hooks, hardening is the next process; but iron ones require converting, or "piecing," before they will harden. The pie-hole is a recess with a large, open chimney, and in this recess is placed an iron pot, filled with alternate layers of hooks and bone-dust. At a little distance from the pot bricks are built up all round, and the space filled with coal, which, when lighted, creates an intense heat, and to its action the hooks are exposed for about ten or twelve hours, allowed afterwards to cool, and are then fit for hardening. To effect this, they are exposed to a great heat upon pans in a fire-hole, and whilst red-hot, poured into a caldron of oil. Small hooks

are afterwards tempered in a kind of frying-pan, partly filled with drift-sand, and placed over a fire. The larger ones are tempered in a closed oven, at a low heat.

When these operations are completed, they are taken to the scouring-mill. It is occupied by a number of revolving barrels, driven by steam-power, and containing water and soft-soap, into which the hooks are put, and allowed to remain for two or three days. At the end of that time, the friction having worn them all bright, they are taken out, and dried in another revolving barrel, containing saw-dust. Blueing, japanning, or tinning follows,—of which the two latter are performed in the ordinary way, and the blueing is done by exposing them to a certain degree of heat in drift-sand over a fire, in the same way as small hooks are tempered. Counting, papering, labelling, and packing complete the series, and the goods are then ready for the market.

Readers of the foregoing description, can hardly fail to notice the extreme simplicity of most, or all, of the processes; and it seems strange that in such an age as ours there should be little improvement in the mode of production, as compared with the fire-side practice of amateurs two hundred years ago. In the "Secrets of Angling" the author describes the making of hooks (as practised by himself) in the following terms:—"Soften your needles in an hot fire in a chafin. The instruments—First, an hold-fast. Secondly, an hammer to flat the place for the beard. Thirdly, a file to make the beard, and sharpen the point. Fourthly, a bender, viz. a pin bended, put in the end of a stick, an handfull long. When they are made, lap them in the end of a wier, and heat them againe, and temper them in oyle or butter."

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE question of the education of women fills now a much more worthy place than it did a few years back; indeed, till very lately it has filled no place at all. The palpable difference between the scientific method in which the education of boys has claimed to be treated, and the general neglect which has been accorded to the subject of their sisters' training, has from time to time called some passing attention to the question, but as a general rule, it has lain quietly on its shelf. It is not that the education of girls in the upper ranks of life, or in the upper middle classes has been neglected, but there has been little system or science in it. The teachers have themselves too often been undertaught, a fault more serious in the instructors of girls than of boys; for a girl is more likely than a boy to show an inquisitive turn of mind, and to test the knowledge and readiness of those who undertake to teach her.

The books employed in the education of girls have been but little suited to their purpose, and the hands which have manipulated them into teaching machines have been unskilful and unready. And even had the books been better, although a good workman can work with any tools, a bad one can work with none. In the case of primary education, indeed, boys and girls have long been put on a footing of equality, and an equal amount of care has been expended upon the books and the system employed for the two sexes. But there the equality has ceased. Governesses of the stamp of Miss Susan Bennett in "Christian's Mistake," and schoolmistresses whose intellectual powers would have been overtasked by

the requirements of Mr. Squeers's head class, have had the formation of the minds of recent generations. There seems to be good hope now that all this may soon be classed definitively among the "have beens."

As is the case with all good things, there is a chance of having too much education for women, taking education in the conventional, unilateral sense of the word. Girls can easily be overtaught, and as easily taught in wrong directions. With less in the way of safety-valves than boys possess in football and cricket, and with a stronger acquisitive power, there is considerable fear lest girls should suffer from the effects of too large draughts of knowledge administered in earlier youth; and it is very possible to ignore over much the final cause of women, and teach them things which occupy in the teaching time that might have been put to better purpose in furthering the development of their *raison d'être*. The educators of women, like all other educators, have to remember the wide distinction which exists in the nature of things between mental training and the acquisition of knowledge, a distinction which is unpleasantly forced upon our notice when some pert and flippant young person talks of her college and displays her stores of undigested fact, with a lamentable absence of feminine modesty and a presumptuous ignorance of the methods of combination and induction, as if the possession of a certain number of metallic facts were the great aim and end of life.

It is to be feared that if the education of girls is assimilated too closely to that of boys, this distinction may be lost sight of. For instance, an elementary smattering of Latin or Greek as ordinarily learned at school is of no mortal use to boy or girl. If these languages are taught scientifically, even a small amount of work in them assists the reasoning powers in their early attempts at development, and if this small amount is used as a direct means to an end, as an introduction to the further study of these or other languages, it is in itself valuable. But with boys who leave school early, and are taught mechanically in the lowest form of a public school, and with girls who are put by their governesses through the declensions of substantives and adjectives, with perhaps an irregular raid upon the verb *sum*, or *amo*, and *monéo*, if the grammar patronized gives those verbs first, the only faculty benefited is the memory, and it might as well be practised by the acquisition of knowledge that may be useful in after life. So that indiscriminate instruction in Latin is unwise in girls' schools, and is by all means to be deprecated. The grammar and constructions of the French and German languages are better taught to girls than they are taught in the average of good boys' schools, and they are more useful in themselves to girls than Latin or Greek, while affording equally the means of educating the mind.

It is true that some knowledge of the Latin language is most valuable, indeed, is essential, for a thorough study of the refinements of French and Italian; but from the difficulty of providing governesses and schoolmistresses really qualified to teach Latin, it is very doubtful whether the point would, in any considerable number of cases, be reached at which a knowledge of that language becomes useful as a master key; and it should be laid down as a principle, that all teaching, that possibly can be administered to girls by teachers of their own sex, should be so administered; to which consideration may be added the lamentable worthless-

ness as scientific instructors of many of the so-called professors of Latin who attend young ladies' seminaries and academies. The late local examinations of the University of Cambridge, to which for the first time girls have been admitted as well as boys, prove conclusively, that the study of Latin is conducted very satisfactorily in some educational establishments, as the following extract from the report of the Syndicate may show: "Three junior girls attempted Latin; of these, none failed. Of nine seniors, two failed. The examiners say that the papers were extremely creditable. They appear to have been struck with the accuracy and good taste of the translations.

It is worth while to compare this with the report on the performances of the boys, who offered themselves for examination on the same subjects, and with exactly the same papers. Of the seniors the examiner says: "I think I may say that the way in which the Latin and Greek papers have been done is, on the whole, creditable. Many had evidently prepared the subjects with great care; a few showed considerable knowledge of the languages. At the same time many have utterly failed, — showing a complete ignorance, not only of the particular subjects, but of common words and grammatical constructions," and more to the same effect. Of the juniors: "The translation was fairly done, although a good deal of it gave signs of a good memory, rather than of sound scholarship. The parsing, although improved at some centres, yet was often extremely bad. The composition was, as a rule, absolutely worthless." And another means of comparison is afforded by the tabulated percentages of failures. Of senior boys 21.6 per cent failed in Latin: in actual numbers 38 out of 176; of senior girls, 18.1: 2 out of 11. Of junior boys, 23 per cent, being 136 out of 594; of junior girls none failed of three candidates. Of course, the smallness of the total numbers in the case of the girls renders these percentages a less trustworthy means of comparison than they would have been had the numbers of girls and boys approximated more nearly; still we are enabled to say that the few girls in for the examination did better than the many boys. It is useless, therefore, to argue from experience against Latin being made a branch of girls' education; but those who interest themselves in the question will do well to see that the present rage for assimilating the education of girls to that of boys does not go so far as to give Latin anything like the universal place it holds now in boys' schools, much to the detriment of a large number of the unfortunate boys themselves.

One among the reasons for the movement now in progress for improving the education of girls appears to lie in the fact that many women now earn their livelihood in other ways than by going out as governesses, and though one might have supposed that more teaching would be necessary for an embryo governess than for any other girl, the various requirements of the present day demand much more, both of actual information and of systematic training, than the education of the old style of governess did. Knowledge can now be put to many paying uses which were not dreamed of in the past generation. The vast mass of periodical literature which is devoured by the public in the course of each year affords employment and a means of subsistence to a larger number of educated women than the public is quite aware of. A good deal of decidedly tattered literature comes, in fact, from unknown petti-

coats. Women hold, too, a higher place than they once did in the intellectual, and political, and general social world. Their former position in the political world depended upon their power of intrigue for the most part, but now they are recognized and valuable advisers. It is not true, although it was said by one of themselves two years ago, with that half-defiant, half-exaggerating air which unfortunately the advocates of women's rights are wont to adopt, that "a man who lets it be known that he consults his wife endangers his own reputation for sense."

The exaggeration of this overbalances a lurking truth, which truth itself would soon cease to be a truth if more of system were introduced into the education of women. They are not trained to be consecutive and to reason sufficiently. Ask any one fresh from the hands of her mistresses, and she will tell you probably that she could never get the reasons for things, *why* she was to move the figures one to the left hand when she came to multiply by tens, and so on. All has been too much after the fashion of the sailor's rule of thumb. And yet, in spite of this, so great is the power of ready adaptation possessed by women, so unerring their tact, so keen their *esprit primesautier*, that by the time the girl becomes a matron she is in many instances the shrewdest practical adviser a man can have. It is a great pity not to do more than has so far been done to educate these great natural gifts and harmonize them into symmetrical and governable concord of operation. The tenacity of purpose, too, of a true woman is a quality of which very great gain can be made, if only a rational calculus is put into the hands of its possessor. For want of all this care in supplementing the kindnesses of nature to women, men get into the way of speaking of them in the absence of their wives as holding their position of advisers by a peculiar tenure. Miss Betsy Trotwood was in the habit of finding admirable counsel in the utterances of Mr. Dick, but that was only because in the simplicity of his ruined intellect he did not look beyond the surface, nor overlaid a question with complications and subtleties. Some men profess that the advising power of women is of the same kind.

Others, still more libellous, instance the example of the Lord John Russell of many years ago, who felt himself equal to forecasting the manner in which the wiser portion of the British public would accept any proposed measure, but could not tell how the larger portion would take it, and so retained on his personal list a gentleman known as the foolometer, whose remarks afforded a tolerably safe indication of the tone that influential body of his countrymen would adopt. But all sensible men are beginning not only to see, but also publicly to recognize, that it is not as lighthouses set on dangerous rocks that they regard the counsels of women, nor yet as irrational shots which hit the mark that those who aim lower are in danger of missing. And therefore it is very necessary to take all care that can be taken to see that the improvement which from one cause or another has now set in with respect to the education of women shall continue and increase. For many women, governesses and those who may engage in literary pursuits, for example, a much more careful selection of the subjects and facts to which they are introduced is necessary, and for all women, whatever their career is to be, a very much more rational method of teaching, such as may evoke the fine reasoning powers of which women's nature is possessed.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ has now finished his illustrations, thirty in number, for Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." They will be engraved in London.

ONE of the German literati, Johannes Scherr, has met with great success in a new "Life and Times of Blücher"; the German critics are loud in its praise.

THE last number of the *Athenæum* contains a long and highly commendatory review of Mr. Wheeler's "Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction," a reprint of which has just been issued in London by Messrs. Bell & Daldy.

BIRMINGHAM, England, is about to erect a statue to Watt. The commission has been given to Mr. Alexander Munro. The statue is to be of Sicilian marble, eight feet high, and, exclusive of pedestal, will cost nine hundred guineas.

THE late musical composer Clapisson has left in his collection a spinet of the sixteenth century, which is said to be worth at least 60,000 francs. The keys are of agate and lapis lazuli, and the ivory framework is covered with 2,500 precious stones set in silver.

A DRAMATIC version of one of Fenimore Cooper's well-known novels has been produced with great effect at the Gaité Theatre, Paris, under the title of "Bas-de-Cuir." A view of the cataracts of the Hudson, with novel "hydraulic effects," is highly spoken of.

REPORT say that Omar Pacha is busy collecting materials for a "Life of Alexander the Great," whom he considers a far greater character than Julius Cæsar. When ready, the work will be published in Paris, and in a style very similar to the "History of Julius Cæsar."

THE *Era* says the first hundred nights of the "Africaine" in Paris have produced the sum of 1,060,000 francs. The authors, being paid at the rate of 500 francs per night, receive 50,000 francs. The tax levied for the poor of Paris is the eleventh part of the receipts, and consequently will reach the large sum of 96,364 francs, nearly £4,000.

WE read in a London paper, that in building piers for the metropolitan bridges and in other under water work, contractors prefer diving dresses to diving bells for the use of their workmen; the reason assigned for the preference being that the workmen in a diving bell are secure from supervision or intrusion on the part of their overlookers, having been too often in the habit of wasting their time at cards!

If science cannot produce poetry, at least it is able to do something in rhyme, as the reader will see by the following quotation from "Pery Villiers," a poem by John Newlands, F. C. S., in the *Chemical News*:—

"Among the acids there were Itaconic
Oxalic, Cyanuric, and Phœnic,
With Parabanic, Gallic, and Euchronic,
Saccharic, Kakodylic, and Comenic,
Melanic, Citric, Kinic, and Myronic,
Sulphomethylic, Tannic, Sulphophenic,
Tannuric, Xanthic, Pectic, and Cerotic,
With Mucic, Malic, also Carbazotic."

THE new Greek island, which was raised this year by volcanic action from the sea, continues to increase. A very able essay upon the history of the locality was published in the *Archives des Sciences* for March. From this we learn that the

group of islands, of which Santorin is one, has been subject to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions since before the Christian era. The latest serious eruption took place about 155 years ago, and did considerable damage. The present one was predicted years ago by Von Buch and other distinguished geologists.

ONE of the most favorite works of fiction in the literature of the whole of modern India is the collection of stories called in Hindustani *Baúl Pachti*, and in Tamil *Vedāla Kadai*. The versions in the various Indian vernaculars are all based on a Sanscrit work, "the five-and-twenty tales of a goblin," part of which was printed in 1838. An English translation, made from the Tamil by Dr. Babington, had some years previously appeared in London. Though the MS. copies of the Sanscrit book differ in detail almost as widely from one another as do the modern translations current in various parts of India, they are easily traceable, as has been conclusively shown by Prof. Benfey, to one common Buddhistic source. Both the Western and Eastern Mongols have each their own version of this popular story-book. That of the former, consisting of only thirteen tales, was first made known in a free translation into German by B. Beymann, at the beginning of the present century.

AT the Mayor's recent banquet in London, our minister Mr. Adams, made a speech in which, declining to say a word upon politics, he dilated on the beneficence of Mr. Peabody. "Mr. Peabody," said Mr. Adams, "is a gentleman who has the whole of the republican spirit of his own country, and yet he feels honored by the flattering notice he has received from the sovereign of this. He is a man of remarkable character, being, I would almost say, a species by himself, for he has a large ambition, but it is an ambition which, in my historical acquaintance with men of the past, I have never known to be entertained by anybody but him. The common custom with regard to persons who have passed their lives in accumulating property is to hold on to it to the end, and when it is no longer of any service to them they are very willing to give it to whomsoever they choose to point out. But Mr. Peabody, who has passed his life in accumulating money, is a man of the utmost simplicity of character himself, having no sort of feeling or affection for all the ordinary toys which please and tickle most men who arrive at wealth. But having accumulated this large fortune, it is now the sole business and main end of his life to see that it is properly distributed. And in this distribution his ambition is peculiar. He distributes a large sum here in London, where he has lived, and done much to accumulate his wealth; and he reserves himself to distribute an equally large sum on the other side of the Atlantic, where he was born and spent his early life. And thus he proposes to himself that fame which comes from the tribute of gratitude of millions of the human race equally on both sides of the Atlantic to the latest end of time. Let me now say, as an American, it has given me the utmost possible pleasure to see the magnificent tribute which has been paid to him by her Majesty,—a tribute which it was as becoming to her to pay on the part of her subjects as it was of him to receive as a republican citizen of the United States."

THE Academy of Sciences at Paris has received from M. Duchatre a highly interesting communication on certain well-known plants called creepers,

because their stalks, too weak to support themselves, tend to twine themselves round the nearest objects. They generally do this from left to right, that is inversely to the motion of the sun, but some species turn in the contrary direction, and it is impossible to make either the one or the other change its direction. Palm, Von Mohl, Dutrochet, and latterly Ch. Darwin, have successively expressed the opinion that light was the cause of this tendency; but further experiments being wanting to confirm this theory, M. Duchatre, who discovered that the Chinese yam could live a long while in the dark, resolved to try the effect of absence of light upon it. At the end of May, 1865, he placed one in a pot, and as soon as it showed its stem above ground he took it down to a cellar, where it remained in complete darkness until the 2d of August following. The stem, in the course of seven weeks, grew to the length of a metre and a half. It looked withered and whitish, but was upon the whole strong and even stiff, and perfectly straight, showing nowhere a tendency to twine itself round the stick which had been placed there for its support. Another yam was planted nearly a month later, and left exposed to daylight until it had twined itself twice round the stick. It was then taken and placed in the cellar, where its stem, still obeying its natural tendency, went round once more, but in a more vertical direction than before; after which it grew straight up along its pole, to which it was fastened as it grew. It was now again taken up into the garden, where it immediately began to twine round again, making five close turns; and when it was once more taken down into the cellar, it continued its growth again in a straight line, and so on, according as it was alternately in the light or in the dark.

A WRITER in the *Mechanic's Magazine* has the following singular plan for rendering vessels unsinkable:—"When any part of a vessel gives way and admits the water, the usual remedy is to pump it out as quickly as possible, either by manual power, or, in the case of steamers, by steam power, and great importance is often attached to the power of steam-pumps, which, however, are often found useless in the hour of danger. Supposing a serious leak to have occurred, then follows the fight of the crew and passengers for life against the enemy. At one time the crew may gain a little, and at another the water gains a slight advantage; and unhappily this miserable and exhausting battle is not by any means an uncommon occurrence. It seems to me that the whole system of endeavoring to keep down the water by any kind of pump is radically wrong in principle, for by pumping out the water space is left for more to come in. The true remedy is to pump air into the vessel, whereby each gallon forced in becomes a clear gain to the stability of the vessel, and leaves so much less space for the water to occupy. A very little exertion in this way would soon render a vessel of 1,000 tons perfectly safe from foundering, without reference to the size of the leak, which might increase sufficiently to let the engines and boilers fall through the bottom of the vessel, without in the slightest degree adding to the danger of the vessel's sinking.

"I therefore propose that all passenger vessels should be compelled to carry such a number of air-tight flexible bags as, when inflated in the different parts of the ship under the decks, would by their bulk prevent the vessel from sinking, even if the water had free access. The expense would not be

a very large item, and nothing in comparison with the value of the sense of security to the passengers, and, therefore, of higher passage-money. An iron vessel without compartments, laden with stone or iron, if protected in this manner, would be just as safe from sinking by having a hole knocked into her bottom as a timber-laden ship. The bags, of (say) from twenty to fifty or more gallons, could be kept permanently filled with air in all vacant spaces of the ship not required to be visited during the voyage, and, upon the appearance of danger, other bags could be inflated in proper positions in the cabins or elsewhere, until the bulk occupied was more than sufficient to support the ship. A bump on the rocks leaving a large hole in the ship's bottom, provided the vessel did not break up her decks, would not then be of any great moment. In the case of steamers the bags could be filled by air forced by the steam in a few minutes.

"In some experiments lately tried on the Thames in propelling a large boat with air without machinery, I forced into the water, by aid of the steam from a 1-horse power boiler, about 1,000 gallons of air a minute, and obtained a speed of three miles an hour through the water. If the *London* had been properly fitted upon the above plan, the steam from the boiler of her donkey-engine would have rendered her perfectly safe from foundering in a few minutes."

LABOR.

THERE's a never-dying chorus
Breaking on the human ear,
In the busy town before us
Voices loud, and deep, and clear.
This is labor's endless ditty;
This is toil's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city
Bidding human hearts rejoice.
Sweeter than the poet's singing
Is that anthem of the free;
Blither is the anvil's ringing
Than the song of bird or bee.
There's a glory in the rattle
Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom;
Richer than e'er snatched from battle
Are the trophies of the loom.
Sec the skillful mason raising
Gracefully yon towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing
Stand the noble men of toil.
They are heroes of the people,
Who the wealth of nations raise;
Every dome, and spire, and steeple
Rear their heads in labor's praise.
Glorious men of truth and labor,
Shepherds of the human fold,
That shall lay the brand and sabre
With the barbarous things of old.
Priests and prophets of creation,
Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers for the world's salvation,
Messengers of peace and light.
Speed the plough and speed the harrow;
Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better far the spade and barrow
Than the cannon or the sword.
Each invention, each improvement,
Renders weak oppression's rod;
Every sign and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

[No. 20.]

MRS. BEAUCHAMP'S LITTLE PLANS.

A TALE OF SOCIAL TACTICS.

"ANY message for Hiltonbury?" said Mr. Frederick Greville to his sister, Lady Gascoigne, one fine morning early in April, as he entered the drawing-room at Hirst Castle prepared for riding, and drawing on his gloves.

"Oh! You are going there again, are you?" returned his sister, with a laugh.

"Now no chaff, my dear Fanny, I beg; it is quite uncalled for. Yes, I am going there again. Lord Wilmington particularly begged me to come over to-day, and look at a plan for his new stables; he knows I understand that sort of thing, and that's why I am going."

"O yes, I see!" said his sister, still smiling, "and I need not expect you back till near dinner-time, I suppose. Are you going to ride Stella?"

"No, I'm going to try Richard's new chestnut. What a beauty he is! And you'll see I shall make him as quiet as a lamb, and break him in for a lady's horse if you would like to mount him."

"O no!" cried Lady Gascoigne, "it makes me shudder to think of such a thing, and, indeed, I don't half like even your riding him. Two of the grooms have been thrown, and I am sure he is a most dangerous animal. Now do be careful."

"Have no fear for me. I'll manage him, I can promise you. Well, you've no message, you say?"

"No—stop" (for she saw by her brother's face that he wanted one). "Yes, I was thinking, the weather is so mild, we might have some archery next week, and Violet and Blanche like it of all things. If you'll wait half a minute I will write a note and ask them to come."

So the note was written, and Mr. Greville rode away with it.

Lady Gascoigne was a tall, slender, elegant woman of about nine-and-twenty, most amiable and affectionate to her relations and intimate friends, but considered cold and haughty by those who did not know her well, or whom she did not wish to know. She was one of a large family very highly connected, and had married Sir Richard Gascoigne, one of the greatest *partis* in her own county, when she was only eighteen. Her favorite brother Frederick stood next her in the family, being at this time seven-and-twenty. Though not the eldest son, he had succeeded to an immense fortune through the rich widow of an uncle who had no children or near relatives of her own, and had greatly delighted in the handsome face and lively manners of her

husband's nephew and namesake. Young Greville had just returned from three years' wandering about the world, and, amongst other changes, he found that, during his absence, his friends Violet and Blanche Seymour, Lord Wilmington's daughters, almost children when he left, had grown up into handsome young ladies; and that Violet, especially, was the very loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life, a circumstance which may possibly be supposed to account for his riding over to Hiltonbury every second day.

"My dear, are we to ask these people to dinner or are we not?" said Sir Richard, coming into the drawing-room, just as his brother-in-law had ridden off.

"What people? O the Beauchamps, you mean. No, Richard, I think not. The Major is all very well, but I really cannot endure that woman; she is perfectly odious, and doesn't know how to behave herself."

"Very well, my dear, then we won't ask them; that settles it." And Sir Richard went off, not looking quite satisfied with the decision.

The Beauchamps had just taken for a year a little place called Thurston Lodge, about three miles from Hirst. Sir Richard had once sat next the Major at a public dinner and took a great fancy to him, he being, indeed, a most agreeable and well-informed man; so when he discovered who his new neighbors were, he persuaded his wife to call, but Mrs. Beauchamp was very inferior to her husband, and Lady Gascoigne felt no desire to pursue the acquaintance further.

The case of the Beauchamps, in fact, was a marked instance of those eccentric and extraordinary alliances so frequently contracted by military men,—alliances unsuggestive of either pleasure or profit, and the result apparently of dull quarters and time hanging heavy on their hands. For such-like passing discomforts, these strong-minded ones take to themselves a remedy wholly irremediable, and of which one cannot but think they must heartily repent, as soon as they find themselves in civilized society and a popular station once more.

Mrs. Beauchamp had been a Miss Thomson, the sister, it was said, of a village doctor in an obscure part of Ireland where the Major had been quartered. He had no excuse, however, in the shape of bewitching Irish beauty, for Miss Thomson was an Englishwoman, very plain, and several years older than himself. "How it came let doctors tell." The facts are, that they were tied together for life, and that the Major was attached to his wife, like a good man as he was, though unable occasionally to help

feeling an uncomfortably hot all-overish sensation when mixing in general society with her.

In the course of the forenoon of the same day, Lady Gascoigne, happening to look out of one of the front windows of the drawing-room, beheld Mrs. Beauchamp hurrying up the approach at full speed; no joke to her, for she was of a very large size and easily overheated, when her naturally florid complexion assumed the deepest crimson hue, as on the present occasion. In due course of time she was ushered into the room, and scarcely waited to wring Lady Gascoigne's hand before throwing herself into a chair, and there gasping for breath, unable to say a word.

"You seem quite exhausted," said her ladyship, too surprised to be frigid; "let me ring for a glass of wine," and her hand was upon the bell; but Mrs. Beauchamp waved a violent dissent with her parasol, tugged fiercely at her bonnet strings, which she finally succeeded in loosening, tore the pins from her gay shawl, and threw it back, and at length speech returned to her. "My dear Lady Gascoigne," said she, still panting at intervals, "this visit—so unceremonious—you must excuse—your brother, Mr. Greville—"

"My brother?" said Lady Gascoigne, taking alarm; "he has gone out to ride; nothing has happened, I hope?"

"Nothing alarming, I hope and trust,—a slight accident,—lying at our house"; and Mrs. Beauchamp took to panting again, whilst Lady Gascoigne rushed from the room to put on her bonnet and order the dog-cart, as the lightest and speediest vehicle, to be got ready; it was soon at the door, and she jumped in and drove off, entirely forgetting her visitor. Hearing the sound of wheels, however, that lady, having now recovered herself, rose and went hastily to the window, and seeing the dog-cart proceeding on its way without her, she threw up the sash and bawled lustily to the groom to stop. Lady Gascoigne looked round, and beholding the portly form half stretched out of the window and waving a large pocket handkerchief as a signal of distress, whilst intense anguish at the idea of having to walk back was depicted upon the rubicund countenance, she could scarcely refrain from smiling, though so full of anxiety about her brother. She would not lose a moment, however, by turning back, so called out to an under-gardener near to order the pony-carriage for Mrs. Beauchamp, and went on in haste to Thurston Lodge. Mr. Greville was extended on a sofa and scarcely yet conscious. The village doctor, who was with him, gave, however, a sanguine opinion, suggesting, at the same time, that their London physician should be telegraphed for to save all anxiety.

Lady Gascoigne eagerly accepted Major Beauchamp's offer to take the dog-cart and go to Marston, the nearest town, for this purpose, and hastened him out of the house. On his way he had to pass by the gate of Hirst Castle, and not far from it he met the pony-carriage, Mrs. Beauchamp seated in it, and overflowing it considerably. Although of anything but fairy-like dimensions, and several years older than her husband, she kept up the juvenile, gushing line, in her relations with him, with the most praiseworthy perseverance. The Major, of course, had no intention of stopping, and drove on, merely calling out an explanation as he passed, but his wife screaming after him, "Charles, Charles, my love!" in despairing tones, he was obliged to pull up.

"What is it?" cried he, looking back.

"Charles, I am *so* ill; I ran the whole way to Hirst. You *know* I am not strong, Charles, and I feel very ill. Let the servant go on and come back with me."

"Nonsense, my dear, I must go; it is a most important matter; you don't look bad at all, and besides you will find the doctor at home to look after you if you require it." And he went on once more; when that well-known fatal signal, a shrill scream like a railway whistle, smote upon his ear, and looking back he beheld Mrs. Beauchamp, in as limp a condition as her proportions would admit of, hanging over the side of the pony-carriage. What could he do? It was impossible for him to forsake the flaccid partner of his joys and sorrows in this pitiable state, so most unwillingly he descended from the dog-cart and went back to her assistance, not wholly unconscious of the absurdity of the position or of the furtive grins which passed between the servants.

After divers proppings and haulings on the part of her husband and the groom, Mrs. Beauchamp once more reared herself into a sitting posture and gazed languidly and reproachfully on her spouse, her bonnet having assumed a strange and fearful shape, owing to its late predicament.

"Come now, Betsey, my dear, you are better, aren't you? do you feel all right?" said the Major, who, in spite of his invariably seeing these sudden attacks of illness come to a speedy and favorable termination, could never get over the weakness of feeling a certain amount of alarm when they made their appearance. (And this was most praiseworthy conduct, for the production of that sensation on his part was the very end and object of their existence.)

"Better, Charles," murmured the invalid.

"There now, then, you must get home as quickly as possible, and go and lie down. I shall make all the haste I can."

"You will not leave me! Charles, surely you will not leave me!" and there was again a plain tendency to forsake the perpendicular and droop over the side of the pony-carriage.

"No, no," said the Major hastily, dreading lest the railway whistle should not be far off. "Certainly not. I shall send on the groom," and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote the message on it, and desired the man to make all speed to Marston.

At Thurston, meanwhile, Dr. Smith had turned every one out of the patient's room. Miss Turner and Miss Wright, two young ladies from Leeds, nieces of Mrs. Beauchamp, who were on a visit to their uncle and aunt, took possession of Lady Gascoigne and drew her into the dining-room, eager to pour forth the whole history of the accident, of which, it appeared, they had been eyewitnesses. Marianne Turner, the elder of the two, was a short, fat little creature, with a pretty fair complexion, but not much beauty besides; whilst Isabella Wright was tall, dark, and handsome after a rustic fashion, with bright rosy cheeks and brilliant black eyes; some of her ways of using the latter had been known occasionally to be dangerous to the noble sex, and caused members of her own frequently to designate her as a minx.

Marianne, finding it quite useless to cope with her cousin on the score of looks, had given it up, and now prided herself on her conversational powers, which she deemed of a most brilliant order, and a free use of slang added greatly to the piquancy of

her flow of language, in her own estimation at least. "I can tell you all about it, Lady Gascoigne," she began eagerly. "I was there, and saw your brother spilt, and rushed to pick him up."

"So did I," said Isabella, who strove to put in a remark occasionally, but who generally found herself perforce reduced to silence in her cousin's company.

"You were not so near as I, Isabella. O, I had no end of a fright, I assure you, when I saw how bad he looked!"

"I thought he was dead at first," interposed Miss Wright.

"Nonsense, Isabella; I told you at once that he was merely stunned, so you could not think that. But he *did* look queer, certainly; it was a horrid little cad with a rattle who did all the mischief."

"He frightened the horse," said Miss Wright, "and—"

"Of course, everybody knows that; fortunately a farmer passed by in his trap, and he gave him a lift to Thurston."

"Dr. Smith came—"

"Isabella, it was *I* who sent for Dr. Smith, so surely I ought to know most about it! Yes, the doctor came immediately, — in fact, he was close by at the time, which was fortunate."

Lady Gascoigne seemed scarcely to comprehend all the chattering round her: she sat down in an easy-chair and anxiously awaited a summons from the doctor. The sound of wheels was presently heard, and rushing to the door, she saw, to her surprise, Major Beauchamp assisting his wife to get out of the pony-carriage, and looking a good deal ashamed of himself.

"What is it? have you been to Marston?" said she eagerly.

"I was taken ill by the way," replied Mrs. Beauchamp with importance, "very ill indeed; my husband met me, and could not bring himself to leave me, — in fact, it would have been out of the question, considering the state I was in."

"I am very sorry, Lady Gascoigne," said the Major; "it was most unfortunate, but I wrote the message on a piece of paper, and desired the groom to make all possible haste."

"It was most kind of you to think of going at all," replied Lady Gascoigne, concealing her vexation as much as possible. "Godfrey is very stupid, but he would surely be careful on such an important occasion."

The doctor now made his appearance with a cheerful countenance. "Your brother is very well," said he, "and you may go in beside him; it is a tolerably severe sprain, and he must not be removed for a fortnight, — but he is as well as can be. It is a pity we were in such haste to telegraph, for the great man will only laugh at us when he comes! You will send for Mr. Greville's valet, I suppose, and I shall be back in an hour and help to get him to bed."

Lady Gascoigne's relief at this favorable report was immense, and she hastened to her brother, who looked wonderfully well, but was much afflicted at the prospect of having to be laid up for a fortnight.

"The idea is intolerable, my dear Fanny, — and in this place too! If I were only at Hirst, I should not mind it at all."

"O, yes you would," replied his sister laughing; "it would not suit you to be tied by the leg anywhere; but you must be philosophical, and the time will pass far more quickly than you suppose."

"I trust the old Catamaran will keep out of my way, that is all; the Major himself isn't a bad sort of fellow."

Shortly after this the dog-cart drove up, and the bell was rung furiously. Major Beauchamp and Lady Gascoigne met at the door, having each come out to hear what Godfrey had to say.

That promising youth looked pale with excitement and apprehension. "If you please, my lady, if you please, Major," said he in much agitation, "I'm very sorry, the wind was so high, — I took the paper out of my pocket just before I got to the station, to see that it was all right, and it blew right huff, across a field and into the river. I tried hard to catch it, but it warn't of no use."

Lady Gascoigne administered a severe reprimand to the culprit, but she would not let the Major start off again, as he was bent on doing, to atone for what he felt might have been avoided, had he had the firmness not to give in to his wife. "There is really no necessity for telegraphing," said she; "my brother is as well as possible, and Dr. Smith, I have no doubt, will be quite pleased by Godfrey's piece of stupidity."

So instead, the Major went into the dining-room where his wife and nieces were, and told the sad tale, giving vent to his feelings in much stronger language than was his wont. "There now, Betsey; see how annoying that is, and all owing to your folly; you could have done without me perfectly well, and it might have been a case of life and death with Mr. Greville"; — and he left the room and the house, banging the doors after him.

Mrs. Beauchamp sank upon the sofa, and gazed wildly on her nieces. "What did he say, girls? My folly? My *folly* was it? and I could have done without him? Ha! ha! ha! ha!" And she there and then fell into hysterics, which speedily brought the whole household into the room, as well as Lady Gascoigne and the doctor, who had just returned. After the usual remedies, and a firm remonstrance from Dr. Smith, who perfectly understood his patient as to "giving way," the lady came to herself a little, and began to recount her sorrows in broken accents. "My folly," she feebly murmured, "my folly! and has it come to this? Is this the end, — is this really the end of all? of our pleasing strolls by the banks of the Ballymahone, of our shoppings in Leeds, of our happy marketings at Marston? O Charles, Charles! he forsakes me; pity and protect me!" And giving herself thus over into the charge of society generally, she threw herself with some violence against the manly chest of Dr. Smith, who staggered beneath the shock, but skilfully recovered himself.

"Law, aunt," interposed Marianne at this juncture, when another fit of hysterics was imminent, "don't be nonsensical; it's not the end of anything except your cap, which you've made a most awful object with all that tumbling about."

"Have I, my dear?" said the aunt in a wonderfully natural voice, becoming suddenly restored to composure by this alarming intelligence.

"I must see to it; help me up stairs."

And she disappeared into the recesses of her bed-chamber, where she awaited the return of her husband. He, it is to be supposed, made the *amende honorable* in a manner most satisfactory to her feelings, judging by her radiant countenance and extra-infantine demeanor towards him on her return to the midst of the family at dinner-time.

In two or three days Mr. Greville was well

enough to be carried into the drawing-room, where he afterwards made his appearance daily. He chafed greatly at first under his enforced quiescence, but his naturally good spirits soon came to his relief, and he began, as usual, to extract amusement from everything within reach. The young ladies contributed largely in this way, though scarcely, it must be confessed, in the manner they themselves supposed. Every morning he found them in gorgeous array awaiting him; it is to be hoped they possessed the ornaments of meek and quiet spirits; but in any case they did not neglect that other adorning of plaiting the hair, and putting on of apparel.

Isabella had a soul for art, and was always found bending over a sketch. There was little variety in her subjects. A ruined castle constructed on Tower of Pisa principles, a few colossal cabbages in the foreground, supposed to be trees, and a very cloudy sky, generally made up the picture. Marianne, on the contrary, usually had some abstruse volume before her, and was crammed up on one point whereon she enlarged, and gave forth her views for Mr. Greville's benefit and secret amusement, rejoicing greatly that Isabella's inferior capacities entirely prevented her taking part in the conversation; and mind, so she flattered herself, had a decided triumph over matter on those occasions.

But Isabella by no means agreed with her; she was quite aware that she was handsome, and felt sure that Mr. Greville thought her dark eyes preferable to her cousin's platitudes, and she was right; though, indeed, he was extremely indifferent to both. It is a pity poor Dr. Smith was not then aware of this fact, as it might have saved him some uneasy thoughts; and it is certain that he was treated with much greater coolness at this time by Miss Wright than in the days before the accident. Many friends, of course, came to visit Mr. Greville, rejoicing the soul of Mrs. Beauchamp, who generally contrived to see them either on their arrival or departure, and flattered herself that her *entrées* into the best society in the county was fairly achieved. Amongst others, Sir John Tremlett, the rich rector of a neighboring parish, came very often, and Marianne's reading at once took the direction of works in the "Essay and Review" line, from which she extracted many startling theories calculated to upset an ecclesiastic of weak nerves. Another reverend gentleman also shared in this privilege, Mr. Jenkins, a young curate, tutor to Lady Gascoigne's eldest boy, who brought books and messages almost daily from Lady Gascoigne to her brother. Mr. Jenkins was a good-natured little man, with rosy cheeks and round eyes, taking a serene and comfortable view of things in general. Nor, curates being but mortal men, was he above speculating, when he found that Marianne came from Leeds, as to whether any of the wealth of that affluent city clove to her or not?

One morning Mrs. Beauchamp entered the drawing-room where the usual party were seated, ushering in a little withered old maid dressed in an immense mushroom hat, a linen dress very much tucked up over a dark petticoat, and a boy's handkerchief carelessly knotted, boy's fashion, round her neck. Untidy in every other respect, her boots and gloves were faultless, but then her hands and feet were faultless too. This lady was Miss Ponsonby, an aunt of Frederick Greville's, and, unlike her species generally, whatever an ill-natured world may say,

as cross-grained and disagreeable an elderly maiden as could well be met with anywhere. It really appeared to be the object and pleasure of her life to make every one she fell in with feel uncomfortable, and she succeeded, as people will who are persevering in any line whatsoever.

"Here, my dear Mr. Greville, is your aunt, Miss Ponsonby, come to see you," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "and I'm sure it is the greatest pleasure to welcome another relative of yours under our roof. Let me introduce my niece, Miss Ponsonby, and how do you think your nephew is looking? Charming, I'm sure; he is quite an Apollo Belvedere I tell him, though he must not be conceited. No, no," added she, archly, "that would never do, — would it, Miss Ponsonby?"

"How do you do, my dear?" said that lady, going up to her nephew and giving him a dab on the cheek by way of an embrace, without noticing this speech. "You are surprised to see me I dare say."

"Yes, indeed," returned Mr. Greville, who appeared more surprised than pleased at the unexpected apparition. "I thought you were in Paris; where have you dropped from?"

"From Hiltonbury; I changed my mind about Paris and came down there. Fortunately I found my room, the only room I can endure in that house, unoccupied, so here I am. Lady Wilmington and the girls were going over to Hirst, so I thought: I would get them to drop me here, by the way, and they will pick me up by and by."

"That was very kind of you," replied Mr. Greville, a sudden access of affection coming over him when he found in what company his aunt had so lately been, "and how are they all at Hiltonbury?"

"O, very well: Lord Wilmington does n't take half enough exercise, and is getting far too stout in consequence; and Lady Wilmington complains of headaches; but if people will eat mushroom sauce what can they expect? — a thing I never touch myself."

"O, how true that is!" cried Mrs. Beauchamp, lifting up hands and eyes as calling upon the chandelier to testify to the genuineness of her opinion. "Mushroom sauce! not to speak of the danger of being poisoned by toadstools, it is a dreadful, dreadful thing. My dear husband used to be so fond of it, but I knew it would bring on apoplexy and gout, so during our happy wedding tour I said to him, 'Charles, promise me you will never again touch mushroom sauce.' He would not promise at first, but as I had several sleepless nights in consequence, and never lost sight of the subject for a moment, he at last did so; and I do believe, Miss Ponsonby, he has never repented it to this hour."

"Ah!" said Miss Ponsonby with a sniff; then turning to her nephew, she continued her amiable report of the family whose hospitality she was enjoying.

"Blanche is as great a hoyden as ever; as to Violet, her family consider her a beauty, that is evident, though I should think they get no one to agree with them, except, perhaps, that idiot, Sir Edward Harrington, who is busy making love to her: it will be a match, I suppose, and a suitable one. I never thought Violet very bright."

Mr. Greville could scarcely preserve an unmoved appearance at this intelligence, in spite of knowing that his aunt's sharp eyes were upon him, rumors having, of course, reached her of the marked attention he had been paying Miss Seymour. However, he said, as carelessly as possible, "It would be a

suitable match, I think, for Harrington is a capital fellow, and has lots of money, whilst you won't meet with such a girl every day. Pray is Miss Harrington at Hiltonbury?"

"Yes, she's there too. Now there's a handsome girl, certainly, if it were not for her distressingly high color. If there's a thing I cannot endure," continued Miss Ponsonby, fixing her piercing glance upon Isabella's cheeks,—"more deeply crimson than usual, owing to the inspection she had been undergoing, "it is a high color."

"I don't agree with you there," replied Mr. Greville, glancing in the same direction, and feeling for Miss Wright's embarrassment. "I don't care for your marble beauties, they are always so inanimate."

Isabella gave him one of her most dangerous glances in reward for this; not lost upon Miss Ponsonby, who looked sharply from one to the other, two or three times as if to detect an understanding between them.

"My dear Mr. Greville, how exactly you and the Major agree in your ideas," chimed in Mrs. Beauchamp. "I had in my more youthful days,—not so very long ago," ("O dear, no," said Mr. Greville,) "rather a brilliant complexion, and my poor dear papa used to say to me (in the utmost playfulness and affection), 'Who do you think will ever marry such a full moon?' Being a child of peculiarly sensitive feelings this sank into me more deeply, perhaps, than my papa could possibly have supposed; so in after years, when Major Beauchamp came to our neighborhood in Ireland, and it began to be evident that my brother's house was specially attractive to him, (not the first who had found it so I assure you, Miss Ponsonby, by a great many!) I took an early opportunity of asking him what he thought of Miss McCool, a neighbor of ours, and considered a beauty by some people, though I can't say I ever saw it. 'Miss Thomson,' said he ('Thomson was my name previous to marriage), 'Miss McCool is a fright,' or words to that effect. 'Who could be otherwise with such a want of color?' The relief to my mind was great,—not, you understand, Mr. Greville, that I was rejoiced that dear Sarah McCool should be thought a fright,—for we were the dearest friends, and had it not been for an unfortunate misunderstanding before the happy day arrived she would have been my bridesmaid; but it *did* relieve me to find that your marble complexions were not considered the height of good looks by *all* the world."

"Only by a few benighted individuals, I should think," said Mr. Greville, smiling.

Luncheon was here announced, and shortly afterwards the Hiltonbury carriage called for Miss Ponsonby, who departed to scatter her little darts elsewhere.

"Well," said she, as she settled herself comfortably in the carriage, "that is a queer set of people as any rate, but Master Frederick seems to be particularly comfortable and at home amongst them; and it's quite evident he is carrying on a great flirtation with a niece of Mrs. Beauchamp's, an uncommonly handsome girl," continued Miss Ponsonby, surveying Violet steadily as she spoke, "and there could not be anything so dangerous as his being thrown so much with her. I really wonder at Fanny, she is so foolish in all her arrangements."

"I suppose," said Lady Wilmington, laughing, "that she scarcely arranged Frederick should be thrown at that particular spot?"

"No, no, of course not; but she should never have left the house for a moment under the circumstances. However, the mischief is already done, that is evident; and that dreadful woman will never leave Thurston; so Fanny will reap the fruit of her folly in having a set of vulgar connections at her very door."

In spite of the doctor's original opinion, it was almost a month before Mr. Greville could go to Hirst, and the time passed slowly over his head. The only little incident he met with was a memorable interview with Isabella one evening in the garden, in the course of which her mind may perhaps have been disabused of some false notions which had taken possession of it. But this she never divulged to any one; and as she looked by no means miserable in consequence, and as Dr. Smith also, by some mysterious means, grew brighter from that date, the only thing which remains to be regretted in connection with it is, that it was partially witnessed by Violet Seymour, who rode quickly past with Miss Harrington at the time, saw the earnest conversation, and thought of Miss Ponsonby's words.

The happy day at length arrived when Mr. Greville was to leave Thurston. Lady Gascoigne came over in the carriage for him, and cordially thanked the Beauchamp family for all their kindness and hospitality, inviting them, at the same time, to come to Hirst the day following but one to play croquet and dine, and remain the night, which they gladly agreed to.

"There can be but one end to all this, Charles," said Mrs. Beauchamp, triumphantly, as they returned from watching the carriage off, "but you know you never believe your poor wife, though you always find she is right, now don't you, my dear? Poor Mr. Greville! I am sure I don't know whether he or Isabella looked saddest at parting,—that girl might have adorned a coronet,—but I really cannot grudge her to Mr. Greville."

"Pooch, my dear Betsey," said the Major, bursting out laughing, "you are counting your chickens a very long time before they are hatched, I can tell you that; and pray what have you settled for Marianne?"

"O, as to Marianne, it is quite evident what her fate is to be: I never saw any man so decidedly struck as Sir John Tremlett; I am sure her conversation amuses him; she is really a remarkably clever, talented girl. How glad I am I got them to stay with me, and I am sure my sisters ought to be very grateful. The weddings must take place at the same time, and I shall make you give me such a lovely bonnet, you naughty, naughty Charles!"

"I'm willing to promise a hundred pounds for the bonnet you will wear on that occasion," was the Major's response, but his wife only wondered at his blindness, and congratulated herself on the happy state of affairs.

Next day Mr. Greville drove over to Hiltonbury with his sister, and received a hearty welcome from his friends there. The young ladies had gone to an archery meeting some dozen miles off and were not expected back till late, which was a disappointment, but Lady Wilmington promised they should all go over next day to join the croquet party and dine.

Miss Ponsonby put her arm through her nephew's and walked with him on the terrace. "Well, my dear," she said, "and was there a tender parting between you and the florid young woman at Thurston?"

"O, very tender," replied he, laughing. "I could scarcely tear myself away; but you see, the fatal wrench is made, and I survive."

"Ah! but what does she say to it? I must tell you, Frederick, I could not quite approve of what I saw. I'm afraid you have been putting foolish notions and expectations into her head, — a bad return, indeed, for the hospitality of the uncle."

"My dear aunt," returned Mr. Greville, always irritated by her ill-natured comments and pieces of advice, "pray don't talk nonsense, — and leave me and my affairs alone. I am not a likely man to abuse any one's hospitality"; and he turned to Lady Wilmington; but he amused his sister on the way home by telling her Aunt Jane's latest crotchet.

"There certainly is something between him and that girl," Miss Ponsonby again commenced that evening in the family circle. "He could not bear any allusion to the subject, but fired up directly when I ventured to speak of her. O, how foolish Fanny has been!"

"Dear Violet," said Miss Harrington to her friend, at night, as she lingered in her room a few minutes before going to bed, "I know I ought not to say anything about it, but I was so glad to see you a little kinder to poor Edward this evening; he looks quite a different being. Ah Violet, if that could only be, you know how very, very happy it would make me and us all."

Violet made no reply, and Miss Harrington feared she had offended her.

"Don't be angry, dear," she said gently. "You know me well enough to be sure I would not say anything to annoy you for the world; but I am his sister, you know, and it is natural I should wish to plead for him, when I see what a state of mind he is in. Say you are not angry, before I go!"

"O no, Alice," said Violet, the color rising to her cheeks. "I am not angry, but I am sorry your brother thinks of me in this way, for I am sure — that is, I don't think I should ever be able to return his feelings."

"Never mind, dear," said Alice, "if it is to be, it will be, — and if not, why it won't; but we shall always be the dearest friends all the same." And she rose and gave Violet a warm embrace, and went to her own room, thinking of the little hesitation, and reflecting, "If Edward will have patience, I am certain she will take him." Whilst Violet recalled once more the scene in the Thurston garden, and Miss Ponsonby's words, and thought with some bitterness, "If Sir Edward really cares for me so very much, why should I not make him happy? I may as well do that as anything else, since —" and here her meditations abruptly broke off.

On the following afternoon the Beauchamp party made their appearance in due time at Hirst Castle, and found a small party assembled on the lawn, sitting under the trees. Sir Richard immediately carried Major Beauchamp off for a long walk, and Lady Gascoigne was obliged to devote herself to her uncongenial neighbor, the task being alleviated, however, by the gratitude she felt for the kindness shown to her brother during his illness. In spite of Sir John Tremlett's presence, Marianne was speedily tussling with Mr. Jenkins on some knotty point, far out of both their depths, but none the less enjoyable for that. A game of croquet was presently arranged, and Mr. Greville's ankle quite preventing him from standing about to play, he sat on a rustic seat, hard by, and good-naturedly gave Isabella the advice which she very much required, as she had rarely in-

dulged in the pastime before. This circumstance afforded Mrs. Beauchamp unbounded delight, and she could not help hinting her satisfaction to Lady Gascoigne with her own special good taste. "It seems so strange," she began, her broad face beaming with infinite exultation, "that Mr. Greville should have been thrown, as one may say, at our very door! Things are brought strangely about in this world, Lady Gascoigne. I declare this reminds me of the Major and myself in those happy days before we were married; the sight of young people's happiness brings back one's own, and I have no doubt the same thoughts have been occurring to you of late, Lady Gascoigne."

("What an intolerable woman!" thought her ladyship, who did not in the least comprehend the drift of these remarks.) "I am quite ashamed, Mrs. Beauchamp," she exclaimed aloud, "that I have not offered you any tea all this time, — do come and have some."

The tea-table stood under a spreading pear-tree, and by it were seated Marianne and Mr. Jenkins, in such close conversation that Mrs. Beauchamp thought it behooved her to look after Sir John Tremlett's interests, and said, with dignity, to her niece aside, "Marianne, my dear, don't bring that young man out of his place, — remember he is only the tutor!" But Marianne owed no allegiance to her aunt, so merely tossed her head and went on as she listed.

The Hiltonbury carriage drove up about this time, and Miss Ponsonby's sharp eyes darted over the lawn in an instant.

"Would you believe it?" cried she, as she took in everything at a glance, "there is that whole set of people from Thurston, and Frederick playing croquet with his crimson beauty! Upon my word, Fanny is an idiot. I could scarcely have believed this even of her."

The afternoon went on, but somehow Mr. Greville did not enjoy it much. He was detained by Lord Wilmington long after the time for dressing for dinner, and rushing into his sister's room on his way to his own, he found her ready to go down stairs.

"Now then, Fanny," said he, "of course you have arranged everything rightly about the going down to dinner?" (There was now no reserve on a certain subject between them.)

"That is rather a difficult matter," replied she, "and I have been considering it. What am I to do with these girls? Mr. Jenkins can take one, and I thought you would take the other, for, you know, you can easily contrive to sit next Violet, — and I really don't like to make Sir Edward a scapegoat. These girls appear to me to have no manners at all, and it would be too much of a penance to inflict one on a comparative stranger."

"Oh! confound it, Fanny, that won't do. Why, if I have stood them both for a month, surely Harrington may put up with one of them for a couple of hours! No, no, you must let me take Violet, — though she would scarcely speak to me this afternoon," he added, dejectedly. "I am afraid Harrington has been making good use of my absence."

"You conceited fellow!" said his sister, laughing. "Well, if your absence has done mischief, your presence will put it all to rights, no doubt. But go away now, for you are far too late."

The fates were against poor Mr. Greville on this occasion, — he was far too late; the party had left the drawing-room, and he found Violet and Sir Ed-

ward seated together, whilst there was a vacant place for him by Isabella on the other side of the table.

Miss Seymour was certainly a very lovely girl, of a tall, slight figure and the fairest complexion, with really golden hair and dark-blue eyes, "a sight to make an old man young." Mr. Greville had very little conversation to bestow on his companion, as his attention was much distracted by watching his opposite neighbors a little way down the table. Violet had never looked more beautiful, he thought; she was dressed in demi-toilette, — a pretty embroidered white muslin, with quantities of floating blue ribbons; her eyes sparkled, and her color was rather more heightened than usual, in consequence, perhaps, as Mr. Greville reflected with a deep pang, of something her companion was saying to her. As this idea took more strongly hold of him, he gave up all attempt at entertaining Isabella, and abandoned himself to jealous watching, which annoyed his sister very much, and she gave an early signal for the ladies to retire.

Mr. Greville soon followed them to the drawing-room, and thought himself lucky when he saw Violet seated on an ottoman a little apart from the others. He joined her immediately, but felt at once that there was an indefinable alteration in her manner, — a sort of stiffness which in former days he had never experienced. This he might perhaps have overcome, but that Marianne, all flushed and excited with her conquest of Mr. Jenkins, rushed presently over to them and plunged volubly into conversation.

"O Mr. Greville! what a dreadful man that Jenkins is; one never knows whether he is in fun or in earnest. I'm sure he's a most dangerous creature: I dare say, Miss Seymour, you have noticed that? He reminds me of one of our curates in Leeds, Mr. Hinxman, — not in appearance, you know, for Mr. Hinxman is tall and thin, and wears spectacles, but they have the same dreadful way of going on. I had such fun at dinner!"

This sort of thing lasted till the rest of the gentlemen appeared, and Mr. Greville ground his teeth at his ill luck, for Violet was called upon for music, and after that a round game was proposed; by the time it was over the carriages were announced. Mr. Greville contrived to get hold of his friend Blanche (with whom, in bygone days, he had had many a romp), on her way down stairs, and to say to her in as *degagé* a manner as possible, "I say, Blanche, can you tell me what is the matter with Violet? she won't have anything to say to me at all."

"Nonsense," said Blanche, laughing; "your imagination has grown lively since your accident. Besides, perhaps she thought you had no right to speak to any one except you know who. Ah! I have heard all about you from Miss Ponsonby, sir; so don't imagine you have a secret from me!"

"What on earth do you mean?" said Mr. Greville; "I have no secret that I am aware of."

"O, then it is public, is it? but I can't stay to congratulate you now: good night!" And she jumped into the carriage after the others.

Mr. Greville was puzzled for a moment, but instantly concluded that Blanche was "up to some of her nonsense." No one could possibly be further from his thoughts than poor Isabella Wright, but he felt a terrible suspicion that Sir Edward Harrington was going to prove a successful rival; and, irritated and unhappy, he went straight up to bed, feeling that he could not stand the tongues of Mrs. Beauchamp and Marianne any more that night.

The next day the Thurston party went off after luncheon, to the infinite satisfaction of their hosts.

"My dear Fred," said Lady Gascoigne, laughing, as she threw herself into a chair with an air of relief, "the next time you take it into your head to be thrown, I beg you will avoid the neighborhood of Thurston Lodge."

"By Jove! I should think so," returned her brother. "Do you notice what an ass Jenkins makes of himself with Miss Turner? I told him they would each have £10,000, and he has been going in strongly for her ever since. The Wright girl is n't quite so bad, though she is a perfect fool, too. However, Dr. Smith does not think so, I suppose. There is quite a little romance in that direction, and I was let into it, and have promised to try and get Smith the vacant appointment at Carlow Hospital. The aunt is to be kept in the dark till then, for the girl said the doctor would certainly be forbidden the house unless he could show he was in a position to marry. I expect to hear of the appointment every day."

"Well, that is a very suitable marriage, I consider," said Lady Gascoigne; "but I do wonder at Mr. Jenkins. Are you going over to Hiltonbury to-day?"

"Yes; I must go: though I am afraid it is of little use. Violet's manner is quite altered to me."

Lady Gascoigne could not conceal from herself that there was an alteration certainly, but felt sure no man in the world could possibly be preferred to her brother; so she laughed at his despondency, and told him he was far too faint-hearted, and must pluck up heart of grace if he meant to succeed. On his return shortly before dinner, he reported that he did not know whether his visit had been satisfactory or not. "Violet's manner is so odd," he said, "sometimes I could almost swear that she likes me, and the next minute she is as cold as possible. At any rate, I am determined to know the worst to-morrow, for I can't stand the suspense any longer; especially with that fellow Harrington always about the house."

Accordingly, he presented himself at Lord Wilmington's at an early hour next morning, and told his errand with a beating heart.

"My dear fellow," said Lord W., looking surprised and moved, and grasping both hands of his friend, "this is most unfortunate and unexpected. Some little reports have reached me of your having very different ideas in your head, — all nonsense, of course, and ridiculous gossip. I confess I have often wished and hoped that you might one day be my son-in-law; but it grieves me to tell you I have been authorized by my daughter this morning to accept Sir Edward Harrington. I need scarcely say I would have preferred you to any man living; but of course it was a matter for Violet herself to decide."

Very little more passed between them; and, on his return to Hirst, he ordered his things to be packed, and told his sister he should start for the Continent that afternoon.

"I can't stay here, Fanny, I can't indeed," he said; "I must have some knocking about to help me to get over this, though I don't expect that I ever shall. There is not another girl in the world like her. Write to me at the Grand Hôtel, and forward my letters there for the next few days. I shall tell you my plans when I know them."

He went off immediately, leaving poor Lady Gascoigne utterly taken aback by the unexpected event

of the morning. And grief for her brother was mixed with a certain feeling of anger at Violet for the misery she had caused him.

Having passed the day in an utterly unstrung and unsettled state, the next morning she felt an irrepressible desire to go over to Hiltonbury, and accordingly went immediately after breakfast. She found Lady Wilmington just stepping into the carriage to come to her.

The girls were in the drawing-room, she said; and Sir Edward Harrington had gone off the day before directly after receiving his favorable reply, having some appointments with his constituents, which would detain him for ten days in his own part of the world. So they went into the boudoir together, where they had a long private confabulation, and the full enormity of Miss Ponsonby's mischief-making powers became known to both of them in the course of it.

They went up stairs afterwards to the drawing-room, where the two girls and Miss Ponsonby were sitting.

"Good morning, Fanny," said that lady; "you've come over with congratulations, I suppose? And pray when are we to congratulate *you* on this wonderful match you have arranged for Frederick? I am sure you deserved to succeed, for you have been most persevering in your endeavors to bring it about; and the family owes you many thanks for the brilliant alliance."

"Aunt Jane," said Lady Gascoigne with great sternness, "I find that you have been making the most unwarrantable, unheard-of statements about Frederick, which have perfectly astounded me, even from you, as you know what bitter experience we have all had of your love of, I must call it, mischief-making before this. I do not believe you really thought Frederick was capable of marrying a girl like Miss Wright, which makes your saying so all the more wicked. Miss Wright is going to be married to Dr. Smith, our village doctor here, and Frederick has been extremely kind in promising the doctor an appointment to admit of the marriage taking place. You have surprised and shocked me, Aunt Jane, beyond all measure."

Miss Ponsonby was for once extinguished by the wrath of her niece, and only made some inaudible mutterings in self-defence. Lady Gascoigne shortly afterwards returned home; and the next day Lady Wilmington went to her looking harassed and depressed. "It is just as I thought," said she; "Violet came to me as soon as you had left, in great distress,—the poor girl is in a dreadful state of mind,—but how to set things right I cannot tell. Her father declares nothing shall be done, that she has acted foolishly and must abide the consequences, for he won't have Sir Edward treated dishonorably; you see men always think of that; it is always 'honor,' not happiness with them in such cases. Alice Harrington is looking as sulky as possible, too, this morning; she evidently suspects something." But Lady Wilmington did Alice Harrington injustice. She *did* suspect something, certainly, and could scarcely be expected not to feel indignant at the idea of any one's trifling with her brother's feelings, but she was not sulky, and, moreover, had the sincerest regard for her brother's real happiness as well as for her friend's. So she went to Violet as soon as her mother had gone to Hirst, and made her confess everything. By the time Lady Wilmington returned, she and her maid had already started to join Sir Edward in the north. The next

morning but one brought a letter from Sir Edward renouncing his claim to Violet's hand, in a way which raised him higher than ever in the estimation of all concerned. He could not conceal what a sacrifice and grief it was to him, but declared that her happiness was far dearer to him than his own, and that he could not, therefore, think of going on with the engagement.

On the third day, Lady Gascoigne telegraphed to her brother, "Come here at once, I have something important to say to you."

A few days later, Frederick Greville and Violet Seymour stood together alone in Lady Wilmington's boudoir.

It was a glorious morning; the grass and flower-beds still lay sparkling with dew. And the early sunbeams danced in the river which flowed at the foot of the terrace. Everything looked bright and beautiful outside, and there was a world of perfect happiness in the eyes which gazed upon the lovely scene.

"And you believed it, Violet!"

"O Frederick, how could I be so foolish?"

That is the whole of the conversation which can be allowed to transpire; but it may perhaps be lawful to overhear another which took place at Hirst the same afternoon.

Worthy Mrs. Beauchamp had for some time been feeling uneasy at the non-appearance of Mr. Greville, with the expected proposals for Miss Wright's hand. Isabella herself was anxious to see him, fearing he had forgotten all about the doctor's appointment, and she openly wondered, and watched occasionally at the window for his coming; on which occasions Mrs. Beauchamp kept up a little sort of sympathetic sighing which puzzled her niece a good deal, as she felt sure her secret had been preserved. At last, without consulting her husband, who she instinctively felt would forbid it, the good lady made her way on foot, as on a former occasion, to Hirst, though not in the same frantic haste, and found Lady Gascoigne in the drawing-room. The latter was so rejoiced at the favorable turn things had taken, that she received her visitor with unwonted cordiality, never suspecting for a minute that Miss Ponsonby's wild notion had any existence in that foolish brain.

"My dear Lady Gascoigne," said Mrs. Beauchamp, after carefully polishing her heated countenance with a voluminous pocket-handkerchief, "it is so delightful to be able to come over in this friendly way, and to feel that we shall be still nearer and dearer friends, I fondly trust and hope, before very long" (Heaven forbid! thought her ladyship). "Now, I have come on a delicate mission this afternoon, but one for which," she added, with a self-complacent smile, "I think I am justified in believing myself to be perfectly suited. Dear mamma used to say, 'All my daughters have sensitive feelings and great tact, but Betsey is really remarkable for them'; without vanity, Lady Gascoigne, I believe I am so still."

"I have no doubt of it, Mrs. Beauchamp."

"And, therefore, though I am taking what is generally a gentleman's part,—a father's or an uncle's,—I *felt* that I was so equal to it, that I would not even confide it to my dear husband, who, I fear, will quite scold me when he finds I have walked all the way here and back."

Here Mrs. Beauchamp thought of the Hirst pony-carriage, and made a pause, and gave a little sigh as of prospective fatigue. Lady Gascoigne, who was getting very tired of all this prolixity, took no

notice of the hint, but begged to know what the particular mission in question was.

"Ah, I am sure now, dear Lady Gascoigne," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, in her archest manner, and playfully shaking a fat forefinger at her ladyship, "you know very well what I mean, and you should help me out. But now, when one has nieces in the house, and a young gentleman pays marked attention to one of them,—in fact, shows unmistakably that he is, desperately in love, and the young lady evidently returns the feeling, and still no actual proposal is made, don't you think there must be some little shyness or misunderstanding on the part of the young man which kind and judicious friends might remove? Now you are the natural person for me to come to, and what do you think should be done?"

"O, it is about Mr. Jenkins," thought Lady Gascoigne.)

"I don't know that anything should be done," she said aloud, "if they are in love with each other—"

"If? my dear Lady Gascoigne!"

"Well, since they are in love with each other, it will come right in course of time, and I should advise no interference at present, at any rate."

"Very well; I am sure your advice is good, and I rely on it. If you saw occasion, you know you might say to a certain young gentleman that no obstacle stands in his way, and Major Beauchamp and myself shall be only too proud and happy to welcome him to Thurston as a nephew."

"What a dreadful woman!" reflected Lady Gascoigne, "and how I do pity Mr. Jenkins!"

She told Sir Richard the story when he came in, and they agreed that, as it would give their fatal neighbor a pretext for coming continually to the house, it would be better to ascertain Mr. Jenkins's views. An interview accordingly took place in the study, and Mr. Jenkins, having confessed to an attachment for Miss Turner, which he had reason to believe was returned, signified his intention of proposing in form as soon as his prospects should be a little more definite. Sir Richard instantly promised him a curacy, and made amicable arrangements for his leaving Hirst without delay.

"Perhaps I had better set that poor woman's mind at rest," said Lady Gascoigne, on hearing the result, "so I shall write her a note,"—which she did in the following terms, and then sent it straight off by a servant.

"DEAR MRS. BEAUCHAMP,—Sir Richard has been speaking to Mr. Jenkins this afternoon on the subject about which you came to me this morning, and finds that he had every intention of proposing to your niece as soon as he should be provided with a curacy. Sir Richard having now promised him one, there is no further obstacle, and I wish Miss Turner every happiness. It will interest you to hear that my brother, to whom you were so kind during his unfortunate accident, is engaged to Miss Seymour, Lord Wilmington's eldest daughter, which gives us all great pleasure.

"Yours truly,

"F. GASCOIGNE."

It would be little to say that Mrs. Beauchamp might have been "knocked down with a feather" on receipt of this epistle, for she was actually knocked down without the aid of one at all. Both the girls rushed to her, afraid, from her ghastly appearance, that she was really ill, and it was some minutes before she could speak. At last she gasped forth

some words which proved to be a query as to whether she had or had not been a mother to the two.

"Yes, yes," said Marianne, "of course; at least you've been an aunt, and that's much the same thing; but, goodness gracious, what is the matter? can't you tell us that?"

"My poor, innocent, injured girls," exclaimed the lady, recovering voice and color suddenly, "O, how little do you know what is coming upon you, my poor Marianne! To think of the degradation, the bare suggestion,—a curate,—a tutor! O, what a day this is! And Isabella, my child, I cannot think of you. What will become of you? But that infamous young man shall find that he cannot outrage society in this way with impunity. Summon up all your courage, my dears, and read this; remember your uncle and I will stand by you, and protect you to the last."

The girls eagerly seized the epistle, and read it through. At the end, to their aunt's astonishment, they looked at each other, and tittered audibly.

"Are you quite mad?" said the furious lady, "or have you no feeling whatever? I insist on an explanation."

"Law, aunt, don't be so ferocious," said Marianne, who was not easily intimidated; "I can't think what on earth you mean. You've no occasion to object to Mr. Jenkins, I'm sure; he is a very clever, well-informed man, and I don't intend to object to him, I can tell you."

"And I don't know what you can mean, aunt, about me," said Isabella, plucking up courage, and thinking this a favorable moment for divulging her little mystery. "Mr. Greville has been so kind to me and to Dr. Smith, and I've just heard that he has got him an appointment, so that we shall be able to marry directly, and Dr. Smith is coming to see you to-morrow."

After one piercing shriek, poor Mrs. Beauchamp lay prostrate during the rest of the day, feeble murmurs of "Jenkins!" "Smith!" alone escaping her lips at intervals in tones of ineffable scorn and disgust. Time, however, it is said, at last healed her wounded spirit, and she even came by degrees to regard her unwelcome nephews with favor.

In about six weeks Frederick Greville and Violet Seymour were quietly married at Hiltonbury, and, though Miss Harrington was not present at the ceremony, she and her brother a year later paid a long visit at Germistown, Mr. Greville's country house. Sir Edward was always regarded with feelings of the warmest gratitude and affection by both Mr. and Mrs. Greville; and when he married,—as in due course of time he did,—Germistown was lent him on the occasion, and he brought his pretty Irish bride there for their honeymoon. Of them, as of the other personages in this story, it only remains to be added that "they lived happily ever afterwards."

A FRENCH LION.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY FROM *L'Opinion Nationale*.]

THESE last few days everybody has been talking a great deal about a writer, unique in his way, who is, and who will remain, one of the most original figures of our day. I mean Dr. Louis Veron, who is writing a continuation of his *Memoirs of a Parisian of the Middle Class*. I have never had occasion to chat at length about him. You have five minutes to lose, for you are reading what I write. Let us chat together.

I know no man so inoffensive as Dr. Veron. I know few men who have been criticised, jeered, caricatured, with more violence and more pertinacity. Good nature is the bottom of this singular mind, in which ingenuousness is mingled with a great deal of astuteness. He does not speak ill even of those he has found wantonly cruel. He scarcely ever lets fly a single shaft of irony against the innumerable ungrateful men he has met. If there is in Paris a really good-natured man, full of cordial and intelligent kindness and good-will to all men, assuredly it is he.

And yet he is paid, — I am mistaken, — he was paid a great deal of money to unveil the worst aspects of human nature. Every passion and every interest of man have alternately caressed and bitten him. He has been manager of the Grand Opera. He has been chief editor of a leading newspaper. He was for some time, by reason of his fortune and influence, the pivot of a political party. Everybody who has been ambitious, or intellectual, or fond of good living in immense Paris, has known Dr. Veron, and his kindness, his hospitality, and in grave affairs his devotion.

I search in vain to discover what he has obtained in exchange for the services he has done and the courtesies he has lavished. He was chief editor of *Le Constitutionnel*. He was kicked out of doors one evening, without so much as receiving the week's notice to which even servants are entitled. Has *Le Constitutionnel* been more prosperous since he quitted it? It is doubtful. He was deputy for Sceaux, and voted with the most docile majority in the Legislative Chamber. On the eve of the last elections he was rudely informed he was no longer the official candidate. Did the government do well? His designated successor is still a mere deputy in *partibus*; the opposition candidate, M. Pelletan, was elected. Dr. Veron one day took it into his head to encourage literature, — most assuredly a generous whim. He offered a prize for prose and poetry, and gave a sum of money which was every way honorable, for Dr. Veron's fortune is composed of none but well-earned money. The Literary Men's Society, to whose hands he confided the money, yelled at him. He quitted it and was happy, after playing the benefactor, in being allowed to leave by the door. What a strange history he has to tell, and how wise he is to take the pen again! But he lacks gall to recount the good he has done, and the evil done him. Why can't he borrow for a moment the pen of that other millionaire, that other original genius, that other marplot, that other money-lender, that other dinner-giver, called Beaumarchais! Even if he could, he would not do it! No, this amiable, kind-hearted gentleman will never get angry. He tells laughingly that a young provincial newspaper-writer one day came to him for employment.

"Have you ever written in newspapers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had you any especial subject?"

"To be sure I had! I wrote the Mimi-Veron in the *Toulouse Punch*."

The teeth of the petty press have sometimes wounded this happy philosophy; but they have left no other wound except a smile.

I have not known him many years, being myself a new-comer in Paris. I met him the first time five

or six years ago, and except during one or two months I have seen him rarely. I have always and everywhere found him like himself, — a sage and a good liver. He lives in one of the most beautiful suites of rooms in the Rue de Rivoli: they are grand, rich, and simple. He spends his mornings amid newspapers, reviews, and new books. This lover of good living never eats a meat breakfast. He goes out about three o'clock. He dines at six, and after dinner goes to the Opera or Opera Comique.

His circle of intimate friends, which time necessarily has narrowed, consists of a dozen good friends; among them are Sainte Beuve, Auber, Janin, Nestor Roqueplan, and Alberic Second. You will agree a man might make a worse choice. Dr. Veron loves well those he does love, and never neglects an occasion to give them pleasure. Where I wonder at the ingenuousness of this kind-hearted gentleman is in his astonishment at the least evidence of gratitude. He is so accustomed to make people ungrateful, as to be more sensible than others of the just deference shown him. I have seen this Lucullus deeply moved by reading a phrase evidently dictated by the heart. Has he come to believe he was born to do good without receiving any sort of recompense? It is not improbable.

As a body-servant in respectable families inherits his master's old clothes, Sophie, the Doctor's cook, wears the hates her master disdains to put on. She is a fervent Catholic and an ardent revolutionary partisan: explain the combination if you can! She is as attached as a dog to her master's interests and friendships. She too could write curious memoirs, but they would not be in her master's gentle, conciliatory style.

Were I to live a hundred years I should still remember Sophie at the Doctor's window apostrophising, at a distance, an exalted person who went by in a four-horse carriage. "Do you dare, — do you still dare drive past our door, after all my master has done for you, and after all the ingratitude you have shown him?"* The poor servant's exclamation was all the more comical as the exalted person had scarcely any other way to go to get home.

HOW KATE DISCOVERED AMERICA.

"Do you know who discovered America?" said Charlie Fraser to me.

Now this question was asked after dinner at the club; and, as Charlie is a wit, it was not unfair to suppose that, at such a time, such a question was only intended to lead up to some brilliant joke; so, instead of taking it out of his mouth by making a smart reply (which of course I could have done), I merely gave a commonplace answer, —

"Christopher Columbus, was it not? — or Vasco di Gama, or somebody of that sort?"

"Well, so I always thought till to-day," said Charlie; "but I find that such a belief is only another fallacy to be added to those that are taught in popular geography."

I was rather impatient at this long preface, and felt another and stronger temptation to make a smart answer (honestly, I could have been very smart this time), but I was determined to go through with the joke, if there was one, so I mere-

* Mimi is a term of rather contemptible familiarity. It is a contraction of *mon ami, ma sœur, mami*; in this way we get from our Norman ancestors the word mammy.

* We need scarcely say this "exalted person" is the French Emperor. As the Rue de Rivoli, in which Dr. Veron lives, is the only street leading from the Palace of the Tuileries to the Avenue des Champs Elysées and to the Bois de Boulogne, Napoleon III. is obliged to pass in front of Dr. Veron's windows, unless he would drive down the Quai, which would be impeded to cowardice. — *Eds.*

ly blew three rings of smoke (an accomplishment in which I excel), and waited.

"Yes," resumed Charlie, "and what is more, I have a document to prove it. Take that home and read it." So saying, he handed me a letter and left me, in order, I fear, to go, according to his custom, to the Arlington, and play five-pound points at whist till the next morning.

I glanced through the letter, which was written in a lady's handwriting, crossed and recrossed, at first somewhat languidly, but, as I got on, with increasing interest, until at last I became thoroughly absorbed in it, and was only roused by the waiter coming for the fourth time (after a deal of preliminary scowling) to tell me that the club was about to be closed. The facts the letter disclosed were so remarkable, that I think it only fair to lay it before the public in full, that eminent geographers may have the opportunity of discussing it, and, if necessary, that the government may fit out an expedition for the investigation of the matter, and the verification of the extraordinary geographical discovery therein recorded.

"ON BOARD THE IOWA, 6th October, 1865.

"DEAREST CHARLIE: I am sure you have wondered at not receiving a letter from me for so long, but when I tell you the astounding adventures that have befallen us, you will be glad that I am alive, — and indeed all of us, though Nelly says she is quite certain that you will dine just as well, and, of course, at one of those dreadful clubs; but of course you will give them all up when we are married; and that all men are selfish, — but you are not, I am quite certain. You know we have had a great party staying with us at Dun Beg. Two gentlemen came from the North, where they had been shooting, but I do not believe they shot anything, or else why did they not, — but I will tell you all in order, because I know you like it, and I am getting quite business-like. One of the gentlemen is a friend of yours, Mr. Felix Fellowes, of whom you were so jealous because I danced five times with him at Lady Gore Jowse's, — so unreasonable of you! And I am sure it was only because he dances well, — though he is very nice; and he can do other things than dance, too, as we found when — But I will tell you that in order. The other was a Mr. Tom Ruffler. He talked a great deal, and told us a great many clever things he had done and said himself, — though he never did or said anything particularly clever while with us, so that we all agreed that he must have read all his clever things in a book. And he knew everything; and contradicted papa about botany, and wore red neckties and varnished boots; and smoked a pipe, — but I think it made him ill, because nobody ever really saw him smoke it; and he asked me if I knew a tobacconist in the village; so I gave him some of those beautiful little cigars you sent me, and I think he liked them, because he smoked seven in one morning.

"But I must not wander from our adventures. You must know that we had been living together in the house for a week without any fresh arrivals, and so we had all got tired of each other. We used to play at croquet, and that made us quite hate each other. Nelly would not speak to Mr. Fellowes because he once croquet'd her down the hill into the river, and would not go and fetch the ball or beg her pardon. And Mr. Ruffler talked a great deal about wanting to 'play at golf,' — he called it 'playing at links,' and always wanted to know if

the golf was not too damp for the ladies to walk on (he meant the turf you know); but I am certain it was because he thought it a good joke, because he never really did play, and when he did, it was very badly, for he broke two of the clubs and lost a ball. And Jack's alive is very stupid, if you get knocked down every time and never catch anybody. Missie began photography, and took us in groups in our riding habits; but some of the chemicals got mixed up together, and the picture only came out once, and then we all had large feet, and nothing but white in our eyes, and Mr. Fellowes's neck was longer than his body, besides Missie making her hands quite black. We had a deal of music, but Mr. Ruffler pretended to despise it. He cannot understand anything but 'Slap Bang' or a hornpipe, and actually laughed at me because I said I adored Mario, — he called it Mariolatry. We danced reels every evening, of course; but my darling Viva got in the way one night, and Mr. Fellowes danced the double shuffle on her, so we decided it was too dangerous an amusement. Viva is now the loveliest pug you ever saw; her nose is blacker and more turned up than any I ever saw, and Mr. Fellowes says he could hold her up by her tail without taking the curl out of it; but I would not let him try it. However, after a time we got tired of all these amusements, and to kill time I tried to teach Mr. Ruffler to sing 'Comme à vingt ans,' but he would sing up in his head, and pretended to teach me how to pronounce French, so that failed. As a last resource, we asked papa to have the 'Water Witch' fitted out, and take us for a day's yachting among the islands. And he made a joke, and said it was the *water* which he did not like; but he promised to take us over to the island of Staffa, which you know is quite close to us here, to pass the day and explore the caves. So on Wednesday week last we all went on board the 'Water Witch,' early in the morning. We were quite a large party. Besides Bunks (who was as obstinate as ever, and even more, as I think), and the sailors, there were papa, and Missie, and Nelly, and Miss Downie, — and, do you know, Mr. Fellowes has made desperate love to her, and calls her Jemima, and we have all settled that they are going to be married. Missie took her photographic apparatus, and of course I took Viva, thinking the sea air would do her good. Just as we were pushing off, we heard somebody crying out, 'Ah, hi! Ah, hi!' and a figure rushed down to the beach. Mr. Ruffler said it was nothing but a head of hair; but it turned out to be Captain Dinochie. Mr. Ruffler said his hair would sink the ship; but papa said it was a wig, and we could throw it overboard in case of danger, so he came on board; but Mr. Ruffler behaved very badly, and pretended to think that his parting was disarranged, and offered to lend him a comb; then he said that as we had taken the captain on board, he was bored, and should take him off (he says that is a joke too, but I can't see it), and began to pull his whiskers, (though he has not got any, but as if he had), and to imitate the way the captain says good day.

"So we started to go to Staffa, which is just on the other side of Mull, and papa began to tell us about Dr. Johnson, who, it seems, had been there too, and who must have been a very selfish and disagreeable person. Shortly after starting, we sat down to luncheon, and were jolly, and had Bunks down to drink our healths. We asked him what he would like, and he said he would like some today, and should prefer 'to make it inside,' and he

drank the whiskey first and then the water; but Mr. Fellowes gave him whiskey the second time too, and Bunks actually never found it out till he had drank it all. Then Mr. Ruffler sang 'Le Postillon de Longjumeau'; but as it was in French, and he sang it very fast, nobody understood it, excepting when he sat astride on a chair and imitated the clacking of a whip, and shouted, 'Houp-là! houp-là!' Nevertheless, we all joined in the chorus.

'Ha! ha! ha! qu'il était beau,
Le Postillon de Longjumeau,'

until Bunks came down and asked us not to go on because it would raise the wind. Papa sang a song, too, about Paul Jones, a very good one, except that there was nothing in it but the chorus, —

'You have heard of Paul Jones,
He was a rogue and a vagabond,
You have heard of Paul Jones, have you not?'

But he sang it in so many different tones of voice that we thought it was a different Mr. Jones in every verse.

"So all went on delightfully for about an hour, when Bunks came down again, and said he did n't like the look of the weather.

"Why not?" asked papa.

"Well, there's just a lot of scratches and scrawls, and mares' tails, and mackerels' backs just knocking about, and there's a dirty-looking bank out to the westward."

"Then papa said we had better go back, and they turned the ship round, but almost directly the sea became very rough, the wind began to blow a hurricane, and the rain came down in torrents. At first we laughed at it, and the captain told us how he had been shipwrecked coming from the Cape of Good Hope, and lived for four years on a desert island, and when they got home all the sailors' wives had married somebody else; upon which Mr. Ruffler said that if ever he married he should go to the Cape and get shipwrecked too, which made me think of you and feel very unwell. (All this time the sea was getting rougher.) Then the ship gave a sudden lurch, and threw a grouse and a jam tart into Nelly's lap, besides upsetting all the whiskey over Miss Downie's dress.

"We all got very much alarmed, though Mr. Ruffler tried to make fun of it, and said he believed Miss Downie had done it on purpose to get double allowance. None of us laughed, and I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to joke at such a moment. Just then the ship gave another lurch, and poor Mr. Ruffler, who was hurt at what I said, turned very pale, and, casting a reproachful glance at me, said he would go and look at the weather, and went on deck. Then we heard a dreadful crash, and a groan, which turned out to be the captain, who had fallen down among the crockery in the pantry; and when Mr. Fellowes went to him, he would not get up, but said he would lie where he was and die like a soldier. You have no idea what a scene it was. The ship plunging and rolling dreadfully, every timber creaking, the chairs and plates falling about the cabin, and the wind howling through the rigging, so that one could not hear one's self speak. Jamima and Nelly and I became dreadfully ill; and had it not been for Missie, who kept up and cheered us, I am certain we should have died then and there. I cannot tell you how kind Mr. Fellowes was. He never for one moment thought of himself, but ran about all over the ship for us, brought rugs, cloaks, and cushions, put them on the cabin floor for us, and kept the lamp alight.

I felt as great an admiration for him that moment as if he had been Mario himself.

"Papa had been on deck from the first, and so had Mr. Ruffler from the time he went to look at the weather. As Mr. Ruffler goes yachting every year, of course he knows all about it, and I wanted papa to ask him if there was much danger; but papa said he had been looking into the water ever since he had been on deck, was groaning, and would not answer. And that made us more miserable, because we thought it must be very bad indeed. The most dreadful thing was, that papa said we were sailing away from the land because the wind was blowing towards it, and we were on a lee shore. We all prayed him, if he loved us, to turn round and take us home; but he said it could not be done, and so did Bunks.

"All night the hurricane continued. You may imagine that we could not sleep. We knew that we were going away from the land, and expected every moment that we should strike on our beam ends, and so spring aleak in them, and all go to the bottom. Towards morning I fell into a doze, and dreamt I was at the opera. I thought it was the last act of the 'Prophète,' where the palace falls in. I heard the crash, and awoke with a start to learn that our mast had been broken in two by the wind. Captain Dinochie must have been dreaming too, for I heard him say, 'Spare my life, — I surrender.'

"All was confusion. The morning had come, but the fog was thicker than ever; besides which the hurricane had increased, and the ship, being quite helpless, was driven before it as if it had been a feather on the water.

"This was the 28th of September. None of us could move, and all day long we lay in the cabin quite unable to stir or even to talk, and expecting every moment to be our last. I thought of you, Charlie, and wondered what you were doing, and whether you were thinking of me at all. How I wished you were with us! I felt that I could have faced death by your side; but Nelly said it would have been no better, and that you would not care about it, though I am sure you would. And then I thought that all was for the best, and I would not have had you in danger for worlds; besides, you are a bad sailor. About the middle of the day a great sea broke our boat to pieces. Mr. Ruffler came down to tell us, looking very pale; but we were too miserable to care about it. He said that the wind had changed to the east, that we had been driving due west by the compass ever since we started, and were getting into the broad Atlantic. Papa was very anxious about provisions, and said we had scarcely anything but some bacon on board; but it made us ill to hear it spoken of, and we all agreed that we should not be able to eat anything for a week at least.

"The captain crawled out of the pantry in the afternoon: such a sight! One of the lamps had fallen on him, and he was covered with oil. He was as white as a ghost; his hair was out of curl, hanging down quite limp, and his whiskers were all crushed up into nothing, so that we scarcely knew him. He took no notice of us, but called for somebody to come to him, and Missie actually had to help him across the cabin to the ladder, where he sat all day with his head in his hands. In the evening Mr. Fellowes lit a fire in the men's cabin, and made some hot whiskey and water, which he made us take, and we all felt very grateful and tried to go to sleep.

"For three days we lay in the cabin quite prostrate without any incident to relieve the horror and monotony of our situation. On the third day we were too weak and ill to care for anything. We had eaten nothing but a biscuit or two, but when we were all, as it were, at the last gasp, Mr. Fellowes found some brandy, and made us drink it by saying it was sherry, which I am certain saved all our lives.

"Oct. 2. — The wind continued, and the fog too. Mr. Ruffler was very ill-tempered, and said we should soon get to America if we went on at that rate; and he kept saying that he knew from the first that we were going to have bad weather from the eastward, though I am sure he never said so. Miss Downie was very ill indeed, and wrote a last farewell to her family, which Mr. Fellowes put in a bottle and threw overboard. She then kissed us all, and said she should die happy, but in the darkness she kissed the captain, too, by mistake, and that revived her a little; and so the day ended just as the day before did.

"Oct. 3. — This morning Mr. Fellowes insisted upon our going on deck, saying it would do us good, and we dragged ourselves up the ladder. Never shall I forget the sight. The mist was so thick that we could not see so far as the length of the ship. The sea was rolling mountains high, and the immense black waves, curling over with white foam at the top, were rushing after the ship, threatening every minute to sweep over it. The mast was quite gone, having been broken off by jibing over, as Bunks said; but a spar had been put up with a little sail upon it, and was bending almost double with every gust of the wind, which was howling in a most awful manner.

"Bunks was steering in order to keep the ship before the wind. It was too dreadful a sight for us, and we all went down again into the cabin; but I think the air had done us good, for we began to feel dreadfully hungry for the first time. We held a consultation, and found that all the provisions we had on board were a tin of wine biscuits, two jam tarts, part of a grouse pie, a haunch of venison, some bacon (the sailors had eaten most of it), two patés de foie gras, and some walnuts. Luckily there was plenty of water, and a large quantity of whiskey belonging to Bunks, besides some champagne and sherry, a dozen of seltzer-water, and a bottle of maraschino. Papa said we must all be put on rations; he then made out a list of all the things, and divided them by twelve, which was the number of the people on board, including Bunks and the crew. I begged hard to have Viva put on the list, but it was of no use, and I resolved to share my food with her to the last biscuit. Then papa ordered all the provisions to be taken into the pantry to be taken care of. What was our horror to find the venison on the cabin floor, half gnawed away and covered with dust. Everybody said it was Viva who had done it, and Mr. Ruffler wanted to throw her overboard, but I declared that I would follow her, and so her dear life was spared. We then had our rations served out, — three wine biscuits, some walnuts, and a small piece of grouse-pie each, with some sherry and water. My pie was nothing but the back of the grouse; I could not eat it, and gave it to Nelly for two walnuts. The storm still continued, and we lay down to sleep very miserable.

"Oct. 4. — The first thing I saw this morning was Viva, who came out of the pantry licking her lips. Luckily nobody but me saw her. When we came to have our morning rations, it was found that all

the rest of the grouse-pie was gone. Of course everybody blamed Viva; but it was very unfair, for Captain Dinocchie slept in the pantry, and was just as capable of eating it, I am sure. The loss of our pie made us all very low-spirited, so we ate all the rest of the bacon to keep our spirits up, and drank all the champagne. After that we began to take a brighter view of things, and Mr. Ruffler said that perhaps some ship might be drifting our way through the 'set' of the Gulf Stream, and then we might fall in with her. We put our heads out of the cabin, one after the other, but could see nothing, for the mist was as thick as ever, and the storm, which had now lasted six days, not abated in the least; besides the sleet and rain drove right in our faces, and some got down Miss Downie's neck and gave her the most dreadful cold, so that she insisted on having some bottles of seltzer-water made hot to put to her feet. I cried a great deal, and so did Nelly, but Missie comforted us so much, and was in such good spirits, that we soon became almost reconciled to our fate. The Captain never spoke a word the whole day, and did not come out of the pantry except for his rations. Mr. Ruffler said he was thinking of his hair; but he himself was very disagreeable too, and declared that, if we did not fall in with a ship, he should insist on Viva being killed and cooked, to make up for the venison and grouse; and he offered to cook her himself in the Chinese fashion.

"Oct. 5. — This morning all the provisions left were the two patés de foie gras and the bottle of maraschino. We divided them, but felt very hungry after our meal, and very thirsty, so that we finished all the water out of the tank. Our prospects were now, indeed, desperate. We had no food, and were still hundreds of miles from land, though Mr. Ruffler said we could not, at the rate we had been scudding, be very far from the coast of Newfoundland. Towards night, however, the mist cleared up somewhat, and the moon came out for a short time. We all went upon deck to see it, and it quite cheered us. Towards morning the sea seemed to go down, and we heard a great commotion on deck, and could distinguish the voice of Mr. Ruffler giving orders. We rushed up the ladder at once, and there beheld land! How shall I describe our emotions? I cried for joy. Nelly looked at the land through the telescope for ten minutes before she would believe it. Miss Downie came up, too, and was so overcome, that, finding herself near Mr. Ruffler, she fainted away in his arms; but he handed her over to Mr. Fellowes, who carried her into the cabin. Then the captain came up, and spoke for the first time. He said the land was exactly like Scotland, and that made us all laugh very much, because, as Mr. Ruffler said, we had been sailing directly away from Scotland for six days. Mr. Ruffler himself said that it must be some part of Newfoundland, probably Cape Race, where the steamers touch. Bunks said he warn't no navigator much, but he thought he had been there afore. This made us laugh again, for we were in good spirits; but Bunks got very angry, and would not speak any more.

"By this time we had drifted towards the land, and, as we had no boat, Bunks steered the ship as well as he could towards a sandy cove. At last she struck on the sand, but still some distance from dry land, because she draws ten feet of water, and the shore was shelving. Mr. Ruffler volunteered to swim ashore with a rope, and, taking off his boots and coat, dived overboard, very gracefully; but he had forgotten to take enough rope, and he was

stopped, suddenly, underneath the water, or, as Bunks said, 'brought up with a round turn.' We thought he would be drowned; but he only said something very dreadful to Bunks, and then, when some more rope was let out, swam to the shore with it.

"A larger rope was then tied on to it, and he pulled that ashore, — then another; and a packing case was so arranged as to run along it, by which first, Miss Downie, and then all the rest of us were taken ashore. Missie, who always thinks of everything, brought with her some dry clothes for Mr. Ruffler, who dressed in a cave; and we then all started to explore the country. Mr. Fellowes had brought the gun which was given to Mr. Ruffler, in case we might find any game, which, he said, was probable. And we had not gone very far, before a number of strange birds, very like grouse, rose up and flew away. Mr. Ruffler fired twice at them, but missed, and said they were too far off. Then we came to some more and he missed them too, though they were very near. Papa said it was wasting powder, and took the gun himself, and shot the next bird we saw. We all settled that Mr. Ruffler could not shoot; though he said he had killed a large number of deer in Scotland. We walked on through a pine wood and across some stuff just like the heather in the Highlands, which Mr. Ruffler said always grows in those latitudes, — for he told us we were in the same latitude as at home. Suddenly, on arriving at the top of a hill we came to the sea again, and found that we were, in fact not on the mainland at all, but on an island. All our hopes were overthrown in an instant. We looked at each other in blank despair, and slowly walked down to the shore, with a vague wish to be nearer the mainland. Mr. Ruffler said he was quite certain that the island was not marked upon any chart, and that we should have to report its discovery to the Admiralty; and he resolved to make an observation of its latitude from the highest point. He left us at once to go back to the ship, in order to get a sextant and an almanac and materials for a tent; and we all sat down in silence, looking at the land we could not reach. Mr. Fellowes and Missie got together some dry wood and lit a fire, which cheered us a little; but our joy was of short duration, for Mr. Ruffler came back suddenly, and in an agitated voice, told us that the ship had disappeared. Even Bunks had deserted us; and we were now left perfectly destitute and helpless on a desert island. We held a council. The captain was quite violent, and said it all came of going to sea with a parcel of women. Mr. Ruffler could suggest nothing, except to cook the bird papa had shot. The only persons who seemed to be able to do anything were Missie, Mr. Fellowes, and papa, who made a kind of shelter for us with branches of trees.

"But our deliverance was nearer at hand than we imagined. Papa was looking over the sea, and suddenly started up and turned pale. We followed his eye, and what was our delight to see the smoke of a steamer plainly visible on the horizon. Then came in hour of dreadful excitement, — hopes and fears chasing each other and every minute seeming an age. We tied a shawl on a long branch and waved it frantically to and fro. We piled all the wood we could find on our fire. We shouted till we were hoarse, and fired off our last charge of powder to attract attention. At first the steamer held on her course and seemed about to pass the island; but suddenly she stopped, turned, and came straight towards us. After that I remember nothing, till I found my-

self lying in a comfortable cabin, the furniture of which was marked 'Iona.' The revulsion of joy and gratitude for our miraculous deliverance were almost too much for me. I felt that unless I did something I should go mad; and I resolved to sit down and write an account of our dangers and sufferings to you, dear Charlie, who, I know, are more interested than anybody in everything that concerns me. I have done. I shall send this to England by the first opportunity, and shall count the miles that lie between us, and the moments that pass before I see you once more. Your own loving

"KATE.

"P. S. — Mr. Ruffler has just come down. He says we have got the yacht in tow; that there was a 'local attraction' which made the compass always point to the west, and that we had been in a circular storm. It is a mercy we came across the Atlantic as we did.

"P. P. S. — Mr. Ruffler says that we were not in America at all, but on one of the small Hebrides near Mull, and that this is a steamer which runs from Inverness to Cronan, and that we shall be at Dun Beg this afternoon. I dare say he thinks that a very clever joke, but of course I do not believe it. And he says he shall write a tale about it; so if ever you meet one, don't you believe that either."

A FREAK ON THE VIOLIN.

SUBSEQUENT to Tubal Cain's inventions; harp and organ, — the fiddle, or lyre played on with a bow, takes rank by reason of its antiquity. Its place and importance in the world of Music are of the first interest. The difficulty of handling it, which is extreme, implies the rarest delicacies of ear and of touch, — the latter not to be attained to by strenuous good will; supposing apt physical organization denied. "A hand" on the piano-forte is not a more peculiar possession than "a bow arm." On the precision of finger-positions does purity of tone depend. The human voice has little more expressive power, — even with the advantage of verbal declamation to help it, — than the Violin. Lastly, the instrument when mute has characteristics which give it a place of its own. Whereas every other one of its comrades is worsened the fiddle is bettered by age and use. A violin has been sold, in our time, for one hundred and forty times the money paid for it when it came from the hands of its maker. A story is told, by Messrs. Sandys and Forster, in their History of the Violin, that for an instrument by Steiner the Tyrolese (who came after the great Cremonese and Brescian makers) fifteen hundred acres of American land were ceded, at a dollar an acre, on which the thriving city of Pittsburg now stands. There is nothing analogous to this in the vicissitudes of price which "the marked catalogue" of sold statues and pictures registers.

The above being all so many indisputable facts, no one need wonder that a body of tradition and anecdote has gathered round the violin family, the same comprising four members: besides itself, viola, violoncello, and double bass, rich and various in quality. A delightful and amusing book might be written on the subject for the delectation of those "who have music in their souls"; and, since it is unfashionable to confess to contrary organization in these our times of changes and progress, when Music has become a pleasure, which, like the Plague of

Egypt, pervades our kings' chambers and our workmen's houses,—a freak on or about the violin family, their makers, their players, and the music prepared for the same, may not be altogether untimely. A compendious and well-executed little book*—one of the best, as well as most unpretending, books of its kind that I know of—has reminded me of a few old tales and truths, and encouraged me to string together a few of these in a desultory fashion.

How many centuries have passed since the world was first edified by the sounds of a fiddle is a question for the Dryasdusts;—not to be dismissed lightly here. Old painters—how far inspired by tradition or not, who shall say?—have put it into the hands of Apollo on the hill of Parnassus; and, following their example, the other day, Mr. Leighton, in his *Picture of Music*, put it into the hands of Orpheus as the magical instrument by which Eurydice was given back to life. Certain it is that, about the eleventh or twelfth centuries, the violin had taken its present form, and many antiquarians, the diligent and erudite Mr. William Chappell among the number, are satisfied that this form was of northern rather than southern origin. The Welsh, those dear lovers of pedigree, and who have asserted (it has been humorously said) that the primeval language spoken by Adam and Eve was theirs, have laid claim to it. One of the lozenges in the quaint painted roof of Peterborough cathedral, showing a bare-legged man dancing to his kit (date the twelfth century), has a curiously modern air, so far as the shape of the instrument is concerned; but it was not perfected till the sixteenth century, when Amati of Cremona, and Di Salo of Brescia, gave models which have been slightly varied; but which such notable artificers as Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Steiner, and others never unmade, nor, indeed, have essentially changed. Since their day, no improvements have been effected, save in the making of the bow,—a condition of things without parallel in the fabrication of musical instruments,—which has been universally a story of discovery and progress. Think of a Broadwood, or an Erard Concert Grand Piano-forte, as compared with the meek and weak little clavier, which sufficed to Sebastian Bach; think how the powers of King David's instrument, the harp, have been extended by pedals and "double-action" since the days of the bards, nay, and even of such modern celebrities as Krumpholtz, and Madame de Genlis, and Madame Spohr the first. Think of what has happened to the "German Flute" since Frederick the Great bored his court of wits and philosophers, and the ears of his patient concert-master, Herr Quanz, by playing his three nightly concertos. Think how all the mechanical appliances of the Organ, as the lightening of touch, and the easier combinations of register, have been improved during the past century and a half, since Christian Müller, the maker of the Haarlem organ. Gabelaar, and Silbermann, and Father Schmidt built their instruments, still magnificent in respect of their sonority, but comparatively rude in structure. No fate of the kind has befallen the violin. The best workmen are those who best imitate the men who wrought three hundred years ago. In its form, in proportion, in the addition to its means, no improvement has been made; and less so in some points of decoration which assist in the preservation

of the instrument. The secret of the old varnishes, which are as essential to the well-being of a violin, as is manipulated clay of delicate quality to the texture of china, seems, if we are to believe common testimony, irrecoverably lost.

Few who see that simple-looking toy, out of which such admirable music is drawn, have an idea of its delicate complexity of structure. A well-made violin contains more than fifty different pieces of woods, the woods being three: maple, red deal, and ebony. The wood must be thoroughly seasoned, especially the red deal; and the only artist of modern times who is said to counterfeit the works of the great Italian makers, M. Vuillaume, of Paris, has done so mainly by a most careful selection of materials. Many a roof and panel from Swiss chalets have found their way into his workshop. Be the grain ever so good, the material must have undergone the slow action of time. Some have thought to supersede this by the use of acids and by artificial heat. But these expedients, I am assured, have only a short-lived success. The violins thus *forced* deteriorate steadily; whereas the good instruments become more mellow and precious in sound year by year. It seems agreed that the amount of sonority in the violin partly depends on the flatness or otherwise of its form. How it should be that no change of any importance has been made since the days of Di Salo and Amati, presents, I repeat, one of the most singular anomalies in that history of anomalies the lovely art of Music. But the violin is nothing without its bow; and the perfected bow is an invention dating nearly two centuries later than the perfection of the instrument which it "bids to discourse." Here is a second anomaly.

A third is, that the instrument was brought to perfection before any music was produced worth performing on it (as we understand matters). Corelli and Scarlatti were not writing when Amati, and Stradivarius, and Guarnerius were producing their masterpieces, which sufficed to the Paganinis of modern times for the execution of their stupendous feats of volubility and brilliancy. In truth, till the beginning of the last century, the music written for the violin was mere child's play,—the works of one wonderful man excepted,—John Sebastian Bach. This great genius, who divined so much, and the value of whose experiments to the world of musical poets has only come to be appreciated within a comparatively recent period, can have encountered no one, I suspect, in the least able to present on the violin his difficult and recondite fancies. His Sonatas, Chaconnes, Variations, as good as buried till Mendelssohn disinterred them, tax a player to the amount which few players, save of the calibre of a Spohr, a Joachim, and a Molique, can afford to be taxed. Perhaps, as a body, the French violinists, as represented by Leclair, inheriting Italian traditions from Lulli, were in advance of their contemporaries of other countries,—but so loose is all record of Music at that period, that nothing beyond conjecture is possible.

I have tried, in the above, to touch on a few of the leading points and peculiarities of the leading instrument of the orchestra,—the most singular representative of conservative and progressive life in combination that the story of Music, that most capricious among the arts, includes. It would be easy to swell these paragraphs to any extent, by offering characters of what may be called the representative men of the violin, such as Farini, Geminiani, Rode, Viotti, Lafont; but these can be found

* *Violins and Violin-Makers, &c., &c.* By JOSEPH FRANCH, Jr. Longman and Co. London.

by any reader who ransacks the dictionaries; so that I shall content myself with rummaging my own peculiar stores of recollection regarding some of the great players of this nineteenth century.

Of course, the first of these to be named is Paganini; but the man whom to name, so as to give any distinct record of the impression made on me by him, is most difficult. There are people of genius who rule by disturbing, not subjugating, the spirits of those who listen to them. One of these (to cite a parallel in music) was Malibran as compared with Pasta; another, the great Genoese violinist, who convulsed Europe by his triumphs, as no instrumentalist (the Abbé Liszt not excepted) has done before or since his apparition.

One may well talk of "apparition" in Paganini's case; because the intense and eccentric personality of the man had its share in the attention his performances excited. A vampire in an orchestra is not an every-day sight; and never did man by dress and gesture make more of a ghostly aspect than did he; neither more obviously thereby invite the fabrication of the marvellous anecdotes which Fancy makes out of nothing, for Scandal to repeat. Paganini's real life had been miserable and disorderly enough to satisfy such foolish people as think mystery and error inevitable accompaniments of genius. It was a long fever-fit of gambling, and avarice, and self-indulgence, alternating with the exercise of most startling progress in art. With most hearers, owing to the exaggeration of his expression, to which his limitless execution enabled him to give the fullest scope, Paganini passed as being fuller of passion than any instrumentalist who ever appeared. Such is not my own impression. I never could rid myself when I heard him, though I was then inexperienced and liable to be carried away by what is astonishing, of a conviction of the player's eccentricity; which gave a false pathos to his slow movements, and a regulated caprice to his brilliant effects. His execution was limitless; his tone was thin, and chargeable with a certain abuse of trembling vibration, which, for a time, became tiresomely fashionable; but the tone was unimpeachable in purity.

His peculiar effects in execution, in staccato and pizzicato passages, in a command of the fourth string so complete as to enable him to turn the violin into a monochord—those glassy harmonic sounds (which, however, when used to excess satiate), are now understood not to have been invented by him, but by Durand or Duranowski, a miscreant belonging to the class of vagabond geniuses, wrecked by their wasteful profligacy, whose number, happily for the art, diminishes year by year. Spohr, in his Autobiography, declares that the harmonic effects had been also anticipated by the "once famous Scheller,"—another violinist of great talent and disordered life, who was possibly ruined by his connection with the unclean and profligate Count of Würtemberg, and who passed out of sight in want and misery. But though Scheller may have heard Duranowski, it is improbable that the Genoese artist ever crossed Scheller's path. The harmonic feat is not worth much.

It may be added, that from the time when he rose into notoriety, Paganini took small pains to maintain his powers of execution by practice; never, it is said, taking his violin from its case betwixt exhibition and exhibition, and showing small general interest in music; the exception being the magnificent present volunteered by this miserly

man to M. Berlioz, as the continuer of Beethoven, which has become a historical anecdote.

Paganini's playing of classical music was in no respect remarkable. His great concert-pieces composed for himself, though unequal, were excellent in point of grace, fancy, and opportunity for display. He was the original "Carnival of Venice"; and threw into the changes of that insignificant gondola-tune an amount of whim, contrast, and reckless gayety (costume, almost, one might say), impossible to forget. To sum up, whether his strength was that of health or fever, whether his taste was always unimpeachable or the reverse, whether he was more powerful to surprise than to move, or not, as an executive artist, whose genius left his impress on his generation, Paganini stands unparagoned. For a time, the influence was not a good one. Sham Paganinis appeared by the score, and made concert-music hideous. One or two of these were meant by nature for better things. To give an example, the Norwegian virtuoso, M. Ole Bull, whose peculiarities amounted to a specimen of those close and ingenious parodies of a strange original, which perplex and cause regret in every honest observer. To have justified his choice of style, M. Ole Bull should have carried out Paganini's effects, as Paganini carried out Duranowski's. Only the feat was simply impossible.

At the antipodes to this magnificent curiosity of Genius working out its purposes, not without resource to empiricism, stands in the modern history of the Violin a man whose notable talent almost rose to genius: and whose influence on his art was wider, healthier, and will probably prove longer-lived than that of his Italian contemporary, Louis Spohr. The impetus given by him to the school of German violin-playing cannot be over-estimated.

Of all the players to be mentioned in connection with the violin, Spohr takes the highest rank as a composer; in fact, he is the only great violinist who succeeded in opera, in sacred, in symphonic, in chamber, and in solo concert music; and this without any peculiarity in invention or brightness of fancy. Not a single theme by Spohr has become popular. It may not be without interest to speculate how far this may be referable to the character and physical organization of one of the most respectable, most self-engrossed, most stalwart, most diligent, and least engaging men who has figured in the annals of Music. He was a singular mixture of intelligence and bigoted loyalty to himself, as his Autobiography makes clear. He had something like universality of endowments, for, as a youth, he drew and painted portraits,—his own (which is significant), and those of the girls who fell in love with him,—and for a while could hardly decide by which of the sister arts he would make his fortune. Having decided, however, for Music, Spohr carried through his purposes in a truly characteristic manner. He stalked along through his life to the end of it, holding his head high, looking neither to the right nor the left; and, though honest, as remarkable for his self-esteem as for his probity. His presence was as striking as Paganini's, though in a style totally different. There was nothing of the charlatan about Spohr. He was of commanding stature, with features noble in form and serious in expression, well befitting the musician, not a bar of whose writings is chargeable with vulgarity, but whose aspect promised a refinement in the man which his social manners did not always fulfil; for to be refined is to be considerate of others, and this Spohr was not. Of all the instrumental

players I recollect, he was the most stately to see, and one of the coldest to hear. Of all the mannered composers who ever wrote, (and Spohr was as mannered as the veriest Italian—to name but one, Signor Rossini, whose flimsy writings he so coolly analyzed,) he was the least mannered in his playing. Not a point in it was overwrought, not a point was underfinished. "Propriety and tact" as the late George Robins said in one of his advertisements, "presided"; and there was in it such beauty as belongs to perfect order, perfect purity, perfect symmetry, perfect command, over all the legitimate resources of his craft. It was a sincere, complete exhibition,—if there was ever such a thing,—but one which spoke to the head, not to the heart; to the conscience, and not to the affections. The "sacred fire" was not there. I think that if Spohr had been a thin little man, and without that Jupiter port of his, his playing might have been less successful in Germany, Italy, France, and England, than as in his Autobiography he fondly tells us it was.

But make what we will of Spohr, of his strange indifference, or else false appreciation of other comrades' works,—of his deficiency of fundamental knowledge, proved by his taking late in life to re-study counterpoint, when the task in hand was an Oratorio, there is no doubt that, as a German violinist and composer for the violin, he must always hold a first place. As a professor, he knew (not always a winning or flexible man) how to quicken the intelligence, and not so much to insure the respect as to gain the affection of his pupils. These could be named by some two score, were a contemporary catalogue the matter in hand; but two may be mentioned—the Brothers Holmes—if only because of the singular indifference of their and our native country to their great accomplishments. Rude as Spohr could be to his Cassel orchestra, calling them "swine" when they displeased him, his pupils, one and all, seem to have attached themselves to him without stint; and many an act of private forbearance and kindness, on his part, to those straitened in their means, is to be set against the impression above recorded.

Then as to written music for the violin, whereas Paganini's efforts and effects have died out, to be reproduced in a feeble and incomplete echo by his kinsman, Signor Sivori, the violin Concertos of Spohr will not soon be laid aside, owing to the perfect knowledge of the instrument they display, the sensible orchestral combinations they conclude, and the individuality of their manner; which, be it right or wrong, is Spohr's own, and his alone. Further, his violin duets are unsurpassed as combinations of melody, suave, if not new, with harmony pleasing and luscious, if something monotonous. The rage for Spohr's music has subsided everywhere; but his influence, and that of all he wrote for his special instrument, has not subsided; nor, I fancy, may altogether subside,

"THU Music shall untune the sky,"

and the devices and desires of Herr Wagner shall rule the world.

One of the most delicious artists who ever took Violin in hand was De Beriot, some shortcomings in depth of feeling granted. He may be named as among the exceptions by which rules are proved. That certain qualities are "constant" (as the mathematicians say) in certain countries, I have been long convinced. The vivacious Irish, as a body of musicians, have a propensity to dragging and drawl-

ing. The English have small feeling for accent as compared with the French. There has not been one great French contralto singer. The Belgians in music are heavy rather than elegant, and are apt to substitute (as M. Vieuxtemps has shown us on the violin) elaborate pomposity for real feeling and grandeur. But De Beriot, the most elegant of violinists, was a Belgian, born at Louvain. If Paganini pairs off with Liszt, De Beriot does among pianists with Thalberg, and among singers with Madame Cinti-Damoreau. The three may be cited as irrefragable. Greater beauty of tone was never heard than theirs. Greater grace and polish without finality than theirs cannot be attained. Had more of emotion been added by nature, the excellence might have been less equable. None of the three can be called cold; none of the three ventured one inch deeper than the point their powers enabled them to fathom. In Spohr's Autobiography he speaks grudgingly of De Beriot, (as he does of almost every violinist, save himself,) albeit De Beriot exercised a fascination by his playing which Spohr never commanded; more solid though Spohr's music is. And De Beriot's airs with variations, and Concertos (especially one with the rondo in the Russian style), live in recollection, though not heard for many a year, as distinctly as if they had been enjoyed but yesterday. The one man who might have challenged him on his own ground was Mayseder of Vienna (whose lovely and natural and becoming compositions must not pass without a word, when the Violin and its sayings and doings are the theme); but Mayseder was not a show,—otherwise a travelling player,—and never, I believe, quitted the Austrian capital, and the orchestra of the Kärntner Thor Theatre there. A solo I heard from him in a hackneyed ballet to accompany a dancer on a hot autumn evening to an empty house, was enough of itself to show his sweetness, graciousness, and thorough knowledge of the best uses of the violin.

I come now to speak of a violin player in whom something of the spirits of the North and of the South were combined,—the classical grandeur and repose of the one,—the impassioned abandonment of the other: who was, nevertheless, in no respect an eclectic artist; neither on whom, as in De Beriot's case, given qualities could be counted on with certainty,—a player who, in his best hours, in his best music, had power to move his public as none of the three professors of his instrument, mentioned before him were able to do. This was Ernst; who appeared after the three great players commemorated, and who, in spite of one fatal defect, a tendency to false intonation, no more to be controlled than was the same fault in Pasta's singing, could assert himself as among the best of his order, and occasionally, as best among the best. I have never heard a man play worse than he did sometimes. I have never heard any man play so well as I have heard Ernst play: and this not in the form of showy displays, such as any glib or indefatigable person may bring himself to produce, but in the utterance of the intense, yet not over intense, expression with which he could interpret the greatest thoughts of the greatest poets in music. His leading of Beethoven's three Russian quartets (the Razumouffsky set) may be set beside Madame Viardot's resistless presentment of Gluck's Orpheus, beside Pasta's "Son io," in Medea, beside the "Suzette moi" of Duprez in Guillaume Tell. In all the four instances cited, the case was one of fervent genius,—so fervent as to make defects and disadvantages forgotten, but mas-

tered by, not mastering, its possessor. Herr Ernst's tone on the violin had nothing of Spohr's immaculate purity, nothing of De Beriot's winning charm; but it was a tone that spoke, and that spoke, too, to the heart, and representing there the nature of as genial, and affectionate, and noble a man as ever drew breath, or drew a bow.

No matter a disadvantageous education, — no matter disadvantageous surroundings, — no matter a certain languor of physical temperament which made him too accessible to persuasion, — there was in Ernst nothing paltry, nothing jealous, nothing to be explained away, in any artistic transaction of his life. And this I hold (believing that every man's art will, more or less, express his nature) was to be heard and felt in Ernst's playing. There was sometimes in it majesty, sometimes an intimate expression by right of which he deserves to stand alone in the gallery of violinists. The same qualities are represented in his music; "the stars" having destined Ernst to be a great composer, had he been born, like Spohr, with untiring "thaws and sinews," or had been as strictly trained as was Spohr. But he just produced in the way of composition what sufficed for his own needs and remarkable executive powers. One production of his, however, the first movement of a Concerto in C sharp minor, though overlaid with technical difficulties, is full of great thoughts carried out by adequate science. This fragment may well be the despair of smaller folk who attempt the violin. When Ernst played it (on his good days) there was no feeling of difficulty, either in the music or for the player. It should be recorded that Ernst's inequality, to which allusion has been made, in some measure limited his popularity. Those who think that the presence of mind and feeling borne out by great executive power, and a style thoroughly individual, do not still atone for occasional uncertainty, dwelt on Ernst's imperfect intonation, and denied him merit.

No such question has been or can be raised against the reigning king of violinists, Herr Joachim, whose popularity is without one dissenting voice, and whose excellence as a player is without alloy. Avoiding, for the most part, what may be called *trick* music, and, till now, unsuccessful in his attempts to write that which shall satisfy a mixed audience, he has been driven, beyond any of the artists hitherto named, on the interpretation of other men's compositions. In this occupation he has been equalled by no predecessor. Whether the matter in hand be the wondrous inventions of Sebastian Bach, — ancient but not old, and, with all their formalities of former times, more romantic and suggestive than most of the ravings of the day, which are set forth as profound and transcendental poetry, — whether it be Beethoven's loftiest inspirations (such as the Adagio in his D major trio), or Spohr's *Scena Drammatica*, or Mendelssohn's lovely Concerto, this magnificent artist leaves nothing to be desired. With a purer taste than Paganini, — with more feeling than Spohr, — with more earnestness than, and almost as much elegance as, De Beriot, — with more certainty than Ernst, Herr Joachim presents a combination of the highest intellectual, poetical, and technical qualities. In the rendering of music he is without a peer.

I must name one more artist, never to be mentioned without respect when the Violin is in hand. Having illustrated by parallels, I may say that what Moscheles is as composer for the piano-forte, Molique is for the Violin, — not always spontaneous, but

always interesting by ingenuity and distinct individuality. The concert pieces of Molique will not grow antiquated. They are quaint and less cloying than Spohr's; perhaps less advantageous in displaying the executant, but demanding, in their final movements especially, a certain humor, clear of eccentricity, which gives them a great relish, and is totally unborrowed. In Herr Molique's chamber-music there is more labor and less freedom, but everywhere traces of a sincere and thoughtful musician, which must interest those who value the thorough workmanship of an intelligent head and hand. If it be added that many a charlatan without a tithe of Herr Molique's ideas, or a fiftieth part of his skill in treating the same, has amassed a fortune, whereas his long life, now drawing towards eventide, of honorable toil, extended usefulness, and the respect due to one without a taint, jealousy, littleness, or intrigue, has been ill recompensed, the purpose of such a revelation will be easily divined, — not to sadden those who love Art, but to cheer them, by giving them a chance of cheering the latter days of one to whom every sincere student of the Violin and violin-music owes a debt.

OUR FIRST VENTURE IN REAL ESTATE

THE worthy man to whom the writer of these pages owes a wife's allegiance is engaged throughout the day in one of the darkest and closest of our city counting-houses, and his nights were passed in a monotonous suburban street until circumstances permitted him to indulge himself, and me, in the long-sighed-for luxury of a home in the country, where he, during his scanty leisure, could enjoy purer air, and I should be free to renew some of the habits and pleasures of my girlhood.

We proposed to effect this change in a very simple and economical manner, — our purse as well as our tastes still forbidding anything lavish or ostentatious, — and resolutely to eschew the Douro Villas and Wellington Lodges which constitute the "genteel" neighborhoods of all those localities around the metropolis which the Londoners favor. We had no desire to rent a dwelling where comfort is sacrificed to the effect produced by queer little turrets and pinnacles; or where plate-glass and a tiny conservatory are expected to obviate all the inconveniences of ill-seasoned doors, badly hung windows, and half-finished fittings. We resolved to enter into no arrangements which could interfere with our withdrawal from the new plan, if it did not work well, and to content ourselves with a simple *cottage* at a reasonable distance — say ten or twelve miles — from Temple Bar, and with no more ground attached to it than we could ourselves keep in order, with some occasional assistance from a jobbing gardener.

Any one who has prosecuted a similar search will bear me witness that it is an arduous one. The *bona fide*, unpretentious *cottage* of six or seven rooms, which we were bent on obtaining, is seldom to be found, or, when discovered, is still more rarely empty. We inserted and answered advertisements to no purpose; patiently endured the ill-concealed sneers and pomposity of house-agents who "rarely had anything so low-rented upon their books," and travelled many miles in vain. But at last we found what we wanted in the vicinity of the town of K—, and eagerly secured it.

The *Nest*, as its owner had named it, had not

been erected above twelve months, consequently it was clean and fresh; and, having been originally intended for his own family, was carefully finished off, and well supplied with many little conveniences rarely met with in a new house. The water was disagreeably hard, and rather brackish, and the soil a stiff clay; but with the help of a filter we made shift to use the former, and the luxuriance of our roses soon reconciled us to the latter.

I must not linger over the happy days we spent at the Nest, for, alas! those days were few. We had barely entered on the second summer of our tenancy, and, in the full zest of projected improvements, were watching with amateurs' delight the growth of flowers and vegetables which we honestly believed to be perfection, when our landlord made an unexpected call. With a profusion of apologies he explained that his wife, — who had strenuously opposed the whim which had compelled her to leave her pleasant little dwelling, — losing her health in the closer atmosphere of the town, had won from him a promise to give us (at midsummer) six months' notice to quit.

With an excess of caution, which I now bitterly deplored, we had refused to take a lease of the Nest; and therefore could only submit, and try to console ourselves with the recollection, that the distance from the railway station and the dulness of the dark and unfrequented road had often been felt — although never before acknowledged — during the winter months. We were now eager to get away from a spot which had lost its attractions; for what enjoyment was there in planning flower-beds or training honeysuckles, whose blossoming in the ensuing spring my eyes would not behold?

But what course to pursue it was not easy to determine. Should we commence another wearying round of inquiries? or — and this was an idea for which we were indebted to our grocer, one of those indefatigable little men who, amidst a multiplicity of affairs of their own, find time to know and interest themselves in their neighbors — should we invest a small legacy lately bequeathed to us in a plot of land, and build for ourselves such a home as we were now reluctantly relinquishing?

The United Townsmen of K — 's Building Society possessed (so the grocer informed us) a charming little estate on the west of the Borough which as yet was wholly unbuilt upon; and if we thought seriously of the notion, he, as secretary and general manager of the society, would be most happy to further our wishes to the utmost of his ability.

Accompanied by him, we accordingly inspected the Westborough estate, and found that his encomiums were not much exaggerated. Situated on a gentle slope, approached by a pretty winding lane, and commanding pleasant prospects, — on the one side of fields, through which a small stream ran glittering in the sunshine, and on the other of the gray-towered church and blocks of antiquated buildings comprising the ancient borough of K, — nothing could be more suitable to our purpose. Rural and secluded, yet within walking distance of the town and rail, we both felt tolerably certain that for this once, at least, fortune was favoring us.

In reply to a prudent suggestion that the spot would soon lose half its attractions if too closely built upon, the secretary hastened to assure us that the long stretch of greensward fronting the site we had selected was, with one or two trifling exceptions, his own property, and that he proposed converting it into a garden for the use of his family. The land im-

mediately adjoining the estate belonged to the Corporation, who were then putting an iron railing around it; and for the rest, as the *mass* of the people generally follow the lead of the *few*, he did not doubt that, if we broke ground by putting up a tasteful and convenient structure, others would take their tone from ours; and, as a natural consequence, the Westborough estate, sprinkled with pretty cottages, — ornées, — would far surpass that at Eastborough, which, as every one knew, London contractors had crowded with expensive and ugly crescents and terraces.

The little secretary talked so fast and learnedly on all these points, and so fraternally advised us how to carry out the undertaking, that our original determination not to move in the matter until after due deliberation was wholly forgotten. A few days found us in possession of a plot of freehold land, and immersed in the study of the plans and specifications sent in by a practical builder, to whom the grocer recommended us, and who, I must do him the justice to say, executed the work intrusted to him well and reasonably.

By the Lady-day of the following year our cottage was pronounced to be in a fit state for occupation, and I hurried up from my native village in Dorsetshire, where a troublesome cough had induced my spouse to insist upon my wintering, instead of sharing with him the discomforts of a London lodging during the time we were homeless. The building, simple as it was, looked remarkably well as we approached it, although the pretty winding lane was now little better than a slough, and in some places was almost impassable; but the secretary, who had somehow learned the hour of my intended arrival, and had taken the trouble to be present at it, assured me that the Corporation intended making a good sound road as far as their own property extended; — and as regarded the roads and paths on the Westborough estate itself, if we could persuade our fellow-owners to unite with us in *making* them (technical this, but we soon learned the signification), the parish would then take them off our hands, and keep them in repair.

With the interior of our dwelling I was pleased — much pleased — but externally there were unsatisfactory changes. The frontage of greensward which my fancy had been picturing converted into a pretty flower-garden, was partly sublet, and divided into small allotments by rails and fences of the rudest description; while the portion the secretary had reserved for himself was covered with patches of turnip greens and rows of cabbages. The glimpse, between some elms, of the river and the church-tower, which I had thought so picturesque, was now completely blocked out by a squat, ugly, little four-roomed red brick house, before and behind which lines filled with fluttering garments proclaimed the business of its occupant.

My husband helplessly shrugging his shoulders and remaining silent, the grocer tranquilly replied to exclamations of regret and annoyance, —

"O yes, certainly; the little place I pointed out could not boast of any *beauty*; but Mrs. Smith was a most industrious, praiseworthy creature, and had built it entirely from her savings. I must do him the justice to remember that he had not claimed the *whole* of the frontage. He had mentioned an exception or two, and Mrs. Smith's allotment was one of them. A clump of young trees nicely planted would shade us from the morning sun, and effectually conceal the laundry, if we really thought it unsightly."

If!

And this large building on the land belonging to the Corporation, for what was this intended? It must have been in progress for some months, and yet had never been mentioned in my husband's letters.

"That," — and the secretary's face wore a look of profound astonishment, — "that was the chapel of the new cemetery. Was it possible that I had resided so long in the vicinity of it, and had never heard of the Burial Board, and the closing of the churchyard, and the parochial squabbles about it? O dear, no, I should n't find it a great disadvantage. He was sure, as he had often said to my excellent partner here, quite sure that I was not of those nervous ladies who made troubles of trifles. The bell? Well, yes, certainly it might have a depressing influence at first; but it was astonishing how soon people got used to those sort of things; and as to its making Westborough dull, so nice a little cemetery as this would be must have quite a contrary effect, and would doubtless become the favorite resort of the townsfolk. Besides, there were militia barracks in K.; there would be military funerals occasionally, — full band, — "Dead March in Saul," — splendid piece of music that! "Dead March in Saul," going; lively march on returning. No, no, I should not find Westborough dull, I might depend upon it."

It was no use arguing with this obtuse man, and it would be equally useless to dilate upon all I have endured since the consecration of the cemetery. Time may blunt my sensitiveness to the melancholy tolling of that dreadful bell, and may reconcile me to the vistas of tombstones, obelisks, and urns which are rising in the foreground of the view from my drawing-room windows; but of this I must be permitted to remain dubious.

In the mean while, the cottage ornées which were to have sprinkled this estate are myths. Too late for ourselves, we have made the discovery that Westborough, owing to its close proximity to a low and filthy suburb of the little town, is in disrepute with the more respectable portion of the inhabitants; and as no one will build handsome houses where there is so little chance of their being let, all the allotments in our immediate vicinity are being, to our dismay, rapidly covered with four-roomed tenements, which are commonly occupied by two families.

As the secretary's cabbages and potatoes continued to flourish before our eyes for a lengthened period, we, regarding these as a lesser evil than bricks and mortar, were hopeful of preserving an aristocratic distance from our fast-increasing neighbors. But, alas! the other little exception which faces our front door is now adorned — shall I say? — by a long, low shed, in which a man, his wife, and sundry olive-branches have taken up their abode; and, the smallness of their domicile necessarily interfering with their movements, they, with an utter disregard of my feelings, perform as many as possible of their domestic duties in the open air. Added to this, volumes of smoke and steam on Monday mornings, and the additional presence of three matrons who sing and chatter at a row of wash-tubs, proclaim the unpleasant fact that Mrs. Black is a professor of the purifying art also.

The erection of this shed, and the irruptions we are constantly suffering of Daniel Black's noisy and saucy children, have aroused my peace-loving spouse into remonstrating with the secretary, who instantly

admitted that the said Daniel Black had scandalously infringed his agreement by putting up such a hovel instead of a decent dwelling-house. A notice was promptly served upon the man to the effect that it must be removed. But, as it appears that the society cannot enforce the pulling down of an erection merely intended to fulfil the purpose of a stable or laundry, David Black, with equal promptitude, took lodgings for his family, and affirmed he was not converting his shed into a dwelling-house, inasmuch as he did not sleep in it.

This quashed the threatened proceedings, and at the end of a week the two bedsteads which had been temporarily taken away were brought back, and Daniel Black's triumph celebrated by an orgy which kept me awake half the night.

Twice has this futile endeavor to eject him been made; the recurrence of the same being certified to us by a visit from a juvenile Black for the loan of a bedwinch, and the wheeling away of sundry laths, poles, and bundles, on a hand-barrow; while the defeat of the society is tacitly understood, when, in the course of a week or two, the winch is returned to us, and the hand-barrow brings back its load.

Anxious to be rid of this eyesore, but equally desirous to avoid embroiling ourselves with persons whose angry passions it would not be well to arouse, we have endeavored through the secretary to treat for the purchase of Daniel Black's landed property. But he has positively declined our liberal offer, alleging "that he is n't likely to meet with another bit o' ground with such a pleasant look-out, or such 'spectable neighbors opposite"; and as a proof of his interest in our well-doing, my appearance among my flower-beds generally evokes *his* at the railings, where he lounges, smokes, and favors me with his opinions upon our proceedings, with a freedom which compelled me to give up gardening, except in his absence from home.

However excellent dearly bought experience may be, I cannot doubt that many of my readers prefer achieving theirs through the misadventures of others. Our own, therefore, may not be without its uses as a caution "to persons about to build." Through incautious haste in purchasing a new site, we are beset with small difficulties, or, rather, with great annoyances. Without drainage or lamps; and with no prospect of a better road than I have already described, until non-resident owners can be persuaded to subscribe a share of the expense of improving, yet are we heavily rated for all these necessities; and, to complete our mortification, the secretary has just received an offer from Barrel, the great Brewer, for his cabbage garden, which, in justice to his family, he feels it his duty to accept. Consequently, in a few months, our *vis-à-vis* will be a public-house, ostensibly erected for the convenience of visitors to the Cemetery.

Again, we are asking ourselves what course we shall pursue? Will this public confession of our disappointments and distress avail to extricate us from them? To an author meditating an enlarged edition of Hervey's "Meditations on the Tomb," or an essay on Epitaphs, our cottage would be an appropriate retreat; or to a philanthropic individual benevolently desirous of investigating and reforming the habits and customs of the lower classes, Westborough presents a fine field; and we shall be most happy to let or sell on terms advantageous to the purchasers.

GOING ASHORE.

"THERE she is, sir; that's she just off the pint there. She's a-coming stem on; and in an hour, if she ain't on Bunk Sands, I'm a Dutch-man."

My companion was no native of dam-land, for there was Briton written in every feature of his bronze-red face, as he stood by me in Baythorpe shore, in his canvas trousers, heavy fisher's boots, blue Jersey shirt, and tarpaulin hat, tied on with a bit of oakum band, while the flap behind beat about in the tremendous wind that was raging in our faces.

"Bang!" went the dull smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade of the coming night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood, the spray came rushing in like a heavy storm of rain; while the whistling of the wind, and the thundering in of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sands, tearing it out from among the elays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out upon the shore close under the great sand-bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread through the village that a three-master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman's ears; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging through the broken water,—now down in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crests, and then a shock as she strikes upon the sand, and seems immovable; a shuddering quiver through plank and beam; and then crash, crash, crash,—mast after mast gone by the board,—snapped like brittle twigs on a dead stem; while huge ropes part like burned twine; then the rising of the apparently immovable vessel, as she is lifted by the waves to fall crashing again upon the sands, parting in the middle; rushing billows pouring tons upon tons of water over the deck; a wild, wild cry for help; and then the shore strewn with fragments, casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, tossing them on to the sands, and then curling over to drag them back. Going ashore; not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah," said the old salt by my side, shouting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did yer hear that gun?"

I nodded.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand and pointing to where the flash could be seen, while directly after came another dull heavy report. "Can't yer see her now, sir?"

Mine were not sea-going eyes; and it was no easy task to make out a distant object through the blinding storm of spray which beat dead in my face; but I just managed to make out a dark mass right out amongst the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; she'll come in just there"; and he pointed to a spot amongst the waves where they seemed roughest; "she'll be there in less time than I said; and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em! Amen!"

As he said this, the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remains of his grizzly hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features seemed for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast—as he

stood there no inapt representation of a seer of old.

"Is there no chance for them?" I shouted.

The old man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Precious little," he said, "unless them chaps come down with the life-boat; but who'd go out?"

It did look a desperate venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on, and having no reply, I stood shading my eyes and gazing out to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of spray seemed to clear during a lull in the storm, I could perceive a large three-masted vessel about five hundred yards from the shore; and once, as she heeled over, and showed her deck, I could see that it was crowded with people.

"God help them!" I muttered.

"Amen!" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the life-boat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses; while a loud and prolonged 'hurray!' welcomed its arrival,—as another flash, and its following heavy report, seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of pain in its hour of sore distress.

"They'll never go out to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for after the lull, the storm came down with redoubled fury,—the wind shrieking and howling past, cutting the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of waters, and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed to cut the flesh: while at times the women who had come down were completely held back against the steep sand-bank.

"There! look there!" cried the old man, suddenly seizing my arm. "Catching at straws. Why, there's a boat-load coming ashore. There; don't you see,—now a-top o' that breaker?"

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and then there seemed to be a tall wave curl over it, and I saw it no more.

"Gone!" said the old man; "I knowed it! Nothing could live in such a storm."

"Let's go to the life-boat, and see if they are going off," said I; but the old man was intently gazing out to sea.

"There; just as I said," he shouted hoarsely, "just in the place. She's struck." And then, above the yelling of the storm, we could hear a crash, and a wild shriek, that seems to ring through me now upon a stormy night, when far inland I listen to the howling wind.

"It's now or never!" said the old man, as he ran down towards where the life-boat stood upon its carriage, with a crowd of men and women around, the women hanging on to their husbands, and apparently begging that they would not dare the perils before them.

The sea had looked fearful enough from where we stood before; but here, as close as we dared go to the breakers, it looked perfectly awful, while the attempt to launch a boat seemed absolute madness. It was evident that the men thought so too, though, as we came up, one sturdy fellow shouted, "I'm ready, mates, if you're going"; a remark that elicited no response, for every one stood stolidly gazing out towards the doomed vessel.

Just then, in the dull haze seawards, a blue light shone out over the water like a dull star; but still no one moved. All at once, the old man by my side laid hold of my arm, and whispered: "Give me

a lift, sir"; and before I knew hardly what his object was, he had climbed by my help into the boat. "Now, then, you boys," he shouted wildly; "I can't stand this! Stand aside, and let some of the old ones come!"

The spell was broken. Women were hastily thrust aside, and a boat's crew was soon made up, amidst the shrieking and wailing of sweethearts and wives, who ran about the beach wringing their hands.

"Hurray for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man. Then oars were shipped and all made ready, the old sailor seizing the steering-oar as he stood up in his place with a life-belt on and his hat blown off, looking nobler than ever.

"Now, are you all ready?" he shouted.

"No, no," was the cry; and in the hush of expectation, two men rose in the boat, dashed off their life-belts, and amidst half-muttered groans, leaped out from their places, and ran up the sands to the bank, where they disappeared.

"Two more!" shouted old Marks, and for a few moments, so dread was the peril, not a soul moved; then two stout lads came rushing towards the boat, pursued by an elderly man, — a perfect giant.

"Stop them!" he roared. "Yer shan't go, lads."

He came up to them by the boat-side as they were climbing in, and endeavored to stop their progress; but in his turn he was seized from behind by a couple of men, and the two new-comers were in half a minute equipped for the dire struggle before them and in their places.

"Let me go!" shrieked the man; but the others clung to him, as the signal was given, the carriage backed down into position, the time accurately chosen, and with a wild "hurrah!" heard above the storm, the life-boat was launched.

My attention had been so taken up that I had ceased to look upon the man who was struggling to regain his liberty; but just as the boat was leaving its carriage, a bystander was driven violently against me, and the moment after I saw a figure dash across the intervening space, and seize the side of the boat; and then came the roar of the storm and the rush of spray, while for a few minutes the life-boat was invisible. Then a short distance off she was seen rising upon a wave, and then disappearing again into the dull haze, which, mingled with the coming night, soon shut everything from our gaze but the foaming water.

"Over seventy, sir," shouted a voice in reply to a query. "Old man-o'-war's-man. Been in many a storm; but this here's awful."

Awful it was; for so wild a night had not fallen upon that part of the coast for many years; and as the folk upon the shore gazed in the direction the boat had taken, they shook their heads, and shouted in each other's ears.

There was a long and awful pause, only broken by the shrieking of the wind, and then came a loud shout, "Here she comes!" and in another minute, obedient to their steersman, the rowers timed their strokes to a second, so that the boat, heavily laden, rode in upon the summit of a giant wave so far that twenty willing hands were at her side, and she was run right up the sands, and fifteen shivering, half-drowned fellow-creatures lifted out and hurried up the shore.

"Now, my lads," cried old Marks, "on to the truck with her, and we're off again."

The boat was soon mounted, and every man at his post, the father of the two lads taking his place

by the side of the old cockswain; for no amount of persuasion on either side could effect a change.

There was another cheer, rising above the storm, and again the gallant crew were launched into the surf, that seemed to curl round the boat as though to fill it in an instant. It rose and fell a dark mass amid the white foam for an instant, and then seemed to plunge into a bank of foggy blackness, for night had fallen.

I could not drag myself away from the stirring scene around me, for I seemed held to the spot by a strange fascination. All at once a lurid light shot up, for a quantity of straw had been set on fire, and the flames roared and crackled as dry sea-weed and pieces of wood were heaped up to increase the glare, which appeared to gild the crests of the waves, and threw into bold relief the figures on the sands, — some gazing out to sea; some watching eagerly the fringe of breakers, ready to rush down and secure anything that might be washed ashore from the wreck.

More straw was heaped upon the fire, and the flames and sparks rushed inland, as they rose with the mighty current of air, and darted across the sand-bank. Out seaward all seemed black darkness, and the eyes strained after the life-boat were for a while strained in vain.

All at once there was a cry of "Here she comes"; but it was prolonged into a wild wail of despair; for by the light from the fire the boat could be seen broadside on, and close inshore; and then, after tossing about for a moment, she was dashed, bottom upwards, upon the sands.

There was a rush to aid the men struggling in the surf. Some were dragged ashore; some scrambled unaided from the water; while more than one was sucked back by the undertow; but the life belts they wore kept them afloat; and at last, more or less hurt, the whole crew was ashore, — three being carried up to the village insensible.

I now learned that, about half-way to the vessel, the steersman's oar had snapped in two, and the boat fell into the trough of the sea; when, in their efforts to right her, a couple more blades were broken; a wave swept over them and washed two men from their seats; but they regained their places, and then, with the dread of death upon them, the boat became unmanageable in their hands; for in spite of the efforts of the old cockswain, the men appeared panic-stricken, and rowed at random.

The light that glared upon the shore now showed that it was completely strewn with wreck; and I looked with horror upon the various signs which so plainly disclosed the fate of the good ship. Spar, plank, beam, and cask, entangled with rope, were being churned over and over in the sand; and twice I saw something dragged ashore, and carried away, which sent a shudder through my frame.

At last, heart-sick and weary, I turned away, and inquired where the crew of the boat were, and who had suffered; when, to my sorrow, I learned that the only one seriously injured was old Marks, who had so gallantly set the example that evening, — an example which had resulted in the saving of fifteen poor creatures from a watery grave.

On entering the village, I soon found where the old man had been conveyed, and a few minutes after I was at the bedside of the sufferer. I found him sensible; but with a change in his countenance that no amount of pain or suffering alone would have placed there. He was quite calm, and smiled as I entered.

"Has she gone to pieces?" he whispered, stopping to wipe the blood away that oozed from his lips.

"I fear so," I replied: "the shore is strewn with wreck."

"I knewed she would," he gasped. "Poor things, poor things! How many did we bring ashore?"

I told him fifteen.

"Ah!" he groaned, "not enough, not enough."

"But it was a most gallant act," I said; "and more would have been saved but for the accident. Where are you hurt? It is not serious, I hope?"

"Serious?" he whispered; and then, with a sad smile: "No; it ain't serious. I'm the only one hurt; and my time's up long ago,—four year and more. So it ain't serious."

"Where are you hurt?" I said.

"Ribs all crushed," he whispered. "I was under the gunwale of the boat; and it's all over. I could see it in the doctor's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance, and I dared not whisper the comfort I could not feel.

"It's all right, sir," he whispered, after lying with his eyes closed for about half an hour,— "it's all right, and an old tar could n't die better than doin' his duty. I never thought to; but I always felt as I should like to die in harness, as they say, and so I shall; but I wish there had been more."

"More what?" I said.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yer see I've been afore now in action; and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off; and I should like to feel sure as I'd saved more than I did for,—that's all. Perhaps they might go in the scale, to help balance the bad."

"But you did all as a part of your duty."

"Ah!" he whispered, "duty! Yes, sailors should do their duty; and I felt it was mine, to-night, to go. We old men-o'-war's men were trained to answer to a call in calm or storm; and when lives were at stake to-night, I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them fifteen to just say a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir; I mean when I'm gone? I think I should like them to, for I'm an old sailor, and can't boast of my past life."

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered; "no friends that you would like to see?"

"Far away,—far away," he said with a mournful shake of the head; "and some are a-waitin' for me to join their watch. Don't leave me, sir," he said pitifully.

I promised I would not; and sat watching hour after hour listening to the hard breathing of the sufferer, who seemed to sink into a state of stupor, only moaning at intervals as he tossed his head from side to side of the pillow, and muttered a few words broken and half-spoken. The storm gradually sunk, till the wind quite lulled; and about three o'clock I half drew the curtain and looked out upon the sea, which still tossed fearfully; though all above was calm and peaceful,—a light cloud just drifting slowly past the pale bright moon.

I stood gazing at the soft blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I started, for a voice behind me shouted, "Morning watch. Draw the curtain, and let that moon shine in."

I obeyed,—turning cold, and trembling as I did so,—still looking at the dying sailor, who sat erect in the bed. "Here," he said; and, as I approached the bed, he seized my hand. "Hark! don't you

hear that? It's the boatswain piping for me to keep my everlasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There,—hark again! There's the waves a-lashing upon the farther shore. Breakers ahead! breakers ahead! Look out there! The old vessel's struck, and she's going to pieces,—the old seventy-four, that's weathered so many a storm, going ashore. Farewell, messmate; one short struggle, one cold plunge, and a hopeful heart,—a brave striking out through the harsh breakers! Land, ho! land, ho! on the other side,—and it's a land of rest,—a land of peace and hope. Now for it! The rush of the dark waters is coming,—blinding,—deafening,—but a bold heart, messmate. God bless you! I'm going ashore."

For some minutes I sat motionless. The old man's eye had lighted up as he gazed straight before him out upon the moonlit heavens. His voice seemed to peal through the silence of the night, till I shivered as he described the wreck then taking place. To the last word, his voice had rung out loud and resonant; then he sank back motionless upon the pillow, stained now with his life-blood; and I passed softly from the room, for I knew that his life-bark was stranded by the sea of Death.

CONCERNING AN EGG.

LADY GLENCORA PALLISER is said by Mr. Trollope to have displayed a profound unconcern as to the number of eggs consumed in Paris every morning, irreverently declaring to her husband, Mr. Palliser, the Duke of St. Bungay's Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the information was worth nothing unless he could tell her how many of them were good and how many bad. Perhaps, however, the special proclivity of Paris to the consumption of eggs, the modes of dressing which in that brilliant capital are said by a recent writer* on the subject of eggs to be no less than 685 in number, is a fact not altogether without interest apart from the inquiry as to the number of successful and unsuccessful eggs which are daily made proof of. To an enlarged mind it is rather the numberless capabilities which the swift Parisian intellect detects in egg, than the mere incident of gratification or disappointment, that furnishes the subject of interest. Nay, the very fact that there is, as it were, a suspense and a development as to the interior of the casket, a possible tragedy in the *dénouement*, gives a fresh human interest to eggs as an article of consumption which does not hang round fully manifested food. But what causes the Parisian reputation of egg is no doubt its immense adaptability to different circumstances of the culinary art. Easily manageable either in the liquid or in the solid form, it serves alike for secondary and for primary purposes. You may recognize its substantial and independent existence as an individual article of food, in which form it is indeed a more complete and graceful whole than any other object consumed by man; or, secondly, you may make many eggs contribute and blend their substance into a homogeneous whole, that loses none of the properties of the individual, any more than the lake loses the properties of the rivers which supply it; or, finally, you may use it for merely secondary and subsidiary ends, to penetrate and enrich and flavor neutral solids, serving for puddings and confectionery the same, and more than the same, purpose which common yeast serves for bread. The artistic Parisian eye catches rapidly these advan-

* How to Cook and Serve Eggs. By GEORGE LAMA HILL.

tages, and hence the devotion of Paris to the culinary treatment of egg.

In the first place, what object so elegant, so natural a *unit of appetite*, if the expression may be allowed, and yet so capable of artificial enhancements, as an egg still in its shell,—a pure white ellipsoid,—which in a shining silver or china cup reminds the eye of the natural beauty of the acorn snugly lying in its own cup, though suggesting at the same moment the great advantages both in kind and quality which the consumer of the one has over the prodigal who was reduced to attempt the assimilation of the other. The mere symmetry of the egg (to any one, that is, who adopts the obviously natural principle of the Narrow-endians, and puts the acute end of the ellipsoid upwards, allowing it to rest upon the Big-end) is in itself a fascination to the mind of a true artist. It is the only article of real nutrition which resembles fruit in being appropriated naturally and without division to a single consumer. Meat must be carved, the limbs of fowls must be dislocated, bread broken or cut, and cheese scooped or quarried out; only in the egg, amongst things that will support life and health, do we obtain a fair natural whole the symmetry of which need not be broken by division.

No doubt it requires art both to furnish and eat an egg so as not to jar upon this sense of natural harmony. There should be no painful suspense in the last stage of preparation for eating, no danger of any painful *éclaircissement* on the breaking of the egg, no risk even of discovering the "notes" of a "pudding" or "shop" egg of that half-doubtful sort which recalls the antiquarian scent of a dusty library, and suggests, very erroneously,—indeed in direct opposition to the truth,—that the egg would have been better for a more thorough ventilation. On the contrary, the egg should display first a layer of white resembling rather the solid froth of Devonshire cream than the smooth, semi-translucent white of ordinary albumen, and next a cocoon of yolk properly "set" at the circumference and becoming fluid only towards the centre. This is not only nicer, but much easier to eat without those indecorous overflows of yolk on to the plate, that suggest to a spectator of the ruins of a breakfast that a number of artists have been making a prodigal use of "King's yellow," and left their palettes littering the table.

The beauty of an egg cooked in its shell consists in its individual unity; and even in the process of consumption every care should be taken not to let it sprawl and overflow like sauce or gravy. All the stand egg-glasses give at least a minute too little for proper boiling, and it is the use of these delusive instruments, or the fatal impression which they tend to spread that three minutes is full time for the boiling of a new-laid egg, (possibly it may be for a shop egg of ambiguous character, if such a thing is to be boiled at all,) which so often implants a kind of despair in the minds of very respectable cooks as to the art of boiling eggs. We have known an otherwise very estimable cook maintain that nature and education had conspired to render her incompetent to the task of boiling eggs, and this with an abject fatalism more suitable to a Mahometan than a Christian. The simple truth is, that she had never learned that the time requisite for boiling an egg varies inversely as its own age and directly as its size,—a really new-laid hen's egg of average size requiring at least four minutes in boiling water, more if it be very big, and less if it be very small.

We doubt, too, whether the English cooks are aware of, what is well known, we believe, to Parisian cooks, that a fresh egg well roasted is a far richer thing than the same egg well boiled. An egg turned round on the hearth till it is thoroughly done is perhaps served in the best form of which it is susceptible, to those at least who like rich food. Of the other solid forms of egg, perhaps the best is the hard-boiled that is eaten with salad. There is a peculiarly happy contrast between salad and egg, both in color and edible qualities, which recommends this combination to the true artist. Salad is refreshing exactly because it is so innutritious, but then for that reason it suggests browsing and purely pastoral ideas without the balance of the most nutritious of all substances that are not positively meat. Egg mediates between the salad and the cold meat with which it is eaten, breaks the abruptness of the change to the luncher's imagination, and pleasantly stars the table with a contrast of colors which otherwise is never attained except from fruit.

As for the artificial modes of treating solid eggs,—those, we mean, which substitute some artificial compound for the yolk, leaving the white envelope in its natural form,—they appeal only to the morbid desire for surprises which marks the decadence of true art. Take this, for instance, called, we suppose from the Morning, because the jaded appetite of an epicure is least active in the morning, and needs the most stimulus at that time:

"ŒUFS À L'AUBRE.

"Boil some eggs until they are hard. Remove the shells; cut each egg into half, and scoop out the yolks; put these into a mortar, with some pepper, salt, savory herbs, and cream. Beat all to a paste; place some of it in each halved white of egg, and lay the remainder in a buttered dish; arrange the stuffed eggs on the top with the forcemeat uppermost. Place the dish in a moderately heated oven, and serve when the eggs are nicely browned."

What would an intelligent hen say to that? You might just as well put strawberry ice in the interior of a penny roll, or fill a cup with gold pieces, or excavate a history and stuff its framework with sensation novel.

In dealing with the secondary form of egg, in which many individual eggs are made tributary to abstract egg,—the omelette form,—there is more to be said for artificial treatment. The individuality of the thing has already escaped, and the mixture with other alien substances is at this stage only a question of more or less. The danger of omelette is richness, and the tendency to mix freely with butter is excessive in omelette-makers, and as objectionable as excessive. Egg is too nutritious to be greased. You might just as well butter your meat. The most that is permissible in this way is the very slight use of butter which is made in those little toasted "dice" used for soup. There the butter is not apparent,—it has imparted a flavor, but left no physical trail. And the following receipt for omelette will be found at once one of the simplest and best in the little book before us.

"OMLETTE AUX CHOUTONS.

"Beat the yolks of six and the whites of four eggs; season with salt and spice according to taste. Cut some nice little pieces of bread no larger than dice; fry them in butter till they are well browned, then throw them quickly into boiling gravy or milk, or sauce of any particular flavor; mix them with the beaten egg, and fry as an ordinary omelette."

The vast use of egg in merely enriching other substances, in cakes, puddings, soups, &c., is, we think, overdone, both in this country and abroad. There is not a viler decoction known to human art than that which is called egg-soup in Germany, where masses of greasy yellow substance, floating like very putrid duckweed in a watery fluid, are offered to you at the beginning of dinner, to destroy your chance of eating anything afterwards. If yolk of egg is used separately from the egg at all, it should be diffused and made a sort of yeast, as it is in cakes and puddings. Crumbs of yolk are chaotic and rather revolting spectacles. But we doubt whether its secondary enriching use is not greatly overdone in modern cookery. Custard is by far its best form, because it is its most honest form. Very egg puddings, and very egg cakes, are overpowering; like drawing-rooms with too heavy a scent in them, they call the attention too much to a secondary influence which is properly meant to blend absolutely with the primary. Eggs used freely as yeast is used in other food remind one of a very picturesque style used, not in describing facts, but in illustrating opinions. The style overpowers the substance as the egg so often overpowers the pudding. Thus Macaulay wrote what we may call a very egg style when he illustrated political principles. His style was made for description, and when he applied it to discuss abstract politics his discussions tasted like a pudding too rich with egg.

On the whole we regard eggs as best in the beautiful individuality of the egg-shell, and degenerating in proportion as they are made subservient to other food. They have too much individuality for the work of yeast. The egg is the only unit of animal food, and has a pronounced taste in proportion to its unique character and shape. Like meat, it is scarcely well adapted for flavoring other things than itself. It has too dominating a nature of its own. Egg in the abstract should be very sparingly used in cookery, or it will suggest itself obtrusively. Egg is admirable in a substantive form, but in an adjective form not so. Egg compounds soon revolt.

GOOD ADVICE.

It requires a highly cultivated moral nature to be able to accept with perfect graciousness a proffered tract. It is not flattering to your dignity to feel that a perfect stranger has picked you out at first sight as a human being whose soul is in a very bad way indeed, and the immediate impulse of the natural Adam is to snub the aggressor for his impertinent suggestion. A life spent in the exercise of every virtue and restraint would probably teach a man to curb his instinct of self-defence, and to treat the solemn little warning with imperturbable composure. We ought, in theory, to feel thankful to any one who appears solicitous about our soul, just as much as if he were solicitous about the state of our tongue; and, though it is unnecessary to let the amateur physician have a sight of either, the true philosopher will be able to meet the inquiry in a kindly spirit, and to inform the inquirer that everything is going on as well as can be expected under the circumstances. It cannot after all be, at the outset, a cheerful occupation (though it becomes natural enough in time to those who enter on it) to go about the world giving away accounts of converted poachers, and poking up every one to see if they know where they are going to.

If some Tract Society would only publish an au-

thentic account of the way in which prigs or bores first nerve themselves to take to it, it would be an interesting contribution to the history of missionary labor. The thing begins in a laudable ambition to set about doing somebody good, and a lady whose time hangs heavy on her hands will soon feel that giving away blankets is not such a high and worthy employment as giving away good advice. Her first essays are made upon the poor. Most poor people, especially in the country, can be got to take anything, provided only it is offered them by their richer neighbors; and the poor seem so receptive and amenable that it is quite an encouragement to go a little higher, and to try and practice on the rich. In the outset, the young enthusiast is usually a little bashful, and commences operations by dropping the story of the converted poacher furtively out of a carriage window, or leaving it, when no one is looking, on the table of some railway waiting-room. The next step is to send it anonymously by post, and in a disguised handwriting, to those of her acquaintances or neighbors who seem from general appearances to need it most. But this modest wish to escape publicity presently wears off, and it becomes comparatively easy to present the gift in person to the casual stranger.

It is clear that the converted poacher can do no one any real harm, and it is always possible that his happy history may do some one good. It is worth while, therefore, to take the chance, and any little rebuff or annoyance which occurs at intervals during the process of distribution is only a sort of humble martyr's crown which it is the young missionary's business to be willing and proud to wear. To be perfectly consistent, she ought not indeed to confine herself to the distribution of tracts. The promiscuous distribution of pills might be justified and recommended upon similar grounds; and, if once authorized by custom, would become very popular with feminine distributors. No sensible person ought to be offended at being offered a really good pill, and there would be this advantage about the distribution of pills, that the production of a pill-box does not necessarily seem to imply a religious superiority on the part of the pill-giver. A man may want one without knowing it, or, if he does not want it now, the time may come when he will want it. At any rate, it can do no harm to offer it, and, though tracts have this additional value, that they are designed to minister to the mind, it is better to minister to the body than not to minister to anything at all.

Both sorts of ministration may accordingly be undertaken from a genuine desire to promote the welfare of one's fellow-creatures, and in theory it would appear harsh and unkind to meet any such medicinal overtures with rudeness or discourtesy. Tracts and pills, after all, are only what is meant for good advice, disguised, as the case may be, either in print or in sugar. And it seems doubtful, from a moral point of view, whether we ought to sneer at either in the presence of the donor. The philanthropist who wishes to go through life giving as little pain as possible, will be as careful not to hurt the feelings of an enthusiast as he would be to avoid hurting a caterpillar, and will politely pocket for the moment anything that is presented to him in the way of suggestion or admonition. Some persons might think it was a man's bounden duty in such a case to remonstrate with the intruder. This does not seem so clear. At least it would only be equivalent to returning pill for pill, with the certainty

that the remonstrance would be entirely thrown away. Controversy with a tract distributor, or any other distributor of good advice, is not likely to do the distributor any sensible good; and if he likes to spend his time in the distribution, it is, after all, no business of ours.

Good advice is a thing which ought doubtless, on rare occasions, to be fearlessly and frankly given, and yet it is one of those good things which are proverbially almost always valueless. An attempt to reform the character of our neighbors, and to alter the current of their lives, cannot be said to be altogether a forlorn hope, because every now and then it does by a miracle succeed. The phenomenon of conversion, though exceptional, is not utterly unknown, and for the best of reasons. The law of habit is probably the strongest law of our moral nature. Habit is the lord of life, and the combination of motives which leads to action in any single case, the next time it presents itself, produces a similar effect more easily and quickly. Soon habit becomes a second nature, and the motives which at first had to overcome a sort of *vis inertiae* within us before they resulted in action end by influencing us instinctively and immediately.

It is on this account, as ancient philosophers teach us, that education is so important. It presides over the formation of habits themselves, and whatever presides over the formation of habits has in its hands the direction of our future career. The reason why conversion is occasionally possible is, on the other hand, tolerably plain. Habit, though powerful, is not omnipotent, for if it were, men would be at the mercy of their early training, and it would be as difficult to change character as it is to warp the growth of a tree. It rests originally, indeed, on a combination of motives, but the motives that make up the combination do not invariably include among them all the motives that may conceivably move us. Some are left outside, dormant, or even undiscovered. Some that are even included figure amongst the rest, it may be, in a sleepy kind of way, and are not what they might be if they were thoroughly aroused. It is never, therefore, certain that we may not at any epoch in our lives call into activity some new motive which only requires to be awakened in order to become completely predominant.

It is by hitting on some such fresh power within us that habits, however indurated, are every now and then broken or dissolved. And there are periods in the history of all of us when, from some undiscovered cause, we are more susceptible than usual to this internal commotion, which is to the moral character what a revolution is to a state. The commotion is not, indeed, universally productive of advantage. Conversions to evil, though infrequent, are not unknown. A man who has lived for years in temperance or sobriety, in his maturer age falls under the sway of some passion which tears him loose from his moorings, and sends him adrift. But the infrequency of this spectacle, as compared with the comparative frequency of the converse, is due to the fact that good habits are more firmly and reasonably set, in general, than bad ones. The former imply an original moral struggle, during the course of which temptations have been conquered and passions brought under control, and it is not often that an enemy once thoroughly defeated is able to regain the upper hand. But habit, on the contrary, seldom involves the previous defeat of virtue.

Virtuous impulses are less instinctive and less

clamorous than the instincts of passion; they do not loudly proclaim themselves or hurry us away in spite of ourselves. They may easily exist without ever having been noticed. A man may be wicked without having listened to and positively decided against the appeal of virtue; but he cannot be virtuous without having heard and dismissed the claims of vice. Judgment given in favor of good habits is accordingly less easily reversed, for it presupposes a complete hearing and determination of the cause. It is therefore true, as a general proposition, that when habits are once formed, they are usually broken to some good purpose; and the possibility of contending even against this inveterate tyranny with success justifies, in theory, the giving of good advice. The missionary may, by good luck or good guidance, disturb from its lethargy of years some admirable motive in the bosom of his hearer that has never yet been energetic, far less been hitherto thoroughly discussed and put down.

The first essential to success in so philanthropic a mission is that the authority of the person who gives the good advice should be unimpeachable. Before he gets a hearing, he ought to be able to show that he has a right to be heard. In order to obtain credit for this authority, he must convince us, first, that he knows something about the subject; and, secondly, that he is himself a person who merits that respect which none deserve who do not practice what they preach.

The casual tract-distributing young lady only, at best, persuades those whom she assails of the latter fact. Clergymen of an aggressive turn usually fail to do much more. We feel that the gentleman in a white necktie, who is so urgent in talking to us about the next world, means well, and is a well-disposed person; but this only constitutes a part, and a feeble part, of his title to be listened to. The next thing he has to show is that he understands what he is talking about, which he cannot do unless he understands a good deal about this world as well as about the next. And his honest interference in our affairs makes him start at something of a disadvantage.

It is, *prima facie*, doubtful whether a man who takes it so quietly for granted that he has something of importance to communicate is not deficient in judgment or good sense or knowledge of his subject. Before very long, unless he is a clever fellow, the enthusiast puts himself out of court. He has only considered the matter from his own point of view, and has evidently never seen that his own point of view is limited. Supposing, for example, that his hobby is the wickedness of balls and theatres. If he thinks them wrong, he obviously does not frequent them; and if he does not frequent them, he can scarcely know as much about them as those who do. It turns out that his want of familiarity with them has led him from a distance to exaggerate their evils, and to neglect altogether the bright side of the picture. If he offers us, on the other hand, a short and instructive narrative of the death-bed of a pious washerwoman, he places himself in an equally palpable dilemma. Either he thinks it will do us good, or he does not. If not, it is absurd to offer it to us. If he does, he at once proves that he is ignorant enough to believe that the pious end of a washerwoman has some bearing on the religious problems that present themselves to an educated person. And a man who can believe this is evidently little better than a monomaniac. It is pure waste of time to enter into a discussion with

him, and if we do so, it is for the sake of that courtesy and those very good manners against which his presumption is an offence.

If, lastly, he repudiates these narrow and somewhat obsolete methods of forcing his opinions upon us, he still assumes the position of a teacher who has something valuable to recommend to our notice. The position is an invidious one, and challenges attack. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it turns out that his assumption is purely baseless. He starts from premises which do not embrace all the premises that bear upon the point, or he merely repeats over again what has been said much better by others, with whose arguments we are familiar. If the account we have above given of the process of conversion be approximately correct, it is certain, even if he is in the right, that the only serious chances he can have, will be with those who are thoughtless or who are ignorant. We feel that he has no business to take it for granted that we are either. Thoughtlessness with the educated is a rare phenomenon; ignorance can only be dispelled by one who is better informed than ourselves. His attack, therefore, amounts to an assertion either that we are living in pure recklessness as to what is right, or to an assertion that he is better instructed on intellectual or religious subjects than we.

Either of these assertions is more or less of a crime against good sense and decency, and the man who makes it in an off-hand way to the first stranger he meets merits a rebuff. Yet if the rebuff is administered he thinks it hard. His intentions, he says to himself, were so good. The proper answer to this apology is, that though his intentions are good, his ignorance or his conceit is anything but good. Before proposing to teach the world, it was his business to find out what the world already knew. Religion does not command any one to be ignorant, nor is it an excuse for that Pharisaical self-satisfaction which is akin to ignorance. His religious feelings may be genuine, but they no more warrant him in offering us a tract than in offering us a slap in the face. To decline it with the equanimity with which one declines a pinch of snuff is perfectly allowable from every moral point of view. To accept it with composure is, as we have observed, the high privilege of the true philosopher.

It is an irritating feature about most of the good advice which it is a man's misfortune to receive, that it is given by way of satisfaction to the donor, quite as much as to benefit the recipient. People get into a vague way of thinking that it is their prerogative to go through life "doing good." No term is so commonly or so abominably misused. It means, in the mouths of the majority of those who use it, the employment of their imperfect moral judgment upon their neighbor's business. This yearning to have a finger in every moral or spiritual pie is seldom disinterested. It is dictated less, perhaps, by a wish to benefit one's species than by a wish to gratify one's own cravings after influence and missionary work. A similar phenomenon is often seen in more worldly matters. A morbid desire to interfere with or to influence others is more lightly excused by one's own conscience if one is able to argue that, after all, the interference is meant to be exercised for the advantage of those on whom we force it. The consequence of this is, that half the good advice pressed upon us in worldly matters is purely bad advice. People begin to advise without qualifying themselves for the post of adviser.

A cynic might not unnaturally come to the conclusion that no gratuitous advice at all is worth having. When a man wants it, he can always ask for it; and if doctors and lawyers were animated with a passion for advising gratis, their counsel would be given with less sense of responsibility, with less discrimination, and therefore to less purpose. Doctors and lawyers, however, have this merit, that they have at least studied the questions on which they offer their opinion. Amateurs, whether in theology or in business, cannot always say as much. There are two pieces of good advice which might perhaps be offered in return to all those who are about gratuitously to give good advice to others. The first would be, not to give it. This recommendation, however, will never be followed until the moral character of the would-be advisers is permanently reformed. It would be too distasteful to be popular. The second is, not to give good advice until one is quite sure that one has it to give, and that one is not preaching to a person who knows more already about the matter than we can tell him. Polonius, in virtue of his paternal dignity, had a right to give Laertes as much advice as he could carry. Polonius, however, or indeed Polonius in a railway carriage or in a drawing-room, gratifying his or her ambition to be of some influence in the world, is of less service to society than Polonius or Polonius would bear patiently to be told.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE first volume of the "Life of Beethoven," by A. W. Thayer, is in the press in Berlin. Mr. Thayer is a native of Boston, and at present occupies the position of United States Consul at Trieste. He had been engaged on the work now announced for fifteen years.

A LARGE number of unpublished letters, in the autograph of Mrs. Siddons, have recently been sold. They were addressed to the Viscountess Perceval and Mrs. Soame, and range over a period of ten years during the time of her greatest professional success. Many curious particulars respecting herself and her theatrical exertions are given in these letters.

SOMEBODY, said to be a Russian noble ruined by emancipation, recently attempted to assassinate Czar Alexander. He fired a pistol at him as he entered his carriage. One Ossip Ivanhof, a peasant or sub-agent of police, threw up the assassin's arm, thereby saving the Emperor. He was of course ennobled, an honor which, we believe, exempts him from the stick, and will, let us trust, obtain more substantial favors.

At the present moment authorship seems to be the fashionable pastime at the courts of Europe. It is tolerably well known that Queen Victoria has been for some time engaged upon a series of compositions — of the essay form, we believe — which are to be published, or at least privately printed, when her Majesty shall deem them sufficiently complete. The Crown Prince of Prussia is engaged upon a history of the Electoral Princes of Brandenburg. The ex-King of Greece (Otho of Bavaria) is translating the Iliad of Homer; and his father, Louis, ex-King of Bavaria, is at Nice, giving the last touches to a new volume of poems. King John, of Saxony, has just issued the third and last volume of Dante's "Divina Commedia," translated by himself into German. The literary labors of the Em-

peror and Empress of the French have been subjects for conversation and criticism for a long time.

CONCERNING Chinese journalism we have met with some curious particulars. It is believed that there was a *Peking Gazette* long before the *London Gazette*. Both are edited officially, and contain only official announcements. Of the *Peking* paper, five different editions are printed, by five different publishers, who send copies round to the houses of their subscribers by messengers of their own. These publishers also supply copies on hire, precisely as in London, which are fetched away by their messengers, and are to be had next day at a lower price. There is, moreover, a manuscript edition, which is circulated every evening at six o'clock, and contains the same or nearly the same news as will appear in print the next morning. There has just been commenced in London a broad-sheet in Chinese, entitled "The Flying Dragon Reporter, for China, Japan, and the East," with a distribution guaranteed to the extent of 60,000 copies yearly in Peking, Nanking, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Nangasaki, Saigon, Melbourne, San Francisco, &c. It is edited by Professor Summer, and appears monthly.

A LATE number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a paper of startling import, entitled "The Massacre of the Innocents," written by Dr. Andrew Wynter. We quote a page of his grim statistics:—"When a murder is committed, and the murderer for a time escapes the pursuit of justice, but is supposed to be still hidden among us, the agitation of the public mind is very remarkable, and the desire to cast him out gives rise to all kinds of unfounded reports and accusations, and a great waste of police activity. Possibly if we could lift the veil and really see the amount of murder that is going on day by day undiscovered, our feeling of horror would become somewhat blunted. If the metropolis was profoundly agitated by the fact that Mr. Briggs's assassin was at large roaming its intricate wilderness, what shall we say to the mine Dr. Lankester has sprung in our midst by his statement, gathered from his professional experience as coroner for the Central Middlesex District, that there are now living among us in the metropolis *twelve thousand women who have murdered their infants*? This remarkable statement in his second annual report, and the dictum on which it is founded, is the fact that there are annually one hundred and fifty children murdered and abandoned in the highways and byways, in the pools, canals, and rivers within the metropolitan district. Dr. Lankester assumes that where one murdered little one is brought to light another is successfully hidden forever; and this estimate we should think rather under than over the mark. This brings the grim total up to three hundred children whose mothers have put them foully to death each year. The experience of his office leads him to average the age of the mothers who commit these infanticides at twenty years; and as the expectancy of life at that period is forty years, we have only to multiply three hundred by forty to give the total of this ghastly sum,—twelve thousand murderesses living in our midst, performing our domestic offices, ministering to our private wants, and doing women's work about in the town, with their dreadful secrets locked up in their breasts! To balance this possible over-estimate, we have the probability that the woman who has murdered one child may have murdered another. We know that Dr. Lankester mercifully shuts his eyes to this suspicion, but we fear

that it is only too likely to be the case, knowing that in crime the French saying, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,' is only too applicable.

"And it should be remembered that every year this estimate of the population of murderesses growing up among us is an increasing one, increasing not only according to the ratio of increase in the population, but in accordance to the pressure upon the means of existence, which every year bears more heavily upon the lowest class, from which our unnatural mothers are recruited. But in working out this sum we have only dealt with murdered children who have been known to have lived some little time,—babes, many of whom have sucked the maternal breast, when, as is well known, their chances of life are greatly augmented by the lighting up of maternal love. If we dared to speculate upon the amount of infanticide committed upon children just entering the world, and who are noiselessly interred as still-born, we should fear to name the annual total to which child murder would instantly spring up."

MAY SONNETS.

Hard is his heart that loveth nought
In May, when all this mirth is wrought.
CHANDLER.

I.

THE queen of all the months is with us now,
Stepping through woods and foliage-bannered dells,
Over the regal purple of harebells,
With a right royal step, and crowned brow;
And flaxen-headed elf, that gather flowers,
Sustain her rich robe's flower-broidered train,
Unconscious of her presence in the lane,
Where dandelions serve to tell their hours;
And mirth of holiday gladness comes with her,
Nature's fair pageant, and divine array,
Flutter of wreathing leaves, like garments gay,
When pomp of grand processions is astir.
For mirth of olden times comes back with May,
Whereto all meadow-sights do minister.

II.

Old Chancer's daisy opes its golden eye
To see more meadow-gold among the grass,
Where happy kine 'mid tufts of amber pass,
And crush out fragrance wheresoe'er they lie;
For everywhere, 'mid lush luxuriant green,
Crowds the effulgence of the lavish May;
Cowslips, and dandelions bright as day,
And radiant as the halo of their queen.
May's yellow buttercup, eagerly seen,
Like treasure found not under every sky,
The merry milkmaid's sweetheart doth espy,
And to her raised chin holds its tell-tale sheen.
A merry month this month hath ever been,
And ever brimful of glad melody.

III.

The odorous air, made up of meadow-smells,
Is bubbling with sweet sound of blended song:
A hundred larks into the heavens throng,
A thousand wild bees hum their drowsy spells
Over fair flowers, which droop their charmed bells,
And unaware yield up their honey-wealth.
Music is born of simple life and health,
Wherever life this merry May-time dwells.
The olden minstrelsy of breeze and stream
Proclaimeth still the merry reign of May,
Blending with those sweet voices, heard alway,
The poets who interpret nature's dream,
And to all times in dulcet numbers say,
For love and mirth, May bears the palm supreme.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

[No. 21.]

WAITING FOR THE WAGON.

A LONDON STREET PHOTOGRAPH.

(By the "LAMBETH CASUAL.")

A NEAR cut to the Farringdon Street Station (they have, one and all, the misfortune to be villainously dirty cuts) from Islington is through a narrow alley beside the Clerkenwell Sessions House.

Ordinarily it is a commonplace alley, and possesses no other uncommon feature than that there is a coal-shed in it, and that usually, just within the door of the coal-shed, and seated on an upturned coke-measure, may be seen one of the queerest-looking old ladies in London. How many years she has sat on that measure is impossible to guess; a good many without doubt, for the iron hoop that edges it is worn as bright as a wedding ring. She is a tiny old woman; if she was to sit in the measure instead of outside of it, you would be able to see no more of her than her tremendous, snow-white, long-frilled nightcap, heading the measure like the froth of a pot of beer. Her teeth, although long, are of not nearly so good a color as the strings of her nightcap, and she has lean, long-fingered, dirty hands, and, as far as my observation extends, takes the money, and is grandmother, I should say, to the over-fat, middle-aged man who weighs the coals, and attends to the barrow business, (they let trucks and barrows, as a board over the door informs you; over the coal-scales there is another, on which "No trust," in chalk, is inscribed in a shaky but determined hand,—that of the old lady, might be safely wagered,) and who seems to go in considerable awe of her, and to comport himself as though if he did not keep a steady eye on her she might at any moment cut him off with a shilling.

Several times I had passed through the alley in question, but always in the morning, and always, as I have before observed, found it just an ordinary poor-neighborhood alley, but for the exceptional feature mentioned. One day, however, I chanced to have occasion to take this way in the afternoon, when I found my alley in an extraordinary state of commotion.

It was a dismal January afternoon, damp, raw, and bitter cold, and fast approaching dusk. As I came on the entrance to the alley I saw a great black hearse-like vehicle blocking up the narrow road, and round about it, and crowded on the pavement opposite it, was quite a mob of people. My first thought was that the little old woman had at last fallen off the coke-measure, had died, and was about to be buried. Poor old thing! I wonder, after all, if she *did* keep all her money under the bushel she

sat on? I wonder if her fat grandson has discovered it, and whether he has yet found time to count it? I wonder —

But at that point there is an end to speculation, for now I had approached somewhat closer there was plainly to be seen a good five inches of night-cap frill projecting beyond the doorpost of the coal-shed, while what in the gloom I had mistaken to be a hearse became a prison omnibus. I experienced considerable relief when I discovered that the occasion of the assembly was of not so melancholy a nature as I had at first surmised; nevertheless, there was the crowd and there was the police van; what was the matter?

There were plenty of people about to tell me if I wanted to know (and I did want to know very much), but which among them should I ask? The majority of the members of the crowd were women; mostly of the fashionably dressed sort, with monstrous skirts and flashy shawls and magnificent bonnets: some had veils, but of the faces of those who had not, owing to the increasing dusk, little could be seen; nor was it at all necessary to see their faces, the object being to glean something of their character, for despite the magnificent bonnets, and the neck-chains, and the finger-rings, they stood in the attitude of basket-women, on the path, in the gutter, and leaning against the posts, in close converse with hulking, crop-headed ruffians, with shawls round their throats and the peaks of their dogskin caps pulled down over their restless eyes; and with slim, black-coated prigs of fellows, with pale hands and faces, and with an ever-watchful look about them, as though they might be called on at any moment to run a race with somebody, and everything depended on catching the signal to be off, and obtaining a fair start; in close converse with such men as these were the splendid women whispering, and swearing horribly in whispers; which these men did *not* do; they swore horribly too, but when, in the midst of their whispering, they found it necessary to utter an oath or a blasphemy, they broke out of the whisper and did it in their natural voice. I never before heard blasphemy uttered in whispers, and I suppose it was the novelty that made it seem so much more awful.

Clearly these were not the individuals to whom one could apply for any sort of information. But they were not all of the above-mentioned hideous quality, at least, they did not seem to be. The exceptions were the solitary ones — women as a rule — with enough of the infamous brand, to be sure, to distinguish them from honest folks, but still, with such woful foreboding in their weary faces, so

aghost and wide-eyed, such agony of fear and doubt and anxiety, that it was impossible to do aught than commiserate their concern without even being aware of its cause. Which, of course, in this advanced age, when to be real is to be vulgar, when my lady plasters her face, and is as finished an impostor as Bert Flinders of Seven Dials, who assumes, by the aid of chalk and slate powder, a galloping consumption before she sets out on her daily excursion; when swindling has become a science; when we look about us and discover these things and a thousand others of the same cut and fashion, to believe in what one sees becomes simply ridiculous, and if extensively indulged in would be a very direct means of sapping and undermining the British constitution, and lead to the downfall of the lion and the unicorn in no time.

Here before me is a case in which I for one am not so silly as to believe. A little way past the coal-shed, and lurking in a doorway that is exactly opposite to the little black door in the stone wall already mentioned, is a woman and a boy. She is a young woman and wretchedly clad. The mud on the pavement is an inch deep, but the young woman has slippers on her feet,—thin prunella things such as women wear about the house. But the slip-slop slippers do not impose on me. I bear in mind the story of the old woman who for more than twenty years lived like a princess. People pitied her so because of her incurable sores; the medical faculty pronounced them incurable, and unanimously declared that never before had they seen the like; it transpired that the wounds were of the old lady's own making,—a biting acid being the agent employed. The other day there was to be seen on the way to Highgate a poor man tormented by elephantiasis, writhing and wriggling, as seated on a doorstep, he exhibited his bare arm; now he is wriggling on a treadmill, an over-inquisitive Samaritan (how the rascal must have blessed him!) having discovered the cause of the painful malady in a length of whipcord bound tightly beneath the shoulders. When I reflect on these ingenious devices for exciting charitable emotions in the breast of the chance beholder, the slip-slop slippers win from me but contempt. I am equally proof against the shawl,—a thin washed-out cotton rag, arranged so artistically that her sharp square shoulders are distinctly visible through it, and it is only made to cover her bosom by the aid of a stout brass pin, and much perilous stretching.

She is not at all an interesting young woman. Her nose is red and swollen through excessive grief (onions I should say), and from the same cause there is a red rim round each dull eye, rendered the more conspicuous because of the whiteness of her face. Her hair is untidy, and a wisp of it is looping over her forehead and down to her swollen nose almost.

The boy with her is, I must do her the justice to say, evidently not a hired boy. He is her own, as exactly like her as possible. Like her, he is pale; from head to foot he is pale; he wears a long white holland pinafore, a white collar, and a grayish pepper-and-salt Glengarry cap on his fair-haired head. Certainly the boy's "got up" was superior to that of the mother. It was not overdone. He was a magnificent specimen of the regular pale-all-over boy, the child of "poor though honest" parents. No doubt the reader has seen him, for he is wofully common, especially in neighborhoods where mangling is done, and washing and ironing taken in, and carpets taken up and beat, and light porters' work

done. If seen at midday, he will be found systematically devouring thick bread thinly buttered, which, being pale too, does not enliven his general appearance, which is that of having been frequently washed out and wrung out as a poor man's shirt is, with the common mistake of adding too much "bluc" to the rinsing water.

I felt so indignant at the woman's barefaced attempt to get up the little ruffian with her in the "poor though honest" style, that I am determined she shall give me some sort of satisfaction. At least she shall inform me why the people are waiting. "Anything the matter?" I ask.

"Nothing that I know of," replies she, sharply, and looking another way, as though in no humor for conversation.

"But what are the people waiting for,—what are you waiting for?" I repeat.

"It ain't no business of yours," replied she, "or else I wouldn't be ashamed to tell you. I ain't ashamed now to tell you," continued she, defiantly. "I'll tell you if you want to know, stranger as you are. I'm waiting for my husband. He's in there" (pointing at the little black door on which she had all along constantly kept her red-rimmed eyes), "and I'm waiting to get one more look at him and a word with him if I can as he is getting into the van."

This, then, accounted for the untidy hair and the swollen nose, and one or two unbusiness-like tokens I had observed in the cadger and her son. She was not "at work." Her husband (perhaps it was the ghastly, smooth-froked countryman who, passing and with an already fallen jaw, huddles over a hamper full of stale chickweed and groundsel) had come to grief, and she had come to bid him good by.

"Your husband!" said I. "What, then, is the matter? What do they accuse him of?"

"Of no more than he is guilty," said she. "They've put him away for six months for stealing an old stove not worth a shilling. What was the use of it to us? We had nothing to burn in it,—nothing to cook at it. Never mind, they took him, and he's got six months. Just tell me, what am I to do but steal too? How is this child to be fed if I don't steal? I'll do it, by —, and before I get home this night, too. Never mind, Joey. You shan't go short, Joe."

Joe did cry, however, and hid his white face in a corner of the washed-out shawl. It was such a capital piece of acting that I gave Joe a shilling on the spot. It was well invested, for besides being a study of "jail-bird life," it had gained me the information I required, at least it gave me clew enough to enable me to guess the rest. To-day had been a day for trying prisoners, and the jail-birds having received their sentences, the prison-van was waiting to convey them to their cages. Those waiting about were the jail-birds' friends and relations,—kindred vultures and kites and butcher-birds, and in many cases free only by grace of Police Constable Bung of the XX Division, and they were there to say farewell to the snared ones.

By keeping my ears open, too, I was presently put in possession of a fact which astonished me not a little. Some of the vultures in waiting, although well assured that their friends had been tried that day, knew nothing of the terms of their sentence, nor would they know until the culprit himself told them on his passage from the jail to the common. This was clear; for artfully listening to a conver-

tion going on between one of the magnificent women before mentioned and two of the hairy-capped ones, these scraps of it reached my ears.

"Six months, indeed! You forget who tried him."

"No I don't," said the woman; "it's a good six year since he was pegged here; he stands as good as a fust offence a'most. He won't get more than six months."

"Well, they'll be comin' out in a minute, and if we don't shift nigher to the van, we sha'n't be no wiser than we are now."

The speaker was right, for scarcely had they sauntered towards the ominous-looking vehicle than there was a bustle among the policemen, who ranged themselves in a double row extending from the prison to the van door, and then the little door in the stone wall was opened, revealing a passage lined with policemen and well lit with gas. The excitement among the mob began to be very great. Such as could pressed round the door through which the prisoners would presently emerge; but such of them who were kept back by the police, and lost all chance of a farewell peep at their friends, set up a shouting of their names,—the deep voices of the bull-dog men and the shrill voices of the women curiously mingling, in hopes that those called on would hear and answer. "Peter! Peter! I'm here, Peter!" "Johnny! Johnny Sullivan!" "What cheer, Jack! Give us a word, Jack! Suke's here, Jack, lad!" "That you, Teddy? Good by, old son!" "Peter! I'm here, Peter!" The Babel was bad enough before the prisoners emerged, but when they did, being handed along the passage, and out into the street from officer to officer, with the greatest solicitude, the hubbub was truly deafening. Peter, a smart young pickpocket, responded cheerfully to the call for him, bawling to Jane that he was all right, and that she was to be sure to keep up her pecker. Next came a melancholy man, well dressed and with gray hair, whose pale face nobody recognized, and who passed into the van wofully cast down. Then came the person whom the magnificent woman had protested would only get six months.

"There he is! There's Jerry! How much, Jerry?"

"Three stretch!" replied Jerry, mournfully, and in he went without another word. What a "stretch" may be I won't attempt to guess; but when Jerry's friends heard that he was afflicted with three of them, they stared at each other aghast, and one of the men said to the women, "Now what do you think of your six months, Poll?" To which Poll replied nothing, but began mopping at her eyes with a lace-edged handkerchief in a very affecting manner. Then followed in quick succession Jacks, Teddys, and Johnnys. Johnny was a spry young thief aged about nineteen, and the young female waiting for him resolutely thrust both her hands (there was a ring on the marriage finger) on each side of a policeman's ears, and endeavored to touch Johnny as he passed; this, of course, could not be allowed. "Never mind, old gal; kiss the kid for me, will yer? It will soon spin round, don't yer know," said he, his voice growing fainter as he penetrated into the van, the latter few words being cut off almost by the slamming of the door of his compartment.

Then came a great ruffian with handcuffs on, and looking still unsafe without a muzzle; then a woman, who playfully chucked the officer on the van steps under the chin, and went in laughing.

"The brazen wretch!" said somebody at my elbow; and looking round, there was my female friend with her little boy. At the very instant out came her husband. A gaunt, big-boned young man in ragged fustian, stained as though he had tried his hand at no end of things. He came out of the prison smiling, and evidently bent on smiling, but when he saw the woman and the boy he broke down.

"Good by, dear! Good by, Joe! You must keep up, you know, even for the boy's sake, and when—"

He was the last, and in a jiffy the doors were slammed to, and locked, the driver chirped to his horses, and there was an end to the business.

OUR FRIENDS' FRIENDS.

THAT "our friends' friends are our friends," I have heard repeated so frequently, that I begin to think some danger exists of the phrase taking root and rank as a proverb; and to any such result I entertain grave objections. Like those meat-lozenges which contain the sustenance of a whole family, and yet are so small and compact they can be stowed away conveniently in one's waistcoat pocket, so proverbs are libraries of wise writings, vast treasures of experience condensed and compressed into brief lines, which can be carried easily in the memory. Still it behooves us to have our meat-lozenges and our proverbs alike made of proper materials, or much inconvenience may arise. In fact, just as we have, now and then, a committee testing the purity of our food, so we need that occasionally a sort of inquest should be held touching our proverbs; to pronounce upon their worth, and decide as to the presence of adulteration in their composition. It is desirable that at intervals a spurious proverb should be, as it were, nailed to the counter, and its falsity advertised. At present, there is no security about the matter; we are without guaranties of any kind. It is open to any man to utter a terse line, and proclaim it a proverb. There are always indiscriminating people about upon whom a bad half-crown can be palmed off; similarly, there are always crowds to be found willing to accept and reverence as a genuine article any utterance that has the outward semblance of a proverb.

For proverbs are unquestionably popular. They are very handy and convenient. A man may set up for being a sage on the strength of a stock of them, if he will only quote them with a decent regard for appositiveness; and in the hands of an ordinary disputant, a wise saw is a favorite weapon of offence. "You know the proverb," he begins, and forthwith proceeds to knock down his interlocutor with a sage-sounding apophthegm,—a string of words closely pressed together, like pig-tail tobacco, until it is hard in substance, and sharp at the corners, and capable of inflicting a trechant blow. Moreover, in general estimation, a proverb is a final judgment; from it there is no appeal, and whoever presumes to run counter to it, or to express disbelief in it, or contempt for it, is regarded as a curiously abominable person, altogether out of the pale of social convention, standing apart from human sympathies, occupying an isolated situation; much as that German theologian in the story, who startled a party of grave divines discussing a doctrinal question, by stating "that Saint Paul was no doubt a clever man, but that for his part he did n't agree with him." If you don't believe in proverbs,—the distilled essence of wisdom,—what do you believe in? the

world demands indignantly, and at once declines all further discussion with the unbeliever.

This being the state of the case, it becomes desirable that every man who encounters a spurious or delusive proverb stealing into life and credit, should do his best to knock it on the head, and put an end to it as speedily as may be. He should root out at once, as he would a weed in his garden, any such erroneous maxim, for the longer it is permitted to remain choking and hindering the growth of genuine flowers of wisdom, so certainly will it become more mischievous, and the more difficult to destroy. In the present instance, I want to say a few words in opposition to the notion above mentioned as to our friends' friends being our friends.

Our friends' friends our friends? They are nothing of the kind. Let us state a case in point.

My name is Brown, we'll say. I have a friend named Jones. *He* has a friend named Robinson. I have a great regard for Jones. I have no regard at all for Robinson. Why should I have any regard for Robinson? That is the question. Robinson has no regard for me. We meet occasionally — not oftener than we can help, I dare say — and are tolerably civil to each other, out of respect for our common friend Jones; but I decline to consider Jones's friend as my friend. I don't like him; I see nothing in him; he appears to me a singularly uninteresting and disagreeable person. I'm at a loss to understand what peculiar charm Robinson possesses that draws Jones to him; at the same time, I've no doubt whatever that Robinson does not like me (for it's an understood rule that the people we don't like don't like us). I dare say he sees nothing in me; thinks me dull and disagreeable; and is at a loss to understand what peculiar charm I possess that draws his friend Jones to me. Meanwhile, Jones — one of the kindest and most amiable of men, bless his heart! — is striving, has been striving for long years, to bring us together, to make us understand and like each other. Very soon after I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance — an acquaintance which, I am happy to say, has since ripened into a most cordial friendship — I remember good old Jones saying, in his cheery, hearty way: "By the by, I must introduce you to my friend Robinson. I must make a point of it. Robinson is a very superior fellow; in fact, he's one of the best of fellows. You'll like Robinson so much; I'm sure you will. You're just suited to each other. You'll get on capitally together, not a doubt of it"; and so on.

Of course, after this, we were duly brought together, and introduced. Well, the result was a total failure, — we did not find that we were in the least suited to each other; we didn't get on at all capitally together. Some inexplicable hitch interfered with the success of Jones's plans. He was disappointed, it was evident; he had expected a different result. Still, he was not, he never has been, without hope that the same excellent understanding that exists between him and his friends may be eventually established between his friends themselves. I ventured to suggest that perhaps — in the exceeding kindness of his nature — he had somewhat overrated the good qualities, if such existed, of Robinson; I think I went a little further, and avowed that, to be plain with him (Jones), I did not entertain a very high opinion of Robinson, and failed to see any legitimate grounds for his (Jones's) extraordinary partiality for him. I have

little doubt that much the same sort of discussion took place between Jones and Robinson in relation to myself. However, Jones met me at once (as he probably met Robinson), with a statement that it really was not right in such matters to be in too great a hurry; that Robinson's merits were not perhaps of a nature so superficial and transparent as to be discernible on the instant, but still, that they were existent, indisputable, all the same. Jones pledged his word as to such being the case; and that, in reference to such a superior man as Robinson, whom I should some day learn to love and value as I ought, it did not do at all to adopt hasty views, or to rush precipitately to unfavorable conclusions. Much matter of the same kind was urged by my friend Jones. But I am bound to say, that, notwithstanding my immense regard for Jones, his arguments have not greatly affected my opinions. I think just the same of Robinson as I did at the beginning; I did not like him then, and I don't like him now; and if Jones still imagines — and he does so, unquestionably — that I shall ever be brought to regard his friend as I do himself; to make his friend my friend, in fact; well, then, Jones is very much mistaken, that's all I've got to say about the matter.

Now, how is this state of things to be accounted for? How is it that from the first Robinson and I have stood aloof from each other? We shake hands as warmly as possible with Jones; as coldly as may be with each other. We talk in the most intimate and friendly way with Jones; very distantly and monosyllabically with each other. If, in the presence of my friend and his friend, I venture upon a jocular observation, I can always rely upon Jones's hearty laughter and applause; even if the kindly fellow is not really amused by my small sally, he feigns so to be, so admirably, that it does just as well; whereas Robinson looks preternaturally grave, and evidently sees nothing in what I have said to justify mirth, — but quite the contrary. If I tell a story, Robinson trumps it with a better one, — or casts doubt or ridicule upon my narrative, — or suggests that it is not true, or that it is by no means new: that he heard it first when he was a school-boy; and then he demands, with "bitter irony," as it is called in novels, whether I am prepared with any further quotations from Joe Miller's Jests-book? Of course, I feel bound, as a matter of self-respect, to pursue a somewhat analogous course of action in regard to Robinson. He does not presume to make jokes, or anything approaching them, — probably for very sufficient reasons. But occasionally he attempts what he considers, doubtless, a sagacious and superior observation: some threadbare platitude spoken sententiously, with ridiculous solemnity of manner. Poor old Jones — bless him, I say again! — listens attentively, looks sympathetic, and tries to think that he has been enlightened by Robinson's dreariness. I make it an invariable rule to grin ostentatiously on those occasions, to treat Robinson's remark as though, instead of being full of meaning and purpose, it were intensely and wildly funny; I reward him with sarcastic applause, and recommend him by all means to become a contributor to the comic periodicals of the day. He does not look particularly pleasant after this conduct of mine; perhaps it would be a little surprising if he were to look so. Meanwhile, Jones — with perhaps a dash of suspicion that everything is not as it should be — pats us both on the back, laughs with one side of his mouth, in justice to my powers of humor, and

draws down the other side of his mouth, out of compliment to Robinson's pompous seriousness, and looks forward hopefully to a time when we shall understand each other better, and be brought nearer together, and be, altogether, as thoroughly *en rapport* with each other as we are with him, which, I have no hesitation in saying, we never shall be, or anything like it.

Now, if I thought that this was an individual and peculiar case, having reference to myself alone, and attributable wholly to my own eccentric idiosyncrasy, I should hesitate very much about setting it forth in this full and frank way. I should conclude that my inability to tolerate Jones's friend, Robinson, was a sort of congenital and constitutional malady, regarding which physicians were in vain, and which it behooved me therefore to endure and carry to my grave as composedly and decorously as I might. But I find that the difficulty I feel about accepting my friend's friend as my friend is reflected and repeated around me on all sides. It pervades society. I am convinced that every man has a friend against whose friends he finds it necessary to protest strongly. I know that my old friend, Green, we'll say, cannot, for the life of him, understand my attachment to Jones. He sees nothing in Jones; thinks him — he has avowed as much — obtuse and tiresome in the extreme. In Green's eyes, my friendship for Jones is as unaccountable as, in my eyes, is Jones's friendship for Robinson. I doubt not, also, that Robinson has a friend, named Grey, possibly, who is wholly at a loss to comprehend the tie which binds Robinson to Jones. Green and Grey view Jones as I view Robinson, and as Robinson views me. Each gives his friendship to his friend, but forbids its being passed on to his friend's friend. The thing is not transferable. You may keep it yourself, or may give it back to its donor; but you must not hand it over to your neighbor on the farther side of you. Instances in point are constantly recurring. It seems to me I never hear of a young lady about to be married, but there strikes upon my ear a chorus of her friends, avowing that she is about to throw herself away upon a man who is wholly unworthy of her, and wondering what she can possibly see in him to justify her in making such an enormous sacrifice. So, when a man marries, all his friends agree that they are terribly disappointed in his wife. They *did* think that poor dear old So-and-so would have made a better choice. But here has he gone and married a woman, who is n't good-looking, who has n't any money, who doesn't understand him, who can't appreciate him, who, &c., &c., — altogether, a long bill of indictment against the lady, simply because she has become poor dear old So-and-so's wife, and a friend whom his other friends can't be friends with. And in these cases, it should be noted, the friends of the wife or husband are only of accord in their common antagonism to the object of the wife or husband's choice; and for the better expression of this, they sink temporarily the other differences existing among and dividing them: they are only harmonious singing this one chorus; that over, a hopeless discord prevails among them again.

Does a mother ever love her son's lady-love? Does she not always, announcing his engagement, speak of him with a sort of fond pity as "Poor Charles" (or Thomas, or Henry, as the case may be); "he's so impulsive, you know, and he became quite infatuated about the girl. What could we do but consent?" And then she proceeds to hope,

— with a sigh that demonstrates she hopes without confidence, almost against hope, — that everything may prove to be ordered for the best, and that in the long run he may be happy with his idol; whom it is clear she holds to be a young person of small account, successful, by play with her eyes and other female artifices, in entrapping the affections of a rather weak young man. Does a father ever love his daughter's lover? Does he not rather look upon him as his natural enemy: upsetting his household gods, breaking up his domestic circle, and stealing from him his child? Has not the indignant parent become, as a consequence, one of the most well-known and hackneyed of figures on the stage of life; and is not his indignation invariably kindled by the fact, that his daughter has chosen for herself a friend who cannot be *his* friend? When at last he consents to her union, is it not with loud lamentation over her folly and degeneracy, and with a severe distrust of the integrity of the man who is about to call her wife? Does he not wrangle with him over the settlement to be made upon the marriage: tying him up at last in the tightest suit of parchment fetters the law can furnish? Does he not consider him as a person capable, upon the shortest notice, of dying and leaving his widow totally unprovided for, or of becoming bankrupt and destitute, with the most evil intentions of applying his wife's property to the relief of his own necessities, and of subjecting her, personally, to all sorts of gross ill-usage? Can anything be more forlorn and fearful than the position of a bridegroom at a wedding-breakfast? True, he has the support of his friend the groomsmen on the occasion, who, however, does not look cordially on the bride, and maintains within himself that his friend has made a very decided mistake in leading her to the altar, and will bitterly rue his marriage-day before no very long time is over his head. But every one else is at war with the bridegroom. The father and mother are of course against him, and fail altogether to understand their daughter's conduct in accepting his suit. He's *her* friend, not theirs. The bridesmaids cry at him; is he not taking from them their dearest darling friend Mary Jane? Again, he's *her* friend, and not theirs. The bride's trustees eye him with suspicion, as a man who will, without doubt, try to upset the settlement, and give them no end of trouble, if he has the chance. Speeches are made to his disadvantage. So much anxiety is expressed as to the future happiness of the newly-wedded pair, that it is clear a good deal of doubt prevails about the business. In their friend the bride, the assembled guests have every confidence; she will, they are satisfied, do her duty punctiliously in her new state of life. It is in relation to *her* friend and husband that their misgivings arise, — gathering above his head like a dark cloud. Should he conduct himself worthily, they frankly avow they shall be agreeably disappointed. But if otherwise, the sad satisfaction will remain to them, that they predicted as much from the very first moment they learned of their dear friend's intended marriage with a friend who was no friend of theirs.

Of course, I do not pretend to say that this difficulty of accounting our friends' friends as our friends is a matter of modern discovery, — a sensation of quite modern growth. The thing has been noted and descanted upon long ago. I decline, therefore, to accept in regard to it that standing solution of all questions which certain sages are forever proffering us, the moral obliquity and cynicism of the age.

In such a way the case is not met at all. Better explanations are to be obtained. Turning the other day to that inestimable book, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, I lighted upon the biographer's recital of how he had desired to establish an acquaintance between his friend, Sir John Pringle, and his other, and of course more important friend, Dr. Johnson. Boswell, living in intimacy with both of them, found yet a difficulty in bringing his friends together upon friendly terms. Thereupon, Sir John Pringle—who probably hung back from Johnson quite as earnestly as Johnson hung back from him—explained ingeniously: "It is not in friendship as in mathematics, where two things equal to a third are equal between themselves. You agree with Johnson as a middle quality, and you agree with me as a middle quantity; but Johnson and I should not agree." This seems to me a very concise and explicit statement of the case. I and my friend and his friend resemble in fact three pieces out of a child's puzzle. The projections and indentations of piece No. 1 fit on to the indentations and projections of piece No. 2. But between piece No. 1 and piece No. 3 there is no sort of accord; wide gaps appear between them; and unless piece No. 2 is inserted to link and unite them compactly, it is entirely without avail to keep thrusting them together. They indeed are without any point of contact and agreement whatever, albeit they are adapted admirably to the differently shaped right and left piece No. 2. And this leads us to the conclusion, that our friends have various sides to their characters. To one of these we are perfectly suited, and thence our friendship. But as to the other sides we are without information, until we find them suiting other friends, with whom we ourselves have, and can have, no correspondence,—except in the most accidental way.

In relation to Boswell's story, I may mention that one misgiving occurs to me. He describes Sir John Pringle as "his friend and *his father's friend*." We are therefore invited to the consideration as to whether friendship can be hereditary. Is the friend of the father usually the friend of the son? For my own part, I'm inclined to think not. Indeed, I fancy we have all of us somewhat unfavorable memories in connection with the early friends of our family, who, in the pauses of their conversation with our seniors, affected to take an interest in us, the children of the house, and made irrelevant, if not disagreeable inquiries touching our names and ages, our progress at school, and the extent of our powers of construing, the while they prisoned us at their knees, and were careful to smooth our hair systematically and elaborately the wrong way, until the process made our scalps tingle, and involuntary tears start into our eyes. It is possible that these parental friends sometimes "tipped" us on our quitting home to resume our studies; but I think they as often disappointed our reasonable hopes in that respect. In maturer life, these people now and then visit us,—especially when they want something out of us,—and accost us somewhat truculently: their palpable object being to disparage us, and lessen our self-importance as much as possible. If we demur to this fashion of treatment, our visitor generally waxes indignant. "Why, I knew your father when he was only so high," he exclaims, placing his open hand in quite ridiculous proximity to the floor. Now, it has never seemed to me that upon this fact of having known my father in his days of diminutiveness any fancy value ought

to be set. The thing may be curious, but it cannot be of any real worth,—and I particularly object to its being made a means of slighting me personally, and further, of dwarfing my balance at my banker's,—which, I may mention confidentially, can seldom afford submission to any such operation. No, I am convinced that our fathers' friends are not necessarily our friends; nor are our friends' friends. We do not acquire friends by right of inheritance, nor can they be selected for us by others. We have to choose and make friendships for ourselves. These are the only genuine, and legitimate, and lasting,—all others are spurious and delusive, and to be avoided. In the matter of friendship, it is exceedingly important to beware of counterfeits.

I had written thus far, intending to halt, when it occurred to me that it was only due to the reader, who had accompanied and borne with me in my treatment of the subject, that I should put him in possession of the facts out of which this dissertation has arisen. I am, I flatter myself, a candid person; and I extremely reprobate any line of conduct approximate to what the lawyers call "snatching a judgment." While I do not want to have the value of my opinions underrated, I also object to any extrinsic stress being laid upon them, and I am punctilious, therefore, that the circumstances to which they are attributable should be plainly set forth. Moreover, I am confident, that if I have not by my arguments won from my reader acquiescence in my views as a matter of general principle, I shall nevertheless win his entire sympathy and support under the special conditions I am about to state. This I will do as briefly as may be.

I have mentioned the names of my friend Jones and of his friend Robinson. (Those are not, of course, their real names, any more than my own patronymic is, what I stated it to be,—Brown. But for the purposes of illustration, I will continue so to call them.) Well, I have felt myself much aggrieved by the conduct of my friend Jones arising out of his intimate connection with his friend Robinson. The thing has not happened merely once or twice,—but thrice and more. To say that I have been writing under a feeling of exasperation would be, perhaps, to put the matter too strongly. But I cannot resist—I avow it openly—a sensation of annoyance due to certain slights which accidentally or otherwise have, as I conceive, been put upon me by my friend Jones. This sensation may possibly have affected my views upon friends and friendship.

The slights alluded to have come about in this wise. Not long ago I proposed to Jones a little walking-tour; he fell in with my project heartily. We purchased *Bradshaw* (it is always right to carry a *Bradshaw* on a walking-tour, for fear of accidents) and Ordnance maps, settled our plans, and packed our knapsacks. At the last moment, Jones says suddenly: "I thought you would n't object. I've asked another man to join us. He's very fond of walking; he's my old friend Robinson." And sure enough Robinson came with us: trust him for being anywhere where he could make himself disagreeable! Of course there was an end of pleasure then. The tour became a dreary pilgrimage. We—that is, I—had a wretched ten days of it. We all quarrelled; we could agree about nothing; and I believe all arrived home on different days by different routes. I would as soon take a long turn on the treadmill as another tour if Jones's friend Robinson is to make one of the party!

Again, I was ill, miserable, confined to the house

with a wretched cold and generally disordered system. I write to Jones entreating him to come and see me,—to spend an evening with a depressed invalid. He promises to come. The looked-for advent of Jones is a thing of vast importance in the limited area of my sick-room. I long for the sight of my friend's friendly face. I pile up the fire, and have the hearth swept; easy-chairs drawn towards it, and the cribbage-board looked out. I shall have an hour or two's pleasant gossip with my friend Jones, and then go to bed with a heart lighter by many pounds than it has been for long, long nights. What happens? I am listening for Jones's knock when there comes the postman's, and a letter; Jones is very sorry; when he promised to give me a look in, he had entirely forgotten that he was already engaged to play whist at Robinson's. He hopes I'm better; he'll come round some other evening; and he's mine, very truly, JOSHUA JONES. Some other evening! It was that evening I wanted him, more than any other evening in the year. Under such circumstances, if he had to choose between me and Robinson, ought he not to have thrown over Robinson? I put it to you.

One more instance, and I conclude. It occurred only yesterday. I happened to have a pressing occasion for ten pounds, and I had not the money in my pocket; I am not above owning it. Even a Rothschild may have a pressing occasion for ten pounds, and find that he has not the money in his pocket, and I am not a Rothschild; far from it. I went to Jones. "My dear Jones," I said, "lend me ten pounds." His face changed; I knew what was coming. "My dear Brown, I'm sorry; if you'd only come yesterday!" he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the fact is, between ourselves, my friend Robinson called this morning,—not half an hour ago,—and borrowed a cool fifty of me. I should have so liked to assist you; but, my dear old boy, it can't be done, I'm drained dry! For a week or two, I hardly know where I shall turn for money."

I will do Jones the justice to say that I believe he was quite as much annoyed as I was, and that's saying a good deal.

I made use of a strong expression in regard to Robinson.

"Don't say that," said Jones, appealingly. "He's the best fellow in the world; you'll like him immensely some day, when you know him as well as I do."

Now I ask you, can I, under all the circumstances, be expected to entertain favorable views of my friend's friend?

FATHER GILES OF BALLYMOY.

It is nearly thirty years since I, Archibald Green, first entered the little town of Ballymoy, in the west of Ireland, and became acquainted with one of the honestest fellows and best Christians whom it has ever been my good fortune to know. For twenty years he and I were fast friends,—though he was much my elder. As he has now been ten years beneath the sod, I may tell the story of our first meeting.

Ballymoy is a so-called town,—or was in the days of which I am speaking,—lying close to the shores of Lough Corrib, in the county Galway. It is on the road to no place, and, as the end of a road, has in itself nothing to attract a traveller. The scenery of Lough Corrib is grand,—but the lake is very

large, and the fine scenery is on the side opposite to Ballymoy, and hardly to be reached, or even seen, from that place. There is fishing, but it is lake fishing. The salmon fishing of Lough Corrib is far away from Ballymoy,—where the little river runs away from the lake down to the town of Galway. There was then in Ballymoy one single street, of which the characteristic at first sight most striking to a stranger was its general appearance of being thoroughly wet through. It was not simply that the rain-water was generally running down its unuttered streets in muddy, random rivulets, hurrying towards the lake with true Irish impetuosity, but that each separate house looked as though the walls were reeking with wet; and the alternated roofs of thatch and slate,—the slated houses being just double the height of those that were thatched,—assisted the eye and mind of the spectator in forming this opinion. The lines were broken everywhere, and at every break it seemed as though there was a free entrance for the waters of heaven. The population of Ballymoy was its second wonder. There had been no famine then; no rot among the potatoes; and land round the town was let to cottiers for nine, ten, and even eleven pounds an acre. At all hours of the day, and at nearly all hours of the night, able-bodied men were to be seen standing in the streets, with knee-breeches unbuttoned, with stockings rolled down over their brogues, and with swallow-tailed frieze coats. Nor, though thus idle, did they seem to suffer any of the distress of poverty. There were plenty of beggars, no doubt, in Ballymoy, but it never struck me that there was much distress in those days. The earth gave forth its potatoes freely, and neither man nor pig wanted more.

It was to be my destiny to stay a week at Ballymoy, on business, as to the nature of which I need not trouble the present reader. I was not, at that time, so well acquainted with the manners of the people of Connaught as I became afterwards, and I had certain misgivings as I was driven into the village on a jaunting car from Tuam. I had just come down from Dublin and had been informed that there were two "hotels" in Ballymoy, but that one of the "hotels" might, perhaps, be found deficient in some of those comforts which I, as an Englishman, might require. I was therefore to ask for the "hotel" kept by Pat Kirwan. The other hotel was kept by Larry Kirwan; so that it behooved me to be particular. I had made the journey down from Dublin in a night and a day, travelling, as we then did travel in Ireland, by canal-boats and by Bianconi's long cars; and I had dined at Tuam, and been driven over after dinner on an April evening; and when I reached Ballymoy I was tired to death and very cold.

"Pat Kirwan's hotel," I said to the driver, almost angrily. "Mind you don't go to the other."

"Shure, yer honor, and why not to Larry's? You'd be getting better entertainment at Larry's, because of Father Giles."

I understood nothing about Father Giles, and wished to understand nothing. But I did understand that I was to go to Pat Kirwan's "hotel," and thither I insisted on being taken.

It was quite dusk at this time, and the wind was blowing down the street of Ballymoy, carrying before it wild gusts of rain. In the west of Ireland March weather comes in April, and it comes with a violence of its own, though not with the cruelty of the English east wind. At this moment my neck was ricked by my futile endeavors to keep my head straight on the

side car, and the water had got under me upon the seat, and the horse had come to a standstill half a dozen times in the last two minutes, and my apron had been trailed in the mud, and I was very unhappy. For the last ten minutes I had been thinking evil of everything Irish, and especially Connaught. I was driven up to a queerly-shaped three-cornered house that stood at the bottom of the street, and which seemed to possess none of the outside appurtenances of an inn. "This can't be Pat Kirwan's hotel," said I. "Faix and it is then, yer honor," said the driver. "And barring only that Father Giles—" But I had rung the bell, and as the door was now opened by a barefooted girl, I entered the little passage without hearing anything further about Father Giles.

Could I have a bedroom immediately,—with a fire in it? Not answering me directly, the girl led me into a sitting-room, in which my nose was at once treated by that peculiar perfume which is given out by the relics of hot whiskey punch mixed with a great deal of sugar,—and there she left me.

"Where is Pat Kirwan himself?" said I, coming to the door, and blustering somewhat. For, let it be remembered, I was very tired; and it may be a fair question whether in the far west of Ireland a little bluster may not sometimes be of service. "If you have not a room ready, I will go to Larry Kirwan's," said I, showing that I understood the bearings of the place.

"It's right away at the furdur end then, yer honor," said the driver, putting in his word, "and we comed by it ever so long since. But shure yer honor would n't think of leaving this house for that?" This he said because Pat Kirwan's wife was close behind him.

Then Mrs. Kirwan assured me that I could and should be accommodated. The house, to be sure, was crowded, but she had already made arrangements, and had a bed ready. As for a fire in my bedroom, she could not recommend that "because the wind blew so mortal sthrong down the chimney since the pot had blown off—bad cess to it; and that loon, Mick Hackett, would n't lend a hand to put it up again, because there were jobs going on at the big house;—bad luck to every joint of his body, thin," said Mrs. Kirwan, with great energy. Nevertheless she and Mick Hackett the mason were excellent friends.

I professed myself ready to go at once to the bedroom without the fire, and was led away up stairs. I asked where I was to eat my breakfast and dine on the next day, and was assured that I should have the room so strongly perfumed with whiskey all to myself. I had been rather cross before, but on hearing this I became decidedly sulky. It was not that I could not eat my breakfast in the chamber in question, but that I saw before me seven days of absolute misery, if I could have no other place of refuge for myself than a room in which, as was too plain, all Ballymoy came to drink and smoke. But there was no alternative, at any rate for that night and the following morning, and I therefore gulped down my anger without further spoken complaint, and followed the barefooted maiden up stairs, seeing my portmanteau carried up before me.

Ireland is not very well known now to all Englishmen, but it is much better known than it was in those days. On this my first visit into Connaught, I own that I was somewhat scared lest I should be made a victim to the wild lawlessness and general savagery of the people; and I fancied, as in

the wet windy gloom of the night, I could see the crowd of natives standing round the doors of the inn, and just discern their naked legs and old battered hats, that Ballymoy was probably one of those places so far removed from civilization and law, as to be an unsafe residence for an English Protestant. I had undertaken this service, with my eyes more or less open, and was determined to go through with it;—but I confess that I was by this time alive to its dangers. It was an early resolution with me that I would not allow my portmanteau to be out of my sight. To that I would cling; with that ever close to me would I live; on that, if needful, would I die. I therefore required that it should be carried up the narrow stairs before me, and I saw it deposited safely in the bedroom.

The stairs were very narrow and very steep. Ascending them was like climbing into a loft. The whole house was built in a barbarous, uncivilized manner, and as fit to be a hotel as it was to be a church. It was triangular and all corners,—the most uncomfortably arranged building I had ever seen. From the top of the stairs I was called upon to turn abruptly into the room destined for me; but there was a side step which I had not noticed under the glimmer of the small tallow candle, and I stumbled headlong into the chamber, uttering imprecations against Pat Kirwan, Ballymoy, and all Connaught. I hope the reader will remember that I had travelled for thirty consecutive hours, had passed sixteen in a small, comfortless canal-boat without the power of stretching my legs, and that the wind had been at work upon me sideways for the last three hours. I was terribly tired, and I spoke very uncivilly to the young woman.

"Shure, yer honor, it's as clane as clane, and as dhry as dhry, and has been slept in every night since the big storm," said the girl good-humoredly. Then she went on to tell me something more about Father Giles, of which, however, I could catch nothing, as she was bending over the bed, folding down the bedclothes. "Feel of 'em," said she, "they's dhry as dhry." I did feel them, and the sheets were dry and clean, and the bed, though very small, looked as if it would be comfortable. So I somewhat softened my tone to her, and begged her to call me the next morning at eight. "Shure, yer honor, and Father Giles will call yer himself," said the girl. I begged that Father Giles might be instructed to do no such thing. The girl, however, insisted that he would, and then left me. Could it be that in this savage place, it was considered to be the duty of the parish priest to go round, with matins perhaps, or some other abominable papist ceremony, to the beds of all the strangers? My mother, who was a strict woman, had warned me vehemently against the machinations of the Irish priests, and I in truth, had been disposed to ridicule her. Could it be that there were such machinations? Was it possible that my trousers might be refused me till I had taken mass? Or that force would be put upon me in some other shape, perhaps equally disagreeable?

Regardless of that and other horrors, or rather, I should perhaps say, determined to face manfully whatever horrors the night or morning might bring upon me, I began to prepare for bed. There was something pleasant in the romance of sleeping at Pat Kirwan's house in Ballymoy, instead of in my own room in Keppel Street, Russell Square. So I chuckled inwardly at Pat Kirwan's idea of an hotel, and unpacked my things. There was a little table

covered with a clean cloth, on which I espied a small comb. I moved the comb carefully without touching it, and brought the table up to my bedside. I put out my brushes and clean linen for the morning, said my prayers, defying Father Giles and his machinations, and jumped into bed. The bed certainly was good, and the sheets were very pleasant. In five minutes I was fast asleep. How long I had slept when I was awakened I never knew. But it was at some hour in the dead of night, when I was disturbed by footsteps in my room, and on jumping up, I saw a tall, stout, elderly man standing with his back towards me, in the middle of the room, brushing his clothes with the utmost care. His coat was still on his back, and his pantaloons on his legs; but he was most assiduous in his attention to every part of his body which he could reach. I sat upright, gazing at him, as I thought then, for ten minutes,—we will say that I did so perhaps for forty seconds,—and of one thing I became perfectly certain,—namely, that the clothes-brush was my own! Whether, according to Irish hotel law, a gentleman would be justified in entering a stranger's room at midnight for the sake of brushing his clothes, I could not say; but I felt quite sure that in such case, he would be bound at least to use the hotel brush or his own. There was a manifest trespass in regard to my property.

"Sir," said I, speaking very sharply, with the idea of startling him, "what are you doing here, in this chamber?"

"Deed, then, and I'm sorry I've waked ye, my boy," said the stout gentleman.

"Will you have the goodness, sir, to tell me what you are doing here?"

"Bedad, then, just at this moment it's brushing my clothes, I am. It was badly they wanted it."

"I dare say they did. And you were doing it with my clothes-brush."

"And that's thrue too. And if a man has n't a clothes-brush of his own, what else can he do but use somebody else's?"

"I think it's a great liberty, sir," said I.

"And I think it's a little one. It's only in the size of it we differ. But I beg your pardon. There is your brush. I hope it will be none the worse." Then he put down the brush, seated himself on one of the two chairs which the room contained, and slowly proceeded to pull off his shoes, looking me in the face all the while.

"What are you going to do, sir?" said I, getting a little further out from under the clothes, and leaning over the table.

"I am going to bed," said the gentleman.

"Going to bed! where?"

"Here," said the gentleman; and he still went on untying the knot of his shoestrings.

It had always been a theory with me, in regard not only to my own country, but to all others, that civilization displays itself never more clearly than when it ordains that every man shall have a bed for himself. In older days, Englishmen of good position—men supposed to be gentlemen—would sleep together and think nothing of it, as ladies, I am told, will still do. And in outlandish regions, up to this time, the same practice prevails. In parts of Spain you will be told that one bed offers sufficient accommodation for two men, and in Spanish America the traveller is considered to be fastidious who thinks that one on each side of him is oppressive. Among the poorer classes with ourselves this grand touchstone of civilization has not yet made itself

felt. For aught I know, there might be no such touchstone in Connaught at all. There clearly seemed to be none such at Ballymoy.

"You can't go to bed here," said I, sitting bolt upright on the couch.

"You'll find you are wrong there, my friend," said the elderly gentleman. "But make yourself aisy, I won't do you the least harm in life, and I sleep as quiet as a mouse."

It was quite clear to me that time had come for action. I certainly would not let this gentleman get into my bed. I had been the first comer, and was for the night, at least, the proprietor of this room. Whatever might be the custom of this country in these wild regions, there could be no special law in the land justifying the landlord in such treatment of me as this.

"You won't sleep here, sir," said I, jumping out of the bed, over the table, on to the floor, and confronting the stranger, just as he had succeeded in divesting himself of his second shoe. "You won't sleep here to-night, and so you may as well go away." With that I picked up his two shoes, took them to the door, and chucked them out. I heard them go rattling down the stairs, and I was glad that they made so much noise. He would see that I was quite in earnest. "You must follow your shoes," said I, "and the sooner the better."

I had not even yet seen the man very plainly, and even now, at this time, I hardly did so, though I went close up to him and put my hand upon his shoulder. The light was very imperfect, coming from one small farthing candle, which was nearly burnt out in the socket. And I, myself, was confused, ill at ease, and for the moment unobservant. I knew that the man was older than myself, but I had not recognized him as being old enough to demand or enjoy personal protection by reason of his age. He was tall and big, and burly—as he appeared to me then. Hitherto, till his shoes had been chucked away, he had maintained imperturbable good humor. When he heard the shoes clattering down stairs, it seemed that he did not like it, and he began to talk fast and in an angry voice. I would not argue with him, and I did not understand him, but still keeping my hand on the collar of his coat, I insisted that he should not sleep there. Go away out of that chamber he should.

"But it's my own," he said, shouting the words a dozen times. "It's my own room. It's my own room." So this was Pat Kirwan himself,—drunk probably, or mad.

"It may be your own," said I; "but you've let it to me for to-night, and you sha'n't sleep here." So saying I backed him towards the door, and in so doing I trod upon his ungarded toe.

"Bother you, thin, for a pig-headed Englishman," said he. "You've kilt me entirely now. So take your hands off my neck, will ye, before you have me throttled outright."

I was sorry to have trod on his toe, but I stuck to him all the same. I had him near the door now, and I was determined to put him out into the passage. His face was very round and very red, and I thought that he must be drunk; and since I had found out that it was Pat Kirwan, the landlord, I was more angry with the man than ever. "You sha'n't sleep here, so you might as well go," I said, as I backed him away towards the door. This had not been closed since the shoes had been thrown out, and with something of a struggle between the door-posts, I got him out. I remembered nothing what-

ever as to the suddenness of the stairs; I had been fast asleep since I came up them, and hardly even as yet knew exactly where I was. So, when I got him through the aperture of the door, I gave him a push, as was most natural, I think, for me to do. Down he went backwards,—down the stairs, all in a heap, and I could hear that in his fall he had tumbled against Mrs. Kirwan, who was coming up, doubtless to ascertain the cause of all the trouble above her head. A hope crossed my mind that the wife might be of assistance to her husband in this time of his trouble. The man had fallen very heavily, I knew, and had fallen backwards. And I remembered then how steep the stairs were. Heaven and earth! Suppose that he were killed—or even seriously injured in his own house. What, in such a case as that, would my life be worth in that wild country? Then I began to regret that I had been so hot. It might be that I had murdered a man on my first entrance into Connaught!

For a moment or two I could not make up my mind what I would first do. I was aware that both the landlady and the servant were occupied with the body of the ejected occupier of my chamber, and I was aware also that I had nothing on but my night-shirt. I returned, therefore, within the door, but could not bring myself to shut myself in and return to bed, without making some inquiry as to the man's fate. I put my head out, therefore, and did make inquiry. "I hope he is not much hurt by his fall," I said.

"Ochone, ochone! murdher, murdher! Spake, Father Giles, dear, for the love of God!" Such and many such exclamations I heard from the women at the bottom of the stairs.

"I hope he is not much hurt," I said again, putting my head out from the doorway; "but he should n't have forced himself into my room."

"His room, the omadhaun, the born idiot!" said the landlady.

"Faix, ma'am, and Father Giles is a dead man," said the girl, who was kneeling over the prostrate body in the passage below. I heard her say Father Giles as plain as possible, and then I became aware that the man whom I had thrust out was not the landlord,—but the priest of the parish! My heart became sick within me as I thought of the troubles around me. And I was sick also with fear lest the man who had fallen should be seriously hurt. But why—why—why had he forced his way into my room? How was it to be expected that I should have remembered that the stairs of the accursed house came flush up to the door of the chamber?

"He shall be hanged if there's law in Ireland," said a voice down below; and as far as I could see, it might be that I should be hung. When I heard that last voice I began to think that I had in truth killed a man, and a cold sweat broke out all over me, and I stood for a while shivering where I was. Then I remembered that it behooved me as a man to go down among my enemies below, and to see what had really happened, to learn whom I had hurt,—let the consequences to myself be what they might. So I quickly put on some of my clothes,—a pair of trousers, a loose coat, and a pair of slippers, and I descended the stairs. By this time they had taken the priest into the whiskey-perfumed chamber below, and although the hour was late, there were already six or seven persons with him. Among them was the real Pat Kirwan himself, who had not been so particular about his costume as I had.

Father Giles—for indeed it was Father Giles,

the priest of the parish—had been placed in an old arm-chair, and his head was resting against Mrs. Kirwan's body. I could tell from the moans which he emitted that there was still, at any rate, hope of life. Pat Kirwan, who did not quite understand what had happened, and who was still half asleep, and, as I afterwards learned, half tipsy, was standing over him wagging his head. The girl was also standing by, with an old woman and two men who had made their way in through the kitchen.

"Have you sent for a doctor?" said I.

"O, you born blagguard!" said the woman. "You thief of the world! That the like of you should ever have darkened my door!"

"You can't repent it more than I do, Mrs. Kirwan; but had n't you better send for the doctor?"

"Faix, and for the police too, you may be shure of that, young man. To go and chuck him out of the room like that, his own room too, and be a priest and an old man; he that had given up the half of it, though I axed him not to do so for a stranger as nobody knowed nothing about."

The truth was coming out by degrees. Not only was the man I had put out Father Giles, but he was also the proper occupier of the room. At any rate somebody ought to have told me all this before they put me to sleep in the same bed with the priest. I made my way round to the injured man, and put my hand upon his shoulder, thinking that perhaps I might be able to ascertain the extent of the injury. But the angry woman, together with the girl, drove me away, heaping on me terms of reproach, and threatening me with the gallows at Galway.

I was very anxious that a doctor should be brought as soon as possible; and as it seemed that nothing was being done, I offered to go and search for one. But I was given to understand that I should not be allowed to leave the house until the police had come. I had therefore to remain there for half an hour, or nearly so, till a sergeant, with two other policemen, really did come. During this time I was in a most wretched frame of mind. I knew no one at Ballymoy or in the neighborhood. From the manner in which I was addressed, and also threatened by Mrs. Kirwan, and by those who came in and out of the room, I was aware that I should encounter the most intense hostility. I had heard of Irish murders, and heard also of the love of the people for their priests, and I really began to doubt whether my life might not be in danger.

During this time, while I was thus waiting, Father Giles himself recovered his consciousness. He had been stunned by the fall, but his mind came back to him, though by no means all at once; and while I was left in the room with him, he hardly seemed to remember all the events of the past hour. I was able to discover from what was said that he had been for some days past, or, as it afterwards turned out, for the last month, the tenant of the room, and that when I arrived he had been drinking tea with Mrs. Kirwan. The only other public bedroom in the hotel was occupied, and he had, with great kindness, given the landlady permission to put the Saxon stranger into his chamber. All this came out by degrees, and I could see how the idea of my base and cruel ingratitude rankled in the heart of Mrs. Kirwan. It was in vain that I expostulated and explained, and submitted myself humbly to everything that was said around me.

"But, ma'am," I said, "if I had only been told that it was the reverend gentleman's bed!"

"Bed, indeed! To hear the blagguard talk,

you'd think it was axing Father Giles to sleep along with the likes of him we were. And there's two beds in the room as dacent as any Christian iyer stretched in."

It was a new light to me. And yet I had known over night, before I undressed, that there were two bedsteads in the room! I had seen them, and had quite forgotten the fact in my confusion when I was woken. I had been very stupid, certainly. I felt that now. But I had truly believed that that big man was going to get into my little bed. It was terrible as I thought of it now. The good-natured priest, for the sake of accommodating a stranger, had consented to give up half of his room, and had been repaid for his kindness by being—perhaps murdered! And yet, though just then I hated myself cordially, I could not quite bring myself to look at the matter as they looked at it. There were excuses to be made, if only I could get any one to listen to them.

"He was using my brush, my clothes-brush, indeed he was," I said. "Not but what he'd be welcome; but it made me think he was an intruder."

"And was n't it too much honor for the likes of ye?" said one of the women, with infinite scorn in the tone of her voice.

"I did use the gentleman's clothes-brush, certainly," said the priest. They were the first collected words he had spoken, and I felt very grateful to him for them. It seemed to me that a man who could condescend to remember that he had used a clothes-brush, could not really be hurt to death, even though he had been pushed down such very steep stairs as those belonging to Pat Kirwan's hotel.

"And I'm sure you were very welcome, sir," said I. "It was n't that I minded the clothes-brush. It was n't indeed; only I thought,—indeed, I did think that there was only one bed. And they put me into the room, and had not said anything about anybody else. And what was I to think when I woke up in the middle of the night?"

"Faix, and you'll have enough to think of in Galway jail,—for that's where you're going to," said one of the bystanders.

I can hardly explain the bitterness that was displayed against me. No violence was absolutely shown to me, but I could not move without eliciting a manifest determination that I was not to be allowed to stir out of the room. Red angry eyes were glowering at me, and every word I spoke called down some expression of scorn and ill-will. I was beginning to feel glad that the police were coming, thinking that I needed protection. I was thoroughly ashamed of what I had done, and yet I could not discover that I had been very wrong at any particular moment. Let any man ask himself the question, what he would do, if he supposed that a stout old gentleman had entered his room at an inn and insisted on getting into his bed? It was not my fault that there was no proper landing-place at the top of the stairs.

Two sub-constables had been in the room for some time before the sergeant came, and with the sergeant arrived also the doctor, and another priest,—Father Columb he was called,—who, as I afterwards learned, was curate, or coadjutor, to Father Giles. By this time there was quite a crowd in the house, although it was past one o'clock, and it seemed that all Ballymoy knew that its priest had been foully misused. It was manifest to me that there was something in the Roman Catholic religion which made the priests very dear to the people; for

I doubt whether in any village in England, had such an accident happened to the rector, all the people would have roused themselves at midnight to wreak their vengeance on the assailant. For vengeance they were now beginning to clamor, and even before the sergeant of police had come the two sub-constables were standing over me; and I felt that they were protecting me from the people in order that they might give me up—to the gallows!

I did not like the Ballymoy doctor at all,—then, or even at a later period of my visit to that town. On his arrival he made his way up to the priest through the crowd, and would not satisfy their affection or my anxiety by declaring at once that there was no danger. Instead of doing so he insisted on the terrible nature of the outrage and the brutality shown by the assailant. And at every hard word he said, Mrs. Kirwan would urge him on. "That's thrue for you, doctor!" "Deed, and you may say that, doctor;—two as good beds as ever Christian stretched in!" "Deed, and it was just Father Giles's own room, as you may say, since the big storm fetched the roof off his riverence's house below there." Thus gradually I was learning the whole history. The roof had blown off Father Giles's own house, and therefore he had gone to lodge at the inn! He had been willing to share his lodging with a stranger; and this had been his reward!

"I hope, doctor, that the gentleman is not much hurt," said I, very meekly.

"Do you suppose a gentleman like that, sir, can be thrown down a long flight of stairs without being hurt?" said the doctor, in an angry voice. "It is no thanks to you, sir, that his neck has not been sacrificed."

Then there arose a hum of indignation, and the two policemen standing over me bustled about a little, coming very close to me, as though they thought they would have something to do to protect me from being torn to pieces.

I bethought me that it was my special duty in such a crisis to show a spirit, if it were only for the honor of my Saxon blood among the Celts. So I spoke up again, as loud as I could well speak.

"No one in this room is more distressed at what has occurred than I am. I am most anxious to know, for the gentleman's sake, whether he has been seriously hurt?"

"Very seriously hurt indeed," said the doctor; "very seriously hurt. The vertebrae may have been injured for aught I know at present."

"Arrah, blazes, man," said a voice, which I learned afterwards had belonged to an officer of the revenue corps of men which was then stationed at Ballymoy, a gentleman with whom I became afterwards familiarly acquainted; Tom Macdermot was his name, Captain Tom Macdermot, and he came from the county of Leitrim,— "Arrah, blazes, man; do ye think a gentleman's to fall sthrait headlong backwards down such a ladder as that, and not find it inconvenient? Only that he's the priest, and has had his own luck, sorrow a neck belonging to him there would be this minute."

"Be aisy, Tom," said Father Giles himself,—and I was delighted to hear him speak. Then there was a pause for a moment. "Tell the gentleman I ain't so bad at all," said the priest; and from that moment I felt an affection to him which never afterwards waned.

They got him up stairs back into the room from which he had been evicted, and I was carried off to

the police station, where I positively spent the night. What a night it was! I had come direct from London, sleeping on my road but once, in Dublin, and now I found myself accommodated with a stretcher in the police barracks at Ballymoy! And the worst of it was that I had business to do at Ballymoy which required that I should hold up my head and make much of myself. The few words which had been spoken by the priest had comforted me, and had enabled me to think again of my own position. Why was I locked up? No magistrate had committed me. It was really a question whether I had done anything illegal. As that man whom Father Giles called Tom had very properly explained, if people will have ladders instead of staircases in their houses, how is anybody to put an intruder out of the room without risk of breaking the intruder's neck. And as to the fact, — now an undoubted fact, that Father Giles was no intruder, the fault in that lay with the Kirwans, who had told me nothing of the truth. The boards of the stretcher in the police station were very hard, in spite of the blankets with which I had been furnished; and, as I lay there, I began to remind myself that there certainly must be law in county Galway. So I called to the attendant policeman and asked him by whose authority I was locked up.

"Ah, thin, don't bother," said the policeman; "shure, and you've given throuble enough this night!" The dawn was at that moment breaking, so I turned myself on the stretcher, and resolved that I would put a bold face on it all when the day should come.

The first person I saw in the morning was Captain Tom, who came into the room where I was lying, followed by a little boy with my portmanteau. The sub-inspector of police who ruled over the men at Ballymoy lived, as I afterwards learned, at Oranmore, so that I had not, at this conjuncture, the honor of seeing him. Captain Tom assured me that he was an excellent fellow, and rode to hounds like a bird. As in those days I rode to hounds myself, — as nearly like a bird as I was able, — I was glad to have such an account of my head jailer. The sub-constables seemed to do just what Captain Tom told them, and there was, no doubt, a very good understanding between the police force and the revenue officer.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what you must do, Mr. Green," said the Captain.

"In the first place," said I, "I must protest that I'm now locked up here illegally."

"O, bother; now don't make yourself unaisy."

"That's all very well, Captain —. I beg your pardon, sir, but I did n't catch any name plainly except the Christian name."

"My name is Macdermot, — Tom Macdermot. They call me Captain, — but that's neither here nor there."

"I suppose, Captain Macdermot, the police here cannot lock up anybody they please, without a warrant."

"And where would you have been if they had n't locked you up? I'm blessed if they would n't have had you into the Lough before this time."

There might be something in that, and I therefore resolved to forgive the personal indignity which I had suffered, if I could secure something like just treatment for the future. Captain Tom had already told me that Father Giles was doing pretty well.

"He's as sthrong as a horse, you see, or, sorrow a doubt, he'd be a dead man this minute. The back

of his neck is as black as your hat with the bruises, and it's the same way with him all down his loins. A man like that, you know, not just as young as he was once, falls mortal heavy. But he's as jolly as a four-year-old," said Captain Tom, "and you're to go and ate your breakfast with him, in his bedroom, so that you may see with your own eyes that there are two beds there."

"I remembered it afterwards quite well," said I.

"Deed and Father Giles got such a kick of laughter this morning, when he came to understand that you thought he was going to get into bed alongside of you, that he strained himself all over again, and I thought he'd have frightened the house, yelling with the pain. But anyway you've to go over and see him. So now you'd better get yourself dressed."

This announcement was certainly very pleasant. Against Father Giles, of course, I had no feeling of bitterness. He had behaved well throughout, and I was quite alive to the fact that the light of his countenance would afford me a better aegis against the ill-will of the people of Ballymoy than anything the law would do for me. So I dressed myself in the barrack-room, while Captain Tom waited without; and then I sallied out under his guidance to make a second visit to Pat Kirwan's hotel. I was amused to see that the police, though by no means subject to Captain Tom's orders, let me go without the least difficulty, and that the boy was allowed to carry my portmanteau back again. "O, it's all right," said Captain Tom, when I alluded to this. "You're not down in the sheet. You were only there for protection, you know." Nevertheless, I had been taken there by force, and had been locked up by force. If, however, they were disposed to forget all that, so was I. I did not return to the barracks again; and when, after that, the policemen whom I had known met me in the street, they always accosted me as though I were an old friend; hoping my honor had found a better bed than when they last saw me. They had not looked at me with any friendship in their eyes when they had stood over me in Pat Kirwan's parlor.

This was my first view of Ballymoy, and of the "hotel" by daylight. I now saw that Mrs. Pat Kirwan kept a grocery establishment, and that the three-cornered house which had so astonished me was very small. Had I seen it before I entered it I should hardly have dared to look there for a night's lodging. As it was, I stayed there for a fortnight, and was by no means uncomfortable. Knots of men and women were now standing in groups round the door, and, indeed, the lower end of the street was almost crowded.

"They're all here," whispered Captain Tom, "because they've heard how Father Giles has been murdered during the night by a terrible Saxon; and there is n't a man or woman among them who does n't know that you are the man who did it."

"But they know also, I suppose," said I, "that Father Giles is alive."

"Bedad, yes they know that, or I would n't be in your skin, my boy. But come along. We must n't keep the priest waiting for his breakfast." I could see that they all looked at me, and there were some of them, especially among the women, whose looks I did not even yet like. They spoke among each other in Gaelic, and I could perceive they were talking of me. "Can't you understand, then," said Captain Tom, speaking to them aloud, just as he entered the house, "that Father Giles, the Lord be

praised, is as well as ever he was in his life? Shure it was only an accident."

"An accident done on purpose, Captain Tom," said one person.

"What is it to you how it was done, Mick Healy? If Father Giles is satisfied, is n't that enough for the likes of you? Get out of that, and let the gentleman pass." Then Captain Tom pushed Mick away roughly, and the others let us enter the house. "Only they would n't do it unless somebody gave them the wink, they'd pull you in pieces this moment for a dandy of punch,—they would indeed." Perhaps Captain Tom exaggerated the prevailing feeling, thinking thereby to raise the value of his own service in protecting me; but I was quite alive to the fact that I had done a most dangerous deed, and had a most narrow escape.

I found Father Giles sitting up in his bed, while Mrs. Kirwan was rubbing his shoulder diligently with an embrocation of arnica. The girl was standing by with a basin half full of the same, and I could see that the priest's neck and shoulders were as red as a raw beefsteak. He winced grievously under the rubbing, but he bore it like a man.

"And here comes the hero," said Father Giles. "Now stop a minute or two, Mrs. Kirwan, while we have a mouthful of breakfast, for I'll go bail that Mr. Green is hungry after his night's rest. I hope you got a better bed, Mr. Green, than the one I found you in when I was unfortunate enough to waken you last night. There it is, all ready for you still," said he, "and if you accept of it to-night, take my advice and don't let a trifle stand in the way of your dhraims."

"I hope, thin, the gentleman will contrive to suit himself elsewhere," said Mrs. Kirwan.

"He'll be very welcome to take up his quarters here if he likes," said the priest. "And why not? But, bedad, sir, you'd better be a little more careful the next time you see a stranger using your clothes-brush. They are not so strict here in their ideas of meum and trum as they are perhaps in England; and if you'd broken my neck for so small an offence, I don't know but what they'd have stretched your own."

We then had breakfast together, Father Giles, Captain Tom, and I, and a very good breakfast we had. By degrees even Mrs. Kirwan was induced to look favorably at me, and before the day was over I found myself to be regarded as a friend in the establishment. And as a friend I certainly was regarded by Father Giles,—then, and for many a long day afterwards. And many times when he has, in years since that, but years nevertheless which are now long back, come over and visited me in my English home, he has told the story of the manner in which we first became acquainted. "When you find a gentleman asleep," he would say, "always ask his leave before you take a liberty with his clothes-brush."

ENGLISH CAPTIVES IN AFRICA.

A PAINFUL interest has lately been excited by the publication of narratives which warrant a belief that a number of Englishmen have been for more than ten years past, and probably some of them still are, held as captives by the barbarous native tribes of Eastern Africa, whose cruelty and treachery were exemplified in the murder of the Belgian traveller, Baron Von der Decken, who a few months since met his death at the hands of the Somali tribe.

The subject to which we have now to call the attention of our readers is very painful, not only on account of the numerous sufferers themselves, but also by reason of the prolonged anxieties, uncertainties, and suspense which have been endured by their relatives in this country. The facts are these:—In June, 1855, a ship called the *St. Abbs*, while on a voyage from London to Bombay, struck on the island of San Juan de Nuova, off the eastern coast of Africa. In attempting to launch them, all the boats except one were swamped. The remaining boat was taken by the captain and two of the crew, who landed on the island, where they were afterwards joined by one of the passengers, who swam ashore (another being drowned in the attempt), and by two others of the crew. The remainder of the crew, numbering, with four young cadet passengers, twenty-six in all, continued on board the dismasted ship, which, after hanging on the reef for two days, disappeared in the course of one night, and was reported by the survivors on the island to have broken up. It afterwards, however, became known that the hull of the *St. Abbs* had not gone to pieces on the island of San Juan de Nuova, but had been swept off by the current and had drifted to the coast of Africa near Magdesho, where she was boarded by the natives, who possessed themselves of everything on the wreck.

A great many articles known to have been on board the *St. Abbs* were afterwards brought to Zanzibar and disposed of by natives of Magdesho. The *St. Abbs* was taking out government stores, and among the articles brought for sale were light infantry bugles, cases of surgical instruments, &c., all containing the government mark, also boxes of books, ivory billiard balls (the *St. Abbs* was taking out several billiard-tables), surveying instruments, officers' epaulettes, &c. As the wreck occurred at the season when vessels all go north from the east coast of Africa, most of the articles recovered were conveyed to the Red Sea and Persian Gulf to be disposed of, and only those articles for which there was no sale in native markets were brought to Zanzibar to be disposed of among the European residents. No cause for doubting that those on board the vessel had perished with her was entertained until four years later, when reports reached Ceylon and the Mauritius that a number of Englishmen were in captivity somewhere on the east coast of Africa. Colonel Rigby, who was then consul at Zanzibar, instituted inquiries which convinced him that the hull of the *St. Abbs* had been driven ashore near Magdesho, and the persons on board had been captured by the Abghal Somalis and carried into the interior. Colonel Rigby learnt that a caravan of pilgrims to Mecca from Magdesho had seen several white prisoners at one place; but upon arriving at Jeddah the pilgrims found that the British consul and all the Christians had been murdered, so that there was no means of forwarding intelligence to Europe; but they mentioned the circumstances to pilgrims from Ceylon and the Mauritius, through whom they were made known to the British authorities. The governor of the Mauritius issued a proclamation in various languages offering a reward of one hundred pounds for each white prisoner who should be restored, and a native of Magdesho, who had himself been on board the wrecked ship, incited by the reward, started for the interior; but was stopped and imprisoned at Lamoo.

This circumstance is with great force urged by those interested in the subject as strong evidence of

the truth of the statement that white men were actually kept prisoners in the interior. From information obtained by Colonel Rigby at Zanzibar there appears no doubt that the survivors of the St. Abbs were divided into two parties, — one of which was taken a long distance into the interior, and the other, consisting of three persons, was kept by the Abghal tribe of Somalis, not far from Magdesho. Attention has recently been called to this subject from the circumstance that a bullock's hide brought from Magdesho to Zanzibar, which had been purchased from a caravan of Somalis, just arrived from the interior, was found to have several English letters carved on it. The man who had purchased the hide put it aside, and on his arrival at Zanzibar took it to Messrs. Oswald and Sons, who gave it to Colonel Playfair, the British consul. He further stated that he had seen other hides with letters cut on them. Those letters were, no doubt, carved by one of the captives, — perhaps in the faint hope of their meeting the eye of some European. Colonel Rigby, who recently read a most interesting paper upon the subject before the Royal Geographical Society, states that the part of Africa inhabited by these Somali tribes is very salubrious and fertile. The natives possess large herds of cattle and the hides are brought to Zanzibar for sale. There is communication with this part of Africa from Zeyla and Berbera on the Gulf of Aden. The Oghaden caravan to the great annual fair at Berbera traverses a great part of the country to the banks of the great river called the Wabbe Shabeli, which flows near Magdesho and Brava. Colonel Rigby suggests that the Resident at Aden might induce some of the Oghaden tribe of Somalis to rescue the captives, or at least to bring information as to where they are residing. Inquiries should also be made at Brava and Magdesho, and that trustworthy natives be sent into the country, who, in the character of traders, might be enabled to obtain the much desired information.

The exertions of Colonel Rigby and Colonel Playfair have resulted in the almost indubitable certainty that some at least of those who were on board the ill-fated vessel when she drifted from the reef reached the Somali country alive, and were detained as prisoners by the natives. It becomes interesting to know what has been done and what can be done to ascertain the fate of these unfortunate Englishmen, and to restore them, if still alive, to the relatives and friends who have for so many years been sorrowing for their loss. The local authorities at Zanzibar and at the Mauritius have made efforts which have procured some information, but not enough, and, above all, have not procured the liberation of the survivors. The slow but gradual accumulation of evidence has encouraged the relatives of the St. Abbs's victims to urge upon the government to make some decided efforts. Sir R. Murchison has thrown his philanthropic zeal and scientific ardor into the cause. Several members of Parliament have urged upon the Foreign Office the necessity and the duty of exerting all the means at its disposal to terminate the sufferings and the suspense which during so many years have been undergone by the captives in Africa and by their relatives at home. The result has hitherto not been encouraging, as no measures have been taken to ascertain the fate or to procure the release of the unhappy prisoners.

It is true that the Foreign Office did make some inquiries through its agents and through the East

India Office, but Brigadier Cogan, the agent at Aden, wrote in May, 1862, that in his opinion it was highly improbable that any of the persons on board the St. Abbs had lived to reach the shore. Against that opinion, however, there is the evidence of natives who had themselves seen and who had heard of white prisoners among the Somalis, and the statements made by different persons at different places, all tending to the same point. There is the evidence of articles having been seen in the possession of and received from natives, which articles are proved to have been on board the St. Abbs, and the hides marked with English characters which have recently come to light. From all these circumstances there appears no room to doubt but that some white men were, and probably are, held in captivity by the savage tribes of the eastern coast of Africa; and whether those unhappy persons be or be not the survivors of the St. Abbs, it is equally a national duty to employ every effort to obtain their release, or to put an end to the prolonged suspense of their relatives in England.

"OLD MURDER."

I.

"THERE goes Old Murder," said Mr. Miller, the manager of the Old County Bank, as he stood at his window, with his nose resting on the top of the wire blind.

"Old Murder" was the nickname given to Doctor Thatcher by the inhabitants of Crossford. It was a sarcastic nickname, but used in all good nature; for the old doctor, though somewhat penurious and brusque, was a worthy man who had done his duty and combated death with success and profit for forty years.

Crossford is a pleasant compact town, and as the Doctor drove up the High Street every one saw him. The butcher, among his sheep, pinked with white slashes, took off his hat as he jointed a loin of mutton on his enormous sacrificial crimsoned block. The bookbinder standing at his press, torturing a volume in his vice, saw him through his window, and, with some scraps of gold leaf in his hair, opened his glass door to watch him. They saw him over the little buttery door at the post-office, and the young men at the draper's discussed him as they unrolled carpets and uncoiled ribbons.

Dr. Thatcher was bound on a visit to his old friend the rector, at Woodcot, a suburb of Crossford; wrapped up in a coarse, threadbare, brown great-coat, with a comforter hiding all but his nose, he drove on in his rickety pony-chaise, his old blind white mare never exceeding her usual pace for any possible provocation. He drove brooding as he went over old times; old men can only look back, the future has little pleasure for them. With his thick rough gray eyebrows, furrowed frosty face, and big gray whiskers, Dr. Thatcher looked the very type of elderly sagacity.

It was a bright November morning, and the sunshine, like the presence of one we love, shed hope, joy, and comfort on the meanest and humblest object.

The Doctor was in high spirits, and ripe for gossip. As he rang at the door, a portly, comfortable butler presented himself, and called a page-boy to hold the Doctor's horse.

"How are you, Roberts?" said the Doctor, with gruff kindliness. "How's the gout? Take less ale; that's my prescription."

The Rector's study was a delightful den, walled with sound old books and hung with exquisite water-color sketches by Cox, Copley Fielding, Turner, and Prout, — rainy moors, sunny cliffs bathed in pure blue air, enchanted mountains, magic sunsets, and crumbling gable-ended Norman houses. There were rare hothouse flowers on the table, a Venetian glass, and rare photographs, old editions of the Elizabethan poets, ivory elephants, little palanquins, and Japanese fans. It was the den of a man of refinement, travel, sense, and taste. The windows looked out on a broad sweep of soft green lawn, and a fine cedar-tree spread out its vast dark ledges of boughs in eternal benediction. A bright lively fire rose in a waving pyramid from the grate, that shone as bright as a Life Guardsman's breastplate. The Doctor, growling at the delay, was turning over some photographs of Cornwall, the granite cliffs reproduced with every crack, cleft, and splinter, when there came a cheery tap at the window. It was the Rector, cheerful as ever, and rejoicing to see his old friend. As the Doctor opened the glass door that led out to the lawn, the Rector stepped in and shook him by the hands.

"We want you to see George; his throat's bad, Doctor," said the Rector.

"Very well, then, — here I am. Mind, no gratis advice; down in the bill. I earned my experience hard, and I don't mean to part with it gratis."

"No one asked you, Doctor," said the Rector, who knew his old friend's manner. He rang the bell, and the frightened page-boy entered.

"Page-boy!" growled the Doctor. "In my time they were called only boys. Get a silver spoon."

The boy went and returned in a moment with a spoon.

"Now open your mouth. I'm not going to cut your tongue off. Open it wider, sir."

The Doctor held back the boy's tongue with the bowl of the spoon and looked in.

"Bah!" he said. "Mere inflammation. I'll send you a gargle, boy. If it gets worse, why, I can snip off the end of the uvula. There, that'll do, page-boy. When I was young, Buller," said the Doctor, as the door closed, and he threw himself back roughly in a sloping arm-chair, "I made this my golden rule, — always, if possible, to get my fee when the patient was still in pain. It made the fee larger, and it was paid quicker. I never pretended to refuse fees, and then took them. I only wish I could get my Jack into better ways about these things. Delicacy is thrown away on people; every one is for himself."

The Rector laughed, poked the fire, and rubbed his hands. He enjoyed the Doctor in his dry, splenetic moods.

"I've come to ask you to dine with the Prices and one or two more to-night at seven: plain mutton and a bit of fish, hare soup, and a pudding, — no fuss. I don't ask you for show, or to wipe off a debt; but because I like you. Rubber afterwards. Your old flame, my sister, will be there, and Letty, of course, or Jack won't hear of it."

"How is your adopted son, Doctor?"

"How is he? What, Harkness? Why, strong as a lion, of course; riding, shooting, singing better than any other young man in Surrey. This morning the dear boy insisted on driving tandem, — only fancy driving tandem to see patients! Ha, ha! But these are harmless follies. O, he'll ferment clear as your dry sherry. How's Mary?"

"Pretty well, thank you. Gone out with the chil-

dren. Excuse me, Doctor, as a great admirer of old jewelry, asking you to let me see that key-ring of yours again off your finger. I always admire it so much, — it is really worthy of Cellini."

The Doctor was propitiated; his old gray eyes brightened under his white eyebrows. "Only take it off for very old friends. That is the key of my case-book, which my poor dear wife gave me on our wedding-day forty years ago next spring."

It was a curious ring, of old Italian workmanship. It had originally been the key of the jewel-chest of some nobleman of the house of Medici, for it bore the arms, the three pills, of that dangerous family.

"I should leave you that key when I go under the grass, Buller, but I've promised it to that dear boy, for he'll have all my business, and there's nothing like secrecy with a case-book. Buller, you must walk more, — you're getting too stout. How's that eye of yours, by the by?" He put the ring on again as he spoke, and rubbed it affectionately with his coat cuff.

"The conjunctiva is still inflamed, and the iris wants expanding."

The Doctor darted a crafty look from under his thick eyebrows, then began to hum Paddy Carey, — "tum tiddle ti-ti: But what do you know about irises?"

"Will you come into the conservatory, doctor, and see my Neptunias, — you are in no hurry?"

"How do you know? I'm just off to see my sister. Jack is attending her; but she writes me to come and see her too, without his knowing it, for fear he might be offended. Am I ever idle?"

"She'll leave all her money to Jack, I suppose?" said the Rector.

"Every penny; but he won't get it for a dozen years, I hope. Do you know, Buller, I am planning something to keep the boy quiet and prudent; for he is rather inclined to be wild. I tell him he sha'n't marry Letty till he has made two hundred a year by half fees. He'll do it, I'll be bound, in the first year. I pretend to be inexorable. I examine his accounts. I pay no debts. I keep him hard at it, — and what is the result? A better boy does not breathe in all Surrey. He won't drink spirits, he won't touch cards; yet all the time I'm negotiating for a small estate to give him when he marries; but it kills me parting with hard-earned money."

By this time the Doctor and the Rector had reached the conservatory, a cheerful room, gay with flowers, with vines trellised over the sloping glass roof, and Chinese caricatures over the fireplace.

"More waste money," grumbled the testy man with the soft heart under the bear's skin; "you'll be having a pinery next."

"Well, and you doctors are paid to cure us, and half the money you get is for putting us to a lingering and expensive death — tut! Ah, it's six of one to half a dozen of the other. I brought you here, Doctor, to say something disagreeable, but true, — will you bear it?"

"Will I bear it? What did I say when Sir Astley told me once I must have my leg off, after that accident, riding? — 'You'll find a saw,' I said, pointing, 'in that third left-hand drawer.' You're a good old friend; come, say away."

The old doctor's manner was, nevertheless, somewhat restless, and a little belied the energy and resolution implied in his words. He twisted his key-ring round anxiously.

The Rector's eyes were clear, cold, and fixed; his

mouth closed, as if he felt some inward pain. He was silent for a moment, then he spoke.

"My dear old friend," he said, "it seems cruel to tell you the truth when you are so happy in your ignorance; but I must use the lancet, and wound to heal,—you know what profession uses that motto. I feel, from what Roberts tells me, and other people who know Crossford well, that the adopted son you love so much and trust so entirely deceives you. He is not going on respectably; he drinks, he gambles, he likes low company, he is going bad; take my word for it; he is better away from Crossford for a time; he is going bad, I am sure he is. He is idle, he is quarrelsome, he runs into debt, he is going fast down hill; he has been too much indulged."

As a skilful surgeon stays his knife to see if the patient is bearing up or sinking, so the Rector stopped to watch his old friend, who had sunk on a chair; at first pale, tremulous, and faint, then angry, restless.

"No, no," he said; "I cannot and will not believe it. It is lies,—lies! What, my boy, Jack? No, he is full of spirit; he is fond of humor; they call that being quarrelsome and liking low society. Gamble? He won't play even a rubber with me. Idle? Why, he is a slave at business. He is by this time fourteen miles from here,—out Ashstead way. Pshaw! I ought to know him."

The Rector shook his head. "It is an ungrateful task to convey bitter truths. How can we expect a man to sip medicine as if it were wine? Doctor, what I tell you is too true; every one but you knows it. That adopted son of yours is at the King's Arms this very moment, I am sure, for Roberts told me he saw him there, at billiards, when he took some books of mine, an hour ago, to Collingwood's to be bound. He is there every day. He goes to no patient, unless there is a pretty face in the house, or good ale to discuss and smoke over."

The Doctor's back was turned as Mr. Buller said this; all at once he turned, with nervous petulance.

"It's lies, lies, lies!" he said, flame springing from his eyes. "You kill me by repeating them. You want to bring on a fit, and get your legacy sooner. Tell me again, and kill me at once. I'll go,—I'll go at once, myself, and I'll prove it's a lie. The boy's good and honest; he deceives no one. But I see he has enemies, and he must be warned and guarded; and he shall be, he shall be."

When a man repeats an assertion twice, be sure it is a doubtful assertion. Pure truth is simple, humble, unconscious. The Doctor's earnestness showed some dawning suspicion of danger, now first taking palpable shape. He was about to leave the conservatory abruptly, but he turned suddenly and pressed his friend's hand.

"I'm not angry with you, Buller, for repeating these scandals. It may be right for me to hear them, to prove they're lies,—for I would have Jack's honor pure as ermine,—but I say you have given me greater pain than if you had flung unslacked lime into an ophthalmic man's eyes; your surgery has been somewhat rough. You should n't listen to those ass-fool servants,—fat, ignorant, tattling—"

"Miss Paget," cried the page-boy's voice at this moment; and a young lady came running down the passage to the conservatory. Such a tall, graceful girl, with the frank high spirit and manner of her class; her bright face radiant with innocence, luminous with swift changing expression. In her pretty

neat costume, a round black hat, plumed with a grebe's wing, and a silver-gray mohair dress, she looked a very type of English girlhood.

"Good morning, Mr. Buller," she said, offering her hand; "and good morning, Uncle Edward. O, I'm so glad to find you here. Aunt Fanny is not nearly so well this morning; the medicine does n't agree with her. Another bottle's come, but Cousin Jack has n't been, though he promised us to come by this. O, do come, uncle, and see her. I knew I should find you here."

"Very well, child. What symptoms?"

"Sickness, pain in the throat, sleepiness."

"I'll be there, Letty, in half an hour. I suppose Jack has been detained at Ashstead. You run on, child. I can't take you on; I've got to call at the King's Arms; or stop, I'll take you to the corner of Church Street. Come, quick. Good by, Buller; I must take Letty from you. Come, Letty, this is—this is serious about aunt."

II.

THE billiard-room at the King's Arms was the haunt of every sot, scamp, and swindler in Crossford.

There they all were when the Doctor drew hastily up to the door. The pale, sodden, mean, crafty, ignoble faces stared over the dirty blind to see who it was. A cue paused in its stroke; a player stopped as he seized a piece of chalk; the marker stayed as he moved the score-peg; a fat-faced man with large whiskers held his glass of smoking rum-and-water midway in the air. Then broke forth a dozen voices.

"Harkness! Jack! Here's the governor,—here's Old Murder,—it's your governor come to look for you. Run into the smoking-room, and if he comes here we'll cheek it out for you. Get out of that, my boy."

A bold, indolent-looking young fellow, with large glossy black whiskers, who was playing, instantly took the alarm, caught up his coat, for he was in his shirt-sleeves, ran into the inner room and slammed the green-baize door behind him, amidst a shout of half-tipsy laughter.

The next moment the front bell rang, and the Doctor's voice could be heard.

"Is Mr. Harkness in the billiard-room?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure; I'll see, sir."

"No. I'll see for myself. I want to leave my chaise here while I go to the library. Let some one hold my horse."

Immediately afterwards the old doctor pushed roughly open the swing door of the billiard-room, and glanced round the place with a contemptuous curiosity. "Morning, gentlemen. Is my son Jack, here? Ha! How d'y'e do, Travers?"

"No, sir, we've not seen Mr. Harkness here," said the fat man, as he made a cannon.

"Don't patronize this sort of thing," said a drunken gauger, who was smoking, with his head leaning on a bag of pyramid balls.

The Doctor gave a grunt of relief, and his face brightened as he walked round the room with a sarcastic smile at the beguiling green cloth. As he passed each man he touched his chest, or looked with ironical friendliness into his eyes.

"You've a fatty heart, Travers," he said. "Take care,—less brandy. One lung gone, Davies, you know. Early hours,—no night air. Liver enlarged, Marker,—not so much smoking. Jones, don't be alarmed, but you look as if you'd have

a fit, if you don't mind. Harris, you've drosy coming on, — less ale."

The old doctor left the rascals miserable and dejected, as he wished to leave them.

As he mounted his chaise once more, he sang *Lilbulero* for very joy.

"I knew," he said, "Buller was wrong, — idle tattle. Jack would n't associate with dregs like that. Jack is a gentleman, and a young man of honor and right feeling. Who should know Jack, if I don't? Who should I trust, if I don't trust Jack?"

Then he drove straight to his sister's, as much relieved as if a mountain had been lifted off him, and pleased at his own energy and triumph.

III.

THE Doctor was in high spirits. The haunch of mutton had been hung to a day. Buller had praised his wine. He had won two rubbers, and Letty had sung him his favorite old Cavalier song, — that manly, vigorous, triumphant outburst of mistaken and self-deceived loyalty, — "The King shall enjoy his Own again." As coffee came in at the end of the second game, he discoursed, and told some of his best old stories. One thing only troubled him, and that was his adopted son's absence. "Detained by business, dear boy, no doubt," said the Doctor, in an important way.

The Rector looked mistrustfully at Miss Paget, but she only looked down at the music.

"Uncle," she said, "shall I play your favorite, — 'My Mother bids me bind my Hair'?"

"Do, dear," said the Doctor, as he shuffled the cards for a fresh deal. "Mrs. Price, it is your lead."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Price, as the rubber closed, "you know my niece Mary had the measles while she was stopping with the Campbells in Argylshire. She is coming to us next week."

The Doctor darted a shrewd, humorous glance at the speaker from the ambush of his gray eyebrows.

"On your honor, tell me, now. Confess. Was it really the measles? You know our Northern friends are rather subject to epidermical attacks, and it may be the *haut ton* in Argylshire to give it that name."

Mrs. Price laughed good-naturedly as she cut the cards to the Doctor, and assured him it was really the measles from which her niece had suffered.

"Doctor," said the Rector, "you are very prejudiced. It was the fashion, when you were young, to dislike the Scotch; but it is not so now. They are a fine, sturdy, clannish, persevering, well-educated, religious people."

"Pshaw! grinders and screwers, nippers and pinchers, ain't they, Kestephen? Ugh! I don't like 'em."

"How did I play that, Doctor?" said his partner, one of the Prices, a young Indian officer.

"When old Judge Barrow was once asked how he liked a pudding at my father's house, he replied, 'It's a good pudding, Thatcher, but not a very good pudding.' You played a good game, but not a very good game. Sir, you lost us two tricks by trumping my thirteenth club. And, sir, may I ask what possible benefit can you derive from constantly repeating Hindostanee phrases? If they are oaths, the custom is ungentleman-like, however you disguise it. If they mean nothing, the custom is ridiculous. Sir, what prevents me from exclaiming 'Chavash,' 'Pukrao,' 'Balderdash,' or any such gibberish, and calling it Chinese or Hebrew?"

The young officer colored, for he felt the rebuke. The Doctor could be at times terribly Johnsonian,

and his satire fell on luckless offenders like blows of the knout.

"Quite right," said Mrs. Price. "It is an old affectation of Charles's. We've told him it was in bad taste before. Doctor, I think we must be going. Charles, please to ring for the carriage."

"I let no one go, Mrs. Price, till we have some mulled claret, and Letty has played 'Good Night, and Joy be with you All.' I wonder what can detain that boy? Farmer Bennet must be very ill. How I have missed my dear old sister too. She does play such an excellent game. Does n't she, Buller?"

It was past one before the guests retired. The Doctor paced the room anxiously. He was perturbed. He longed for the return of his adopted son; he scarcely knew why, but he also dreaded it. He took up a book; he could not read. Gradually, as he sat before the fire, he fell into a restless doze. The sound of a door opening, and the door-chain rattling, awoke him. He rose, and took the lamp into the hall. There was his nephew, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hat was crushed, his coat torn.

"Why, Jack," said the Doctor, reproachfully, "you've tired yourself in your rounds, and then taken too much wine. You should n't let those farmers tempt you. I used to find it hard."

"There, that'll do," said Harkness, sullenly. "I've been with no farmer. I drank because I'd lost at cards, I tell you, and your cursed stinginess never leaves me a shilling to try my luck with. I'll be kept under no longer. I'm over head and ears in debt, and money I'll have. If Aunt Fanny won't stump up, you must. I'll get money somewhere, and I'll pay you out for keeping me without a penny. No. I won't go to bed, — go to bed yourself. I want brandy. Give me brandy!"

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness threw himself on a sofa, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunken sleep.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could Buller's rumors then be true?

"No," he thought to himself; "no, I will not believe it. This is a mere youthful folly. The poor boy has been led away by some of those farmers, who think they show no hospitality unless they make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning. I shall lock him in now, that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out, and then lecture him well. Poor boy!"

In the morning, when Dr. Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open, and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and ordered the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy," said the Doctor, "he was too ashamed to meet me. Dare n't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his breakfast, dear boy. Won't dare to see his Aunt Fanny to-day, I'll be bound. Of course he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! I was bad enough at his age."

An hour or two later found the rough but worthy Doctor driving at a sober pace towards the bank.

"There goes Old Murder," cried the pert chemist's assistant to a groom of the Prices, who was

talking to him at the door of the shop in the High Street.

"Yes. There goes old four miles an hour. Did you hear of young Harkness, and how he carried on last night at the billiard-room? Swore he'd been cheated, got noisy drunk, and fought three of the men there with the butt-end of a billiard-cue. O, he's going the whole hog, he is! How he flashes his money, to be sure."

"Well, Thatcher," said the manager of the bank, as the Doctor alighted from his chaise, "what can we do for you?"

"I want this check, Miller, for one hundred and fifty pounds, cashed, and I want to look at my book."

"Certainly. Edward, get Dr. Thatcher's book from the parlor."

"I am going to the post-office, and will call in a minute or two. Pahaw! how cold it is. Seen my son to-day?"

"Drove by, Doctor, about half an hour ago, down Church Street."

"Always at work. That's the way. Early bird picks up the worm."

"Thought he looked ill, sir. Works too hard."

"Yes, it is a dog of a life, ours. One gets old before one has leisure to enjoy what one has earned."

The manager smiled deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Rich people will have their joke."

The Doctor came to the post-office.

"Any letters, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, Doctor. There's one for you."

"Hand it out."

The Doctor sat in the chaise and read it. It was from a hospital in London, a consumption hospital, to which he annually subscribed twenty pounds. The secretary wrote to tell him that two years' subscriptions were due.

"Stuff about due!" growled the Doctor. "Sent Jack to pay it into their bank a month ago. He never forgets anything."

"Here is your book," said the manager, handing the small parchment-covered book to the Doctor as he entered the bank, where a farmer was scooping up a salmon-colored bag of sovereigns.

"No, it is not entered," said the Doctor, in a startled way. "Did not my boy Jack pay in twenty pounds the end of last month for Drummond's? Surely? The last check he paid in. I've not sent since to you for anything."

"No, Dr. Thatcher, but he called last week for the hundred pounds for you."

"The hundred pounds?"

"Yes, did n't he, Edward?"

"O yes, sir, and the week before for the fifty pounds."

"For the fifty pounds?" the Doctor stammered. "Let me see the checks, Mr. Miller." The Doctor spoke quite calmly, but his voice trembled. "Will you allow me to sit down for a moment in your back parlor till this gentleman has gone? There has been some mistake about a subscription; a quiet minute or so will set it right."

"Certainly, sir. Edward, show Dr. Thatcher in and give him a chair. There, sir, are the checks. Edward, put on a bit of coal, the fire's low."

The Doctor, as the door closed behind the manager, looked closely at the checks, turned the signatures up and down; then he rested his head on his hands and burst into tears. The signatures were forgeries.

"I see it all," he murmured. "O that unhappy

boy! and this, I fear, is not the worst. O Absalom, my son, my son!"

"There's something up," said the clerk to the manager, as he took a hasty peep over the green curtain of the glass door. "Why, good gracious, Mr. Miller, the Doctor's fainted!"

IV.

"Good morning, Mr. Miller," said the Doctor, when he had recovered, and retaken his seat once more in the chaise; "there is no blunder, after all. I see where the mistake lay. I have taken all the checks up to yesterday. Continue the draught. Young man, be kind enough to turn the chaise. Thank you."

The Spartan boy kept the wolf hid till it gnawed into his heart. Dr. Thatcher had a secret whose teeth were sharper than even the wolf. In that half-hour he had suffered the pangs of death itself.

He drove straight to his sister's, Mrs. Thatcher's, whose neat little cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the town, and near the old parish church. As the Doctor's chaise drove up, Miss Paget ran out, looking very pale and anxious.

"Well, Letty, how's Aunt Fanny?"

"Very, very ill, dear uncle. No appetite, very weak, no sleep."

"That won't do; and has Jack been?"

"Yes, and orders the same medicine, only larger doses; but I'm sure, — I'm sure it does not agree with her. Do give your advice, uncle."

"I promised Jack, only two days ago, never to interfere with his patients; but this once I will. Send some one Letty, to take the mare round to the stables."

Mrs. Thatcher, the Doctor's sister, was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. Her handsome features were sharpened by illness, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes pale and anxious.

"Well, Fanny, and how is it with you?"

"Bad, bad, John; perpetual pain, nausea, no sleep, no appetite."

The Doctor's face changed, a ghastly pallor came upon his lips.

"Let me see the medicine, Letty."

Miss Paget brought it. The Doctor looked at it eagerly, then tasted it. The next moment he had flung the bottle on the fire. A dew of nervous excitement broke out upon his forehead.

"Uncle?"

"Brother?"

"The medicine is much too powerful for you in this weak state. Jack is a clever fellow, but he does not know your constitution as I do. You must not, however, pain him by telling him you have not taken his stuff, so I will send you some tonic that resembles it in color, but less violent. This was too much for you. Jack was right, — he was right, but he has not taken into account your age, Fanny."

"I could not take it yesterday, and Jack was very angry."

"You take the medicine I shall send you when I return directly it comes; take it every two hours till the sickness abates. Now, come, lie back, Fanny; you are very weak."

The pale worn face turned towards him and smiled on him, then the head sank back on the pillow and the weary eyelids closed.

"I cannot shake off this stupor, John. Good by, and bless you, dear John."

The Doctor signed to Letty to leave the room. When she had done so, and the door closed, he sat

down by his sister's bedside, sorrow-stricken and thoughtful; in that silence, broken only by the tick of the watch at the bed head, and the deep breathing of the sleeper, he fell on his knees, and prayed for help and guidance from the Giver of all Good. Then he took out his repeater and waited till the minute-hand reached the half-hour. It was three o'clock that had struck when Letty closed the door. Then he took his sister's hand and woke her.

"What, John, are you here still? How good of you! I thought I was alone. I feel better now. It was that dreadful medicine that hurt me."

"Fanny," said the Doctor, with all a woman's tenderness, "when you made your will in the summer, you told me you left all your money to Jack on his marriage with Letty. Now, I want you to do me a kindness."

"I left it all to dear Jack; I told him so. What kindness can I show you, brother, a poor dying old woman like myself?"

"Alter the will this evening, and leave me the money during my lifetime. It will be a check on Jack, if he grows extravagant or wild."

"O, he won't, dear boy. Yet, as you will, John. You have always some kind and good object in what you do."

"I will bring a lawyer and witness in half an hour. It might ruin even a well-intentioned lad, and make him idle. Later in life it will perhaps come better."

In the room below the Doctor found Letty, anxious and apprehensive of some evil, but she scarcely knew what.

"O uncle, uncle," she said, in tears, "auntie is not in danger, is she? O, do say she is not in danger."

"By God's help, Letty, she will be out of danger in a few hours. It is well I came. Letty, you love me, and you love my son Jack?"

"I do! I do! you know how I do, dearly, uncle."

"If you love us both, you will then do as I tell you, and not deviate a single iota, for much depends on what I am now going to say. But first let your man George ride quick into town and get this prescription made up."

What the Doctor's instructions were must not at present be revealed.

V.

THREE hours later the Doctor was in his surgery, examining a drawer of dangerous drugs that was generally kept locked. He had just closed it, and was musing with one elbow on his desk and his head on his hand, when there came a step behind him. He looked round; it was John.

"John," he said, and he said no more. But there was an infinite depth of reproachful sadness in that one word.

"Dear father," said his adopted son, "I deeply regret the events of last night. I was tempted to stay at a farmer's harvest-home, and I talked nonsense (did I not?) about debt and wanting money. It was all wandering. Forget it all,—it meant nothing. It was foolish, wrong of me. I'm sorry for it."

"Let it be the last time, Jack," said the Doctor; "it is harder to come up hill one step than to go down twenty. Do not break my heart by becoming a bad man. By the by, have you sent Aunt Fanny the medicine, and how is she?"

"O, pulling through all right. She's as tough as nails."

"What prescription are you using?"

"This," and John Harkness held up a bottle of simple tonic drops. "The old lady wants strength. O she'll do, if she can only get stronger."

The Doctor sighed, and said, "The tonic is right." At that moment the surgery door opened, and an old farmer presented himself.

"Why, Farmer Whitehead, how are you?"

"Ailing, Doctor, thank ye, with the flinzy. Uncommon bad, to be sure; and so is my missus."

"Ah, I thought Jack here had been attending you for months; you are down in our books. How is this, Jack?"

The young man's color rose. "It is a mistake of mine. I'm a regular duffer for memory; it was Robinson at Woodcot I meant. I'll put it all right."

"Just see to Farmer Whitehead then, now. Give him a diaphoretic and ipecacuanha to keep the pores open. I'll go and dress for dinner."

"Steeped in lies," the Doctor muttered, as he shut the surgery door behind him. "I fed this serpent, and now he stings me; but still no one shall know his shame, for I may still, by God's help, save him from crime, and leave him time and opportunities for repentance. Heaven have mercy upon him! Yes, still,—still I may save the boy I once loved so much."

Dinner was over. The Doctor had been cheerful, as usual, and had made no further reference to the unhappy events of the night before. John Harkness had grown boisterous and social as ever, seeing the Doctor satisfied with so brief an apology.

"Jack," said the Doctor, warming to the conversation, "go and get a bottle of that thirty-two port; I feel to-day as if I wanted a specially good bottle."

John Harkness went, and returned in a few minutes with the bottle, carrying it carefully, with the chalk mark uppermost.

"That's right, Jack. Don't do like the country butler, who, when his master said, 'John, have you shaken that wine?' replied, 'No, zur; but I will,' and then shook it up like a draught. Ha, ha! I'll decant it; I like doing it."

The Doctor rose to decant the wine, standing at the buffet to do it facing a mirror, and with his back to the table, where the young man had again sullenly seated himself. In the round, shining surface of the mirror the room was repeated in sharp, clear miniature. The bottle was still gurgling out its crimson stores into the broad silver wine-strainer, when the Doctor, casting his eyes upon the mirror, observed John draw swiftly from his breast-pocket a little flat black vial, and pour a dozen drops of some thick fluid into the half-full glass which stood beside his uncle's plate.

He took no notice of what he had seen, nor did he look round, but merely said,—

"John, I'm sorry to trouble you, but we shall want some brown sherry; there is hardly enough for to-day. Get it before we sit down to the real business of the evening."

The moment John Harkness left the room, the Doctor, with the quickness of youth, sipped the wine, recognized the taste of laudanum, threw open the door leading into the surgery, dashed the wine down a sink, then shut the door, and refilled the glass to exactly the same height.

"Here is the sherry, governor. Come, take your wine."

The Doctor tossed it off.

"I feel sleepy," he said,— "strangely sleepy."

"O, it is the weather. Go into that green chair, and have a ten minutes' nap."

The Doctor did so. In a moment or two he fell back, assuming with consummate skill all the external symptoms of deep sleep. A deep apoplectic snoring breathing convinced the Doctor's adopted that the laudanum had taken effect.

A moment that hardened man stood watching the sleeper's face; then, falling on his knees, he slipped from the old doctor's finger his massive seal-key.

The instant he turned to run to a cabinet where the Doctor's case-book was kept, the old man's stern eyes opened upon him with the swiftest curiosity; but the old man did not move a limb nor a muscle, remaining fixed like a figure of stone.

"He's safe," said the coarse, unfeeling voice; "and now for the case-book, to fix it against him if anything goes wrong."

As he said this, the lost man opened the case-book and made an entry. He then locked the book, replaced it in the cabinet, and slipped the key-ring once more on the Doctor's finger. Then he rose and rang the bell softly. The old servant came to the door.

"The governor's taken rather too much wine," he said, blowing out the candles; "awake him about twelve, and tell him I'm gone to bed. You say I'm out, if you dare; and mind and have the trap ready to-morrow at half-past nine. I'm to be at Mrs. Thatcher's."

When the door closed upon the hopeless profligate, the Doctor rose and wrung his hands. "Lost, lost!" he said; "but I will still hide his shame. He shall have time still to repent. I cannot, — cannot forget how I once loved him."

Sternly the Doctor set himself to that task of self-devotion, — stern as a soldier chosen for a forlorn hope. "To-morrow," he said, "I will confront him, and try if I can touch that hard heart."

When the servant came at twelve, the Doctor pretended to awake. "Joe," he said, "get my chaise ready to-morrow at a quarter to ten; mind, to the moment. Where's Mr. John?"

"Gone to bed, sir. Good night."

"He makes them all liars like himself," said the old man, as he slammed his bedroom door.

VI.

"How is your missus?" said the young doctor, as, driving fast through Crossford the next morning, he suddenly espied Mrs. Thatcher's servant standing at the post-office window.

The old coachman shook his head.

"Very bad, sir, sinking fast."

John Harkness made no reply, but lashed his horse and drove fiercely off in the direction of the sick woman's house.

"It all goes well," he said, half aloud. "I had half a mind to stop the thing yesterday when I saw her; but these fellows press so with their bills, and the governor's so cursed stingy. I really must press it on. It's no crime. What is it? Only sending an old woman two or three days sooner to the heaven she is always whining for. Yet she was fond of me, and it's rather a shame; but what can a fellow do that's so badgered!"

So reasoned this fallen man, steeped in the sophistries which sin uses as narcotics to stupefy its victims.

Arrived at the door, he threw down the reins, tossed back the apron, and leaped out. He was excited and desperate with the brandy he had already

found time to take. All at once, as he passed his fingers in a vain way through his whiskers and shook his white great-coat into its natural folds, he glanced upward at the windows. To his surprise, but by no means violent regret, he saw that the blinds were all down.

"By the Lord Harry!" he muttered, "if the old cat has n't already kicked the bucket! Vogue la galère, that'll do. Now then for regret, lamentation, and a white cambric handkerchief."

He pulled at the bell softly. In a moment or two the door was opened by a servant, whose eyes were red with crying. At the same instant Miss Paget stepped from a room opening into the hall. She had a handkerchief to her face.

"O John, John," she sobbed; "my dear, dear aunt."

"Then she's really gone," said Harkness, with well-feigned regret. "Here, Letty, come into the back parlor and tell me about it. Why, I didn't think the old lady was going so soon."

"Not there, John, not there," said Letty, as she stood before the door.

"I'll go up and see her at once."

"No, no, John, you must not. Not yet."

"Why, what's all this fuss about, Letty?" said Harkness, angrily. "One would think no one had ever died before. Of course it's a bad job, and we're all very sorry; but what must be, must be. It is as bad as crying over spilt milk."

"O John, you never spoke like this before. You never looked like this before. John, you do not really love me." And she burst into a passionate and almost hysterical weeping.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Letty; you know I do. We can marry now, now she's left me her money. I've got rather into a mess lately about tin. It's that old woman who lies up stairs, and my stingy hard old governor, who kept us so long from marrying and being happy. We will marry in a month or two now, let who will say nay. By George! if there is n't the bureau where she used to keep her papers. The will must be there. There is no harm in having a look at it. Where are the keys, Letty? Go and get them from her room. She's no use, I suppose, for them now? She kept them tight enough while she was alive. Come, hurry off, Letty; this is a turning-point with me."

Letty threw herself before the old bureau, the tears rolling from her eyes. "O John, John," she said, "do not be so cruel and hard-hearted. What evil spirit of greed possesses you? You were not so once. I cannot get the keys. Wait. Have you no love for the dead?"

"Stuff and nonsense. I want no whining sentiments. I thought you were a girl of more pluck and sense. Get away from that bureau. I'll soon prize it open. It's all mine now. Mind, I'm queer this morning. Things have n't gone smooth with me lately at all. Get away."

He pushed the weeping girl from the desk, and, thrusting in the blade of a large knife, wrenched open the front of the bureau. A will fell out. As he stooped to snatch it up the door opened, and the old doctor stood before him. There were tears in his eyes as he motioned Letty from the room. She gave one long look back, and the door was locked behind her. There was a terrible stern gravity in the old man's pale face, and his mouth was clenched as if fixed with the pang of some mortal agony.

John Harkness stepped back and clutched hold of the shattered bureau, or he would have fallen.

"John," said the old man, "you have deceived

me. I loved you, loved you Heaven only knows how tenderly. There was a time when I would have bled to death to save you an hour's pain. There was a time when I thought more of your smallest disappointment than I should have done for the loss of one of my own limbs. I fostered you; I took you from a bad father, and brought you up as my own son. I have been foolishly indulgent, and now, like Absalom, you have taught me bitterly my folly. You have forged,—you have lied. Yes, don't dare to speak, sir. You have lied. Blacker and blacker your heart became as you gave yourself to self-indulgence and sin. Further and further you erred from the narrow path; faster and faster you drove down hill, till at last, forsaken by the good angels, and urged forward by the Devil, the great temptation came, and you fell into CRIME. Not a word, sir; you see I know all. Old as I am, 't was love for you made me subtle. I found out your forgeries. I discovered your false entries of patients' names. I traced you out in all your follies and vices, and finally I saw you, when you thought me asleep, take the key-ring from my finger, and make those entries in a forged hand in my case-book, that might, but for God's infinite mercy, have led to my being now in prison as a *murderer*. You may start; but even a horrible cold-blooded crime did not appall you. It is fear, and not repentance, that even now makes you turn pale. The sin of Cain is upon you. Even now, eager faces are looking up from the lowest abysses of hell, waiting for your coming; while, from the nearest heaven, the pale sad face of one who loved you as a mother, regards you with sorrow and with pity."

"Father, father!" cried the unhappy and conscience-stricken wretch, and held out his hands like one waiting for the death-blow from the executioner. "Have mercy. Spare me. I did not kill her. She would have died, anyhow. I am young; give me time to repent."

"John, I will not deceive you as you have deceived me. My sister still lives. I discovered your intended crime, and gave her antidotes. She may yet recover, if it seems good to the all-merciful Father; still you had murdered her but for me. Tell me not of repentance. Time will show that. I shall never hear in this world whether or not your repentance is true or false. Here is one hundred pounds. That will start you in another hemisphere for good or for evil. I wish, for the honor of our family, to conceal your shame, and the last spark of love that is left urges me to conceal your intended crime. Letty you will see no more. I, too, am dead to you forever. It is now one hour to the next train. Spend that time in preparing for your journey. At the nearest seaport write to me, and I will forward all that belongs to you. Your debts shall be paid. I shall tell people that a sudden spirit of adventure made you leave me and start for Australia."

"But Letty,—one word," groaned the discovered criminal. "I love her,—one word. I forgot her for a time in my cruel selfishness; but I love her now,—mercy,—one—"

"Not one word. She is ignorant of your crime, but she knows that you are unworthy of her love. Mind, one struggle, one word of opposition, and I throw you into prison as a forger, and a man who had planned a murder. Go; when that door closes on you, it is as if the earth of the grave had closed over my eyes. We shall meet no more. Go. Speak to no one; and remember, that the will you hold in your hand leaves not a single farthing to yourself.

Go. We part forever. If you write, I burn the letters unopened. Go."

The young man stood for a moment as soldiers are sometimes said to do when a bullet has pierced their hearts. His face was the face of a corpse, but no tears came. The blood was frozen at its source. Then he stooped forward, kissed the old man on the forehead, and rushed from the house.

In five minutes afterwards the door softly opened, and Letty entered. The Doctor took her hand. They knelt.

"Let us pray for him," he said, solemnly. "Letty, his fault you shall never know, but you must henceforward consider him as dead. Those who love me will never mention his name. Let us pray for him, my child, and may God's spirit soften that hard and rebellious heart, for nothing else will. My hope and joy is gone. There is nothing left me now but to prepare myself humbly for death. Come, Letty, let us pray, for prayer availeth much."

"My dear old friend," said the Rector, as one spring morning, many months after, they sat together, "I am glad to see that deep heart-wound of yours yielding somewhat to time's balsam."

He took the white thin hands of his friend as he spoke.

"Pshaw! Buller," said the Doctor, looking up sorrowfully; "don't try to comfort me. Death has the only anodyne for that wound; but Letty cheers me, dear girl, and if I live to see her happy and married well, I shall die content."

The Doctor had made an idol of that ungrateful son; and the idol had, for a time, blotted out his view of heaven. The idol removed, he saw where his trust should have been; he remembered God in the days of his sorrow, and bowed beneath the rod.

VII.

ONE July afternoon, thirteen years later, a handsome, burly, black-bearded man, in a fur cap and rough Australian coat, drove up to the door of the King's Arms, seated beside an older man, even burlier and more bearded than himself. He alighted and ordered lunch; as he lunched, he talked to the waiter about Crossford and old times. He had once known Crossford, he said.

"Has Travers not got this house now?"

"No, sir, he died three years ago, and his widow became bankrupt."

"Where's Jones, the veterinary surgeon?"

"Dead, sir,—died in a fit four years ago."

"Is Harris, the fat saddler, to the fore?"

"No, sir; died last year of dropsy, and his son is dead too."

The stranger sighed, and drank down a glass of ale at a gulp.

"Waiter, get me some brandy, hot." He hesitated for a moment, then he said, fiercely,—

"Is old Mrs. Thatcher still alive?"

"What, old Mrs. Thatcher at the Lawn? O, she died seven years ago, and left all her money to her brother, the doctor. There was an adopted son who would have had it, but he turned out a scamp."

"O, indeed! This is shocking bad brandy. And the old doctor,—is he still alive?"

"O Lord, no, sir. Dead six years since. Why, sir, you seem to remember the people well."

The stranger rested his head on his hand, and thought for a moment; then he said,—

"And Miss Paget, Mrs. Thatcher's niece, is she living,—married, I suppose?"

"Living, yes, sir. Look, sir; why, there is her carriage standing at the bank door opposite; wait, and you'll see her come out. She married a Lieutenant Price, of the Bombay army."

At that moment, as the stranger looked out of the window, a lady stepped into the carriage; three pretty children—two boys and a girl—leaped in, laughing, after her. It was Letty, still beautiful even as a matron, her face wearing the old sweet amiable expression. The skittish ponies rebelled, but darted off amicably at a touch of their mistress's whip.

"What, in the dumps, old chum?" said the second stranger, going up to his friend, who still stood with his face fixed to the window. "Come, more liquor,—I'll *shout* this time; it's our last day in old England."

"Curse old England, and all that are in it!" said the other man, turning round fiercely. "Come, let's catch the 11.20, and get back to Liverpool. If I once get to the old tracks in Australia,—once on the back of a buck-jumper and after the kangaroos, I'll never set foot again in the old country. Here's your money, waiter. Come, Murray, let's be off."

Was that man's heart changed then? No. Yet it was changed before his death a year after, but through what purgatories of suffering had it not to traverse before it found peace?

WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

It happened some years ago in a school carried on according to the ancient Gilbertine principle, admitting scholars of both sexes, that the boys and the girls carried on their studies on opposite sides of a curtain. A hole was one day found in the curtain, which was clearly not the work of accident. It was ruled by common consent to be a sort of *Trou-Judas*, at least an undeveloped and infantine form of that institution. But then a great question arose which was not so easy to solve. The curtain was clearly torn by the dwellers on one side of it in order to get a sight of the dwellers on the other. But on which side was it torn? Did the boys tear it to look at the girls, or did the girls tear it to look at the boys? Opinions were divided, both as to the evidence of the fact and as to the *a priori* probability. Indeed we believe that the arguments on the two sides were so equally balanced that no positive conclusion was ever come to, and the culprits, of whichever sex, remained unpunished.

Now, if the child be the father of the man, and, we suppose, by the same logic, the mother of the woman, there is surely a moral in this story. It surely means something more than that people of each sex like to look at one another, even from early childhood. It is surely something more than the mere pleasure of looking at anything which ought not to be looked at, or generally of doing anything which ought not to be done. It seems to point, of course, in the most childish and undeveloped form, to something beyond mere general curiosity, or the mere general interest of one sex in the other. It is a childish example of a special form of these feelings. It points to the curiosity of men to know what women do when they are by themselves, and to the counter feeling, which we take for granted exists also,—the curiosity of women to know what men do when they are by themselves. Such a curiosity certainly does exist on one side, and we think we can hardly be wrong in taking for granted that it exists at least

as strongly on the other side. Such a curiosity, like most other forms of curiosity, may be either frivolous or rational, according to the form which it takes and the objects at which it aims.

A curiosity of this sort can, we suspect, never be fully gratified. Something may perhaps be got by each sex out of novels written by the other. But we know on one side, and we suspect on the other, that this takes us a very little way indeed. Really to learn anything in this way we must wait for the ideal novel, which is to contain nothing but what really happened, and which will therefore be unanimously set down as the most improbable and unnatural of all novels. More may doubtless be got by diligent cross-questioning of brothers and sisters, and still more of husbands and wives. But even this does not carry us very far. There is a sort of point of honor on each side which hinders either side from ever getting to the bottom of the matter. How much can a man ever find out of his own wife's doings and feelings when she was a girl? Very little, we fancy, in most cases. And supposing he does learn a little more than usual, think how limited is his field of inquiry. Most men have the chance of examining only one woman, or at most two, on such a point. To be sure, setting Orientals aside, Charles the Great and Henry the Eighth had greater opportunities in this way than most men. But did they use them? Of Charles we can say nothing either way. Henry, we suspect, tried and broke down. Indeed he learned so little from one of his wives on the most important point of all, that he had a special Act of Parliament passed to make all future Queens—pity he did not add, all future wives of all ranks—more communicative.

It is perhaps merely an idle curiosity to ask what women talk about when they are together,—whether, when they have retired to the drawing-room in the evening, or again in those mysterious mornings when men are at work, they talk only of worsted work and croquet parties, or whether they talk of anything better or of anything worse. But it is by no means an idle curiosity to consider what is the sort of influence which women have upon one another, what is the nature of friendship among them, and how far it differs from friendship as it is understood among men. Of course on such a subject we can speak only for the most part *a priori*. If our conjectures are right, so much the better; if they are wrong, it does not greatly matter, if only some public-spirited lady will, in such a case, come forward and correct our mistakes.

Each sex, we suppose we may assume, is primarily made for the other; and we venture to think with the Apostle, that the woman is, in a special sense, created for the man. Till Bloomerism, or whatever the movement is to be called, has given us female generals, judges, bishops, and cabinet ministers, we suppose we may take this for granted. When Byron tells us that love at most occupies only a part of a man's thoughts, while it is woman's whole existence, what he says is surely the strongest form of a truth which affects the relations of the sexes in every degree. In social life the main object is for each sex to make itself agreeable to the other, and with women social life is nearly everything, while with men it is only one thing out of many. Each sex then, with this difference, is made to please the other, and each is doing its relative duty when it tries to please the other. But, for this very reason, besides several others, each sex is under a certain restraint before the other. Each is in a manner on its

best behavior before the other, and, being on its best behavior is in a less natural state than with those before whom it need not be on its best behavior. Even marriage does not quite do away with this. If husband and wife do not distinctly try to please one another, they will probably end by displeasing one another. Now men do not take the same kind of trouble to please their male friends; they rather take one another as they come, without the same conscious, though certainly pleasing, effort.

Thus, then, partly because each sex is on its best behavior before the other, and partly from other obvious reasons, each sex is under a certain amount of restraint before the other. Neither can possibly see the other exactly as it is. And this seems, as far as a necessarily one-sided experience can guide us, to be still more the case with women than with men. There is in men's eyes a sort of mystery about the relations of women to one another which we can hardly think that there is in women's eyes about the relations of men to one another. There is a kind of partnership, a kind of corporate feeling, among the whole female sex which certainly does not exist in the male sex. Men have their various relations and intimacies with one another, but these seem always to be founded on the fact that they are men of some particular kind, engaged in some particular pursuit or the like, not simply because they are men and not women. But women do seem to be brought together in some way by the simple fact that they are women and not men. Their relations of one kind and another, their mutual friendships and mutual rivalries, seem to spring directly out of the fact of their sex in a way which those of men do not. Women never seem to lose sight of the fact that they are women and not men, while men during the greatest number of moments of their lives do not stop to think that they are men and not women. It is something like the way in which a Scotchman always bears in mind that he is not an Englishman, while an Englishman never stops to think that he is not a Scotchman.

The weaker sex, like the smaller nation, is much more inclined to dwell on the thought of its relation to the other than the stronger sex and the greater nation is. The sex, in short, forms a commonwealth, and it has that special mark of a well-ordered commonwealth pointed out alike by Solon and by the Apostle, that if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. Women feel and avenge any wrong or supposed wrong done to members of their sex as such, in a way to which men's relations to one another afford no sort of parallel. This feeling of conscious distinction from the other sex, and of union among themselves, will amount in some women to a position of positive hostility, of fear and dislike of men, quite different from the dislike which some men have for women. Of course such a feeling is morbid on either side, and the female extreme seems not unlikely to pass, under favorable circumstances, into an opposite extreme; but the feelings on the two sides, though in both cases morbid, are not the same. The existence of this sort of sisterhood is plain enough; we can see with our eyes that women have a multitude of thoughts, feelings, occupations, common to them simply as women, to which men as men have hardly anything analogous. It is evident, too, that their friendships with one another are of quite a different kind from the friendships of men. They are plunged into more rapidly; they are more vehem-

ment; but we doubt whether they are so deep or so lasting.

Look at all those stories in history or romance which, whether true or false, as matter of fact, reflect in either case the great truths of human nature. We have multitudes of stories of women performing the most heroic and self-sacrificing actions. But these are almost all done on behalf of men to whom they are in some way or other attached,—husbands, lovers, fathers, sons, princes or pontiffs to whose cause they have devoted themselves. There are very few stories of women thus sacrificing themselves for female friends. Jeanie Deans did so for her sister, though we fancy that even in the case of a sister it is exceptional. But among the same class of stories about men, a large portion turn on the devotion of mere personal friends, without any tie of kindred or allegiance. Still, female friendship, though we doubt its having the same depth, is clearly a much more violent feeling than male friendship. It is something much more like love; something far more demonstrative, and far more distinctly personal. It actually clashes in some cases with the love of married life, which male friendship distinctly does not. It is very hard for a husband really to like the female friends of his wife, while the friends of the husband may become the friends of the wife without the slightest difficulty.

Society, for very good reasons, allows women to be in many ways on far more intimate terms with one another than men can be. It allows them to be brought, so to speak, physically closer together, and to share in all sorts of intimacies which men do not share. But it is not merely that the rules of society make a difference. The rule of society is not felt by men as any sort of hardship, while we feel quite sure that women would feel the reversal of the rule to be a great hardship. In England, at least, no man wants to kiss his friend, to call him all manner of affectionate names, to sit with him for hours by his bedroom fire. But these are just the things which women intensely enjoy, and, we may add, just the things which men intensely dislike to see them enjoy. In fact, a woman will behave to another woman exactly in the way in which no man would behave except to a wife or a mistress; and therefore, when such demonstrations of affection are made openly, they produce the same unpleasant feeling as similar demonstrations on the part of married people or lovers. One wishes in all these cases that the affectionate persons would keep their affection within bounds till they are alone and can do what they please. No man likes to see two women kiss one another; he wishes they would put off the caressing till they are safe by the bedroom fire, till their dressing gown is on and their back hair down. And, indeed, no man wishes the existence of this last privilege to be in any way ostentatiously paraded in his sight and hearing. Except in the case of a married man whose wife goes off to chatter with her friend or sister, it does him no harm, but still he does not like it. If a man dislikes to see two women kiss one another, it does not at all imply that he would like to take the place of one of them, and kiss the other himself. No doubt, if such be the case, the feeling is heightened; but it exists even though both women are totally indifferent to him. In no case do people like to see an ostentatious display of privileges from which they are debarred, even though they do not feel the being debarred to be any kind of loss.

What, then, is the general effect of women's intercourse with one another? We once heard a wish

expressed for an Act of Parliament to hinder any woman from speaking to any other woman. This was doubtless carrying the thing much too far, but as with most strong sayings, there is surely an element of truth at the bottom of the exaggeration. We suspect that the relations of women to one another, their demonstrative attachments, their mysterious up-stairs conversations, are all grounded on the weaker parts of their characters, and are likely, so to speak, to strengthen their weaknesses, instead of communicating any better and stronger elements. Again we see the woman was created for the man; and though of course the highest form of this relation is marriage, the position is true of all relations of kindred and society between men and women. Of course we do not mean that the mother is not, in many points, the best guardian of her daughters; but we do mean that in most cases a woman will gain more improvement in every way from the society of rational men than from that of any members of her own sex.

Next to husband and wife, the relation of brother and sister is the highest case of this, but the rule applies in some degree to the relations of kindred and friendship generally. Women's friendship seems to be founded, like the friendship of men, mainly on mere partnership in pleasures and amusements, much less than on real mutual admiration of character, or on co-operation in some sort of real work or other. The more a friendship between two women resembles a friendship between two men, the less it needs of outward demonstration and mysterious intercourse, the more wholesome it is likely to be, the more likely to bring out anything that is really good and strong on either side. But we cannot fancy much good coming of friendships formed in the schoolroom and on the croquet-ground. They are founded on the weakest points of the character of the two friends; they strengthen all that a sensible man would wish to check, and check all that a sensible man would wish to draw out. Friendships founded purely on amusement will foster the notion that women have nothing to do but to amuse themselves. They make it more difficult for either party to give any share of her time to serious thought or study, because each thinks that the time so given is taken away from their common amusements, that it is a wrong done to herself, perhaps a reproach to her own frivolity. As we before said, it is hard to tell what women do talk about to one another. But we cannot help guessing that it often happens that of two women, either of whom is perfectly capable of rational conversation, either of whom could, if she pleased, be the fit companion of educated and thoughtful men, will, if set to talk to one another, talk of nothing but frivolity.

Of course all people want amusement, and in the nature of things no one can enjoy amusement like those to whom it really is, according to the etymology of the word, amusement, diversion, relaxation, recreation. The evil lies in making amusement the business of life, which we suspect is done by many women who are capable of much better things, simply because each keeps the other back from improvement. Of course in all this we are to a great extent guessing; but we do strongly suspect that things are often very much as we say. No doubt idle and frivolous young men, just like idle and frivolous young women, make one another more idle and frivolous; but is there anything, to any great extent, among women answering to the higher kind of friendship among men? We fear that it is not

very common. At any rate we can fall back on the puzzle with which we started. If we made a hole in the curtain on our side, what should we see and hear?

Certain it is that, if a man sees two or three women of his acquaintance in earnest discussion, he cannot get rid of a sort of feeling that he is perhaps being discussed in some way that he would not like. We can hardly fancy that a woman has the same feeling when she sees two or three men deep in talk. She knows that they are far more likely to be talking about the Cattle Plague, the Reform Bill, the Revised Code, or any other conceivable subject, public or private.

WHITTIER IN BRAZIL.

[Senhor A. Assa, the literary editor of the *Diário de Rio de Janeiro*, an able daily of the Brazilian capital, recently introduced, in fitting language, to the readers of that journal a beautiful translation of Whittier's "Cry of the Lost Soul," by Sr. Pedro Luiz, an eloquent young member of the Brazilian Parliament. Pedro Luiz is, like Whittier, a reformer, and his *début* (referred to by Sr. Assa) in the Chamber of Deputies was a powerful and successful protest against the proposed encroachments of the priesthood. The original of this poem (whose subject, it will be perceived, is Brazilian) so attracted the attention of the gifted Emperor of Brazil, that in 1864 that monarch made a most faithful and elegant translation of it into Portuguese, an autograph copy of which he sent to Mr. Whittier. The word *fuminense*, employed by Sr. Assa, is a term applied to a native of Rio (*fumen*) de Janeiro. — Ed. *Every Saturday*.]

THIS is a festival day for the *feuilleton*, for two illustrious poets visit me. To receive them I ought to spread my best tapestry, burn my sweetest incense, and adorn the richest porcelain vases with the most beautiful flowers. Not being able to do as I wish, I will do what I can with what I have at my disposal.

My guests are Americans,—one, from South America and the other from North America; both poets,—one singing in the language of de Camoens, the other in that of Milton,—and to the end that, beside the bond of genius, they may have at the moment of their visit a close union between them, one has created a poetic page on a legend of the Amazon, and the other has created a poetic page by translating literally, but with inspiration, the page of the first.

The first is John Greenleaf Whittier, author of a volume of ballads and poems entitled "In War Time," in which is inserted the poetic page in question.

The second is called, in the simple language of the muses, Pedro Luiz,—our *fuminense* poet endowed with an ardent imagination and with true inspiration,—the author of the magnificent "Ode to Poland," which is now in the hands of all who appreciate *belles lettres*. Speaking of the poet, this is hardly the occasion to mention the eloquent Deputy, whose recent *début* excites the hopes of the whole nation, and arouses the active opposition of the retrograde priest-party.

The poem of Whittier, translated by Dr. Pedro Luiz, is entitled *The Cry of a Lost Soul*. The *Lost Soul*, *Alma perdida*, is the term applied by the Indians to a bird whose melancholy cry is heard at night on the margins of the Amazon.

The poetic translation appears original poetry,—so natural, so easy, and so at first hand are the verses.

I do not wish to deprive my readers of the pleasure of comparing the two productions,—the two originals (let me thus call them), and I therefore give first the translation of Sr. Dr. Pedro Luiz:—

O GRITO DE UMA ALMA PERDIDA.

Quando, á tardinha, na floresta negra
Reavala o Amazonas qual serpente,
Sombrio desde a hora em que o sol morre
Até que respandee no oriente,

Um grito, qual gemido angustioso
Que o coração do matto solitaria
Chorando a solidão, aquellas trevas
O não haver ali uma alegria,

Agita o viajor, com sons tão tristes
Do medo, do anciar da extrema luta,
Que o coração lhe pára n'esse instante
E no seu peito, como ouvido, escuta

Como si o sino além tocasse á mortos,
O guia estaca, o remo que segura
Deixa entregue á piroga, e se benzeando :
"E' uma alma perdida." elle murmura.

"Senhor, conheço aquillo. Não é passaro.
E' alma de infiel que anda penando,
Ou então é de herege condemnado
Que do fundo do inferno está gritando.

"Pobre louca! Mofar orê que ainda póde
Da perdição; á meia-noite grita,
Errante, a humana compaixão pedindo
Ou dos christãos uma oração bemdita.

"Os santos, em castigo, a tornem muda!
A mãe do céo nenhuma reza ensina
Para quem, no mortal peccado, arde
Na fornalha da colera divina!"

Sem replicar, o viandante escuta
Do pagão baptisado essa mentira,
Tão cruel que de novo horror enchia
O grito amargurado que se ouvia.

Frouxamente arde o fogo da canção:
Em torno augmenta a sombra da espessura
Dos altos troncos com cipós nodosos;
Silenciosa corre a agua escura.

Porém no coração do viajante,
Secreto sentimento de bondade
Que a natureza dá, e a fé constante
Do Senhor na infinita piedade

Levam seus olhos á estrellada estancia:
E all! os gritos impios censurando
Por toda a terra — a Cruz do perdão brilha
Esses céos tropicaes allumiando.

"Meu Deus!" exalta a supplica fervente,
"Tu nos amas, á todos: condemnado
Para al, póde estar teu filho errante,
Jámais será por ti abandonado.

"Todas as almas te pertencem, todas:
Ninguem se afasta, oh Deos Omnipotente,
De teus olhos, nas azas matutinas,
Pois até lá no inferno estás presente.

"Apezar do peccado, da maldade,
Do crime, da vergonha e da amargura,
Da duvida, e do mal — sempre illumina
Teu gesto olhar a tua creatura.

"Em teu ser, oh Principio e Fim eterno!
Resta o fio dessa triste vida;
Oh! muda, muda em canticos de graças
Esse grito infeliz da alma perdida!"

Here follows the original: —

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

In that black forest, where, when day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,
So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself, and whispers, "A lost soul!"

"No, Señor, not a bird. I know it well,—
It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother hath
No prayer for him who, sluning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp: shadows deepen round,
From giant trees with snakelike creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all: thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"Wilt thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal!
In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?"

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. JOSEPH LILLY, the eminent London book-seller, after forty years' continuance in business, is about to sell off his valuable stock of rare and curious books, by far the richest in Europe, as regards old English literature, previously to retiring from business.

A STRANGE cause is assigned for Garibaldi leaving Caprera, which the concocters of telegrams had associated with the probability of an Italian attack on Venetia. It is now said that the liberator's sudden flight was occasioned by a notification he received from Head-Centre Stephens that he was coming to see the general.

THE Emperor of Morocco, in consequence of his late serious illness, has decided on creating at Tetuan, Saffi, Tangier, and Fez four large hospitals for the army and the poorer classes of the population. A French physician has been charged with the organization of those establishments, and has already arrived at Tangier.

THE coquettish little rustic hats, called *chapeaux Lamballe*, resembling those worn by the aristocratic shepherdesses of Watteau, were seen in great numbers at the recent Paris races. The Empress has adopted the style, and it promises to become fashionable, though it does not suit with the chignon or the red hair which has lately been the rage. Hair-fronts as well as chignons are sold in Paris along with the bonnets.

In the place of a postage-stamp mania it appears that a taste for collecting seals is becoming very common on the Continent. At a recent sale in

Paris, a collection of impressions from 9,000 seals of various royal and celebrated personages sold for £400. The impression of one of Victor Hugo's bore the motto, "Faire et réfaire"; one of Alexandre Dumas', "Tout passe — tout lasse — tout casse"; and one of Lamartine's, "Spira spera."

MR. M. D. CONWAY is favoring the English public with a lecture on "The Natural History of the Devil."

PUNCH says that a new Roman Catholic Satirical Paper will, it is rumored, shortly appear. It is to be called *Guy Faukes*, and will blow up the Houses of Parliament once a week.

A LATE number of the *Spectator* contains an admirable critique on Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett," which has been reprinted in London by Sampson Low. The writer says: "Mr. Taylor's outlines both of the scenery and of social life are very free and expressive. Some of his pictures of rural festivals, characterized as they are by the comparative refinement, the easier play of character, the lighter mirth, the more spontaneous labor, of a class that is not dependent on any other class above it, — that combines in itself proprietary characteristics and the characteristics of hard physical toil, — are as charming as sketches of this kind were ever made."

GEORGE ELIOT's new book, "Felix Holt, the Radical," will be published in London early in June.

M. RENAN's new book on the Apostles has given great offence to the Liberals. In a chapter on "Freedom under the Roman Empire," M. Renan expresses his conviction that a sovereignty is more favorable to freedom of thought than a republic. If, under the Empire, philosophers were meddled with, it was, M. Renan thinks, only because they had the indiscretion to mix themselves up with politics. The drift of the chapter, as interpreted in Paris, seems to show a want of sympathy with popular liberties, which M. Renan treats as of very little consequence so long as philosophers have the leisure and the means of prosecuting their studies.

La France says that the Duke de Choiseul-Praslin, the hero of a terrible drama in Louis Philippe's reign, who was stated to have saved himself from the hands of the public executioner by committing suicide in prison, has lately been recognized by one of his servants in the streets of London. It is now asserted that the Duke was allowed to escape to California, and that, after having lived there under an assumed name for twenty years, he has at length ventured to return to Europe. At the time of his alleged suicide, very great doubts were expressed as to its reality, and it is by no means impossible that it was a fable concocted to avoid the scandal of the death of such a distinguished criminal on the scaffold.

THE Indian papers note as a sign of progress that Queen Victoria has been prayed for for the first time in a Mahometan place of worship. The event took place at Lahore, in Alamgir's Musjid, which has been made over to the Mahometans for public worship. The following is a translation of the prayer which was offered: "O Lord! help and befriend her who has bestowed on us this splendid musjid, and has given us this noble building, namely, the Empress and excellent lady whose empire extends from east to west, and who has become victorious over the Kings of Arabia and the rest of the world: her whose name is Victoria. God preserve

her empire and authority, and bestow on her subjects the blessings which flow from her government. O preserver and gracious helper of mankind. Amen."

PHARAOH'S Serpents have been succeeded by a new scientific sensation, *Zauber Photographien*, or Magic Photographs. These are sold in two envelopes, the first contains pieces of white albumenized paper, the other slips of white blotting-paper of a corresponding size. One of the former is moistened with water and a piece of paper from the other envelope, likewise wetted, is laid thereon, when a beautiful photograph is immediately developed on its albumenized surface. Photographs have, of course, been printed in the usual manner on the albumenized slips, and then decolorized with bromic or iodic acid, or some such agent; the other pieces of paper have been soaked in hyposulphite of soda, and the application of this reducing agent to the hidden photograph brings it again to view.

"MOST of our readers," says the *London Review* of the 28th ult., "will already have heard of the very sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of the great man who was lately called from retirement to the high office of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Carlyle was from home at the time of the sad occurrence, away in Dumfriesshire, visiting the friends and scenes of his youth. Owing to ill health, Mrs. Carlyle was not able to accompany him, and on Saturday afternoon she was taking her usual drive in Hyde Park, when her little pet dog, which had been running by the side of the brougham, was suddenly run over by another carriage as both vehicles were turning the corner of the Park. She was greatly alarmed, although the dog was not seriously hurt. After lifting the little animal into the carriage, the man drove on. Soon after this, not receiving his usual directions as to the route he should take, he stopped the carriage, and discovered his mistress, as he conceived, in a fainting fit. Alarmed at such an unusual occurrence, the man drove off at once to St. George's Hospital, but only to learn from the medical attendants there that his mistress had been dead for some little time. Mrs. Carlyle's maiden name was Welch, and she came of a family who were directly descended from the great John Knox, — the stern old divine whom Mr. Carlyle eulogized so highly in his recent address. After their marriage, in 1827, they resided for some time at Craigenputtock, a small estate Mr. Carlyle had acquired through his wife. It was here that that wide correspondence was entered into with Goethe, Emerson, and other distinguished men, in which Mrs. Carlyle took an active part. In some of the collections of Goethe's poems, verses to 'Madame Carlyle, Scotland,' may be found; and one of these, it is said, was originally written on a visiting card, which the great German sent to the wife of his friend and admirer. The following is a rough translation of the lines: —

'Messengers like this we send
To tell the coming of a friend:
This poor card can only say
That the friend is far away.'

PRINCES, like horses, ought to be trained to stand fire. To be shot at is a circumstance so much of course in the lives of sovereigns, that they ought to be prepared to behave in a way befitting the occasion. And there is really very little danger in the matter, much less than in crossing a thronged thoroughfare. How frequent have been the attempts in

Europe, and how rare the success. Louis Philippe got as used to be shot at as a jack snipe. Queen Victoria has seen the flash of a pistol and heard the ping of a bullet without agitation. Napoleon III. went to the opera and listened calmly to music after the explosion of an infernal machine under his carriage. Even King Bomba showed presence of mind and calmness when an attempt was made to assassinate him. The instincts of all these sovereigns served them right royally well upon an escape from danger. We cannot say the same of the Emperor of Russia. He lays hold of the assassin's hair, which is not a dignified or nice action; he hurries from church to church fussily, as if there should be no end of thanksgivings; he makes a noble of the hatter's apprentice who threw up the assassin's arm. The instinct of common humanity would have prompted the action of Joseph Kommissaroff, and is humanity so rare in Russia as to deserve the highest rewards? We do not mean to say that the Czar should not have rewarded the man who turned the direction of Peltrof's pistol, whether that saved him or not, but surely there were rewards for a hatter's apprentice more suitable than ennoblement. The poor man must be made ridiculous, unless, indeed, Russian nobility is itself ridiculous, and an apprentice can take place in it suitably, and bringing to it conditions as good as he finds in it. We say nothing of origin, we put aside all that, but are not education and manners to be expected of nobles?

When George III. was shot at in Drury Lane Theatre, a Mr. Beddingfield performed the same sort of service which Joseph Kommissaroff has rendered to his Emperor; but what would have been thought of the reward of a peerage for what any one would have done in the same circumstances? Beddingfield could not even get the modest reward he jocularly asked, which was to be made a Scotchman, a nationality supposed at that time to lead to all good things. And George III. comported himself on the occasion with composure and dignity, instead of running about and making the greatest possible ado about the abortive attempt. It is clear that the Czar sets an immense value on his life. But perhaps, after all, it was never in danger, for a pistol to be used in a crowd is a clumsy weapon, and the chances are many that without the interposition of the hatter's apprentice the shot would not have hit the mark. But be that as it may, the inappropriateness of the reward is the ridiculous part of the affair. It is like the promotion of the lady in the ballad of Billy Taylor, not indeed for saving, but for shooting her false sweetheart.

When that the captain came for to know it,
He very much applauded what she had done,
And immediately he made her first lieutenant
Of the gallant *Thunderbum*.

The poor apprentice's fears were not complimentary to his Imperial master. When the police sought him out he was in extreme alarm, and when asked whether he was not next to the assassin, bare justice was as little in his expectations as reward. He felt no safety in his innocence, and would have slunk away, glad to escape consequences.

THE VISION OF SHEIK HAMIL.

Up on the terrace Sheik Hamil lay,
In the fort of El-Haméd, hot in the sun;
But he heeded not the heat of the day
Nor how much of its course had run.

The bleat of the sheep came up to his ear,
Now a camel would cry, now a horse would snort,
And the tongues of the women he could hear,
As they moved about in the court.

At length there softened and died away
The grind of the mill and the fountain's gush;
No one moved in the heat of the day,
And there fell on the fort a hush.

All the more that the master there,
Under the shadow by *Asrael* cast,
Had sat apart since the hour of prayer,
And had not broken his fast.

None to Sheik Hamil went near on the days
When his household knew that his soul was sad;
Though they ceased not to shake the head in
amaze
When such dolorous days he had.

But cause for his grief that day there was, —
The wife of his youth had ta'en her leave:
If e'er he had sorrowed without a cause,
Now he had cause to grieve.

Fatima, wife of his youth, was dead, —
Of slaves he had many, of wives but one, —
"There is but one God for the soul," he said,
"And but one moon for the sun."

Now on the terrace he lay and gazed
Afar, where the sky and the desert meet;
Beyond the fields where his cattle grazed,
And the gardens stretched at his feet.

Burning and bright was the golden sand,
Burning and blue was the sapphire sky;
And where they met on the verge of the land,
Infinity touched infinity.

Sheik Hamil went up at the hour of prayer,
And there he had wept till the hour of noon,
And what with the weeping and fasting there,
His senses began to swoon.

Then he thought, "On the eye and the head!
I will go down and strengthen mine heart,
I will enter my house and there eat bread,
And take my horse and depart.

"Joy of the desert will fill me then,
And make mine eyes from their weeping cease;
The name of God be praised among men,
For my soul shall thus have peace."

As he had thought, Sheik Hamil did,
Or ever the hour had run its course, —
Entered his house and ate, and bid
Them saddle his swiftest horse.

As he had thought, lo! it was done,
The horse was brought, and mounted; and sped
In the very hour of the sun which shone,
From the gate of El-Haméd.

Into the desert, as he had thought,
Straight he darted and, in the race,
Past the wind on its way he shot,
And he turned to look in its face.

The fort had vanished! for lo! between
The horse had measured a mighty space.
Such riding Sheik Hamil had not seen,
And still they went on space.

Then he looked down, and not from the stall
Had come the steed which he now bestrode:
"God is God," he breathed, "over all, —"
The horse of his youth he rode:

The horse that had hasted to die for him,
When they reached the wells, and the wells had
dried
On whose neck he had wept, when his eye grew dim,
At the water's brink where he died.

Had he lived to taste the stream that day?
He knew not, — but stooping, he kissed his neck,
And with long light bounds he bore him away
With a speed that knew no check.

Then the delight of the desert filled
Sheik Hamil's soul, and he drank new wine,
And his heart beat high, and his grief was stilled,
And he breathed a life divine.

They journeyed far, and they journeyed fast, —
Hamil the Sheik, on that mighty horse,
Saw that the groves and the wells were past,
And that still they held on their course.

At length they came to a shining wall,
And the horse stood still and turned his head,
And spoke, — "My master, may good befall;
But I leave thee here," he said.

The wall was of ruby in mighty blocks,
And over it, blowing through fountains fair,
Came breezes perfumed like scented locks;
But never a gate was there.

And the horse had vanished, and lo, he stood
Ankle deep in the drifting sand,
Alone, and famished for lack of food,
By the wall of this watered land.

"An entrance hither thou shalt not win,
If thou seek for a gate these thousand years,
Save by naming a name and entering in
When a cleft in the wall appears."

He named the name that is over all,
And falling forward in fainting pain,
He touched, with a touch, the ruby wall,
And it cleft, at his touch, in twain.

And he entered in, and of sweets distilled
By the trees of God — whose name he praised —
He ate, and drank till his soul was filled,
And his heart to heaven was raised.

Then the old sadness, the old unrest,
That ever and ever Sheik Hamil drove
Into the desert, woke in his breast,
And he hurried from grove to grove.

Seeking, yet knowing not what he sought,
To an ivory palace at length he came,
And the doors were a thousand, of silver wrought,
Yet not one door was the same.

"Only one will open to thee,
And thou may'st not ask, is it this, or this?
But unto none other, by God's decree,
Will it open, if thou shouldst miss."

Thus said the voice; and he, if he missed,
Knew he must die of his longing sore;
"God is God," he said, as he kissed,
And opened the silver door!

And the hand that drew him within and led
To the ivory seats with cushions of silk,
By the silver fountain with perfume fed,
Was Fatima's hand of milk.

And there she unveiled to him her face,
Fair as the moon and clear as the day,
And there on his breast, the filled full of grace,
The best, the beloved, lay.

It was she who arose and led him still
Through other chambers of life and bliss,
Set forth with all fruits his soul to fill,
And opening all at her kiss.

At length they came to another door,
And, "Here I must enter alone," she said, —
And her eyes looked not the same as before
As she kissed, and veiled her head.

And she entered in, and he saw her not,
In the dread of the darkness behind that door,
And he felt his feet cleave fast to the spot,
And he swooned on the marble floor.

And lo! he lay on the drifting sand,
Where a wall of sapphire rose to the sky;
And beyond the wall was a shining land,
And he saw the beloved fly, —

Fly on wings, like the wings of a dove;
Changed to a dove, with her wings of white!
Leaving him, faint with the longing of love,
Unable to follow her flight.

And the voice he had heard, holding far aloof,
Said, "Feet may not follow where she has fled, —"
And he woke, and a dove rose up from the roof,
And the wife of his youth was dead.

ISA CRAIG.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. L]

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

[No. 22.

LAZARUS, LOTUS-EATING.

NINE o'clock on Saturday evening, the place Cornhill, and the want a policeman. Wonderfully quiet and still is the Exchange yonder, for the bears have left their accustomed pit for the night, and the bulls are lowing over club mangers, or the family cribs at home. Curiously quiet, too, is the vast thoroughfare we are in. Shops and warehouses, banks and offices, are closed; and though here and there a blaze of light tells you how to telegraph to India, or glimmers out of one of the upper windows of the closely-shuttered houses you pass, the great street is wonderfully free from the feverish traffic of the day. Lazarus starts up out of the shadows which fantastically combine together on the pavement under the illuminated clock to the left, and having yielded to his prayer for pence, you and I look out anxiously for a policeman to aid us in tracing him home. Perhaps we carry with us a mysterious talisman which will at once enlist the sympathies and insure the co-operation of the force; perhaps we rely on our powers of personal persuasion; perhaps we have justice on our side, and claim its officers as allies; perhaps we wish to test the truthfulness of the piteous story he has told us; or perhaps we are merely animated by a holy hatred of beggars, and a wish to prosecute Lazarus to the death. Let us look at him again. Shabby canvas trousers, a loose and ragged blue jacket, high cheek-bones, small sunken eyes, a bare shaven face, and an untidy pigtail,—such is Lazarus. He is one of the poor, wretched Chinamen who shiver and cower and whine at our street-corners, and are mean and dirty, squalid and contemptible, even beyond beggars generally. See how he slinks and shambles along; and note the astonishment of the policeman we meet at last, when we tell him we wish to trace the abject wretch home. We have been through Cornhill and Leadenhall Street, past the corner where a waterman is pottering about with a lantern, a modern Diogenes, who, in the absence of the bulls and bears, is looking in vain for an honest man, and are close by Aldgate pump, and in the full glare of the huge clothing establishment at the Minorities' corner, before we come upon our policeman. New-court, Palmer's, Folly, Bluegate-fields, that is where the Chinese opium-smoking house is, and that is where Lazarus is bound for.

"I know them Chinamen well," adds Mr. Policeman, sententiously; "they'll beg, and duff, and dodge about the West-end—we won't have 'em here—and never spend nothin' of what they

makes, till night. They don't care for no drink, and seem to live without eating, so far as I know. It's their opium at night they likes, and you'll find half a dozen on 'em in one bed at Yahee's a-smoking and sleeping away, like so many dormice! No, sir, it would n't be at all safe for you to venture up New-court alone. It ain't the Chinamen, nor yet the Lascars, nor yet the Bengalees as would hurt you; but there is an uncommon rough crew of English hangin' in and about there, and it would be better for you to have a constable with you,—much better; and if you go to Leman Street the inspector will put you in the way." This was all the information I needed from the policeman.

Lazarus has shambled out of sight during our colloquy, and so, hastily following him down Butcher-row, Whitechapel, and resisting the fascinating blandishments of its butchers, who press upon us "prime and nobby jintes for to-morrer's dinner at nine-a-half, and no bone to speak of," reach Leman Street and its police-station in due course. A poster outside one of the butchers' shops causes me annoyance and regret, for it announces a forthcoming meeting at which the difficulties besetting the trade are to be discussed in solemn conclave at Butchers' Hall, and inspires me with an abortive desire to assist in the deliberations. To hear the rinderpest spoken on by the astute professors who have made money by it, and to learn the causes assigned by salesmen for the present price of meat, would be both instructive and profitable; but, alas! some parochial guardians, with whom I am at issue on the propriety of stifling and otherwise maltreating paupers, meet on the same evening, and for their sake I give up the butchers with a sigh. Pushing through the small crowd outside the station, crossing a long flagged court, and ascending a few steps to the right, we present our credentials to the inspector on duty. A one-eyed gentleman is in the dock, and oscillates up and down on the iron railing around it, like an inane puppet whose wires are broken. He is an Irishman, whose impulsive nature had led him to savagely bite and scratch the landlord of a public-house near, for having dared to pronounce him drunk, and for refusing him a further supply of stimulants. The landlord prefers the charge, and shows a bleeding forefinger, from which the nail has been torn. Irishman protests that he is a poor workin' man, who does n't like to be insulted; tipsy friends of Irishman noisily proffer themselves as witnesses to his general virtue and the extreme meekness of his disposition; and then retire, grumbling, at "ten o'clock on Monday, before the magistrate, will be the time for all that,"

being the answer given them. Inspector, methodically and with much neatness, enters name and address of both biter and bitten, and a few other details, in the charge-sheet, and the man is removed. The landlord binds up his bleeding hand, and the next business (a shrieking lady, with dishevelled hair) is proceeded with. Bluegate-fields is not in this police district, but the inspector will send a constable with me to a station which is only five minutes' walk from the place I want. Arriving here, the wail of a feeble, fatuous old Booby, who has been in improper company, and is now crying over the loss of his purse, is the first thing I hear. "Yes, sir; a bo'sun is right, sir; and I only left my ship to-night. Seven pound thirteen and a silver medal. O Lord! O Lord! Felt it in my pocket five minutes before I left the house. Has a constable gone? Deary, deary me!—seven pound, too, and me only left my ship this blessed night!"

This with a profusion of tears, and much maudlin affection for the officers of the law. A few minutes' delay, during which Booby is gruffly and fruitlessly recommended to "give up blathering, as that won't give him his money back," and told what he ought to expect goin' along with such cattle as that; then a slight bustle at the door, and a hideous negress is brought in. From the window of the inspector's little room we look down upon the dock, see the sergeant beyond, who, pen in hand, is entering particulars in his charge-sheet, while the ridiculous old prosecutor on the one hand, and the vile and obscene bird of prey on the other, mouth and gibber at each other, and bandy compliments of fullest flavor. "One of the worst characters about here; used to be always up for robbing sailors and that, but has been much better lately, and has n't been here, O not for more than a month." The hideous creature of whom this is said now adds her "blather" to that of the old man, and her protestations are the noisier of the two. Wonderful to relate, these protestations are for once well founded; for at a sign from the inspector, the sergeant again cross-examines the fleeced boatswain as to where he felt his purse last, and the possibility of its being on his person still. In the midst of solemnly incoherent asseverations that the negress has it, the sergeant's hand falls carelessly into the boatswain's outside coat pocket, and lo! the missing purse is held up aloft between the sergeant's forefinger and thumb. Its contents are counted and found right, the negress declaring vehemently against "the old wretch," and, with a shrewd eye to future difficulties, declaring, "It's always so with poor me; people is always swearin' agin me, and accusin' of me wrongfully." The old man looks more foolish than ever, and the inspector and I start on our mission, leaving the sergeant and constables in the midst of warnings and admonitions.

The time spent at the two stations has not been lost, for it is now only half past ten, and the opium revels are seldom at their height before eleven. There is no limit to the variety of nationalities patronizing the wretched hovel we are about to visit. From every quarter of the globe, and more immediately from every district in London, men come to old Yahoe; the sole bond between them being a love of opium and a partiality for Yahoe's brand. Sailors, stewards, shopmen, mountebanks, beggars, outcasts, and thieves meet on perfect equality in New-court, and there smoke themselves into dreamy pleasant stupefaction.

There is a little colony of Orientals in the centre of Bluegate-fields, and in the centre of this colony is the opium divan. We reach it by a narrow passage leading up a narrow court, and easily gain admission on presenting ourselves at its door. Yahoe is of great age, is never free from the influence of opium, but sings, tells stories, eats, drinks, cooks, and quarrels, and goes through the routine of his simple life, without ever rousing from the semi-comatose state you see him in now. The curious dry burning odor, which is making your eyelids quiver painfully, which is giving your temples the throbbing which so often predicates a severe headache, and which is tickling your gullet as if with a feather and fine dust, is opium. Its fumes are curling overhead, the air is laden with them, and the bedclothes and the rags hanging on the string above are all steeped through and through with the fascinating drug. The livid, cadaverous, corpse-like visage of Yahoe, the wild excited glare of the young Lascar who opens the door, the stolid sheep-like ruminations of Lazarus and the other Chinamen coiled together on the floor, the incoherent anecdotes of the Bengalee squatted on the bed, the fiery gesticulations of the mulatto and the Manilla-man who are in conversation by the fire, the semi-idiotic jabber of the negroes huddled up behind Yahoe, are all due to the same fumes. As soon as we are sufficiently acclimatized to peer through the smoke, and after the bearded Oriental who makes faces and passes jibes at, and for the company, has lighted a small candle in our honor, we see a sorry little apartment, which is almost filled by the French bedstead, on which half a dozen colored men are coiled long-wise across its breadth, and in the centre of which is a common japan tray and opium lamp. Turn which way you will, you see or touch opium-smokers. The cramped little chamber is one large opium-pipe, and inhaling its atmosphere partially brings you under the pipe's influence. Swarthy sombre faces loom out of dark corners, until the whole place seems alive with humanity; and turning to your guides you ask, with strange puzzlement, who Yahoe's customers are, where they live, and how they obtain the wherewithal for the expensive luxury of opium-smoking? But Booboo on the bed there is too quick for you, and, starting up, shouts out, with a volubility which is astounding, considering his half-dead condition a few seconds before, full particulars concerning himself, his past, his future, and the grievance he unjustly labors under now. First, though, of the drug he smokes. "You see, sar, this much opium, dam him, smoke two minutes, sar,—no more. Him cost four pennies,—him dam dear, but him dam good. No get opium at de Home, sar (the Home for Asiatics); so come to Yahoe for small drunk, den go again to Home and sleep him, sar. Yes, me live at de Home, sar,—me ship's steward,—Bengalee, no get opium good as dis, except to Yahoe, sar. Four pennies, you und'stand, make smoke two minutes, no more; but him make better drunk as tree, four, five glasses rum,—you Ingleses like rum drunk, me Bengalee like opium drunk, you und'stand,—try him, sar; he much good."

Thus Booboo, who is a well-dressed Asiatic, in a clean shirt, and with a watch-chain of great strength and massiveness. He has been without a ship for five months; has just engaged to go on board one on Monday; shows me the owner's note for four pounds, and complains bitterly that they won't change it at the Home, or give him up his box. "Me owe them very leetle, sar, very small piece;

me there five months, and pay long time, and now they say you give us money, and we no give you change." Booboo looks a little dangerous as he brandishes his opium-pipe; and old Yahee, who is lying on his back, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, growls out an incoherent warning to be calm. Mother Abdallah, who has just looked in from next door, interprets for us, and we exchange compliments and condolences with Booboo. Mother Abdallah is a London lady, who, from long association with Orientals, has mastered their habits and acquired their tongue. Cheeny (China) Emma and Lascar Sal, her neighbors, are both from home this evening, but Mother Abdallah does the honors for her male friends with much grace and propriety, — a pallid wrinkled woman of forty, who prepares and sells opium in another of the two-roomed hovels in the court, — she confesses to smoking it, too, for company's sake, or if a friend asks her to, as yer may say, — and stoutly maintains the healthiness of the habit. "Vy, look at this 'ere court when the fever was so bad. Who 'ad it? Not them as took opium; not one of 'em, which well you knows, Mr. Cox," turning to the handsome, bluff sergeant of police, who has joined the inspector and myself; "but every one else, and look at the old gen'elman, there; vy, he's more nor eighty year old, and 'ardly ever goes to sleep, bless yer, he don't, indeed; he sings and tells stories the whole blessed night through, and is wonderful 'ealthy and clean. There ain't a cleaner old man than Mr. Yahee, not in Bluegate-fields, and if you could see him in the morning a-scrubbin' and washin' his 'ouse out, and a-rinsing his clothes, it 'ad do your 'art good. Does everythin' for himself, buys his own bits o' fish and rice, and vegetables, and cooks and prepares them in the way they like it, don't he, Chin Chin?" Chin Chin is a Chinaman, whose face is well known at the West-end, and who lives by selling tracts and song-books in the streets. He boards with Yahee, and pays one shilling a day. Chin Chin proves more sardonic than communicative, and Mrs. Abdallah resumes: "The old gen'elman has lived here these twenty year, and has looked just the same, and allers done what he's a-doin' of now, made up the opium as they like it, and had a few of 'em lodgin' with 'im. I don't pretend to make it as well as he does, but I've lived here these dozen year, and naturally have got into many of their ways. He ain't asleep, bless ye, sir; he'll lay like that for hours. Look! he's wakin' up now to light his pipe agin, and then when it's later he'll begin to sing, and 'll keep on singing right through the night. That there young Bengalee, asleep in the corner, is another of his lodgers; he's a ship's cook, he is, only he can't get a ship. They treat 'em shameful, just because they're darkies, that they do, only allowin' 'em a pound a month, and sometimes ten shillins, and they have to find their own 'bacca out o' that. These men come from all parts o' London to smoke Yahee's opium. Some on 'em sweep crossins; some has situations in tea-shops; some hawks; some cadges; some begs; some is well off, some is ill off; but they all likes opium, and they all knows there's no opium likes Yahee's. No; there ain't no difference in the quality, but you can't smoke it as you buy it, you see, and Yahee has his own way o' preparin' it, which he won't tell nobody. That tumbler with the light in the middle has the opium, and that thick stuff like treacle is it. They just take it up with a pin this way, and roll it round and round, you see, and then when it's like a little pea, so, they smoke away until it's done. Tell the gen'elman how much you

smoke, Jack. They call 'im Chow Chee John Potter, sir, because he's been christened; but he's not right in his head, and his own country-people don't understand him." Chow Chee is of an affectionate disposition, and the effect of opium is to make him put both hands on my knee, and, after advancing his smiling black face to within a few inches of my nose, to wink solemnly, and to say he "smoke as much as him get, sometimes all day and all night, if Christians peoples good to Chow Chee."

On a suggestion being made that the opium-smoking should be supplemented by some other stimulant, gin was chosen by such of the company as were not too stupefied to speak. Yahee, I should mention, never lifted his head after he had once silently welcomed our little party. Coiled up on the bed, in trousers and shirt, and with his shoeless feet tucked under him, he looked like a singularly tough trussed fowl, and only turned to the light at his side as his pipe was refilled. Save in answer to our questions, there was little talking. Chow Chee John Potter occasionally attempted original remarks, but they were, as a rule, failures, and were so branded by his friends. It was a sheer opium debauch, — not noisy, not turbulent, not quarrelsome, but fervent, all-engrossing, and keenly enjoyable to those engaged in it. As the evening wore on, several fresh arrivals came in at the narrow door; among others two Malays, a Lascar, and the Chinaman many of us have seen performing the knife-trick for the delectation of the British public. This last worthy started back on seeing the police-sergeant, and in very vigorous English asked what that particular reptile wanted here. In vain was it attempted to soothe him with the assurance that it was all right, and that he would come to harm. In vain did Mrs. Abdallah and some other ladies, who had by this time joined her in the doorway, protest to the fastidious knife-thrower that we were "on the square"; it was all useless, and with a growl of baffled hate at the sergeant, and a malignant scowl at the rest of the party, he disappeared down the dark passage of the court, and was no more seen during our stay.

I learnt, subsequently, that he had just come out of prison after a sojourn there of eighteen months, through the sergeant having convicted him of offences too hideous to describe. He was the only very black sheep we saw. The others are decent men in their way, whose principal weakness is devotion to opium, and who rarely give trouble to the police. Old Yahee himself has, as mother Abdallah stated, lived for more than twenty years in the same hovel, for which he pays three shillings a week rent; and has spent the whole of that time in preparing opium for such smoking-parties as we see now, and in making provision for his boarders. Yahee is a consistent misogamist, and allows no woman to interfere in his domestic arrangements. The chopsticks and the plates for breakfast and supper are washed by himself; his two rooms are cleaned and swept, and every meal is prepared in the same independent way. Such of his customers as desire other society than that of the choice spirits assembled to smoke, must seek it elsewhere than at Yahee's. He scorns to offer adventitious attractions, and is content to rest his popularity on his favorite drug.

I have now had the pleasure of visiting him four times, have invariably heard the same stories of his cleanliness and quietness, have always found him in a stupor, and his establishment steeped in opium fumes. His sunken eyes, fallen cheeks, cadaverous,

parchment-like skin, and deathly whiteness, make him resemble a hideous and long-forgotten mummy; while his immobility, and the serene indifference with which he smokes on, whoever may be by, suggest a piece of mechanism, or a cataleptic trance. How he manages his little household, how he guards against imposition, how his receipts and disbursements are regulated, what check he has over the consumption of opium by his customers, are mysteries. Yet Mrs. Abdallah, the sergeant, the inspector, Booboo, Lazarus, and Chow Chin, are unanimous in saying that Yahée is a good manager, a shrewd dealer, and, in his way, a reputable host. To lie on your back and smoke opium with your eyes shut until after midnight, and then to commence fantastic anecdotes and still more fantastic songs, the offspring of your morbidly excited brain, to continue these songs and stories until morning, and to then go out marketing for bits of fish and rice,—this seems a trying mode of life for an octogenarian. Yet Yahée does this, and seems to thrive; that is to say, he is not less like life than when I was first shocked at seeing him nearly three years ago. All the other opium-smokers here are young men; but the wrinkles of their host, his sunken eyes, and falling under-jaw, make the great age he is credited with probable enough.

Lazarus yonder is no longer the contemptible wretch he was when we threw him a penny on Cornhill two hours ago. His frame has expanded, his countenance has brightened, his mien has become bright and buoyant. Who knows the rapturous visions passing through his brain, or the blissfulness which prompts that half-expressed smile? The smallest feathered hours, the most toothsome birds'-nests and stewed dogs, nay, the yellow mandarin's button itself, are Lazarus's now. What cares he for policemen, for the cuffs and kicks, the slurs and sneers, of the barbarians from whom he has to beg? Yahée's shabby, stifling little room is his glory and delight. To it he looks forward through the long and weary day; by its pleasures he is compensated for the pains and penalties of his weary life. Booboo, too, has already forgotten the grievance he recounted half an hour ago, and with eyes raised to the ceiling, is in a rapturous half-trance. The visions this miserable little hole has seen; the sweet and solemn strains of music; the mighty feasts; the terrible dramas; the weird romances; the fierce love; the strange fantastic worship; the mad dreams; the gorgeous processions; the brilliant crowds; the mystic shadows which have occupied it,—would fill a volume. Mr. Inspector Roberts, a friend to whom I have been indebted for much interesting information, tells me that before meals the strange people lodging with Yahée are seen to kneel down, and, looking up to the ceiling, jabber something to themselves,—a description which, I have little doubt, a Malay or Chinese policeman would have little difficulty in applying to the prayers of the English or other barbarians. But the strange interest of the little place is centred, not in the food or worship, not in the variety of skins, and their range from drab and mahogany to ebon and jet, but in the strange unholly pleasures enjoyed in it, and the glimpse it gives you of barbaric life.

Old Yahée is as exceptional an instance of opium eating and smoking being pursued with impunity, as any tremulous dotard who is seen tossing off his dram, and it would be as ridiculous to quote the one as the other as a fair example of the influence of a degrading habit. Booboo and the rest are full of

grievances; complain they cannot get ships, or shall never see father or mother, brother or sister, again,—a handsome young Malay was especially lachrymose on this last point; but the plain truth is, they are all such slaves to the drug of which Yahée is the high-priest, that when they once fall out of the groove of labor to which they have been accustomed, recovery is impossible. Like the dreamer in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's beautiful story, the day is less to them than the night; their Heaven may be purchased by the few pence they beg of passers-by; and those who remember the agonies undergone by Coleridge and De Quincey when struggling to emancipate themselves from the service of the opium-demon, will not wonder at the utter self-abandonment of poor Lazarus and his tribe. Mother Abdallah, Lascar Sal, Cheeny Emma, and the rest, are the only Englishwomen he has known; and his existence is divided between a misery which is very real, and a happiness which is as fictitious and evanescent as that of the moth killing itself at the candle's flame. I saw Lazarus last, cowering on the pavement near Waterloo Bridge; there is not a day in which he may not be found, dazed and dreary, ragged, wan, and wretched, in one or other of our West-end streets. He gave a ghastly smile when I reminded him of our evening at Yahée's; and lifting up his lack-lustre eyes, and cringing more than ever, held out his tracts and mutely asked for alms. His manner made a fine and suggestive contrast to the contemptuous air with which I had seen him wave the same bundle of sorry literature at the opium-feast; and in this contrast I, in my dim way, fancied I discerned the moral of Lazarus's life.

M. ERNEST RENAN.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *L'Evénement*.]

One evening last year I met a stranger in the office of my friend, Michel Levy. He was still young, of average height; his face wore a gentle and benevolent expression; he had a piercing and astute eye, a very large nose, and a thin and firmly compressed lip.

At first I paid no attention to this stranger. I took him for one of those many printers who come about 6 o'clock, P. M., to take the orders of one of the princes of contemporary publishers. The little fellow was seated in a corner, waiting for the closing of the mails to deliver Michel Levy from the cares of the day. When the last letter was signed the publisher said to the stranger, "Well, my dear friend, let us talk now."

I rose to withdraw, when Michel Levy stopped me, saying, "Stay, I beg of you; we have no secrets." And pointing to the little man who had taken a seat in an arm-chair near his desk, Michel Levy added, "M. Ernest Renan."

"It was he! That man with so gentle and benevolent a face was the ardent and learned champion of ideas which raise discussion as the tempest raises ocean's waves."

M. Ernest Renan talked to his publisher and friend of things which were indifferent to me: of proof-sheets, type, and those thousand and one other particulars connected with the publication of a literary work.

Suddenly a word which occurred in the course of conversation brought back this great thinker to the ideal ground of ideas. As he spoke, the little man became grander and grander to my dazzled eyes, as those fantastic phantoms are said to do in those fairy-

tales with which our infancy is amused. I cannot tell you with what attention I listened to him. His clear, accurate, eloquent language transported me in a second to what was a new world to me. I, for the first time, caught glimpses of an extinct civilization, of landscapes of sublime beauty, of the East with all its splendors and all its mysteries. I confess, I never heard more admirable ideas expressed with more ravishing eloquence.

This enchantment lasted an hour, — an hour which remains graven in my memory as an agreeable souvenir of my literary life. All this returned to my memory when I heard "The Apostles" was to be published to-morrow. I thought our readers would be interested in what I know about the great thinker, Ernest Renan.

Ernest Renan was born at Tréguier in Brittany in 1823. His father served on the fleets of the Republic. After 1815 he commanded a vessel on his own account and carried on a considerable trade.*

In 1828 the captain's business fared badly. Ernest Renan was then five years old. One morning the vessel returned to Tréguier without its captain, who had disappeared several days before its arrival. A month afterwards the poor family heard that the lifeless body of its protector had been tossed ashore at Erqui.

The youngest son of the family, Ernest, was educated in an ecclesiastical college, where he at once distinguished himself. The reports which reached the lesser theological seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet at Paris represented the young man as a precocious and precious intellect. The master of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, who has since become Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans, had Ernest Renan sent up to Paris, and admitted him to the lesser theological seminary. Here he remained five or six years. Renan went from thence to the St. Sulpice theological seminary. Here as well as there he devoted himself to the study of antiquity, and his budding thoughts began already to turn to the Original of Christianity, — a subject destined to become the sole thought of his literary life.

One day young Renan discovered he never would be anything but a wretched priest. He quitted the theological seminary and exposed himself to the chances of life in Paris, — that life which is so full of vicissitudes.

This resolution greatly disappointed his masters. Abbé Dupanloup even wrote him at this time a most admirable letter, in which, while deploring Ernest Renan's decision, he nevertheless offered him his purse, until he could obtain the assured means of livelihood. Renan refused.

An elder sister watched over the brother with tenderness. Family misfortunes, which I have mentioned, carried her to Poland, where she became the governess of Count Zamoyiski's children. Mlle. Henriette Renan sent Ernest her whole fortune, \$300, in a draft on a Paris banker. He did not even dream of touching a cent of this money sent him by his adored sister.

* Another French biographer says: "I was at Tréguier last summer, and I had the curiosity to verify personally the origin of Ernest Renan. I had read, and I have recently read, a very dramatic history about his father, to whom the fancy of some writer has ascribed improbable adventures. Philibert François Renan, the father of Joseph Ernest Renan, the author of the 'Life of Jesus,' was simply a retail grocer at Tréguier, as is twice expressed in Joseph Ernest Renan's baptismal certificate, which I have read, and of which I have a copy. Joseph Ernest Renan was born in this small town of the Côtes du Nord on February 28d, 1823. His mother was named Magdelaine Josephine Jeger; she was 39 and her husband 49 years old when this son was born."

As soon as he quitted the theological seminary, Ernest Renan obtained a tutor's place in a small boarding-school. It gave him bed and board. The Sorbonne, with its gratuitous lectures, was in the immediate neighborhood. This was all he wanted. The \$300 sent by his sister lay at the banker's, untouched.

For four years Renan discharged his humble duties as tutor in the modest boarding-school. It may be mentioned, by the way, that one of the pupils of the poor tutor was Berthelot, who has since become the eminent chemist. Ernest Renan lived in this boarding-school, dividing his time between the Sorbonne and his class, free from all care, ignorant of everything Parisian, with no ambition but to learn and know everything.

The humble tutor successively won two prizes offered by the French Institute. One was awarded to his Dictionary of the Semitic Languages; the other was given to his Essay on the Study of Greek in the Middle Ages. He quitted the boarding-school in 1849. The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres offered him a literary mission in Italy. He accepted it with enthusiasm, and filled it to general satisfaction.

When he returned from Italy, he was employed on the preparation of the Catalogue of Manuscripts in the Imperial Library. Here the young and brilliant literary man earned a dollar a day.

In 1850, Mlle. Henriette Renan returned to France; and from that time until her death she did not once quit her brother's side. She was a woman of great distinction and of lofty intellect. She felt for her brother all a mother's tenderness. She sustained him in the ardent struggle in which he was about to engage. She was both the confidante of his most secret thoughts and the partner of his boldest ideas. She was not only a woman of immense intellect; she was also an excellent housewife. Ernest Renan was appointed to a permanent place in the Imperial Library. His salary was \$25 a month. It was peace and happiness for two creatures, who, far from the world of Paris, lived in the domain of the purest ideal. Ernest Renan, introduced to the *Journal des Débats* by M. de Sacy, and to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by M. Augustin Thierry, increased occasionally this wretched income by the publication of Philosophical Miscellanies.

While leading this retired life Michel Levy, the publisher, went to see him, in 1856, and proposed to him to collect his remarkable miscellaneous articles which had appeared in the *Journal des Débats* and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and publish them in volumes. A contract was signed by both of them, which embraced not only this first work, but also The Origin of Christianity, on which M. Renan had already begun to work, and whose first part, "The Life of Jesus," appeared eight years afterwards. The terms of this contract, it need scarcely be said, have been greatly changed since it was first signed.

It was at this time that two of the most important events of Ernest Renan's life occurred, — his election as a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, and his marriage with the daughter of Henry Scheffer, the eminent painter, the brother of Ary Scheffer.

Four years passed away. Ernest Renan led a calm and serene life. Two women equally distinguished in intellectual gifts took care of the young and illustrious man's happiness.

In 1860, the Emperor offered M. Renan (who still

filled his modest situation in the Imperial Library) a scientific mission in ancient Phœnicia. He accepted and departed for Syria, accompanied by his young wife and his sister. But Mme. Renan was unable to bear this painful voyage for many days. She had reached that critical period of a woman's life when the wife must sacrifice to the mother. After going with her husband to Palestine, Jerusalem, Naplouse, Carmel, Galilee, upper Jordan and the basin of the Lake of Genesareth, Mme. Renan returned to Paris.

Mlle. Renan refused to leave her brother's side. She went everywhere with him, on the loftiest summits of the mountains of Lebanon and in the deserts of the Jordan. Was not she with him, living his life, and exchanging ideas with him? She rode on an average eight leagues a day, notwithstanding her delicate health. She was both a sort of private secretary who divined her brother's thoughts, and a sister of charity who watched with angelic tenderness over a precious existence which she justly considered as the effulgent glory of her family and her name.

By July the excavations which M. Renan had made with French soldiers in Syria were ended. The French army had evacuated the country. M. Renan and his sister determined to make Amschit their head-quarters, and to go from there to Cyprus, which Mlle. Renan was anxious to visit.

They reached the small village, which is situated on a steep rock above Byblos, in whose harbor the French steamship "Le Caton" lay to embark the objects found in the excavations.

Mlle. Renan seemed to be greatly fatigued by this long and painful journey. She nevertheless aided her brother in writing his "Life of Jesus." A few days afterwards the first symptoms of the malignant fever appeared. She fell seriously ill. Her brother went down to Gibel Roads to fetch the surgeon of "Le Caton." When he returned, he too fell ill with the terrible fever which begins by mere lassitude and ends by a horrible prostration which is the prologue of death.

Brother and sister were away up on the rock, alone in a foreign land. The brother summoning all his energy to minister to his sister. The sister struggling against the fever to watch by her brother's sick pillow. So they fought till both of them lost consciousness.

The surgeon of "Le Caton" refused to assume the terrible responsibility of two such precious lives, and summoned in consultation a physician from Beyrout. At the same time Admiral Paris ordered the chief surgeon of the fleet to go at once to the patients.

All these medical men were at Amschit at eleven o'clock P. M. Sulphate of quinine, in large doses, is the only known specific for these dangerous fevers. When this extreme medicine does not kill, it cures.

The next day Ernest Renan, whose robust constitution defied death, returned to life. His first incoherent words upon leaving this long lethargy were to inquire for his sister.

Mlle. Henriette Renan was dead.

Of a truth, I would not undertake to depict to the reader M. Renan's despair. Accident and indiscretion have acquainted me with all of it.

While hunting in a friend's library, I came upon a pamphlet whose every line drew a tear. I know nothing more touching, sadder, more beautiful, than the masterpiece of a great thinker who bids a last

adieu to a noble soul. This pamphlet was written for private distribution among Mlle. Renan's friends. Her brother was anxious to give them a last souvenir of the distinguished woman they wept with him.

Upon his mournful return from Syria, M. Ernest Renan was appointed Professor in the College of France. He delivered (for reasons which I cannot discuss here) only one lecture. He remained for two years and a half the titular professor of the chair. After the publication of his "Life of Jesus," he was dismissed the college. This work is the most successful publication which has issued from the French press these last forty years. No less than 160,000 copies of it have been sold. The author has received \$30,000 from it; but it cost him his chair in the College of France, which was worth to him \$1,500 a year.

The "Life of Jesus," dedicated to the memory of Mlle. Renan, is the first volume of the History of the Origin of Christianity. "The Apostles" was terminated; but before placing this second volume before the public, M. Renan was anxious to pay a second visit to the cradle of Christianity, and to follow St. Paul step by step to Antioch, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, and Corinth.

Mme. Renan accompanied her husband during this second journey. M. Renan made it at his own expense. It lasted eight months, during which time they travelled on horseback an average of eight leagues a day.

This is the road they followed. M. Renan set out in November, 1864, for Alexandria, Egypt. After visiting Egypt, he went to Beyrout and Damascus. In the latter city Abd-el-Kader received M. Renan and wife most hospitably.

A singular incident occurred here.

M. Renan, who speaks Arabic very well, was talking with Abd-el-Kader about the past and present times.

Abd-el-Kader said to him, "Talk of yourself and your 'Life of Jesus.'"

"Have you read it?" exclaimed M. Renan with unfeigned surprise.

Abd-el-Kader made a servant bring a book, opened it and said: "See for yourself! I have not only read it, but I have annotated it."

The Life of Jesus annotated by Abd-el-Kader! This certainly must be a curious book; and, what is still more curious, Abd-el-Kader thinks seriously of publishing it.

After this visit to the illustrious Arabian Emir, began a voyage full of perils and vicissitudes. M. Ernest Renan embarked at Alexandretta, visited Tarsus (St. Paul's native place), Rhodes, and Smyrna. The season of the year forbade his going farther into Asia Minor, consequently he took up his abode at Athens at the foot of the Acropolis, where for two months he worked on "The Apostles." He then returned to Smyrna, and setting out from thence made an excursion in the interior of Asia Minor, describing a half-circle. He visited Ephesus, Tralles, Aphrodisias, Colossus, Hierapolis, Philadelphia, Sardis, and he again returned to his headquarters, Athens, whence he again set out to visit Corinth, Argos, and Salonica. He then crossed to Macedonia, went to Philippi, and from thence went to Constantinople.

The little caravan was composed of M. and Mme. Renan and five servants of the country.

It need scarcely be said wayfarers cannot find hotels as plenty there as they are on the banks of the Rhine. Many a night was spent

under tent in the open field. Nothing could alarm M. Renan's courageous wife.

A friend with whom M. Renan was talking about his travels asked him, "Were you not afraid of robbers?"

"No."

"Ah! you had pistols?"

"Pistols! What use would they have been? I should not have known how to use them."

Upon his return to France M. Ernest Renan gave the last touches to the volume entitled "The Apostles," which forms the second volume of his History of the Origin of Christianity. Seven months have passed away since he gave his first sheet of manuscript to the printer Claye. Every day M. Renan changed a passage or some few lines. Eight proofs of his work have been successively laid before him.

It was observed, in connection with his "Life of Jesus," that Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans, who, it is notorious, is not averse to literary polemics, did not write a single line against M. Ernest Renan. There remains, may be, at the bottom of the Bishop's heart some vestige of the old affection he felt for the student of the theological seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet.

When anybody speaks to the Bishop of Orleans of his lost sheep, he exclaims: "Ernest Renan! Ay! ay! I know whom you mean, — my child, — my spoilt child!"

SCARLET RECOLLECTIONS.

L

I MUST go back some fifteen years or more, before the days of volunteers and Enfield rifles, Armstrong guns and iron-plated frigates, learned ensigns and competitive examinations, back to the "good old time" when a little interest at the Horse Guards and £450 at your banker's were all the requisites for a commission in her Majesty's service.

How well I remember that eventful evening, when our red-faced butler, with an air of greater stateliness than usual, presented before my longing eyes the official-looking envelope, inscribed with the magic letters, "O. H. M. S."! "Hurrah! I'm gazetted! Three cheers for everybody! The 200th Royal Slashers! Head-quarters at Athlone! To join on the first of February. I do believe I shall go mad!" Ah well, I was only a boy, remember. Scarcely six months before, I had sat in a round jacket on a hard form at school, and now I was an officer, with a glorious jumble before my mind's eye of scarlet, gold, sword jingling, sentry saluting, band playing, ladies admiring, men envying; mess dinners, garrison balls, picnics, and the like, not to speak of prospective castles in the air, beginning with daring feats in battle, and ending with a general's commission and K. C. B. I have the extract from that week's *Gazette* before me now: —

"200th Royal Slashers. — Alfred Tombs, gentleman, to be Ensign, by purchase, *vice* William Henry Thompson, promoted."

Congratulations and rejoicings; much strutting about the streets of Chickenborough (our market town); a great amount of visiting, and sundry parties given in honor of my new position; a grand winding up in the shape of a ball at home, whereat I appeared in uniform for the first time, was duly flattered, fancied myself killing, came to utter grief in returning thanks at supper, and drank far too much champagne. All this passed away like a dream. My outfit and all needful preparations were

completed amidst a whirl of delightful excitement; leave-takings hurried through, and farewells uttered with a heart already in barracks at Athlone; and then — yes, and then — "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*," I left the paternal roof, a young bear with all my troubles before me.

I am not going to inflict upon the reader a detailed account of the next few months. I "joined," went through the mysteries of the goose-step, turned out of bed for early recruit drill in a tight shell-jacket, learnt to take up my proper position at parade, mastered the "manual" and "platoon." Why should I go on? Are not all my male readers volunteers? And as to the ladies, they will gladly take everything for granted. Suffice it, the sergeant-major reported me fit for duty in about the usual time; I fell into the ordinary routine, experienced the dreary horrors of the guard-room, sat in judgment on disorderly privates at court-martial, went the usual tours of inspection through the men's rooms, and, in short, fulfilled all the arduous duties of a subaltern in her majesty's 200th Royal Slashers.

It is curious to notice what changes even so short a period as fifteen years may bring about. We wore epaulettes, heavy with gold bullion; tight-fitting, long-tailed coatree, with white shoulder-belt; a shako, compared to which the present military headpiece is light as a feather; and — note carefully — not a vestige of moustache! As to the men, the tyranny of stock and pipeclay was ten times worse than at present, the knapsack twice as heavy, and Brown Bess — ponderous, uncertain Brown Bess — the weapon of the day. In numbers, again, our regiment aptly illustrated the short-sighted policy which dwarfed and cut down the army, until the Crimean campaign roused the military spirit of the nation. Numbering ten companies of nominally one hundred men each, we could scarcely muster more than six hundred and fifty, of all ranks, on parade. Few companies had more than sixty men.

Each regiment has a certain character and standing in military circles. Ours had a peculiar reputation. It was noted as being the slowest for promotion in the whole army, and yet one of the most comfortable, pleasant, and wealthy corps in the service. The roll of field-officers and captains had not changed for years, and the senior ensign had seen seven years' service. In fact, there was not a "youngster" in the regiment except the two junior ensigns, — Lobley and your humble servant. Lobley was only my senior by a few months, and our two *Gazettes*, following one on the heels of the other, had been a ten days' wonder in every mess-room from Hythe to Galway. Such a thing as a couple of vacancies in the 200th was a perfect miracle. I need hardly say that the regiment prided itself upon its character for exclusiveness. Our mess was noted for its excellent *cuisine* and wines, its hospitality and late hours. "None of your mutton and Marsala concerns, sir, ours," was the boast of Jones, the mess-man: and he was right; it was n't.

Moreover, curiously enough, what would irretrievably have damaged the character of most regiments only added to the brilliancy of ours. Nearly half our officers were married. The colonel, both majors, five captains, two brace of lieutenants, the paymaster and surgeon, were all Benedicts. None of them, of course, ever attended mess, except on state occasions; but then they all had money (or their wives had, which, of course, was the same thing), kept open house, gave carpet-hops and whist-

parties, to which we bachelors dropped in after mess, had pretty daughters or sisters-in-law, and caused the 200th to be perfectly independent of foreign aid for picnic or party, to be well furnished with ladies for every species of amusement, and able to bid defiance to the dullest and most inhospitable quarters. Even what we lost in numbers round the mess-table was amply atoned for in the hearty good fellowship of the old campaigners who were left; "and besides," as Hallett, our senior captain remarked, "There is all the more room for outsiders." We had generally a full complement of guests; and many a jolly Irish squire could tell tales of nights spent with her Majesty's Royal Slashers. No wonder that we two young cubs, Lobley and myself, thought there never was such a regiment, such a mess, and—*entre nous*—such Admirable Chrichtons as ourselves.

II.

"THE CROW'S NEST, ATELONZ, Thursday, 16th.

"Dr. and Mrs. Crab request the pleasure of Mr. Tombs's company after mess this evening, to a friendly cup of tea."

So ran a letter which was put into my hands a little before mess one evening. Dr. Crab was our regimental surgeon,—a veteran of twenty-five years' standing. He had been on leave ever since I joined, and had only returned a few days previously. I had not even seen him as yet, and, if I might judge by report, he never invited any one to his quarters, except a few intimate old cronies. A very eccentric fellow in every way, and his wife a regular dragon.

I sat next to Lobley at mess, and showed him the letter.

"Why, my dear fellow, I've just had an invite too," was his rejoinder; and he pulled out a note to match.

"Ah," I observed, "I see it now. It's a general affair for the whole mess. The old boy has turned civil and wants to show us a little attention."

"Queer, though, that he should ask us, ain't it?" said Lobley.

"We've never been introduced, you know."

"And with such short notice, too," I added.

"Hollo! what's the matter there?" asked Fullarton, a lieutenant who sat opposite. "Are you two youngsters comparing love-letters, or what?"

We told him.

"An invite from old Crabby! Hear it, every one! Lobley and Tombs are going to the doctor's this evening."

There was a general exclamation. All sorts of questions followed, and the notes were handed round the table. It appeared, on inquiry, that no one else was asked. It was very queer.

"I don't think I shall go," I said at last. "I don't know him."

"Nor I either," chimed in Lobley. "I had far rather stay here. It's such a bore dressing."

"Nonsense, lads!" exclaimed Captain Ross. "Dr. Crab is eccentric in all he does. We don't often have new-comers in the Slashers, and he wants to be a bit civil to both of you. It is quite an unusual piece of politeness for him."

"You know," said Hallett, very gravely, "he is one of our seniors, and you might as decently refuse to go to the colonel's. You'll get into hot water with the authorities if you decline."

"Moreover," laughed Fullarton, "you must remember, my infants, that this worshipful commu-

nity consider it highly desirable that their youthful members should seize every opportunity of improving their minds and morals, and Mrs. Crab's society will do much towards both. Now don't be angry, Tombs! It's for your good, I assure you."

The long and short of it was we put ourselves into dress-coats, and drove off in an inside cab to the Crow's Nest. It was a glorious summer evening, and the mess-room windows were blocked up with grinning faces as we departed.

"Confound those fellows, how full of fun they are!" said Lobley, discontentedly.

"I half expect there's a joke in it somewhere!" I growled. "Anyhow, we won't stop long, if we can help it."

Dr. Crab lived nearly half a mile from barracks.

The Crow's Nest was a tumble-down, desolate structure, near the Shannon. A gannt female answered our knock. "What is it ye want?" was her salutation as we stepped in.

"Dr. Crab is at home, of course?" I said.

"Sure an' he is. What then?" said the female. "You're mighty free and easy, at all events," as we threw our caps on the hall table. "I'm thinking it's officers ye are from the barracks?"

"We are come to spend the evening with Dr. Crab," said Lobley, in a pompous tone. "Announce Ensigns Tombs and Lobley, will you?"

A horrible doubt seized me. There were no signs of guests being expected; the hall was but dimly lighted, and not over-tidy. At the same instant a gruff voice cried out, "What's the matter there, Bridget? What are you keeping the door open for?"

"Here's the masher, and maybe ye'll speak to him yourselves," said Bridget; and she took herself off without more ado.

There was another request from the gruff voice to know what was the matter, then anything but a proper exclamation, and finally a door was thrown open, and we were confronted by Dr. Crab. Never shall I forget the figure he presented. Extremely short, extremely stout, extremely red in the face, with his perfectly bald head surrounded by a ring of white hair, which stood up all round like a sort of ruff, while a pair of immense white whiskers covered his cheeks to such an extent, that nothing but a narrow passage was left for nose and chin; fierce little eyes, an old withered dressing-gown loosely wrapped round his body, finishing off with carpet slippers below. This was our host, and a pretty trio we made, staring at one another in stupid amazement.

"I think there is some mistake, sir," I faltered.

"I rather think there is, young gentleman," said the little man. "Dr. Crab, 200th Royal Slashers, very much at your service."

"We— we received an invitation to spend the evening with you,—at least, I mean to say, we thought so," stammered Lobley, who had turned very red.

"I have your note, sir, in my pocket,—that is to say, the one which I supposed to come from you," I added, handing him the document with a polite bow, for he looked anything but amiable.

The little man took and looked at it, tore it deliberately in two, threw the fragments on the floor, and burst out into a fit of fury which made me wish myself safe on the other side of the hall door. He stamped and raved, hurled maledictions on the heads of all the mess, individually and collectively; vowed he'd have every one of them up before a

court-martial, he'd call them out, he'd leave the service, he'd buy the biggest horsewhip in Athlone, and take it down to barracks the next morning; pending which time, he shook the crazy old house to its very foundations, kicked both the carpet slippers off, and shouted until he was nearly black in the face.

I had been vainly trying to get in a word of apology, but really the doctor was so violent, I began to fear we had to do with a raging lunatic. The only thing seemed to cut and run. I looked at Lobley; he was already trying to pull back the door-latch. Alas! Dr. Crab was too quick for us.

"Stop that!" he roared. "Look here, young gentlemen; this is, no doubt, a very pleasant joke, but it's my turn now, and" — with an oath — "I'll make use of it. Be good enough to give me your names, and we'll see what Colonel Cox says to this to-morrow. A pretty state of things, to be bearded in my own house by a couple of impudent young scamps, — ugh!"

"Upon my honor," Lobley was beginning, when the little savage cut him short with another forcible exclamation.

I do not know whether it was the evident absurdity of trying to pacify him, or the coarseness of his language which disgusted me, or what; but I recovered my self-possession all at once, and with a calmness which I have often wondered at since, though my heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, I said, "I tell you what, sir, it's quite enough to have been hoaxed and made a fool of, without being sworn at like a black. What you will do to-morrow I don't know and don't care. Come, Lobley, let us give this gentleman our cards and be off."

He glared at me in speechless astonishment. I handed the two cards for his acceptance. He took them, stared at us as we caught up our forage caps and made for the door, but seemed utterly dumfounded. We opened the door, — still not a word.

"Good evening, Dr. Crab," I said, as I stood in the doorway; "accept our apologies for having entered your house. You may be perfectly certain we shan't repeat the offence." And I shut the door after me, glad, if the truth must be known, that we were out of it.

But we were not. The door flew open again. With nothing on his feet but a pair of blue stockings, his dressing-gown flying behind him, no hat, and his red face smoking again with perspiration, the little man came rushing down the steps, and laid hold of me.

"Here, stop! Don't be a fool! I was too hasty, — you're a trump! Come back! It is all right now. Come into the house, and let's be calm!" He jerked out the words at intervals, between a series of wheezy pantings for breath. And by the time he had finished, what with being taken by surprise, and strenuously pulled, I was inside the door again.

He got us both in; pushed, dragged, and talked us into a comfortable lighted room; made us sit down, and then fell back exhausted into an easy-chair. I would not have given a farthing for his sanity.

"Ouf!" he snorted, as soon as he could speak, "that was a breather, and no mistake! Now, gentlemen, listen a moment. I am a passionate old dog; but I've gone too far. I'm sorry. I apologize. I might have known that you were simply humbugged by a set of fellows who ought to have known better. However, I see it all now; you've been hoaxed, and

that's the long and short of it. Now look here! take your choice. Saddle the high horse, stand on your dignity, walk out as you did just now, and go back in a rage to the barracks, to find yourselves a standing joke to the mess for many a day; or stop where you are. I don't care much for youngsters, as a general rule, but I like you" — turning towards me — "for your pluck, and I dare say your friend will improve on acquaintance. I can give you a good glass of grog, or capital claret, if you prefer it, and a real Havana if you smoke; although you're both far too young to do anything of the sort. You shall stay with me till such time as Hallett and the rest have done waiting for your return to be grinned at. Then to-morrow you shall tell as many lies as you like about the pleasant evening old Crabby gave you, and forget altogether how he lost his temper. Eh? What do you say?"

What did we say? Why, of course we were inexpressibly delighted. Our eccentric host granted his satisfaction, and set about his hospitable preparations. Suddenly he paused, and looked curiously at our costumes.

"Studs, dress-coat, and general get-up," he soliloquized, in a way that brought the color to our faces. "I tell you what, young uns, you're better suited for the drawing-room than this den of mine here. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just put on a coat and take you up stairs to Mrs. Crab. You've had as much wine as is good for you, I'll be bound, at mess; and I've got the nicest girl to show you between this and Galway. A niece of mine, brought over on a visit. Not going to let the Slashers get about her. No, no! far too good for them; but I'll make an exception with you. Besides," he added, with a peculiar grin, "Mrs. C. will be wondering what all the row's been about."

III.

"MRS. CRAB, Mr. Tomba. Mrs. Crab, Mr. — what's your name? Mr. Lobley. We've been having a little discussion, Mrs. Crab, — nothing to speak of. This, gentlemen, is Miss Crab, come to kill half Athlone, — eh, Maggie?"

"Uncle, how can you be so absurd?"

"Crab, for shame of yourself!"

The first ejaculation came from the young lady, the second from the old one. *Seniores priores*, let us sketch Mrs. Crab first.

Extremes meet, they say. Whatever good reasons Dr. Crab had for choosing his spouse, he certainly must have had an eye to contrast. He was little, stout, red-faced, snub-nosed, small-eyed, large-mouthed, loud-voiced, and blunt in the extreme. Mrs. Crab stood six feet in her stockings, was all angles and bones, had a face as yellow as a guinea (the effect of many years spent in Jamaica), large hooked nose, overhanging mouth, with the two front teeth unpleasantly prominent, wore spectacles, and talked in a shrill hissing tone, which set all your teeth on edge in an instant. The doctor was careless in dress, in manner, and everything else. Mrs. C. was all primness, propriety, stiffness, regularity, and decorum rolled into one body. Finally the doctor partook of all the good things of this life, — solid and liquid, — especially the latter, in utter disregard of gout or dyspepsia; while his lady was martyr to a perpetual liver-complaint, and starved herself in everything except a certain quack medicine, — Professor Totley's pills, — which she took herself, and distributed among her friends unsparingly, to the great horror of her worthy husband.

A great deal of all this, of course, I found out afterwards. All that I was conscious of at the time was a gaunt spectre of a woman, taller in reality than myself, and looking from her enormous length of dress a very giantess, who rose up from her seat like a many-jointed telescope, and acknowledged our bows with a stiff little jerk of her head, and a glance at her husband which said as plainly as possible, "What ever have you brought these youths here for?"

But the other lady! My dear reader, I am approaching the most critical part of my narrative. Here is the heroine to be exhibited for your inspection, and really I cannot do her anything like justice. Looking back, the impression left upon my mind is that of a brown, saucy-looking brunette, with irregular features, curling hair clustering over a somewhat low forehead, large dark eyes, *nez retroussé* (I like disguising our blunt English phrase), tolerable-sized mouth, and small elegant figure. "In fact, a very ordinary, commonplace girl altogether, eh, Mr. Tombs?"

Not at all, my dear reader; she was really one of the most charming creatures I have ever come across, irresistibly so. There was a piquant, saucy, boyish look about that face; a pleasant, merry, unembarrassed, yet perfectly ladylike grace in all her words and actions, which told immensely with the male sex. Your first idea was, "What a glorious boy that girl would make!" your second, "She's the jolliest girl I ever came across"; and then you got thoroughly bewitched, and went home to dream of her. Where the charm was hidden, whether in the hair that never would lie straight, or the laughing eyes that were always bewildering you with their brightness, or the little nose which violated every rule of classical beauty, or the pouting red lips which were seldom closed for two seconds together, or the dimpled chin, or where, you could not tell for the life of you tell. But one thing was certain, it lay somewhere, and that was all about it.

"Tea, Mrs. C.," said the doctor. "I told these young gentlemen how much better it was for them than guzzling all the evening. We'll go down to grog and smoke at ten. Never you say again, Miss Magpie, that I don't bring the red-coats to see you. Here are a couple. Talk away: but don't make too much noise; I want a nap." And thereupon he lay back in an easy-chair, threw a silk handkerchief over his head, and almost immediately favored us to a little snoring.

Six months in the Slashers had done a good deal for me, but still I was not over and above used to ladies' society. I glanced at Lobley; he was staring fixedly at a porcelain figure on the mantel-piece, and trying, apparently, to tear off one of his waistcoat buttons. Mrs. C. made the tea in solemn silence. As to the young lady, I did not dare to look at her. There was a frightful pause, broken only by the doctor's snores. Suddenly a hearty burst of laughter rang through the room. "Margaret, my dear!" said Mrs. Crab, reprovingly.

"O, I really could not help it. It was so ridiculous, so like a Quakers' meeting! Come, Mr. Tombs, my uncle told us to talk; can't you say something?"

There was something so comic in the face with which she spoke, that I could not help laughing with her. Somehow or other, my shyness all vanished. In five minutes we were the best friends in the world. Once loosened, my tongue went on wheels. I told her all my first impressions of the 200th, de-

scribed my brother officers, went through a good deal of innocent scandal, told a few mess-tales second-hand, and found myself prattling as only an ensign, not quite eighteen, can prattle, when totally at his ease. It seemed to amuse the young lady immensely. Meanwhile Mrs. Crab never spoke, except to check our merriment when it seemed likely to interrupt the veteran's snores, and Lobley fidgeted in his chair, and pretended to be engaged in a volume of "Views up the Rhine." I am ashamed to own it, but I rather exulted over him, and felt not a little proud of playing first fiddle to such an extent. He certainly looked anything but comfortable.

We got from barrack life back to an earlier date. I began describing Chickenborough, and my home there. Mrs. Crab pricked up her ears. "Are you the eldest son, Mr. Tombs?" she asked, turning her spectacles full upon me.

"Eldest and only one," I said.

"Sisters?"

"O yes, — three."

"Large house?"

I described the house and grounds, not without an instinctive notion that she had no right to question me. If it had been the young lady it would have been very different. Mrs. Crab seemed quite altered. She multiplied her questions, until I had gone pretty fairly through all our domestic arrangements. Miss Crab looked annoyed. Her aunt's face brightened considerably, and she asked me quite cordially to have another cup of tea.

"And where do you come from, Mr. Lobley?" said the giantess, turning round to my brother sub.

"Thank goodness," I thought, "there's somebody else in for it now."

Lobley had become thoroughly sulky. He replied very shortly, — so grumpily, indeed, that I thought Mrs. C. would be offended. But she was not. I never saw any one so eager for domestic details. Lobley had no more chance with her than I had. In five minutes she had pumped out of him that he was the third son out of six; father an officer on half-pay, living in Germany; mother dead; he himself sent into the army by a rich uncle; with sundry other details fairly dragged out of him, to the evident increase of his ill-humor.

I began to think it was too bad, the catechizing had grown insufferable. Miss Maggie's face expressed the same feeling. Suddenly, with a jerk of her arm, intentional I believe, over went the round table at her elbow, with a teacup and a workbox on it. There was a crash, and up started the doctor, in time to hear Mrs. Crab's angry rebuke. He stretched himself and arose.

"There, that's enough. Pick up the pieces; why, — bless me, — it's after ten! Talked enough, Mag, eh? And how are the youngsters?" turning to Lobley and myself. "One of you looks bored. Mrs. C.'s had him in hand, I'll be bound. The other's so-so; he's been in your care, Miss Mag. Well, come, let's move down stairs, and have something hot. Ladies, time for you to go to bed."

"Before you go, Mr. Tombs," said the giantess, addressing me with a smiling face, very different from the one with which she had listened to poor Lobley's confession, "you must accept a little present, not ornamental, but useful. I always give one to my *friends* [a strong emphasis on the word], and you must promise to use it —"

"Yes, put it behind the fire, or poison his worst

enemy with it. What do you say to a dose of pills, Tombs, eh?" growled the doctor.

"Mr. Tombs is too sensible to be prejudiced by misrepresentations," said Mrs. Crab, producing, sure enough, a pill-box from her pocket. "Two taken every night at bedtime—"

"Will kill you in a week," interrupted her spouse.

I was beginning to see Mrs. Crab's weak points. "Thank you, ma'am," I struck in. "I will certainly try them."

Dr. Crab favored me with a stare. "Whew!" he whistled, "you're a deep one, or I'm much mistaken. Well, are we ready now? Isn't Mr. Lobley to have a box?"

"O, thank you, I hate physic," said my friend, incautiously. Mrs. Crab glared at him vindictively through her spectacles. We said Good night to the ladies. Miss Crab gave us a pleasant smile at parting. As to Mrs. C., she was barely civil to Lobley. The two elder brothers, added to the rejection of Totley's pills, had evidently settled him, once and forever, in her estimation.

It was midnight before we left the Crow's Nest. Dr. Crab proved a most entertaining host. In his own peculiar gruff style, he jerked out anecdote after anecdote from the experience of a military life of twenty-five years spent in every quarter of the globe. The whiskey was excellent, the cigars ditto; although I am afraid we were very incompetent critics. Time passed away only too quickly. We rose as the clock struck twelve.

"Yes, yes," said our host. "I won't press you to stay. Late enough. Don't like to see lads out later than this. Glad to have seen you. Remember another time, and don't take an angry man at his word. You shall come to see me again. No small honor that, I can tell you; for I'm not over-fond of company. What's more, you shall come and see Mag. You're too young for much mischief yet. Never mind Mrs. Crab and her pills. Take care of the step. There,—good night"; and he slammed the door behind us.

"What a jolly ending to a bad beginning!" I exclaimed as we walked back. "Capital old chap when you come to know him. And what a stunning girl!"

"Humph," said Lobley, "the girl's all well enough; so was the grog; but if ever I met such a creature as that yellow old woman—"

We came to the barrack gates before he had finished.

IV.

THE undress uniform of the Royal Slashers at this period consisted of a tight shell-jacket (scarlet, with yellow facings), fitting closely to the body, with a row of gold buttons down the front, and decorated on the shoulders with what I can best describe as two baker's twists covered with gold thread; a forage cap with the regimental number in front; trousers of the lightest, washed-out, faded-looking blue; together with white pipeclayed sword-belt, buckled round the waist, completed a costume which, though suitable enough for a well-made man, was highly ridiculous when displayed on a lanky ensign or a fat old major.

Attired after this fashion I walked towards the mess-room to breakfast the next morning, with head slightly aching from the effects of the doctor's whiskey.

It only wanted half an hour to parade, and at least a dozen fellows were standing at the door, or leaning out of the mess-room windows, enjoying the

bright sunshine, and watching the lively bustle going on, as the men came trooping out of their various quarters. A regular roar greeted me as I came up. "Well, Tombs, what sort of an evening?"—

Was old Crabby glad to see you?"—"How about the dragon?"—"Who was kicked out first, you or Lobley?"—"Did the old boy have a fit?"—"Has he sent his love to the mess?" These were a few of the questions which were asked in a volley, interspersed with shouts of laughter which brought every officer within hearing to the spot.

"Why did n't you come back?" said Fullarton, taking advantage of a slight lull. "We waited for you till nearly twelve; and, by the same token, I lost a bottle of claret to Saunders, on your being home in half an hour."

"Could n't face us, eh?" grinned Hallett.

"It must have been an affecting scene,—Damon and Pythias bearding old Crab," roared Fullarton. I may remark that Lobley and I had a score of nick-names,—Siamese Twins, Hob and Nob, Damon and Pythias, &c.

"Well, but come, Tombs; tell us all about it, and we'll promise not to laugh," said Ross; "that is, if we can help it. Let us have the whole history."

"Upon my word," I said, striving hard to put on a face of bewilderment, "I don't know what you all mean. I can only say we spent a very pleasant evening, and did n't leave until this morning."

"O, come, come! that's too good," interrupted Fullarton. "Why, man alive, you know well enough that Dr. Crab never invited you at all. Your humble servant wrote the letters, and that's the long and short of it!"

"Then Dr. Crab takes a joke very kindly," I said, coolly. "He gave us a hearty welcome,—tea up stairs, whiskey and cigars below,—and kept us till midnight." They stared. I spoke so seriously that they were evidently nonplussed. "Wonders will never cease," observed Hallett, shrugging his shoulders; "I would have laid a hundred to one that Crab would have horsewhipped you. He's the crankiest spitfire in the service. You're not trying on a little humbug, youngster, now, are you?"

"Humbug or not, Captain Hallett," I said, in an injured tone, "I have not enjoyed an evening so much for a long time. Lobley may speak for himself."

"Well, there's a mystery somewhere," said Hallett. "Just fancy, sir!" he continued, addressing the senior major who walked up at that moment. "Our two youngsters spent the evening with the doctor yesterday; and, more extraordinary still, enjoyed themselves!"

"With Dr. Crab? Bless me!" said the major.—"Why, Mr. Tombs, you will be able to tell us something of the new beauty. All the ladies are raving about a girl who has been seen about with Mrs. C., a regular out-and-outer, so far as I can gather."

"Ah, that explains the pleasant evening," observed Fullarton. "Why, Tombs, you are a slyer rogue than I thought!"

I told the major I had certainly been introduced to the young lady,—thought her very pleasing, good-looking, and so on,—good talker, and plenty of fun about her.

"Well, you're a lucky dog, that's all I can say," replied the major. "She has been in Athlone a week, and you're the first person I have heard of as having been introduced to her. Mr. Tombs has stolen a march upon you all, gentlemen."

academies the course of musical education was strict and complete. It was therefore to be expected that if favored by nature, as many of them were, the pupils would in after life attain eminence in their art. This really was the case, as the following account of some of the singers of that period will prove.

The first name on the list is Francesca Margherita de l'Epine. She came to England from Italy in 1692, and was accompanied by a German of the name of Greber. The wits of the day called her "Greber's Peg." Margherita was in all likelihood the earliest importation of an Italian singer into our country. The *London Gazette* of that date speaks of her as "the Italian lady, that is lately come over, that is so famous for singing." Her performances at concerts and operas fully justified this announcement. She was not only a good singer, but a skilful player on what we call the piano; adding to both these accomplishments an excellent knowledge of music. With all this, she by no means elicited universal admiration. Swift—but he had no appreciation of music—in his "Journal to Stella," speaks of her slightly. "We have a music meeting in our town (Windsor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margherita, and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers." Perhaps one ground of Swift's dissatisfaction lay in this, that "Peg" was no beauty. Her want of personal charms, however, did not keep her from getting a husband. We find that after she had been about twenty years in London, and had out of her professional earnings saved some £10,000, she was induced to yield to the courtship of the famous Dr. Pepusch, arranger of the airs in the "Beggars' Opera." After matrimony she retired from the stage, and received, on account of her swarthy complexion, the nickname of "Hecate" from her husband. This rather uncomplimentary appellation she submitted to with good humor. She appeared to contemplate with thankfulness the release which her fortune had accomplished for poor Pepusch out of the care and poverty which so many of his profession are called on to endure. We are not, however, to suppose that Margherita or her sister had sole possession of the "boards," for a very formidable rival sprang up in the person of Mrs. Tofts. Margherita was the "star" of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Mrs. Tofts made her *début* in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The conflicting claims of these songstresses were espoused by the public, and frequent disturbances in consequence took place. Margherita was often hissed and hooted, and once struck with an orange. This fruity missile, however,—it is due to the male sex to say,—was winged by a female arm. Time, that cures so many things, healed the breach between these two vocalists, and we find them singing in the same opera with Niccolini, who had recently arrived in England, and of whom we shall now say a few words.

Cavaliere Niccolini Grimaldi, a Neapolitan by birth, arrived in London about the year 1708. He was attracted by (as he was informed) the rage prevalent amongst us for foreign operas. The high reputation which he brought with him he sustained, according to the testimony of Sir Richard Steele, in the "Tatler," a critic not likely to have been, as the patentee of an English theatre, very lenient to the faults of a foreign *artiste*. Niccolini was not merely a superior vocalist, but a superb actor, and possessed of a fine person. He was a great addition to the London company, and the theatres be-

came places of general resort. Playgoers were, however, at this time deprived of one of their stars. Mrs. Tofts was obliged to quit the stage in the meridian of fame and beauty, from symptoms of incipient insanity. The "Tatler" alludes to this in unfeeling terms. Mrs. Tofts afterwards married, and removed with her husband to Venice. Here her old disorder returned, and with intermitting violence afflicted her to the time of her demise, that is, for a long period of fifty years, as she died in 1760. Her place was supplied by some good English singers,—Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Lindesay, and others. One termed "The Baroness," a foreigner, was likewise a favorite, as also Cassani and Isabella Girardeau.

There seems, however, to have been, after Mrs. Tofts' retirement, a dearth of good singers for about ten years. The deficiency was supplied by making Niccolini the centre of attraction. How this was done is familiar to the readers of the "Spectator." Those who are accustomed to peruse its pages will remember all that is said of Niccolini's combat with the lion, "which," says Addison, "has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain." "The Spectator" pays a high tribute to Niccolini's powers as an actor and singer, lamenting that the great *artiste* was forced to comply with the wretched tastes of the age. Nothing can be more amusing than the description of the different representatives of the lion. "It was confidently affirmed," says the "Spectator," "that there would be a tame lion sent from the Tower every opera night, . . . and that the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days. Many, likewise, were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Niccolini. Some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitative, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head. . . . The lion has been changed upon the audience three several times: the first lion was a candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of a testy, choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so early as he ought to have done. Besides, it was objected against him that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion. The second lion was a tailor by trade. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-color doublet, but this was only to make work for himself in his private character as a tailor. The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed."

This extract gives us some idea of prevalent theatrical tastes. Such were not indulged in for the first time, as they had already been displayed in the case of the opera of Camilla. This was composed by one of the Buononcini's, and here Mrs. Tofts was appointed to kill a pig! The personator of this member of the animal creation thus opens his grief to the "Spectator": "I think I was hardly used in not having the part of the lion in Hydaspe given to me; but that of a lion is too great a character for one that never trode the stage before but on two legs. As for the little resistance I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality; and Camilla's charms were such, that beholding her erect mien,

hearing her charming voice, and astonished with her graceful motion, I could not keep up my assumed fierceness, and died like a man." These stage foibles were brought into requisition by even Handel, in "Rinaldo," the first of the long series of operas produced in London. "As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago," writes Addison, "I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met, very luckily, by an acquaintance who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera!' says his friend, licking his lips. 'What, are they to be roasted?' 'No, no,' says the other; 'they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.'"

Handel's arrival in London, and his being intrusted with the management of the Royal Academy, became instrumental in bringing under the notice of the public some of the greatest singers that the world probably has ever heard. He, however, was with us for some years before the Academy was formed. During this time a songstress made her appearance, Anastasia Robinson, who deserves notice less from her professional ability than the romance of her life. She was the daughter of a portrait-painter, who, becoming afflicted with blindness and a consequent inability to earn a livelihood by his art, was forced to bring up his child to the musical profession. For this she evinced peculiar aptitude. Her father took a house in Golden Square, where he gave weekly concerts or musical *conversazioni*. These were attended by some of the first people in the metropolis, and here she gave earnest of those abilities and accomplishments which she subsequently displayed. Her *début* was in 1714, in a *pasticcio* called "Creso," and she continued to enjoy popularity as a principal singer till 1724, when she left the stage.

Her retirement was supposed to have arisen from an insult offered by Senesino, — a singer we shall speak of presently; but the real cause was her marriage — not made public till more than ten years afterwards — with Lord Peterborough. This nobleman had distinguished himself for bravery during the war of the Spanish Succession. Whatever his physical bravery may have been, his moral courage does not appear to have been very striking. For a lengthened period he refused to recognize his wife as Lady Peterborough, till forced by circumstances to do so. It was a tardy piece of justice, since her position had exposed her to the taunts of the aristocracy.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu thus writes of her to a friend: "The fair lady rides through the town in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of £100 a month which 'tis said he allows her." The alliance, however, beyond all doubt, was from the beginning honorable. At first, on Lord Peterborough's part, it was intended to be otherwise; but the object of his attentions at once betrayed the utmost indignation at such a proposal. Lord Peterborough, too much smitten with her charms to abandon his suit, wooed and won her honorably. As a person of rare accomplishments and of a most amiable temper, she was worthy of a better partner. Her vocal power was not considerable and her execution was absolutely nothing as compared with Cuzzoni and others. Still, in her style, there was something telling, arising from the utter absence of any effort at display. As an ac-

trix she was very efficient, and quickly gained the good-will of the theatre by her modest deportment and her pleasing, expressive, though not by any means beautiful countenance.

About the period of Anastasia Robinson's marriage arrived in London one who is memorable as a singer of extraordinary power, Francesca Cuzzoni. She was born at Parma, and made her *début* at Venice in 1719. She came to England in 1723, and remained amongst us, in the enjoyment of unimpaired popularity, till 1729, when she returned to Italy. She visited England twice again, but on the last occasion she was old and songless. After this she went to Holland, where she became straitened in her purse, and was put into prison for debt. After delighting Europe with her voice, and receiving the homage of princes and nobles, Cuzzoni passed her closing years in great poverty, and was able to preserve herself from starvation by button-making.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

Cuzzoni's extravagance helped to ruin her, along with her violent and quarrelsome temper, which arrayed against her the whole musical world. Sometimes she would — as the saying is — meet with her match: as when on one occasion, refusing at a rehearsal to sing one of her songs in an opera of Handel's, the enraged composer threatened to throw her out of the window. No one, however, dared question Cuzzoni's wonderful excellence as a singer. Her voice, more especially the high notes, possessed three qualities seldom combined, namely, clearness, sweetness, and flexibility. She not merely evinced astonishing skill in the execution of hard passages, but did so in such a way as to veil from view the difficulties of the performance. Her interpretation of pathetic music would dissolve an audience in tears, while the refinement which she could bring to bear on notes, either as regards tone or duration, elicited the admiration of the learned. Her embellishments, apparently extemporaneous, often enriched a melody, and were always conceived in excellent taste. Her shake was perfection itself, and it seemed as if it would be impossible for her to sing out of tune.

At this period appeared an *artiste* of similar fame, Faustina Bordoni. She made her first appearance at Venice in 1716, and arrived in London in 1725. Cuzzoni was now in the zenith of her glory. Faustina, by no means her equal, was yet possessed of a very fine voice. Her range, however, was comparatively small, while her powers of expression were not striking. What voice she had she managed with unquestionable discretion, and her execution was distinct if not at times brilliant. Her throat seemed possessed of an immediate power of adaptation to any sort of measure, and transitions cost her no more trouble apparently than they would an instrument of music. The *tremolo*, which she could produce in unrivalled beauty, she is supposed to have been the first to employ. On the stage she was quite at home in all characters, and ever delighted the audience with her personal charms and most expressive countenance. To compare her with Cuzzoni would be out of the question. Faustina, however, possessed excellences not found in Cuzzoni's singing. In fact, they ought not to be contrasted, being of entirely different styles. But some of their hearers thought proper to institute comparisons between them.

The consequence of this was the formation among the opera-goers of a Faustina and a Cuzzoni party. Like as with Margherita de l' Epine and Mrs. Tofts, disturbances took place in the theatres but the contending factions in the Cuzzoni and Faustina affair belonged rather to aristocratic circles. Cuzzoni was upheld by the Countess of Pembroke and Sir Robert Walpole, the latter a host in himself, while Faustina's leading supporters were the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delawarr. The presence of royalty could not prevent the often unseemly scenes which arose from the fury of partisanship. We are told in the *London Journal* of that date that the combatants "proceeded at length to the melodious use of catcalls and other accompaniments." A poet of the day avenged the insulted majesty of music in the following lines:—

"Old poets sing that beasts did dance
Whenever Orpheus played;
So, to Faustina's charming voice
Wise Pembroke's asses brayed."

This state of things being found to injure the interests of the opera, the managers resolved to get rid of one or other of the two ladies. In this way these vocalists would for the future be prevented, at least in London, from coming, as they had once before at an evening party, to actual blows. Lady Pembroke made Cuzzoni swear she would never accept a smaller salary than Faustina. The directors of the opera persisted in offering Cuzzoni a guinea less than her rival, and the result was the departure of the former from our country. Faustina followed a few years subsequently, and met Cuzzoni abroad, where they became quite reconciled. Faustina's lot, after leaving London, was prosperous, and in this respect presents a forcible contrast to the melancholy career of Cuzzoni. Faustina married the celebrated Haase, who derived important assistance from his wife in managing the Dresden opera. Faustina, after fifteen years of undisputed sovereignty, was at last laid on the shelf in consequence of the appearance of another charming songstress, Regina Valentini. She is more generally known as Mingotti, from having married an old man of that name, manager of the Dresden theatre. He placed his bride under the tuition of the well-known Porpora. This put the crowning stroke to the excellent musical education she had received when inmate of a convent of the Ursulines at Gratz in Silesia. Mingotti rose rapidly into favor, and evoked genuine admiration, even that of the almost superannuated Faustina. Still there was a party raised against her, but she prevailed over all opposition. So complete was her triumph that the English minister at the Court of Dresden, Sir Charles Williams, once publicly apologized to her for having ever expressed a doubt respecting her abilities. She left Dresden and visited Naples, Madrid, and London. In the last city she created quite a sensation, and excited, like Cuzzoni, feuds among the nobility.

Mingotti was induced, on the retirement, from bankruptcy, of Vaneschi, manager of the London opera, to embark along with Giardini, a great violin-player, in the undertaking. Like many others they were brought to ruin. Mingotti lost the fortune she had accumulated, and having left England in despair, settled finally at Munich. In her prime she was regarded as the first singer in Europe, and received offers of employment at all the chief Continental theatres. With a superb voice was united a brilliant execution. Afraid of no passage, however intricate, she would come off splendidly victorious

in the performance of the most difficult opera. Haase, who was jealous of her on account of the waning powers of his wife, Faustina, used to compose songs which would expose the weak notes—as he was envious enough to consider them—of Mingotti's voice. But the malicious scheme of the old fox always proved abortive. Along with unequalled vocalization in every different style, Mingotti combined a superior knowledge of music and language. She spoke German, French, and Italian with so much ease as to render it impossible to decide which was her mother tongue. She was likewise acquainted with Spanish and English, and even understood Latin. Had she possessed in a higher degree that great passport to histrionic success, namely, a beautiful and voluptuous form, as well as feminine softness, she would have been as great a celebrity as most of the other singers of the eighteenth century. However, as a vocalist, and especially a musician, she seems to have surpassed them all. Had she sung at the modern opera, she would have elicited, if not admiration, certainly unbounded applause.

The next singer we shall mention is one which most have heard of, Caterina Gabrielli. Unlike Mingotti, Gabrielli was possessed of rare beauty, and were it not for a very capricious and uncertain temper, it was said by one who was acquainted with her, that she would have dealt out a too widely diffused destruction amongst mankind. As it was, every man in Europe seemed smitten with her charms. She is described by a writer of a book of travels in Sicily and Malta as "the most dangerous Siren of modern times." Her singing was transcendent, so much so as totally to abash all who appeared with her on the stage. On one occasion she exerted herself,—which, indeed, she would not always do, often merely humming her songs, i. e. *sotto voce*, as the Italians say,—and the result was, that the principal male singer abandoned all hope of future fame, and bursting into tears, ran off behind the scenes! Gabrielli's progress through Europe was one uninterrupted ovation. Her musical conquests were as immediate and decisive as the military exploits of the imperial general who wrote to the Roman Senate the despatch, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. Gabrielli's success being in defiance of her impetuous, uncertain, and insolent disposition, her vocal powers must have been beyond all praise. Many expedients were adopted to neutralize her caprice. That which was found to answer the purpose best was to place some favored suitor—and of suitors she had many—in a prominent position in front of her in the pit. This, at first a fortunate device, soon lost its efficacy. She had, however, many redeeming qualities; amongst others, that of being charitable. She could gratify her benevolent impulses out of the high payments she demanded and received for her professional services. Catherine II., who had invited her to St. Petersburg, inquired of Gabrielli her terms. "Five thousand ducats," was the reply. "Five thousand ducats!" rejoined the Empress; "why none of my field-m Marshals are in receipt of such a sum." "Her Majesty had better ask some of her field-m Marshals to sing," observed Gabrielli. The money was paid, and Gabrielli had the court and the whole city in ecstasy. This was something, because the opera at this time was well supplied through the discrimination and enterprise of the queen, who employed such musical directors as Galuppi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello. In the midst of these triumphs, Gabrielli was solicited to visit London. She was not at first anx-

ious to do so; alleging as a reason, that with the English—they were a nation so ferocious—her inveterate habit of caprice would cost her her life. She felt that it was scarcely safe to venture among a people who, if enraged, would, as she said, murder her. There were times when, really sick and unable to sing, she was thought to be wayward. The English, no more than foreigners, ascribing it to indisposition, would inflict summary vengeance for her caprice. Mingotti was accustomed to exclaim, that the people in London could not understand any human being to be seized with a fever, a cold, or a toothache except a singer. Gabrielli, however, overcame her apprehensions, and visited London. The great things that were expected of her, from the fame she had achieved on the Continent, created an exaggerated standard of perfection, and when she failed to reach this, people in their disappointment did not fully award her her due. Gabrielli, besides, was not actually young, though she looked so. Her voice—though exquisitely sweet—not being powerful, was not calculated to please those who hitherto had been astonished by the wonderful organs of Cuzzoni and Farinelli.

Gabrielli, however, made a great impression in society on account of the polish of her manners and the extent of her information. All this was the achievement of genius, for she was the daughter of a cardinal's cook, and derived from this circumstance the sobriquet of "La Cuochetina," which, as she ascended the ladder of fame, she contrived to expunge from her armorial bearings.

It is sufficient to mention, without dwelling upon them, the names of Durastanti, Senesino, and Benedetti (a mere charlatan). The first two were principal singers of the company formed by Handel for the Royal Academy. Senesino came after Nicolini, and was a good actor, with a sweet and powerful *contralto* voice. But a supereminent singer, and perhaps the greatest performer of his own or any other age, remains yet to be noticed, the famous Farinelli. This title, said to have been received from the circumstance of his father having been a flour-merchant, in point of fact, arose from his becoming a *protégé* of the Farina family. Carlo Broschi, his proper name, was born at Andria, in the Neapolitan district, in 1705. He, like so many able singers of the time, was a pupil of Porpora's. This distinguished preceptor, observing Farinelli's extraordinary vocal powers, paid him unusual attention; nor did the disciple disappoint his careful training. So early as seventeen years of age he evinced those unrivalled qualities which afterwards raised him to the rank of the first singer in Europe. His success commenced at Rome, when he sung the celebrated song with an *obligato* accompaniment for the trumpet. In sustaining power of voice he far eclipsed the performer on the trumpet. After visiting different cities with undiminished popularity, more especially Vienna, he came to London about 1734, and was engaged by his old master, Porpora, to perform at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in opposition to the opera under Handel.

It is a curious fact in relation to Handel, when he went abroad to embody a staff of singers, that he chose Senesino in preference to Farinelli. The folly of the selection was quickly apparent: Farinelli was able to command an enormous salary, and became quite the rage of London. The fashionable world, in its efforts at homage, really seemed to have gone mad. It was regarded as an essential qualification in society to have heard Farinelli sing.

Every one appeared to vie with his neighbor in heaping the most extravagant presents upon him. Those who are familiar with Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" may remember one engraving which is intended to ridicule the Farinelli mania. The matchless painter of the foibles and profligacy of human nature holds up to reprobation the piece of blasphemy of which some lady had been guilty, when, in order to attest her enthusiasm after having heard Carlo Broschi, she cried out, "One God and one Farinelli!" The town, however, grew in a manner tired, not of Farinelli, but of the repetition of his performances. "There is always," says Colley Cibber, in his well-known apology, "such a rage for novelty at the opera that within these two years we have seen even Farinelli sing to an audience of five-and-thirty-pounds." Having stayed in London about three years, he left England with the intention of returning the year following.

His purpose was frustrated by an invitation from the Queen of Spain. He repaired to Madrid, and found that his presence was required to sing for the demented king. His Majesty had hitherto refused to take any part in public affairs, or even attend to his person. It was supposed that he might be roused from his lethargy by music, of which he was particularly fond. The remedy was very successful. Farinelli became a great favorite with the king, who conferred upon him the highest honors. Some say that he became Prime Minister at the Spanish Court, which is perhaps going too far; but at all events he possessed the king's full confidence, had access to the private apartments in the palace at all times, and enjoyed the magnificent allowance yearly of £3,000. But though suddenly elevated over the heads of the proudest aristocracy in Europe, Farinelli contrived to make few, if indeed any, enemies. His behavior under prosperity must therefore have been judicious and temperate; yet some murmured.

Once he was going into the king's room, and an old officer of the guard grumbled out, "Honors can be heaped on such scoundrels as this, while a poor soldier, thirty years in the army, remains neglected." Farinelli told the king that he had passed over a meritorious servant, and procured a regiment for the old officer. Others again were eager to express their admiration. Farinelli once ordered a splendid suit of clothes of very costly material. The tailor refused all payment, and asked in return what he said was fit only for monarchs, namely, a song from Farinelli. The great *artiste*, highly gratified, sang his best for the enraptured tradesman, and put double the amount of his bill into the tailor's hand. After the death of Philip V., Farinelli maintained his post at the Spanish Court under Ferdinand VI. This monarch was induced to establish an opera, which under the directorship of Farinelli soon attained a flourishing condition. Charles III., however, Ferdinand's successor, dispensed with Farinelli's services, and ordered him to quit Spain.

This monarch had a regular dislike for music, and hushed its tones within the precincts of the palace. In consideration of Farinelli's lengthened engagement—twenty-four years—he was permitted to retain his pension. The king, however, was determined to make the singer always sensible of his dependence by forbidding him to reside in any country except Italy, or in any of its towns except Bologna.

The remainder of Farinelli's days were passed in retirement. He amused himself with the charms of song; and when he had ceased to toy with these, he

gave himself up to performing on his piano-fortes. Of such he had collected a good many, calling them after the leading painters of Italy, and making them occupy corresponding places in his favor. He also carried on a constant correspondence with the celebrated Metastasio, the Shakespeare of the Italian lyric stage, who from the very first was an enthusiastic admirer of Farinelli, and early predicted his musical triumphs. Farinelli's closing years were tinged with the melancholy arising from what to any Italian was as severe and depressing as exile itself, namely, banishment from the scene of his best and happiest days.

The tone of his letters to Metastasio, and the old poet's anodyne sympathy, show the depth in his heart to which this source of poignant sorrow had penetrated. It does not appear, however, that such hourly disquietude exercised any abridgment over his life, as his death did not take place until he was seventy-seven years of age. He was naturally of an iron constitution, the result, no doubt, of that firmly-compacted organization evidenced in the performance of the astonishing feats in singing with which he inaugurated his professional career. But though these alone could not substantiate his claim to eminence, yet they at least prove his power of vocal sustentation. As regards the difficulties of execution involved in these *bravura* songs, they are such as are quite attainable by even the ordinary professionals of our day. Yet still the accounts which we have of Farinelli, and that, too, from the best judges at the time, justify the opinion that in richness of quality, truth of tone, power of exciting the feelings, — that in volume and the perfect subjection of the organ to the will of the singer, Farinelli's voice never has been, possibly never will be, surpassed, if ever equalled. It was a curious turn then in his fortune — some would call it misfortune — that for so long a time he should have been doomed to a comparative suspension of his great vocal powers.

During his residence in Spain he was, for ten years, allowed to do nothing else than sing daily the same four airs for the king. Farinelli, however, being a man of enlarged and cultivated understanding, found, no doubt, much to employ his leisure hours. His salary at the Court was far superior to that which, taking into consideration all the uncertainties of even the most brilliant professional life, together with its reckless extravagance, he could earn by constant employment at the opera. He probably felt this; and being naturally of an easy temperament, remained satisfied. Besides, like most men possessed of genuine power, he did not evince that morbid desire after display and publicity which are too frequently the concomitants of mere pretence.

The foregoing are the principal singers of the last century. There can be no doubt that, in some respects, many of them have never been equalled. Their superiority may have been occasionally the result of physical conformation; thus Banti, of whom we shall say a word presently, bequeathed her larynx to the municipal authorities of Bologna. It was found to be of enormous size, and was placed in a glass vial to be preserved in the usual way. Two qualities in the voices of the eighteenth appear comparatively absent from those of the nineteenth century, — flexibility and sustaining power. The decline of both of these may, perhaps, be traceable to some of the more recent composers; whose music, presenting none of the difficulties of execution inseparable from the classical style, affords singers the

temptation of neglecting to cultivate agility in the vocal organ.

In sustaining power we are deficient likewise, and the cause perhaps is this: the richness of modern instrumentation, consequent on the improvement and multiplication of musical instruments, and the imitation of such models as those of Beethoven and Mozart, have betrayed composers into the snare of exaggerating the proportion of the orchestral score. This produces that cataract of sound to be heard above which necessitates so constant a strain on the voice as must induce premature decay. But to follow up this subject would bring us into quite a different track of inquiry from that we have been pursuing.

We shall, therefore, conclude with a brief mention of the remaining celebrities. Lavinia Fenton, the famous Polly Peachum, was a charming singer in the ballad style. She was a still more charming girl, and made conquests to no end. At last she yielded to the amorous voice of the Duke of Bolton, who made her Duchess of Bolton; that is, married her after his wife's decease. In reference to this affair, which caused great scandal, Swift coarsely writes, "The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled four hundred a year during pleasure, and upon disagreement two hundred more." Mrs. Clive deserves notice rather for her acting than her singing. The latter, passable in ballads, was intolerable in anything beyond these.

Superior both in voice and musical education was Miss Arne, afterwards the wife of Colley Cibber. She was sister to the famous Dr. Arne, who soon rose into eminence as a composer of operas. In these he displayed considerable artistic skill as well as originality in melody. The piece that entitles him to his highest commendation is the music in Milton's "Comus." Arne married a young lady who had already shown herself an accomplished vocalist, Miss Cecilia Young. She was an excellent musician, and had been a pupil of the famous Geminiani. She was a constant performer in Handel's oratorios with John Beard. He had a splendid tenor voice, and succeeded not only in music, but in love, having won the hand of Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, and daughter of Lord Waldegrave. Surviving his wife, he married a daughter of Rich, and subsequently became one of the proprietors and managers of Covent Garden. On his retirement from the stage he spent his closing years in opulence. Beard had a rival, one Lowe. Had this man been a musician he would have far eclipsed Beard, and probably would have been one of the finest singers in Europe at the time. Giving the names merely of Storace, Crouch, Bannister, Guadagni, Mellico, Cecilia Davies (called in Italy *L'Inglesina*), Pacchierotti, Rubinelli, Marchesi, and Chantilly, better known as Madame Favart, we come to three female singers, who created a great sensation, — Madame Mara, Banti, and Mrs. Billington.

Madame Mara was the daughter of Herr Schmaling. Her father, in endeavoring to bring her under the notice of Frederick at Berlin, was mortified to find that the court singer, Morelli, had reported unfavorably of her. "She sings like a German," said Morelli. "I'd as soon have the neighing of my horse," rejoined the king. Morelli, however, was no musician, indeed a man of no education whatever, having been originally an under servant in Lord Cowper's household. Schmaling's daughter soon triumphed over Morelli's malice, and became a dis-

tinguished *artiste*. She married Mara, a worthless and dissipated character, belonging to the Berlin orchestra, and eloped afterwards with a flute-player called Florio. Madame Mara was a good deal before the London public, and was well received. In Paris, she produced a ferment of enthusiasm, and the notorious rivalry between the Maratistes and Todistes. The former were her own patrons and the latter those of Madame Todi, a Portuguese singer. A gentleman at the time being once asked which he preferred, replied, "Ah, monsieur, c'est bientôt dit."

Mrs. Billington (formerly Miss Weichsell) had a brilliant career both in London and Naples. Her voice was deficient in volume, though she always made the best of it, and was a judicious actress. She had no great predilection for the stage, from which she retired at a very early period, though on her arrival at Naples, and subsequently in London, she virtually rescinded this resolution. Mrs. Billington is so far memorable in the annals of our musical drama as having appeared in "Clemenza di Tito," the first of the works of the great Mozart brought out in London.

At this period came into notice another *artiste* of much celebrity, Madame Banti. She was the daughter of Georgi, a Venetian gondolier, and rose to eminence from the lowly avocation of first a street and then a tavern singer. In Paris she enchanted everybody, and her singing produced in London a similar effect. With us £100 yearly was deducted from her salary to pay for musical instruction. She had three distinguished preceptors, Sacchini, Piozzi (well known as Mrs. Thrale's second husband), and Abel. None of these could overcome Banti's indisposition to submit to the drudgery of teaching. They were forced, therefore, to abandon her to her careless and indolent disposition. With all her want of musical knowledge, Banti, however, relied—and with astonishing success—on nature. Quite unable to read music, her genius bore her aloft over all difficulties. She put all that heard her into raptures. Her voice possessed a fine compass, and in the intermediate notes extraordinary power. Banti's superb qualities as a vocalist were the result of organization, as her present to the Bolognese, already noticed, would seem to indicate. After her were Grassini, Catalani, and others; but though born in the eighteenth, they belong, as regards performance, to the nineteenth century.

We close our catalogue with a name that may be written in letters of gold on the page of musical history,—that of Caffarelli. His real name was Gaetano Majorano. He was born in 1703, and was the son of a Neapolitan peasant. Like all the distinguished singers of that time, he visited London, where, however, he did not make a very great impression, owing, as some have thought, to the fact that he came after Farinelli, who had recently left England for the Spanish Court. The true cause of his not singing to advantage in London was constant indisposition. As regards any comparison unfavorable to himself with Farinelli; it had been said by Porpora, who was the instructor of both, that Caffarelli was the superior vocalist. Caffarelli, endowed with the shyness so often a concomitant of genius, was frequently pronounced a failure or considered capricious, when the real influence at work was bashfulness.

A royal personage once went behind the scenes and told Caffarelli that his wife would allow no singer to be capable of pleasing her except Farinelli. "Now Caffarelli," said the prince, clapping him on

the shoulder, "do exert yourself and cure the princess of this prejudice." "Sir," replied the nettled Caffarelli, "her Highness shall to-night hear two Farinellis in one." Garrick said of Caffarelli, that "though old (over sixty) he has pleased me more than all the singers I ever heard." Caffarelli died at Naples in 1783, in his eightieth year. He lived there in great splendor in the magnificent mansion which he had built for himself out of the fortune he had amassed. His large professional gains are an earnest of his having realized the expectations of his discriminating preceptor. The fame thus predicted and won supplies a justification of the curious mode of instruction adopted by his instructor. Caffarelli for five years sang nothing but a set of scales written down on one sheet of paper. The pupil finding in the sixth year his patience beginning to give way, inquired of his master as to when it was likely that he would get beyond the rudiments of his art. "Young man," said Porpora, "you may leave me, you have nothing more to learn; you are the greatest singer in the world."

THE ONE-LEGGED LIEUTENANT.

THE manly form of that fine old sailor comes, when I mention his name, as clearly before my mind's eye as if I had seen him but yesterday; and yet many a year has passed by and his place has been successively filled with other noble veterans who have braved the battle and the breeze, since he went aloft to enjoy the rest of the brave and true,—Christians not only in name, but in deed,—lions in battle, but gentle, loving, and faithful when war was over and peace had returned.

There he sits;—mark his fine, broad, massive countenance; his clear blue eyes,—honesty and truth in every glance; his cheery and benignant smile; the light hair, which once clustered thickly, still curling from under his cap; that broad palm stretched out to offer a friendly greeting, once wont to grasp a cutlass in the deadly fight, or hold the hard and slippery rope as in a vice. The Lieutenant's undress uniform, so suited to set off that expansive chest, those strong arms and fine figure, and then projecting from beneath the loose trouser that timber-toe which had served him from youth to old age, and which he refused to exchange for one of more elegant form,—consistent in all things, and hating even the thought of being supported by a sham. Those who knew him as I did (and there are many alive both in the Hospital and out of it who did so) will acknowledge that I have not over-colored his portrait, but that, looked up to by the pensioners as an elder brother and a real friend, regarded by his equals with the sincerest affection, and trusted and honored by his superiors in rank, Lieutenant R— was a perfect specimen of the true-hearted British seaman and officer of the old school.

While he lived I made many pleasant visits to the Hospital to pay him my respects, and he used to search out from among the pensioners seamen who had sailed with officers I knew, or whose actions I wished to recount, and knowing my object, he would encourage them to narrate their own adventures, though it must be confessed, that, like many old officers, he was over-modest about speaking of his own gallant deeds, and it was not often that I found him in the humor to recount them. I am, therefore, it is right to state, partly indebted to a manuscript which he sent me in his own handwriting, and part-

ly to other sources, for some of the details of the following narrative.

Let us suppose him seated on one of those easy benches on the lower terrace of the Hospital, with the wings of that noble pile rising on either side, the school buildings, and the model ship behind us, overtopped by the observatory and the green trees of the park; and in front, the river with its moving panorama of vessels of all rigs and sizes, from the tall Indiaman and American trader to the dark-colored collier and humble canal-barge. He pushes his cap, as is his wont, from off his brow, stretches out his wooden leg, makes a cabalistic sign or two on the ground with his stick, and leaning back, thus begins:—

"I went to sea in the Victory before I was ten years old, and even then I soon learnt to love the old ship, though I little thought the name she was to win for herself in naval history. There she is as I knew her, when I stepped on board for the first time in 1795, under the command of Captain John Knight." And he unrolled a print of the Victory somewhat yellow and worn from handling, though carefully preserved in a case. I observed from the date under it that the print was engraved in 1793, when the Victory bore Lord Hood's flag at Toulon. "Observe," he continued, "she had no entering port at that time, nor at Trafalgar,—the main channels were below the main deck ports, and the mizzen channels below the quarter-deck. The stern galleries were removed, and the stern made flat like the Dreadnought in 1804. The Dreadnought was the first three-decker ship built without stern-walks, and she was launched in 1801, and the model of her stern was so much admired that the Victory was altered to the same.

"There have been no less than four ships in the Royal Navy of the same name:—

"The first Victory was built at Deptford, in the year 1620, and mounted 82 guns. She was broken up in 1690.

"The second was built at Portsmouth in 1675, and mounted 100 guns. She was taken to pieces at Chatham, and rebuilt in 1695, and then named the Royal George, but her name was afterwards changed back to the Victory. By being taken to pieces, it must be understood that the defective timbers and planking only were removed, and that the same framework was replaced, so that she was substantially the same ship. She was finally taken to pieces in 1721.

"The third was built at Portsmouth in 1739, and carried 100 guns. Her fate was a disastrous one. Sir John Balchen had his flag flying on board her in 1744, when returning with a squadron from Gibraltar. She had a full complement of a thousand men, besides fifty volunteers, sons of the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom, had joined her on the breaking out of war with France, that they might see service under so good a commander. On the 3d of October the fleet was overtaken by a violent storm, in which several of the ships were much shattered. On the 4th, the Victory separated from the fleet, and was never more heard of. It is supposed that she struck on the Caskets, as, from the testimony of the men who attend the lights, and the inhabitants of the island of Alderney, many guns were heard on the 4th and 5th of October, but the weather was too tempestuous to hazard boats out to their assistance.

"The fourth Victory is the ship now in existence. She was built in a dock at Chatham, and floated out

in the year 1765. She was always a favorite ship, and generally selected for a Commander-in-Chief's flag. She has seen more service than any other ship in the navy, and her qualifications far surpassed any other ship, even at the present day. She was fast both by and large, weatherly, steered like a fish, very sensitive,—a spoke of the helm was enough. As a boy of fourteen years of age, I have steered her under topsails, top-gallant sails, courses, jib and spanker.

"Her armament at Trafalgar was as follows:—

Lower deck	82-pounders	28
Middle deck	24 "	28
Main deck	12 "	28
Quarter deck	12 "	10
Forecastle	12 "	2
Carronades	68 "	2

Making a total of 98

While we had two 12-pounders in the hold. We had six kegs made to fit the 68-pounder carronades, each keg containing 172 three-ounce iron balls. One with a round shot in addition prevented the Frenchmen in the Redoubtable from boarding, and that discharge killed and wounded 400 men. However, I have something to tell you about before I come to that time. I remained in the Victory for four years, during which period I saw no inconsiderable amount of service. I had not long to wait before I was in action, and had received my first wound. The Victory bore the flag of Rear-Admiral Robert Mann, under Admiral Hotham.

"We were early in July of that year (1795) refitting in St. Fiorenzo Bay, when a squadron, which had been despatched under Captain Nelson to call off Genoa, was seen in the offing pursued by the French fleet, which it was supposed were at Toulon. Although we were actually in the midst of watering and refitting, by the extraordinary exertions of every officer and man, the whole fleet was enabled to weigh that night with the land wind. This was on the 7th. We made sail in chase, but could see nothing of them, till on the morning of the 13th, the Hieres Islands being in sight, a fleet was discovered to leeward on the starboard tack, consisting of seventeen sail of the line and three frigates, while we had twenty-one sail of the line, a frigate, and two sloops, the wind blowing strong from the N.N.W., attended with a heavy swell.

"Admiral Hotham formed the fleet so as to keep the wind of the enemy, in the hopes of cutting them off from the land, only five leagues distant. It being evident, however, that their object was to avoid a battle, the signal was made for a general chase, and to engage the enemy as the ships should arrive up with them in succession. The Victory was one of the leading ships, and I can even now remember our vexation and annoyance as we found the wind gradually dying away. Now it breezed up again, and by crowding all sail we gained on the enemy. Our hearts beat quick as the chance of getting into action returned. There was the Agamemnon, you may be sure, not far off, and a few others of the best sailers; but the greater part of the fleet lay becalmed in the offing. Even then Nelson was thinking, I dare say, that the Victory would be the ship to suit him.

"At length, the breeze holding steady, we got the aftermost ships of the enemy within range of our guns, and no time was lost in opening in good earnest. It was warm work while it lasted. The French returned our fire with plenty of spirit, but

they could n't stand then, and never could stand, the way in which our crews handled their guns. The Frenchmen's shots were, however, telling upon us. We had already some killed and several wounded, but that only made us stick to them with more resolution, for our great fear was that they might get away.

"Their ships were getting pretty severely handled. One especially, *L'Alcide*, of 74 guns, was brought to such a condition that we had great hopes of capturing her. We poured our broadsides into her even more rapidly than before. At that moment a round shot came through our bulwarks, and I fell bleeding to the deck; but I was up again in a minute. A couple of splinters had made two ugly wounds in my arm, but I got a messmate to bind it up, for I was afraid the doctor would be sending me below, and I would not have left the deck just then on any account. No, indeed; for a shout reached my ears, — it was echoed from ship to ship, — down had come the flag of *L'Alcide*. She was the first ship I ever saw captured. What cared I then for my wound? Nothing, even if it had been ten times as severe. Meanwhile there was a slant of wind favorable for the French, which enabled them to stand into Frejus Bay, where Admiral Hotham considered that it would be imprudent to follow, as some of our leading ships, which had alone been engaged with a far greater number of the enemy, had received a considerable amount of damage. We were to have another disappointment. As our boats were showing off to take possession of the captured seventy-four, we observed flames, proceeding, it appeared, from the foretop. Almost directly, even before the boats could reach the ship, fire was seen to descend down the masts, and to envelope the whole fore-rigging. The boats of all the ships near were immediately sent away, and there was a race among them which should be first to render assistance to their perishing fellow-creatures. It was an enterprise of the greatest danger, though; for not only were the shotted guns rapidly going off, but it was too probable that the ship herself would blow up, and involve all around her in destruction.

"Still undaunted, our brave fellows pulled on to the scene of danger. Once alongside, they received as many as they could hold, and returned to the fleet, which, for their own safety, could not venture near. Once more the boats put off to pick up the unfortunate Frenchmen, who, fearing every instant the inevitable catastrophe, were leaping from the burning wreck, — some to swim, others to float on gratings or spars, and many to drown helplessly alongside. The awful moment was not long in coming. Up went the ship with a terrific roar in a body of flame, her burning spars, and planks, and shattered fragments scattered far and wide, — nearly four hundred human beings perishing at that instant with her, about three hundred having been saved by our boats, and by those of the French which were near enough to come to her assistance, and which, of course, were allowed to return unmolested to their ships. Such is war! I saw many similar scenes during my career; but this, as the first of its kind, made a deeper impression on me than any others.

"Captain (afterwards Sir Robert) Calder succeeded Captain Knight, and Sir John Jervis hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, as commander-in-chief of a fleet destined to gain one of Old England's most important victories. There was the *Culloden*, 74, commanded by Sir Thomas Troubridge; the *Orion*, 74, by Sir James Saumarez; the *Barfleur*, by Cap-

tain Dacres; the *Captain*, by Nelson; the *Excellent*, by Collingwood. It makes one's heart warm to think of those men, who, aided by others equally brave but less known to fame, did so much not only to support the honor and glory of England, but in the end to secure to her the blessings of a long and prosperous peace.

"We had at one time but ten sail of the line and a few frigates cruising with us off the coast of Portugal, though it was known that a vastly superior Spanish fleet was in the neighborhood. We were afterwards joined by Admiral Parker with five sail of the line, and then by Commodore Nelson, in *La Minerve*, frigate, who reported that he had been chased by the Spanish fleet off the Straits. He (that is, Nelson) on this shifted his flag to the *Captain*; and on the night of the 13th of February, 1797, we got so near the Spaniards that we could distinctly hear their signal-guns. Captain Foote, of the *Niger*, who had for several days been keeping close to them, brought us information which left us no doubt that the next morning we should be at them in earnest. We were not disappointed. On a dark and hazy morning (the 14th), at eight o'clock, we threw out the signal to form in two lines in close order, and directly afterwards to prepare for battle. The *Culloden* leading, at half past eleven the squadron opened fire as we passed in close order through the enemy's line, completely separating their ships; and then each of our ships tackled one or more of theirs as they best could get hold of them. Saying this, I give you as perfect a notion of the battle as I, or I believe any one else who was in it, possesses.

"I need not tell you the oft-repeated tale of how the brave Nelson took by boarding the *San Nicholas*, and then, without stopping, passed on into the big *San Josef*; how Collingwood, compelling the *San Isidoro* to strike, passed on to the assistance of the *Captain*; and how we in the *Victory*, while placed on the lee quarter of the *Salvador del Mundo*, gave her so hard a hammering that she too hauled down her flag. It was my first general engagement, and a pretty warm one. We captured four sail of the line, the *Salvador del Mundo* and the *San Josef*, each of 112 guns; the *San Nicholas*, of 80, and the *San Isidoro*, 74. We then formed a strong line to protect our prizes, which the enemy, with several fresh ships, wished to retake, but they dared not make the attempt. We lost in killed and wounded 300 men, and the Spaniards, in the four ships we took from them, 700, and of course in those which escaped many more. We narrowly escaped losing our prizes, and perhaps some of our own ships, by a heavy gale, the tail of which we felt in the evening. We had happily brought up in Lagos Bay, on the coast of Portugal, where we were able to secure them. As it was, most of the ships had their sheet anchors down, and some of them their spare ones, the sea breaking furiously on the rock-fringed shore of the bay, where the fishermen had lighted fires, expecting the wreck of the whole fleet. The *Victory* herself dragged her anchors, and it was not till we had dropped our spare anchors that we brought up with four ahead, and rode out the remainder of the gale. That night was not one which a youngster was likely to forget in a hurry.

"For this important action, fought off Cape St. Vincent, Sir John Jervis was made Earl St. Vincent, and our captain, Sir Robert Calder, a baronet. Other captains received similar honors. From what Nelson did on that occasion, it would have required

no prophet to foretell the greatness he must achieve, should life be spared him. As to opportunity, he was sure to make that for himself. He was knighted for this action, and received the freedom of the city of London. On Captain Calder going home, Captain George Grey (afterwards Commissioner Grey) took command, and he was succeeded by Captain Stothey and Captain Cuming. In spite of all changes Istuck to the old ship, though I must say that I thought her day of glory was over when she was turned into a dépôt for prisoners of war at Chatham. There were those, however, who knew her good qualities. As I said, Nelson had had his eye on her, and so had Captain Grey; and after she was paid off in 1799, she received a thorough repair, and was recommissioned in 1803, when I again was fortunate enough to rejoin her; the more fortunate, because Lord Nelson had selected her as his flagship.

"We sailed from Spithead for Brest, and then proceeded to Malta to join the Mediterranean fleet. I could tell you something about the way that fleet had been fitted out, — a fleet on which the destinies of England might have been said to hang. It was a disgrace to the dockyard authorities, — so scanty and bad the stores, so rotten the rigging, so ill-found were most of them in all respects. Lord Nelson had taken good care that the Victory should be in fighting condition and fit for sea, but even he had not power to look after others, — only the power of complaining. It is my firm conviction that more ships have been lost from being ill-found than from bad seamanship; and that thousands of lives have been lost from the peculation, ignorance, carelessness, and roguery of all sorts, of which the dockyard officials have been guilty.

"The memorable year of 1805 arrived, and we commenced that chase of the French fleet across the Atlantic and back which was to terminate in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. Our run out from Cape St. Vincent to Barbadoes was 3,227 miles, and back from Barbuda 3,459 miles, our average run per day being about 34 leagues. The object of the French Emperor, in thus sending Admiral Ville-neuve to the west, was to draw the English fleet away from the British Channel, and allow him to send an expedition across to Ireland. In this expectation, however, Napoleon was disappointed by our speedy return, and at length, when the French and Spanish fleets had joined, trusting to their superiority in numbers, he ordered them to attack the English fleet, in the belief that they could overwhelm us. Thanks to this belief, the Franco-Spanish fleet no longer, as before, declined giving us battle, when at length, after hunting about for them in every direction, we fell in with them not far off Cadiz.

"I am not going to give you an account of the Battle of Trafalgar. It is well known that the glorious old Victory led the weather column, in spite of the wish of many of his officers that Lord Nelson would allow the *Téméraire* to take the post of honor and of danger. I had had the honor of being appointed to act as one of his lordship's aides-de-camp. Neither, as I said, will I stop to tell you how he looked, and what he said. Just twenty minutes before noon, up went the signal, 'ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY,' and just ten minutes past noon, the Royal Sovereign, bearing the flag of Admiral Collingwood, commenced the action by pouring her fire into the *Santa Anna*, killing and wounding four hundred of her crew, and directly after raking the *Fougeux*. It was then that Nelson exclaimed, 'See how that

noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!' While Lord Collingwood is reported to have said to his captain, 'Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!'

"Hardly half an hour passed by before we were regularly in action, though the Spaniards and French had, for some time, been firing long shots at us. However, when at last they did open fire, they did it in earnest; but we repaid them with interest when we got alongside the *Bucentaure*, and never have ships in any action been exposed to a more terrific fire than we were on that occasion. On every side numbers of my shipmates were falling, killed and wounded; but, notwithstanding, I did not fancy that I was to be hit. Suddenly I felt myself knocked over, and a sensation as if my head had been carried off. A large splinter had struck me, and knocked several of my teeth down my throat. I was, however, soon again on my legs, and close by Lord Nelson, ready to receive any commands he might have to give. Not many minutes had passed when again I was struck down, and this time I knew that matters were much worse with me, for, without the doctors telling me, I saw that a round shot had taken off my leg. But what cared I even now, for the day was going with us, and I was sure we should come off victorious? I was comforted, too, by the concern Lord Nelson showed for me, and I heard him say, as he turned to Captain Hardy, 'Hardy, take care that that lad is looked after if he recovers, as I hope he will.' Little did I think that my noble chief would himself in a few minutes more be in a worse plight than I was.*

"Trafalgar was won; and though I believe Nelson died at the happiest moment for his fame, we, who knew him best, grieved as children for a father. Whether or not his last requests were attended to, my position as an old one-legged lieutenant is some sort of an answer. On arriving in England, I was sent to the hospital at Portsmouth, and then, to my great satisfaction, received notice of my promotion to that rank which I have now held for nearly half a century. I should say that I was presented with a gratuity, on account of my wounds, from the Patriotic Fund, and ten years afterwards received a pension of £91 5s. per annum; so that, when I come to think of it, I have no great reason to complain. Say I have received £4,000 in upwards of forty years for living on shore and doing nothing for it during that time, besides my half-pay and the emoluments of the berths I have occupied; but what I have felt, and what numbers have felt, was forced idleness for so many years; and then, worse than all, no promotion! I was first lieutenant of a seventy-four, bearing an admiral's flag, and every other officer holding that position was promoted, and here am I a lieutenant, because I had no interest, and had a wooden leg! My promotion, thinking that it was the first step up the ratlines, did much to cure me, and now, with a wooden leg, I was again ready for duty. I was appointed to the *Princess of Orange*, 74, and in a few months discharged into the *Otter* sloop, on board of which I served for the best part of a year, being next appointed to the *Cossack*, 24, Captain Digby. While I was serving in her, she was ordered to join the expedition to Copenhagen, under Lord Gambier, when we were again compelled to destroy or capture the fleet of the unfor-

* On being carried below, Lieutenant R—— called for a knife, and was found by the surgeon cutting away at his splintered leg, as he said, to save trouble.

fortunate Danes, of which, otherwise, Napoleon would have made use for the purpose of attacking England. I had not been in her long before I became her first lieutenant, and from that time for upwards of ten years acted always as first lieutenant of the various ships on board which I served.

"While in the *Cossack*, I was constantly engaged in boat-service, both in the *Little Belt*, intercepting vessels which might be passing with troops, and afterwards on the coasts of Spain and France. It was on one of these occasions that I met with the adventure of which I promised to give you an account. We had been for some time off Brest, and that neighborhood, and used constantly to pull in at night to intercept vessels which, when the tide and wind favored them, crept along shore from port to port. One evening, the breeze being off shore, and the night promising to be dark, as there was little doubt that prizes might be made, Captain Digby directed me to take command of three boats, and to pull in, while the *Cossack*, to deceive the enemy, stood off the land. Any vessels we might capture we were to send out, provided we had force sufficient remaining to render it possible to take any further prizes. I had with me in the pinnace a midshipman, Samber, and several additional hands, and the two other boats commanded by master's mates had, besides their proper crews, as many men as they could conveniently carry.

Though the night became very dark,—darker almost than was convenient,—the weather was fine, and there was every chance, if we could but see them, of making some captures. We had left the ship some time before night came on; but there was no likelihood, I considered, that we could have been seen from the shore, and it was dark enough when we reached the ground over which vessels must pass, keeping along the coast. To the westward, for some distance, there was no port; but a league or so to the east there was the little harbor of *Ivres*, capable only of holding small craft. We had not long to wait before a tall, dark object appeared, gliding slowly over the smooth water, coming from the westward. She was a large craft, I saw, probably an armed vessel, and, if we could take her by surprise, we might gain an easy and bloodless victory. Our boats were close together. I told them to wait quietly till we were perceived, and then to dash alongside. She was almost in the middle of us before we were perceived, and in half a minute, not a pistol having been fired, we were on her deck. I sang out, in the best French that I could command, that if a shot was discharged we'd cut them down, and the crew accordingly obeyed, and cried out for quarter. We found that she was an armed brig of six guns, and as the crews of the two boats were amply sufficient to keep the prisoners under, I sent them out in charge of her, while I remained to look out for another vessel.

"I waited, however, for some time in vain. The coasters must, I thought, have gained notice of our mode of proceeding, and the armed vessel we had captured had, I suspected, been sent in the hopes of teaching us that it was possible to catch a Tartar. In the latter supposition, however, I afterwards found that I was mistaken. Still I did not like to give up the undertaking. I had steered some little way to the eastward, and had kept rather closer in shore than usual, when, as the men were resting on their oars, from behind a point of land, suddenly three boats dashed out on us. To spring up and fire a volley, and then to seize our cutlasses for the de-

fence of our lives, was the work of a moment; but the boats, each of which was more than a match for us, were alongside almost immediately we had seen them, and though we fought desperately, as two of my men were killed and three wounded, and I was knocked down, we were compelled to yield ourselves as prisoners. Our arms were taken from us, and I must own that I felt more downcast than I had ever been in my life before. We had fallen into a trap which we ourselves had laid, and we had now the prospect of a French prison for an indefinite number of years. I, however, kept up my own spirits, and those of Samber and the rest, as well as I could, while we employed ourselves in binding up the hurts of our wounded companions, which were fortunately not severe. The two killed had been shot through the head as the enemy first came upon us. On one thing I was resolved, that if a chance offered, at every risk I would attempt to escape,—yet how that was to be effected it was difficult to say.

"Whether or not the Frenchman thought that more of our boats might be on the coast and might rescue us, I do not know, but they made directly for the shore behind the point from which they had emerged, and running the boats up the beach, ordered us to land. The bodies of the two men who had been killed were also brought on shore, when some spades being procured from a cottage near at hand, a grave was speedily dug, and they were placed in it and covered up. Not half an hour before they were full of life and animation as were any one of us, and now they were hid forever from human sight! A sailor may well say, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' The naval officer commanding the party was very civil, and though, of course, he must have been glad to get hold of us, seemed to commiserate our condition, and rendered us all the assistance he was able. A party of them then guarding us with loaded arms on either side, marched us along over the dunes to the eastward.

"After proceeding an hour or more, we reached a collection of small houses and huts, when a sergeant or some inferior officer appeared with a lantern in his hand, followed by a small body of soldiers. Certain formalities having been gone through, we found ourselves delivered over to him by the naval officer who had captured us. There was a good deal of talking, and I suspect it was to arrange how to dispose of us for the night, and at last we were ordered to move on, when, guarded by the soldiers, we arrived before a high round tower, which might have been an ancient castle or a mill, but it was difficult to say which, as we had only the light of the sergeant's lantern.

"Producing a bunch of keys he opened a small door, and giving his lantern to a soldier, ordered him to lead the way up a narrow flight of winding steps, and told us to follow, while he stood below to see that we all went in. Up we went, my wooden leg stumping along, and I purposely made as much noise as I could till we reached what appeared to be a room in the very top of the building. The sergeant then came up, and I understood him to say that we must stay there till the morning, when some food would be brought us, and we should have to begin our march into the interior. I replied with as good grace as I could, "Bon! bon!" and signified that we should be ready to obey orders. Fortunately, I had a purse in my pocket, and so had Samber; and, what was more fortunate, each had some guineas in them. We agreed that though we could not bribe the sergeant to let us go, we might do what was

likely to prove equally effectual, and calling him back I gave him a guinea, and told him to get something for himself and comrades *à boire*, and then asked him to get something for us, remarking that we were very thirsty after our long pull, and that generous enemies should treat each other like friends. Whether or not my eloquence or the guinea had most effect, I do not know, but in half an hour he returned, bringing with him some flasks of wine, some loaves of bread, and a milk cheese, and I doubted not he had reserved an equal portion for himself and his comrades below. He then retired, and locked and bolted the door of the room behind him.

"After we had partaken sparingly of the wine and eatables, I stumped about as if taking my walk before lying down for the night. 'Now lads,' I whispered, calling the men round me, 'it is my opinion that we ought to be out of this and far away before day breaks, or we don't deserve the name of seamen. Judging by the direction we have come, we must not be far off, or perhaps close to, the little harbor of Ivres, in which we are certain to find some craft to carry us across the Channel, and if the wind holds as it was during the forepart of the night, we shall have no difficulty in getting away before we are likely to be pursued.' 'We'll follow you, sir; we'll do as you think best, sir,' answered the men, as I knew they would. I then, borrowing some of their handkerchiefs, bound them round my timber-toe, and this made a soft pad, so that when I walked about I made no more noise than a cat on her rambles. I had all the time been thinking what to do. Looking up at the roof, I saw a star shining through it, and thus judged that it must be rotten, and that we could easily force our way through it. Without a moment's loss of time I made the men lift me up on their shoulders against the wall, when by clambering along a beam I got to a place where I could cling on while I forced off a tile above my head. Having removed one and handed it down carefully, I without difficulty got off others till I had formed a hole large enough to get through. I climbed up and looked round eagerly. To my delight, there I saw below me, not two cables' length off, the harbor. At the same moment, a star or two which came out among the clouds afforded light enough to distinguish several small craft floating on its surface. There were several huts and sheds scattered about, and the village we had passed through inland, and a cottage close at the back of the tower.

"We had now to see about descending. A sort of gallery or balcony ran round the tower a story below the one in which we were, and as this from the roof was some distance, I judged we could only descend into it by means of a rope. I returned to the room, when we quickly manufactured one out of our handkerchiefs and shirts, which I calculated would be long enough and strong enough for our purpose. I had warned my men that we might have to fight our way out. I again got up on the roof, when all hands joined me, and now securing the rope we began our descent into the gallery. I led the way; as the rest came down they stood round close against the wall, so as not to be seen by any chance passer-by. We then moved cautiously round to find an entrance, which I soon did through a narrow doorway, from which a flight of stone steps led downwards. I paused to listen to find out if possible where the sentinels were stationed. I heard snoring close to us. It must come from the guard-room. I looked down; close below me sat a sentinel with his musket between his knees. He,

too, was fast asleep. From that sleep he never awoke. I had passed him, and so had Samber and one of the men, and I had hoped that all would get by without waking him, when he made some movement as if about to start up. The men had their knives open in their hands. In a moment a hand was on his mouth, and before he could utter a sound he was dead. Another sentry was below. We threw ourselves upon him and he shared the fate of his comrade. With their muskets and ammunition as a prize we pushed on towards the harbor. More than once we paused to listen, fearing that the guard might have discovered our escape, but not a sound reached us, and we began to hope that our present of wine had done its work thoroughly. There were two or three lights twinkling in the distance, but not a gleam came from the tower. Again we moved on in single file and close together. Thus we reached the shore of the little harbor.

"There were small craft some way out at anchor, but not a boat could we find in which to get off to one of them. In vain we searched completely round the harbor. It seemed that we should be foiled, after all. Samber suggested that we should make our way along the coast, and that we might fall in with some craft or other in which we could shove off—'Or more probably fall in with an enemy and be recaptured.' 'No, that will never do,' I answered. We had got back to the place from which we started, when I saw anchored a short distance off a punt or small boat of some sort. Much precious time had been lost. Neither could the midshipman nor one of my men swim. I had once been a good swimmer, and though it is not so easy to strike out with only one leg, I stripped, and slipping into the water swam off to the boat with a knife between my teeth. Time would have been lost had I attempted to get in, so, cutting the painter, I took the end in my mouth, and towed her back to the shore. Fortunately, there were paddles in her, and the men stowing themselves away on board, as I did, without waiting to dress till she was near sinking, we paddled off down the harbor. I believe if I had proposed it the men would have attempted to cross the Channel in her rather than be retaken. We observed, as we passed down, a small cutter which lay near the mouth of the harbor. We cautiously approached her, for she might have people on board who would give the alarm. All depended on our being able to surprise them.

"We dropped cautiously alongside, and the men springing on board, instantly dived down below fore and aft. The after-cabin was empty, but in the forepeak two boys were found asleep in their bunks. They were gagged before they could cry out, or give the alarm to the crews of any of the neighboring vessels, and were lashed into their berths. Making the boat fast astern, as she might prove useful for towing, we cut the cable and made sail. As I knew nothing of the harbor, my fear was that we might run on the rocks in going out, when I bethought me of making the boys act as pilots. Bringing them up on deck we held the muskets which we had brought off to their heads, and, making them take the helm, signified that we would blow out their brains if we got on shore. They saw that to play us false would be a hazardous experiment. As the wind still blew from off shore, we very quickly ran out of the harbor. I often turned an anxious glance towards the coast, but nothing was seen, and not a sound was heard to indicate that we were pursued. When day broke, we had made

so good a run that the French coast appeared like a blue line in the distance. I had kept a good look-out for the Cossack. A sail that might be her was seen to the northwest. It was her; she had probably gone in to look for us, so we hove to, to await her return. At length she stood out again; when having now no doubt about the matter, I steered for her. We were welcomed on board, as fears had been entertained that we were taken or destroyed; but our exploit was not so much thought of as it might have been, had I not lost two good men and a boat. We towed the little vessel to a point whence she could get a slant of wind for the harbor; and great was the astonishment of the two lads when they received, not only their liberty and their vessel, but some provisions and half a guinea apiece."

A few years ago I might have remembered more of the particulars of that adventure; and now it is time that I should bring my yarn to an end. After I left the Cossack, I became first of the Cretan and then of the Reasonable, 64, and the Namur and Bulwark, 74's. In the former I was flag-lieutenant to Sir Thomas Williams. I always loved my duty and did it, and as it was discovered that I made a good first lieutenant, I should have been acting as one till the present day, had I continued to serve. In 1818 I was paid off, and not from my own choice ceased to serve my country afloat. For eight years I continued applying for employment, when at length, in 1824, I was appointed warden at Woolwich Dockyard, which post I held till I came on here. There, my friend, you may log what I have told you down as the life and adventures of an old one-legged lieutenant.

ODD PEOPLE.

MEN have, in most times, withdrawn themselves from the world and taken up their abode in caverns or ruins, or whatever shelter they could find, and lived on herbs, roots, coarse bread and water. In many cases, such persons have deemed those austerities as acceptable to God, and this has become one of the rudest forms of monastic life. It is not from this class of persons that we propose to introduce a few portraits of hermit life, but rather to those whose peculiarities have taken a more eccentric turn, almost in our own time.

The Hon. Charles Hamilton, in the reign of George II., proprietor of Pain's Hill, near Cobham, in Surrey, built a hermitage upon a steep brow in the grounds of that beautiful seat. Of this hermitage Horace Walpole remarks that it is a sort of ornament whose merit soonest fades, it being almost comic to set aside a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in. There is an upper apartment, supported in part by contorted logs and roots of trees, which form the entrance to the cell, but the unfurnished and neglected state of the whole proves the justness of Walpole's observation. Mr. Hamilton advertised for a person who was willing to become a hermit in that beautiful retreat of his. The conditions were that he was to continue in the hermitage seven years, where he should be provided with a Bible, optical glasses, a mat for his bed, a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his timepiece, water for his beverage, food from the house, but never to exchange a syllable with the servant. He was to wear a camlet robe, never to cut his beard or nails, nor ever to stray beyond the limits of the grounds. If he lived there, under all these restrictions, till the

end of the term, he was to receive seven hundred guineas. But on breach of any of them, or if he quitted the place any time previous to that term, the whole was to be forfeited. One person attempted it, but a three weeks' trial cured him.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* describes a gentleman near Preston, Lancashire, as more successful in the above eccentricity. He advertised a reward of £50 a year for life to any man who would undertake to live seven years underground, without seeing anything human; and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared underground, very commodious, with a cold bath, a chamber organ, as many books as the occupier pleased, and provisions served from his own table. Whenever the recluse wanted any convenience he was to ring a bell, and it was provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and actually stayed in it, observing the required conditions for four years.

BURIAL REQUESTS.

In June, 1864, there died at Drogheda one Miss Hardman, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. She was buried in the family vault in Peter's Protestant Church. The funeral took place on the eighth day of her decease. It is not usual in Ireland to allow so long an interval to elapse between the time of a person's death and burial; in this instance it was owing to the expressed wish of the deceased, and this originated in a very curious piece of family and local history. Everybody has heard of the lady who was buried, being supposed dead, and who bearing with her to the tomb, on her finger, a ring of rare price, this was the means of her being rescued from her charnel prison-house. A butler in the family of the lady, having his cupidity excited, entered the vault at midnight in order to possess himself of the ring, and in removing it from the finger the lady was restored to consciousness and made her way in her grave-clothes to her mansion. She lived many years afterwards before she was finally consigned to the vault. The heroine of the story was a member of the Hardman family,—in fact the late Miss Hardman's mother, and the vault in Peter's Church was the locality where the startling revival scene took place.

The story is commonly told in explanation of a monument in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, which is commemorative of Constance Whitney, and represents a female rising from a coffin. "This," says Mr. Godwin, in his interesting history of the "Churches of London," "has been erroneously supposed to commemorate a lady who, having been buried in a trance, was restored to life through the cupidity of the sexton, which induced him to dig up the body to obtain possession of a ring." The female rising from the coffin is undoubtedly emblematic of the Resurrection, and may have been repeated upon other monuments elsewhere; but there is no such monument at Drogheda, which as above is claimed as the actual locality.

Mr. Guy was possessed of considerable property, and was a native of Gloucestershire. His grave and coffin were made under his directions more than a twelvemonth previous to his death; he wrote the inscriptions, he gave the orders for his funeral, and wrapped in separate pieces of paper five shillings for each of the bearers. The coffin was very neatly made, and looked more like a piece of cabinet-work for a drawing-room than a receptacle for the dead.

Dr. Fidge, a physician of the old school, who in early days had accompanied the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) when a midshipman, as medical attendant, possessed a favorite boat; and upon his retirement from Portsmouth Dockyard, where he held an appointment, had this boat converted into a coffin, with the sternpiece fixed at its head. This coffin he kept under his bed for many years.

The circumstances of his death were very remarkable. Feeling his end approaching, and desiring to add a codicil to his will, he sent for his solicitor. On entering his chamber he found him suffering from a paroxysm of pain, but which soon ceased; availing himself of the temporary ease to ask him how he felt, he replied, smiling, "I feel as easy as an old shoe," and looking towards the nurse in attendance, said, "Just pull my legs straight and place me as a dead man, it will save you trouble shortly," words which he had scarcely uttered before he calmly died.

THE ECCENTRIC MISS BANKS.

ODDITIES of dress were half a century ago much oftener to be seen than in the present day; or, rather, their singularities were more grotesque than the peculiarities of the present day. John Thomas Smith, writing in 1818, says: "It is scarcely possible for any person possessing the smallest share of common observation to pass through the streets in London without noticing what is generally denominated a *character*, either in dress, walk, pursuits, or propensities." At the head of his remarks on the eccentricity of some of their dresses he places Miss Sophia Banks, Sarah, the sister of Sir Joseph, who was looked after by the eye of astonishment wherever she went, and in whatever situation she appeared. Her dress was that of the *Old School*; her Barcelona quilted petticoat had a hole on either side for the convenience of rummaging two immense pockets, stuffed with books of all sizes. This petticoat was covered with a deep stomached gown, sometimes obscuring the pocket-holes, similar to many of the ladies of Bunbury's time, which he has introduced into his prints.

In this dress she might frequently be seen walking, followed by a six-foot servant, with a cane almost as tall as himself. Miss Banks, for so that lady was called for many years, was frequently heard to relate the following curious anecdote of herself: "After making repeated inquiries of the wall-vendors of half-penny ballads for a particular one which she wanted, she was informed by the claret-faced woman, who strung up her stock by Middlesex Hospital gates, that if she went to a printer's in Long Lane, Smithfield, probably he might supply her ladyship with what her ladyship wanted. Away trudged Miss Banks through Smithfield; but before she entered Mr. Thompson's shop she desired her man to wait for her at the corner, by the plum-pudding stall. 'Yes, we have it,' was the printer's answer to her interrogative. He then gave Miss Banks what is called a book, consisting of many songs. Upon her expressing her surprise when the man returned her eightpence from her shilling, and the great quantity of songs he had given her, when she only wanted one, — 'What, then!' observed the man, 'are you not one of our characters? I beg your pardon.'"

This lady and Lady Banks, out of compliment to Sir Joseph, who had been deeply engaged in the production of wool, had their riding-habits made of his produce, in which dresses the two ladies at one

period on all occasions appeared. Indeed, so delighted was Miss Banks with this *overall* covering, that she actually gave the habit-maker orders for three at a time, and they were called *Hightum*, *Tightum*, and *Scrub*. The first was her best, the second her second-best, and the third her every-day one.

Once when Miss Banks and her sister-in-law visited a friend with whom they were to stay several days, on the evening of their arrival they sat down to dinner in their riding-habits. Their friend had a large party after dinner to meet them, and they entered the drawing-room in their riding-habits. On the following morning they again appeared in their riding-habits; and so on, to the astonishment of every one till the conclusion of their visit.

Although Miss Banks paid great attention to many persons, there were others to whom she was wanting in civility. A great genius, who had arrived a quarter of an hour before the time specified on the card for dinner, was shown into the drawing-room, where Miss Banks was putting away what are sometimes called *rattletraps*. When the visitor observed, "It is a fine day, ma'am," she replied: "I know nothing at all about it. You must speak to my brother upon that subject when you are at dinner." Notwithstanding the very singular appearance of Miss Banks, she was, when in the prime of life, a fashionable whip, and drove four-in-hand. Miss Banks died in 1818.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In the year 1824, their savage Majesties of the Sandwich Islands visited England. They were seen by Miss Berry, who has thus graphically described their visit:

"At half past ten o'clock, I went with the Prince and Princess Lowenstein, their son, and my sister, to Mr. Canning's, the Secretary of State, who received for the first time the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands. They arrived in the midst of a numerous assembly of all the best society, and all *en grande toilette* for a large assembly given at Northumberland House. Mr. Canning entered, giving his hand to a large black woman more than six feet high, and broad in proportion, muffled up in a striped gauze dress with short sleeves, leaving uncovered enormous black arms, half covered again with white gloves; an enormous gauze turban upon her head; black hair, not curled, but very short; a small bag in her hand, and I do not know what upon her neck, where there was no gauze. It was with difficulty that the Minister and his company could preserve a proper gravity for the occasion. The Queen was followed by a lady in waiting as tall as herself, and with a gayer and more intelligent countenance. Then came the King, accompanied by three of his subjects, all dressed, like him, in European costume; and a fourth, whose office I did not know, but he wore over his ordinary coat a scarlet and yellow feather cloak, and a helmet covered with the same material on his head. The King was shorter than his four courtiers, but they all looked very strong, and, except the King, all taller than the majority of those who surrounded them. The two ladies were seated before the fire in the gallery for some time.

"Mrs. Canning was presented first to them, and then the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Prince Leopold. The Queen took the Duchess of Gloucester by the arm and shook it. One should have pitied them for the way in which all eyes were

turned upon them, and for all the observations they occasioned; but it seemed to me that their minds are not sufficiently opened, and that they are not civilized enough, either to notice or to suffer from it. From the gallery Mr. Canning, still holding the Queen's hand, conducted them through the apartment and under the verandah of the garden, where the band of the Guards' regiment, in their full uniform, was playing military airs. Her savage Majesty appeared much more occupied by the red-plumed hats of the musicians than by the music. She ought to have been pleased to see that the officers' helmet of her Court surpassed them as to color. From there they were conducted into the dining-room, where there was a fine collation. The two ladies were seated alone at a table placed across the room, and ate some cake and drank wine. They appeared awkward in all their movements, and particularly embarrassed in their walk; there was nothing of the free step of the savage, being probably embarrassed by the folds of the European dress."

The King and Queen and their suite were wantonly charged with gluttony and drunkenness by persons who ought to have known better. "It is true," observes Lord Byron, in his "Voyage to the Sandwich Islands," "that, unaccustomed to our habits, they little regarded regular hours for meals, and that they liked to eat frequently, though not to excess. Their greatest luxury was oysters, of which they were particularly fond; and one day, some of the chiefs having been out to walk, and seeing a gray mullet, instantly seized it and carried it home, to the great delight of the whole party; who, on recognizing the native fish of their own seas, could scarcely believe that it had not swum hither on purpose for them, or be persuaded to wait till it was cooked before they ate it." The best proof of their moderation is, however, that the charge at Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi, during their residence there, amounted to no greater an average than seventeen shillings a head per day for their table: as they ate little or no butcher's meat, but lived chiefly on fish, poultry, and fruit, by no means the cheapest articles in London, their gluttony could not have been great. So far from their always preferring the strongest liquors, their favorite beverage was some cider, with which they had been presented by Mr. Canning.

The popular comic song of "The King of the Cannibal Islands" was written *apropos* to the above royal visit.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A NEW complete German version of Byron has just appeared in Berlin, done by Alexander Neidhardt. The eight volumes are sold at the low price of two thalers, to insure a general circulation.

ONE of the peculiarities of the great International Exhibition to be held in Paris next year will be a grand restaurant, or rather series of restaurants, each one to represent the *cuisine* of a different nationality, and in which the waiters are to have the distinct costume of the country represented. A correspondent, speculating upon these different refreshment rooms, says: "The Englishman will expect to have his roast beef and ale; the Yankee his pork and beans, buckwheat cakes, and green corn; the Dutchman his *sauerkraut*; the Spaniard his *olla caldo* and *dulces*; the Italian his macaroni; the Esquimaux his blubber; and the Chinaman his rice and bird's nests,—perhaps, in a quiet way, a rat or so. As a large space will be devoted to the

Polynesians, some very curious culinary preparations from that quarter of the globe may be looked for."

It has recently been discovered, by a German chemist, that a most beautiful scarlet or purple dye-stuff may be produced by means of theine. Were tea the only source whence this alkaloid could be obtained, such a discovery would be of little value; in reality, however, the supply of theine is practically unlimited. The leaves of the *Paulina sorbilis*, and those of the *Ilex paraguensis*,—the former a species of horsechestnut, and the latter a species of holly, contains five per cent of it, which is quite as much as is afforded by the very best kinds of tea. Both these grow abundantly in Brazil, and millions of tons of their leaves, which fall annually, and are applied to no purpose, might easily be utilized.

A LINEAL descendant of Bombastes Furioso is favoring the English public, through *Blackwood's Magazine*, with a remarkable series of papers entitled "Memoirs of the Confederate War." This gentleman is such a prodigy of valor, that it really makes one's blood curdle to read his only too modest account of his own exploits. The puissant knight does not do justice to himself. With fear and trembling we transcribe a page from his memoirs:—

"Having been refused the General's permission to join in the attack, I galloped, on my own account, about a hundred yards to the right of the road in the direction of the hostile sharpshooters, whose particular attention I at once engaged, a number of bullets flying round my head unpleasantly quick and near. Having got within about forty yards of their position, I shouted out to them to surrender; but in the *fancied security* offered by the broad foaming stream which flowed between them and their assailants, they treated my summons with defiance, and answered it only by a brace of bullets, one of which nearly cut off a lock of my hair.

"*Exasperated out of all patience* at this, I spurred my horse and dashed with a tremendous leap into the middle of the creek, and for a moment its waters seemed to close over my head; but quickly surmounting the torrent, my brave horse gallantly swam to the opposite shore, and, by a strenuous effort of every sinew, succeeded in scrambling up the steep bank to the high ground above. *The boldness and rapidity of this feat* seemed to perfectly paralyze the *objects of my wrath*,—a corporal and a private of the 3d Indiana Cavalry, who, as I pounced upon them with uplifted sword, threw away their arms and begged for mercy on their knees."

WE gather from several German papers the following interesting facts concerning the mammoth of Siberia. Professor Von Baer of St. Petersburg has, in a letter lately addressed to the Academy of Sciences of Vienna, announced the discovery of another perfect specimen of a mammoth in Siberia. It is now more than 60 years since the first was found, at the mouth of the Lena, and an account of it was afterwards published by Adams. The greatest interest attached to the discovery of this woolly elephant in the arctic regions; but the rewards offered for their discovery failed to stimulate search for them among the ivory hunters of Siberia. The Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg has long been on the lookout for additional specimens, which are occasionally found; the news of their discovery, however, has always reached civilized regions too late to take any steps for their preservation.

The present specimen was discovered in 1864 on

the eastern side of the Gulf of Obi, near Tas Bay; and as far as can be ascertained the specimen has received no damage except the removal of one of its tusks. When found, the skin was perfect, well covered with hairs, the stomach as well as the remaining soft parts seeming quite well preserved. What has happened to the body in 1865 is not known; but when we remember that Adams visited his specimen nearly seven years after its disinterment, it is probable this mammoth will be reached in time to enable the naturalist sent to examine it to obtain a better idea of its shape, and of the nature of its hair, than could be gathered by Adams. It is particularly to be hoped that an examination of the contents of the stomach will tell us the nature of the food, and give us some data to solve the question how these giants came so far north. Professor Frederick Schmidt, well known as a geologist, has been sent by the St. Petersburg Academy; he has undertaken to make the arduous journey in winter, to arrive on the spot in spring, and by next winter news may reach St. Petersburg of his success. Tidings from Professor Schmidt will be looked for with great eagerness by all geologists interested in the question of the character of the convulsions of nature (if convulsions they were) which overwhelmed these extinct elephants of the Arctic regions.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Calcutta Englishman* gives an account of the successful treatment of a case of cholera, apparently in an advanced stage, by the application of ice to the spine, as recommended by Dr. Chapman. The writer says: "On Sunday the 25th February, about 10.30 A. M., my servants requested me to go and see a man who they said was dying of cholera, and to give him some medicine. I proceeded to the place, where I found a man lying on the ground in the greatest agony, with the usual symptoms of cholera, — vomiting, &c.; he was much emaciated, and to me appeared to be rapidly sinking. I had no medicine in the house. I ordered one of my servants to go round among the neighbors and try and get some medicine, but in this I was unsuccessful. I recollected, however, having read in the *Times* an article bearing the signature of John Chapman, M. D., 25 Somerset Street, Portman Square (of which I had taken a note), in which the writer advocated the use of a bag of ice down the spine. Feeling that if I did no good, I could, under the circumstances of the case, do no harm, I made up my mind to try whether ice would do any good. I now proceed to give you an account of what I did, and as to what the results were. 10.30 A. M., the man, a Mussulman, a hackney-wallah, arrived with his own and other hackeries from Calcutta. He had been for two or more hours purging and vomiting violently; voice scarcely audible; pulse imperceptible; hands, arms, legs, and feet quite cold. He was throwing his legs about and twisting his body in great agony; he complained much of thirst. I gave him water with a little carbonate of soda in it. He appeared to be sinking fast. 11 A. M., I procured some ice from a neighbor. Having no gutta-percha bag I took the leg of a pair of flannel trousers, and made a long bag to reach from between the shoulder-blade to the bottom of the spine, of a width of three inches; into this I put broken ice and applied it on the spine. After I had applied the ice, the purging and vomiting ceased, and by 11.20 the spasms were much diminished. 11.30. The patient was much easier. On questioning him, he said in a very low voice that he felt

easier. A little before 12 I found that his pulse was perceptibly stronger, and that his arms and legs, which were previously as cold as stones, began to be slightly warm. The flannel in which the ice was put was now saturated with water, and as Dr. Chapman said the cold was to be a dry, not a wet cold, one of my natives suggested the use of a bottle, on which I got a preserved-fruit bottle into which I put the ice, and had the bottle held against the spine. 12.30. No more vomiting, &c.; the arms and legs getting warmer. No pain, very great thirst; I let the man drink as much as he liked. From this time until 1.30 P. M., I kept the bottle of ice on his back; when finding that his hands, arms, legs, and body were becoming hot as if he had fever, I removed the bottle of ice, and as I was about to leave my house for tiffin with a neighbor, I told my khansamah, if fever came on, to put in the place of the ice bottle a bottle of hot water. 4.30. I returned to the man. He was fast asleep, and a more deadly object I never saw. At 5.30 he awoke and asked for food. I gave him some thick congee with sugar and brandy. 7.30 A. M., Monday the 26th. The man is sitting up; convalescent, but weak. He wants to take his bullocks and hackery away. The above are the facts of the case."

SEA DREAMS.

I.

WHEN spring floats up the seas, and while
The fresh airs soothe the sense, once more
In the blue light of April's smile
I pace the promontory's shore;
Where many a day with friendly books
We breathed the peace of ocean's noon,
Till high in dreamy dusk, the rooks
Pushed woodward, and the brightening moon
Rounded above the cloudy wave:
The distant lighthouse glimmered red;
Beneath the billow swamped the cave,
And from the gray of sunset dead,
The bell tolled from the inland dark;
At times came voices from the main,
At times remote, the watch-dog's bark.
No change is here but in the brain,
And heart, where many a year has flown
Without thee, on the summer earth,
Where nature now seems bright alone,
And by the silent winter hearth.

II.

Here, as with many-memored heart
I trace our green walks by the shore,
I pause, to pray for thee apart,
To call thee to my side once more;
For well I know hadst thou the power
Thou'dst leave the brightest heavenly sphere,
To see me but for one brief hour;
To comfort me left lonely here.
Well, it is something, still to dream
In nature's silence by the bay;
Again, recalling love, to seem
Living with thee this one brief day,
Which now haze-wildered, swift and low
Sinks to the sea in mournful gloom,
While gusts of wind from the gray glow,
And passes moaning toward thy tomb.
I turn my back upon the hill;
Fate beckons me to other lands;
Night spreads before me wide and chill,—
A lonely moon and endless sands.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading.

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866.

[No. 23.

PRINCESS DASCHKAW.

ON a certain summer's evening, more than sixty years ago, a carriage was driving through the shrubberies and pleasure-grounds, laid out in English taste, of an estate at no great distance from Moscow. Far from enviable were the feelings of its occupant, a trembling young girl, who had bravely left her kindred and friends in far-away Ireland, to pay a visit of some years to a lady whom she had never seen. The visitor's name was Miss Wilmot, and well might she look forward with dread to the prospect before her. For, on her arrival at St. Petersburg after a prosperous voyage, she had found herself, to her dismay, the object of a general interest that was anything but gratifying, since it arose from the terror and abhorrence with which her future protectress was regarded by Russians and English alike. "I was told," says Miss Wilmot, — we omit her married name for the moment, — "that she lived in a castle situated in a dreary solitude, far removed from the society of any civilized beings, where she was all-powerful, and so devoid of principle, that she would invariably break open and read the letters which came to me, and those I sent to my friends, taking care to suppress any that might be displeasing to her." She was also represented as "a most cruel and vindictive person, violent in her temper, and destructive of the happiness of every creature who was unfortunate enough to approach her; and," adds Miss Wilmot, "I was repeatedly warned against putting myself into the power of a tyrant, from which it would be a species of miracle if I escaped." Here was a pretty prospect for a little Irish girl, some two thousand miles from her home! For a moment she resolved to return at once to England, before she could be seized in the clutches of the ogress she had come to visit, but some dim idea of possible injustice, together with a strong spice of the pride that scorns to give in, at last prevailed, and Miss Wilmot determined to proceed on her journey, taking the precaution, however, to obtain a promise from the English ambassador, to watch over her, and insure her safe return should she wish it. Nevertheless, it was with an aching heart she approached "the scene of her threatened imprisonment." Gates and doors were thrown open, and she proceeded through suites of apartments to encounter the dreaded mistress of the house. At length she appeared: the queerest figure imaginable. A ragged silk handkerchief was round her neck, and a man's nightcap on her head. She wore also a long cloth greatcoat, with a large silver star on the left side. This strange-looking personage was no

other than the celebrated Princess Daschkaw, and in spite of all prognostications, no sooner did Miss Wilmot set eyes upon her face, "where the noblest qualities of mind, blended with an expression of the softest sensibility, awed and attracted at once," than her prejudices forthwith gave way, and she accepted her as a friend, handkerchief, nightcap, and all. "There was something," says Miss Wilmot, "in her reception of me at once so dignified, so affectionate, so true, so warm, and so graceful, that it went to my heart; and before she had uttered a word except 'Welcome,' I felt that I loved her more than any one I had seen since I quitted my own family."

It is to the credit of both parties that this sudden friendship remained undiminished to the last day of the Princess's life, and that Mrs. Bradford (*née* Miss Wilmot) thirty years after the death of her friend, speaks with quite girlish enthusiasm of her "Russian mother." Only after the expiration of that time was published an autobiography of Princess Daschkaw, written at Miss Wilmot's request during her stay in Russia. The objections of a relative of the Princess, resident in England, prevented its being given earlier to the world, and the long delay in its publication was perhaps the cause of the slight attention the work appears to have met with in England. It is, however, full of interest, and well deserves perusal, both as the biography, from her own pen, of a most extraordinary woman, and as a picture of the Court and times of "the Great Catharine." Meanwhile, a slight sketch of Princess Daschkaw's life may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Catherine Worontzow (afterwards Princess Daschkaw) was born at St. Petersburg in the year 1744. She made her *début* in the great world with some splendor at her christening, the Empress Elizabeth holding her at the font, and the Grand Duke, whom she afterwards helped to dethrone, standing godfather. Her mother died when she was very young, and Catherine was at first consigned to the care of her grandmother, and afterwards to that of her uncle, the Grand Chancellor of Russia, who allowed her to share the education of his only daughter, her own two sisters, Maria and Elizabeth Worontzoff, being already maids of honor and residing at Court. The little Catherine early gave indications of her after-love of politics and affairs of state. As a child, her greatest pleasure was to get leave from her uncle to look over old papers relating to negotiations and treaties, and at about thirteen a violent thirst for knowledge came upon her. She was already receiving an education which would even now be thought sufficient, being instructed in four

languages, and in many other things, by the best masters St. Petersburg could afford. But a suspicion grew up in her mind that after all it might be desirable, even for a woman, to know other things than those which fitted her only to shine in society, and, lacking a teacher, she resolved to undertake this part of her education herself. Her love of reading became insatiable. Day and night she pored over her books, persevering even when continued sleeplessness began to tell upon her health. She tormented all the distinguished visitors at her uncle's house by her endless questions about "their several countries, their forms of government and laws," and "the comparisons to which their answers often led, made her long to travel and judge for herself." Her choice of books, too, was unusual in a girl of fourteen, more especially in Russia, where female education was extremely superficial. She mentions as her favorites, Bayle, Montesquieu, Boileau, and Voltaire; she read "Helvetius on the Understanding" twice, and rejoiced over the addition to her library of an Encyclopædia, as another girl might over the acquisition of some long-coveted trinket. At fifteen, while not as yet going into society, Catherine accidentally became acquainted with Prince Daschkaw, and a speedy engagement followed. But an event which colored her after-life almost more strongly, was her first interview, which occurred about this time, with Catharine the Great, then Grand Duchess. One can easily fancy the fascination which this brilliant woman, with her unfailing power of pleasing, would exercise over the imagination of an enthusiastic girl of fifteen, longing for sympathy in her favorite pursuits, and finding it in a quarter to which she would naturally look with reverence and admiration.

From that hour, Catherine *the Little*, as she calls herself, was a devoted friend, adherent, and partisan of Catharine the Great, and lost no opportunity of rendering her service. In the following spring the marriage took place, and Princess Daschkaw, as we must now call her, after living for a year or two with her husband's relatives, who seem to have been worthy, dull people, returned joyfully to St. Petersburg, and soon established herself in a house belonging to her father, between that city and Oranienbaum, where the Grand Duke and Duchess were then residing. Here the Princess found her sister, the Countess Elizabeth, installed as mistress to the Grand Duke; and becoming more and more disgusted by his coarseness and imbecility, she threw herself passionately into the party of the Grand Duchess. The Grand Duke, however, was not altogether bad-hearted, and he was kind to the Princess in spite of repeated snubbings on her part. "My child," said he, one day, "you would do well to recollect that it is much safer to deal with honest blockheads, like your sister and myself, than with great wits, who squeeze the juice of the orange, and then throw away the rind." Notwithstanding this warning, however, the Princess continued a faithful partisan of the Grand Duchess, until the approaching end of the Empress Elizabeth kindled the ambition of both ladies. When at length it became clear that the empress had not long to live, Princess Daschkaw rose from a sick-bed at midnight, and hastened to the palace of the Grand Duchess. Insisting upon admittance, the Princess was shown into the room where Catharine had already retired to rest.

The Grand Duchess invited her friend to get into bed also, and a conversation was held, with tears on the part of the Grand Duchess, during which some

very manifest hints were thrown out as to the course of action present to the mind of each. It is a queer picture: the two ladies comfortably in bed together, plotting a revolution which was to end in the downfall of the sister of the one, the ruin and murder of the husband of the other, and upon which, in some sort, depended the fate of a great country! It does not seem, however, that at this time they came to any more definite determination than that of supporting the cause of the Grand Duchess at all hazards, and had Peter III. been somewhat less weak, and less devoted to Prussian interests, he might have peacefully occupied the throne, for the people welcomed him, and he began his reign with a show of popularity.

But ere many months were over, he had disgusted the army, and had stirred up the flame of his wife's hatred, and roused her indomitable spirit, by an almost avowed intention of divorcing her, in order to marry her rival, the Countess Elizabeth. Then was Princess Daschkaw in her glory. Her house became a rendezvous of conspirators, and she unceasingly exerted her influence to win over officers or others who were wavering, or who might be useful in the scheme. Peter III. meanwhile tranquilly continued his buffooneries at Oranienbaum, and if a whisper of the proceedings of the Princess ever reached his ears, he may probably have thought the efforts of a girl of eighteen hardly worth serious notice. But if such were his views, he was doomed to be speedily undeceived. Princess Daschkaw was no ordinary woman, and being assisted by the brothers Orloff, one of whom was at this time the lover of the Empress, the plot ripened rapidly. The secret, however, somehow oozed out before all things were in perfect readiness for the catastrophe, and before, alas! the suit of men's clothes had arrived from the tailor, which Princess Daschkaw had ordered for the occasion. We can imagine her despair. Here was Samson, indeed, shorn of his strength, for she dared not leave the house in her own clothes. However, she sent to implore the Empress to come instantly to St. Petersburg, and conveyed orders to the Guards to be in readiness to receive her. The danger now was, lest Peter III. should arrive with troops before his wife could reach St. Petersburg, and by closing the gates of the city, frustrate the plan at the eleventh hour. But poor Princess Daschkaw, after a miserable night, caused by the faithlessness of that miscreant tailor, had the happiness of hearing at six o'clock in the morning that the Empress had arrived, and had been proclaimed head of the Empire by the Ismaeloffsky guards.

Hastily donning a gala dress, the Princess hurried to the palace, and, the crowd being great, she alighted from her carriage, and was pressing through the throng on foot, when she was recognized by the soldiers and officers. Instantly she found herself lifted from the ground, blessed and cheered, passed over the heads of all before her, and at length, giddy and tattered, triumphantly set down in an antechamber, whence she speedily hastened to embrace the Empress. But the time for rest had not yet arrived, and the two ladies resolved as soon as necessary business had been despatched, and some ceremonials gone through, to move at the head of the troops to Peterhoff. For this purpose they each borrowed the uniform of an officer of the Guards. Princess Daschkaw must have looked in hers like a boy of fifteen, and she much astonished the senators by breaking in upon their grave conferences in that costume to suggest some precaution that

had been forgotten. Towards evening she mounted her horse, and with the Empress set off for Peterhoff, passing in review on the way twelve thousand troops, besides volunteers. Arrived at a small village named Krasnoi Kabac, the cavalcade halted for a few hours, and the Empress and Princess Daschkaw again shared the same bed, this time in a cottage, but with triumphant hearts. The following evening they reached Peterhoff. While these things were transpiring, the feeble Peter III. was hurrying to and fro between Oranienbaum and Peterhoff; any fragment of courage he may have had deserting him as he every instant received fresh intelligence of the progress of the revolution. The brave old Marshal Munich entreated him to strike a blow. "Czar, your troops are at hand. Let us put ourselves at their head, and march directly to Petersburg." But the manly advice was thrown away. Peter wandered about, forming twenty schemes, and executing none; sometimes uttering furious imprecations against his wife, sometimes dictating useless manifestos. Munich then advised him to hasten to Cronstadt, and secure the fleet. But in this he had been anticipated, and his arrival was greeted with a shout of "Long live the Empress Catharine!" "Put your hand in mine," said Goudovitz, "and let us leap on shore. No one will dare to fire on you, and Cronstadt will still be your Majesty's." In vain. The coward was incapable of forming a bold resolution. Munich still urged him to put himself at the head of the army, but, as might have been expected, uselessly. He returned to Oranienbaum, and after one or two overtures to Catharine, which she treated with disdain, he allowed himself to be brought to Peterhoff. He passed through the midst of the army, and the Cossacks, who had never seen him before, preserved a mournful silence; the rest of the troops raised the old cry, "Long live Catharine!" Castéra, from whose "Life of the Empress Catharine" these particulars are taken, goes on to narrate the roughness with which this unfortunate prince was handled, of which Princess Daschkaw makes no mention. At any rate, he was soon shut up in a remote apartment of the palace, whence he was conveyed to Mopsa, where he was murdered by one of the Orloffs, assisted by two other ruffians, a few days only after his wife, attended by Princess Daschkaw, made her triumphal entry into the capital.

As a reward for her services, Princess Daschkaw received the order of St. Catharine, and a grant of about 24,000 roubles, with which she paid her husband's debts. She was shortly afterwards appointed lady of honor to her Majesty. But Catharine seems soon to have begun to grudge her the credit she obtained for her share in the revolution; while the Orloffs, jealous of her influence, lost no opportunity of slighting and mortifying her. For the present, however, she continued on familiar terms at Court, and even lived at the palace with her husband, and dined every day with the Empress, of whose rather singular recreations we have an amusing little glimpse.

Neither Catharine nor Prince Daschkaw knew how to sing a note of music, but the Empress delighted in performing with him a mock vocal duet, "with scientific shrugs, and all the solemn, self-complacent airs and grimaces of musicians." Then she would take to catterwauling, now to purring; now "spitting like a cat in a passion, with her back up, she suddenly boxed the first person in her way, making up her hand into a paw, and mewing out-

rageously." In such dignified fashion did "the Great Catharine" disport herself in her "hours of ease"! But a heavy sorrow was impending over Princess Daschkaw, in the shape of the death of a husband, to whom, whatever her detractors may have said, she seems to have been strongly attached. At twenty years of age she found herself a widow, overwhelmed by debts incurred by her husband. The energy of her character was never more conspicuously displayed. She resolved not to part with an inch of her son's patrimonial estates, but by selling her plate and jewels, and living in the strictest economy, to find means of paying the creditors without applying for help to the Crown. Accordingly she established herself in a little wooden cottage, where "I became," she says, "my own steward, my children's nurse and governess, as well as guardian"; and by contracting her expenditure to 500 roubles per annum (about £80) she managed to pay off every debt in the course of a few years.

We may pass lightly over these years. In 1768, the Princess, under the assumed name of Madame Michalkoff, made a journey through France and to England, during which she seems to have behaved much like a child let loose from school. At one hotel in her route she was horrified at finding two pictures conspicuously hung up, representing defeats of Russians by Prussians. Not being rich enough to make an *auto da fé* of these works of art, she, and two gentlemen belonging to the Embassy at Berlin, procured some oil colors and sat up all night, changing the blue and white of the conquering Prussians into the green and red uniforms of Russia, thus bloodlessly restoring the victory to her countrymen! It must be remembered that she was only twenty-four years of age. She seems to have much enjoyed this tour, in the course of which she became acquainted with Didérot and Voltaire, the latter of whom, she tells us, with naive vanity, exclaimed, when he first saw, or rather heard, her, "What is this I hear? even her very voice is the voice of an angel!" Returning to Russia, she remained there for about five years, at the expiration of which she resolved to visit Scotland, that her son might graduate at the Edinburgh University.

Perhaps the happiest years in the Princess's life were those three which she passed in apartments at Holyrood House. A distinguished society gathered round her: Robertson, Blair, Adam Smith, and Ferguson were her constant associates, and her mind was well capable of appreciating theirs. In the month of May, 1779, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Prince Daschkaw, he being at that time just sixteen years old. Thereupon the Princess, her son, and daughter, set off upon a European tour, and these are a "few of the most interesting" of the subjects to which the brilliant mother expects the boy specially to direct his attention on his travels: "The nature and form of government; the laws, customs, influence, population, commerce; the physical circumstances of countries, as relating to soil and climate; their foreign and domestic policy; the productions, religion, manners, resources, real and fictitious, with regard to public credit, income, taxes; and the different conditions of the different classes of society!"

Considering that the unfortunate Prince must already have been crammed with knowledge to an almost incredible extent, he might have been allowed, one would think, to make a tour in foreign countries, with somewhat less weighty subjects on his mind. But the Princess's own energy was un-

flashing, and her interest in all subjects keen. In Ireland she "frequents the House of Parliament," and listens with pleasure to the eloquence of Grattan; in Paris she becomes acquainted with Marie Antoinette, who characteristically laments that she shall soon be compelled to give up dancing; in Italy she honours most vigorously, and seems to spend every moment in either mental or bodily exertion. In July, 1782, Princess Dashkoff returned to St. Petersburg, and it is a significant hint of the state of society at the time, that it was generally believed that Prince Dashkoff had been educated with a special view to his becoming the "favorite" of the Empress. To do the Princess justice, nothing seems to have been further from her intentions than so revolting a scheme, and she even treated the idea of her son's being so honored with most astonishing coolness, when it was pretty plainly suggested to her a year or two later, Prince Dashkoff being then about twenty-two, and the Empress fifty-six years old!

We are now arrived at perhaps the strangest event in Princess Dashkoff's life. With all her versatility of talent, she had never been specially a literary woman,—politics had occupied so much of her time. Her astonishment was unfeigned, therefore, when, at a ball given by the court, the Empress signified to her that she was to be appointed—of all things in the world—Director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. The Princess was struck dumb; when she was able to speak, she affected to treat the matter as a jest, at the same time earnestly declining the appointment. The Empress continued to press it upon her.

"Appoint me directress of your Majesty's washerwomen," cried the Princess, "and you shall see with what zeal I am capable of serving you"; and in pretty plain terms she intimated that such an appointment would render her less ridiculous than the one which was offered to her. The Empress bade her recollect that some of those who had recently filled the office were undeniably her inferiors.

"So much the worse," cried the undaunted Princess, "for those who could respect themselves so little as to undertake a duty which they were incapable of fulfilling with credit to themselves."

The Empress was obliged to let the matter drop for the moment; but she was determined, and the Princess, of course, was compelled to yield, not without a very spirited resistance, for she was keenly sensible of the absurdity of her position. "Here, then," she says, "I was in the situation of a beast of burden, harnessed to an unwieldy and disjointed machine, without any regulating principle to direct my labors." The affairs of the academy, moreover, had been long out of order, and a root-and-branch reform was necessary. Having once undertaken an office, however, Princess Dashkoff was by no means a person to let the grass grow under her feet in the performance of the duties attached to it; she immediately began to strain every nerve to fit herself for her post, and a few days after what she calls "this strange and unheard-of creation," she took her seat in the academy, addressed the members and professors, and plunged at once into the pecuniary affairs of the establishment. The oath of fidelity required in Russia from all who hold employment under the Crown, was not dispensed with in this case, and the new director soon went to have it administered. To reach the chapel where the ceremony was to take place, she had to pass through the chamber where the senators sat in council. She

found them all assembled, and in their places; they rose as she entered, some whom she knew coming forward to receive her, feeling, doubtless, considerable surprise at "the singular phenomenon of a woman within the walls of their august sanctuary!"

And now began for Princess Dashkoff twelve years of incessant and intense exertion. A slight account must suffice of what this wonderful woman contrived during that time to accomplish. By her economy and sagacity she soon brought the finances of the academy into a flourishing condition; she increased the number of students from seventeen to fifty; established new courses of lectures in mathematics, geometry, and natural history; superintended the preparation of new and accurate maps of the provinces; and, not content with this, she actually established, upon a plan of her own, another academy, of which she became president, and which was devoted to the improvement and cultivation of the Russian language. Here was immediately begun a complete Russian dictionary, a work till then unknown. The Princess herself undertook three letters of the alphabet, and "an explanation in precise terms of all the words which had especial reference to the three great subjects of morals, politics, and government." Besides all this, she superintended the erection of the building of the new Russian academy; she composed in Russ a dramatic piece which was performed at the Empress's theatre; she made a journey into Finland with the Empress; she visited her own two or three country-places, and kept a keen eye upon the buildings in process of erection upon her estate near Petersburg, sometimes working herself with the masons. Visits to the palace also claimed a large portion of her time. But, indefatigable as she was, domestic troubles pressed hard upon her. Her daughter's marriage was a failure; her son made a marriage of which she disapproved; profound melancholy oppressed her, tempting her at one time to destroy herself; and though she sought refuge in activity, she grew at length weary of the whirl in which so much of her life was spent, and wished to retire. The Empress, however, would not accept her resignation, but granted her leave of absence for two years, which was afterwards extended to a third; but before its completion, the death of Catharine the Great changed the aspect of the Princess's affairs.

The Emperor Paul, who succeeded, resented deeply the part the Princess had taken in dethroning his father so many years before. Her formal dismissal from her offices in both academies was not long in arriving. She received it with dignity, as a release from a burden beyond her strength; but she bitterly grieved over the death of the Empress; she lamented the fate of her country, abandoned to the caprice of a tyrant, and the news of the daily edicts of arrest and banishment did not fail to reach Troitskoe. Her health failed, and she became very ill. Visiting Moscow for the purpose of obtaining alleviation, she had scarcely arrived there when she was met by a command from the Emperor to "return instantly into the country, and there recollect the epoch of 1763."

As soon as possible she obeyed, and remained at Troitskoe, confined to bed or sofa, incapable of movement, and in ceaseless pain. But the Emperor had not yet satisfied his vengeance. An order speedily arrived that Princess Dashkoff should quit Troitskoe, and take up her residence upon an estate belonging to her son in the northern part of

the government of Novogorod. To appreciate the cruelty of this sentence, it must be remembered that this was in a Russian December, that the Princess was suffering from a painful complaint, and that the journey had to be performed in a *kibitka*, a half-open carriage on sledges. It seemed doubtful whether she would reach Korotowa alive, and if she did so, it was a mere hamlet, in upwards of sixty degrees of northern latitude, situated amidst morasses and impervious forests, and inhabited by a few peasants and their priests. But in this, as in every other emergency of her life, Princess Daschkaw's spirit rose to the occasion. Unable to move without assistance, she was conducted to church, and fearing to waste her strength in adieux, she started on her long journey immediately after the service. Behold, then, our poor Princess, exposed to the perils of a winter journey in Russia, sleeping nightly in peasants' cabins, and on one occasion, when a hurricane blew up the snow, wandering for seventeen hours in ignorance of the way, expecting to be frozen to death, or devoured by wild beasts during the night.

However, in about a month, more or less, Korotowa was reached, and Princess Daschkaw established herself in a cabin where her three *femmes-de-chambre* shared her bedchamber during the night; another cabin was occupied by her daughter, who accompanied her. The enforced change of air, however, proved beneficial to the Princess; her health improved, and she regained cheerfulness and vivacity. Madame Worontzoff and her daughter came to visit her, and the Court lady of other days contentedly amused herself with "some books which we had the foresight to bring from Troitskoe, a few pencils which we employed in sketching the surrounding scenery on our deal table, which every third day was washed, and served afresh for the same purpose, as we could not afford paper," and with "the drollery of a little Cossack." But fate had not destined this trial to be of long duration. After actually despatching a courier with orders that the Princess should be "deprived of pens, ink, and paper, and kept so strictly watched as to be debarred from all communication and correspondence" with the outer world, the Emperor relented; and before the winter was over, Princess Daschkaw had received permission to return to that beloved Troitskoe where there was not a tree in the shrubberies that had not been planted by her own hand, or under her special direction.

We may hurry over what remains of her life. She was permitted to return to Moscow, where she reigned like a little queen among the lingering remnants of the Court of Catharine; no man, whatever was his rank, presumed to sit down in her presence without permission, — a permission not always granted. When she wished any one to give a ball or entertainment, she sent her order, and given it was, as a matter of course; but she far preferred living in retirement at Troitskoe. Her life there is thus described by one who knew her well: "There is an originality in her appearance, in her manner of speaking, in her doing every description of thing, which distinguishes her from any other creature I ever knew or heard of. She helps the masons to build walls; she assists with her own hands in making the roads; she feeds the cows; she composes music; she talks out loud in church, and corrects the priest if he is not devout; she talks out loud at her little theatre, and puts in the performers when they are out in their parts; she is a doctor, an apothecary, a surgeon, a farrier, a carpenter, a mag-

istrate, a lawyer; in short, she daily practises every species of incongruity; corresponds with her brother, who holds the first post in the empire, with authors, with philosophers, with Jews, with poets, with her son, with all her relatives, and yet appears as if she had her time a burden on her hands."

In Diderot's works is found a sketch of Princess Daschkaw, too long to transcribe. The following is an extract from it: "Her character is grave; she speaks our language fluently; all that she knows and thinks she does not say, but what she says, she says simply and forcibly, and with the tone of truth. She has a heart lacerated by misfortune, and exhibits a decision and grandeur in her ideas, as well as boldness and pride in her mode of thinking. There is in her, also, I am convinced, a profound spirit of rectitude and of dignity." But it would be a hopeless task to attempt an accurate description of her character. The writer already quoted pronounces it impossible. "Such are her peculiarities and inextricable varieties that the result would only appear like a wisp of human contradictions. . . . It seems to me she would be most in her element at the helm of the state, or generalissimo of the army, or farmer-general of the empire. In fact, she was born for business on a grand scale, — which is far from irreconcilable with the life of a woman who at eighteen headed a revolution, and who, for twelve years afterwards, governed an academy of arts and sciences."

Princess Daschkaw survived her son, and died at Moscow on the 4th January, 1810.

A STORY OF NO MAN'S LAND.

I.

THE New Forest is almost the only large district left in England which has not been invaded by the nineteenth century. You may drive or ride for miles over thousands of acres, and find the country in exactly the same state that it was left by the Norman kings; the roads are probably a good deal better, and the poachers use guns instead of bows and arrows; but except in these particulars, the same wide commons stretch bleak and bare, with here and there a withered stump by a sullen, black, boggy pool, succeeded by beautiful knolls where the tall deer, whom the "Conqueror loved as if he were their father," enjoy themselves as then, with picturesque oaks and beautiful green hollies dotted about as in a park, from amongst which William Rufus might ride out without any sense of incongruity; while old Perkins, who carried the King's body in a cart to Winchester, lived in just such a mud hovel, dressed in much such a dark "surplice" (smock frock) and leathern leggings as his descendant who now inhabits the same spot, having neither risen nor fallen in the scale during almost eight hundred years. The very tongue has hardly changed; the Anglo-Saxon lingers fondly there.

The population is a very lawless one, living, like their ancestors, on wood-stealing and poaching; and of all the lawless parts, a district called No Man's Land stands pre-eminent. The old Spartans, I believe, considered theft was not a fault unless it were found out: No Man's Land thought the same. Their very houses were stolen from the waste and built on the stolen soil; their cows and sheep, and pigs and geese, fed on the commons whence came their peat fuel, and there was not a shilling of rent for anything paid by the whole community. The late Speaker of the House of Commons tells how, when

riding with the ranger (a good, easy man) over these parts, they both took notice of a remarkably fine oak. Three or four days after they again passed the place; the tree was gone, trunk, branches, — not a trace of any kind was left. Hardly any notice was taken: it was considered the custom of the country, though many horses and carts must have been required to carry it away.

Every mud cottage stood separate. In the whole hamlet there were not three dwellings together. Mud has not a tempting sound, but it is, in fact, very comfortable wear, warm in winter, cool in summer; and standing, as many of them did, in their own little orchards and brilliant gardens, they were much more picturesque and pleasant than the hideous red boxes, with blue slate roofs, thin as paper, that are succeeding them. The most substantial and prettiest of them all belonged to the parish clerk; it possessed a second story, and was partly built of brick; for Silas Russell was a considerable man in those parts, — “a rich fellow enough, and a fellow who had had losses, and one who had two gowns.” He lived nearly two miles from the little village church, but as he was the only man in the hamlet at the time of his appointment who could read, there had been no choice in the matter. He was as proud of his rare accomplishment as Beauclerc himself; and as knowledge was power even in No Man’s Land, he was greatly considered for it. His house stood on the edge of a little hill sheltered from the north, with an orchard of merries (the little black cherry) about it, and a passion-flower trained over the front, for the climate is almost as mild as Devonshire; while the little garden made a gorgeous show in June, with great red peonies, blue larkspurs, and golden marigolds.

It was Sunday midday, and he and his granddaughter were just returning from the “berrin” of his old wife. He did not speak, and Rachel, always rather afraid of him, dared not begin. At last they reached the door; the empty house-place seemed to strike cold on the old man, — the vacant chimney-corner where they two had sat opposite each other for so many years, and he spoke out, but it was not a sentimental grief. “Eh, but she were fallen away to nothing; she var a perfec’ notamy. ‘Small heft shall I be to carry to the licturn,’ says she; and she var that sure. But it were a fine berrin, chile, and a sight of voke, and they all spoke as ‘how she were a terrible good woman.’”

And so poor old Lizzie’s funeral oration was done.

Rachel Russell was a very pretty girl, of the type common in those parts, small and well-made, with delicate, refined features, and what would be called elegance in another class in all her motions and looks. She was an orphan. There is nothing but association in names; no high-born sound was there to any one who heard hers. Russells were exceedingly common about there, and no one saw anything the least incongruous in dirty old Howard the blacksmith, or Stanley the gypsy tinker in the lane.

Old Russell was exceedingly particular about his grandchild; no one was “allowed” about the place, and it was so lonely that his task would have seemed easy; but as when a flower comes out in the forest, the bees appear where none were to be seen before, so if there is a pretty girl, those ne’er-do-weels young men will find her out; and poor Russell was sadly put about. It never seemed to occur to him, in his horror at the species, that they were necessary to replenish the supply of old ones, who alone he thought worthy to inherit the earth.

Their nearest neighbor was an old woodcutter, a widower, whose children had all left him except the youngest, Maurice. He was a tall, well-grown stripping, about one-and-twenty, with a pleasant face, not in the least handsome; with a keen eye for a stag, and the fleetest runner in the parish. He was supposed to help his father in the wood, and if they both combined less lawful callings with their nominal one, No Man’s Land did not think the worse of them. Old Lizzie Russell had been very fond of the striving woman who had died of hard work, and Maurice and Rachel had known each other from babies; many were the wood-pigeons’ eggs, the feathers of woodpecker and jay, that were among her treasures in those old days. And now, if he met her coming home with a bundle from the shop, four miles off, there was no harm in his carrying it for her, or in his helping with a yoke of water from the little well at the bottom of the steep orchard; for he had been scarcely allowed to come within the house since the old woman’s death. Everything looked fair for the pair; he had never spoken a word of love to her, however, they were still on their old friendly footing, and old Silas, who did not like the prospect of losing his grandchild, could not have objected in the long run, when — there was a sudden change in the Government, the Ministry resigned, and a number of great people went in and out, with whom Maurice and Rachel did not seem at first sight to have much to do. There are many clever books written to prove what small causes led to great events; *un verre d’eau* turned out the Duchess of Marlborough and changed the fate and policy of Europe. My great work shows that great things have a multitude of small tails which they know nothing about. Among a number of changes and cries for reform, there had been an outcry about the malversations of the Forest. The old ranger was dead, and the new Ministry appointed a fresh one, who began his reign as is the fashion of new brooms. The keeper of that part of the district was a very worthy old butler belonging to the last dynasty, who never stirred out after eight o’clock, and knew as much about woodcraft as a cobbler.

He and his wife lived about a mile and a half farther in the wood, at a lodge in a most beautiful situation on a hill overlooking the country for miles round. Great sweeps of wood alternating with wild heathery commons stretched out to the Channel, the blue sea and the beautiful lines of the Isle of Wight beyond, — “the Island,” as it is fondly called, — and a white sail like a gull’s wing here and there. It was surrounded by tufts of beech and holly set on the short green sward, the boughs from which strewed the ground, cut in winter as fodder for the deer, who loved and frequented the spot, and were to be seen flashing in and out of the glades between the groups of trees which are scattered about as in a magnificent park.

On this pleasant place of much play and little work came the terrible shadow of reform. But abuses were long-lived in those days, and after much talk of stricter management, in a little while matters subsided, and the anticlimax of the magnificent plans of improvement was that the under-keeper was desired to take an assistant.

He was not long in appearing, — one Ralph Leverton, the son of a small farmer a few miles off, shrewdly suspected of having the best possible chance of circumventing the poachers by being well practised in all their ways. He was a very good-looking fellow, tall and straight, with curling black

hair, and keen eyes; and in his black velvetene coat, and long gaiters, looked the very ideal of a young gamekeeper.

He was known to most in the village, but he graduated, as it were, on the first Sunday after his appointment, when the congregation were much disturbed by discussing him outside in the church porch, and watching within how he joined in the hymns.

After church he seemed to think that so great a man might pick his company; and as Rachel was decidedly the prettiest girl there, he joined the old clerk at the first stile, ostensibly to inquire about a deer's run near the house, and walked home with them, Rachel keeping shyly by her grandfather with her prayer-book wrapped in a red pocket-handkerchief. The old man, however, did not ask him in when they reached the cottage, and rather fought shy of his new acquaintance.

After that, however, Ralph was constantly in and out; sometimes "would Master Russell give him a cup of mead," or lend him a hammer, or he brought a bit of newspaper, only three weeks old, containing some wonderful battle or murder for the erudite clerk.

Rachel did not much like him; but she was very young and innocent; she never looked forwards, he rather amused her; he had seen the great world, had been even as far as "Hampton," and she thought it very good-natured of him to look in on them.

Maurice had been away, selling wood for his father, who was laid up with the rheumatics, and the few times he had been near the clerk's house, he had not "chanced" on Leverton; but one day when he came to the well at the time Rachel generally fetched her water, he saw Ralph saunter slowly out of the house, with his hands in his pockets like an *habitué*, and go whistling up the hill. Poor Maurice was dumfounded; his holy place, where he was scarcely allowed to enter, to be profaned by such a man; for Leverton's character was not particularly good; and moreover, he regarded the ex-poacher with something of the feelings of a soldier towards a deserter. That evening Rachel did not come to the well; probably Ralph had carried her water for her, and Maurice went home in a towering rage.

He did not manage to see her for the next few days, while he was nursing his wrath to keep it warm. At last one evening she was tripping across the forest, the nearest way home; there was no path, only the aimless tracks of the cows in and out of the holly and thorn thickets, and round the great beech and oak; the long level rays of the sun lay on the tall fern, and touched the beautiful green mossy trunks of the beech, which looked like velvet, the evening shadows crept in and out, and nothing stirred but a squirrel, chattering at her as she passed, or the rustle of the carpet of dead leaves where a hind stole away.

Presently she heard a nearer rustle, and turning, found Maurice at her side; she gave him such a bright look, her face beamed with such genuine pleasure, that his wrath subsided at once.

"Why, Maurice, where ha' ye been this age, like?" "Out o' sight, out o' mind," said he, sadly; "you've had other things to mind nor mindin' o' me, Rachel." She looked up surprised, and then blushed deeply at the expression in Maurice's face. "He's abeen in and out, out and in, most days, I da know, Rachel. I'd swaller it, and never make no mnaon, but that I da know he be na fit for thee; he be a loose hand, a wild chap that fears neither God nor man, and he

means no good by thee. 'Tain't 'cause I hate one as have turned on his own trade, darling; there's deeper wrong nor thissen; ask them as da know Ralph Leverton. Do ye love un, Rachel, dear?" he said, tenderly and sadly. "I ha' little to offer, heaven do know; but I ha' loved thee ever sin' thou werst so high, wid all my soul, and all my strength. I've never alooked at ere a lass only thee. I'd twoil all a man mid to make thine a happy life, — God bless thee."

In her sudden terror, she sat down where she stood, among the fern, and covered her face with her hands. As Maurice had been speaking, she remembered her first instinctive repugnance to Leverton; that strange power by which natures perfectly innocent and ignorant of evil detect by instinct what more practised minds often miss; as if endowed with an additional sense for their preservation, if they would but listen to it. Leverton had unconsciously modified his ordinary bold, reckless look and manner when he came near her gentle purity, as you would hardly speak harshly to a fawn, and her first impression had worn off.

A very wise woman once said that she often altered her first impression of a person; that as she knew more of a character, she modified her opinion very much, but that she always came back to the first, when the mind had been quite unprejudiced, and the instinct, which is far stronger in women than men, had had fair play.

Poor Rachel's cogitations were not so abstruse, though they came to the same end. She instinctively felt that what Maurice said was true; she remembered her early impression against Leverton; could it be possible that she could care for this man? Then came up before her the frank, hearty nature that was standing near her, the loving and tender hand which had always been helpful in her little perplexities, and the tears began to start through her fingers. It took a long time, or it seemed so to him, for her little mind, so unpractised in reading its own or others' emotions, to get so far; and poor Maurice standing on thorns watching her, and at last seeing her tears, thought it was all up with him and turned away with a sort of smothered groan.

"Good by, Rachel," he said, and he swore within himself (though in his rude chivalry he thought it unmanly to threaten her with it), that he'd "list next day."

"Bide, Maurice, bide," cried Rachel, leaping up in terror, "I carena naught for yon man." "But then you care naught for me either, Rachel, I'm feared," answered Maurice with a bound back to her side; but his arm round her waist certainly belied him. Rachel, however, did not push it away; on the contrary, she lifted up her little, shy, blushing, tearful face for him to kiss, — at least that was the result, the first he had ever given her; and then the two sauntered together into paradise, through that open door still left for poor scrubby earth, as some people consider it.

Then Rachel crept quietly home, and was perfectly unconscious of her grandfather's remarks, answering yes or no at random all the evening, "for the beating of her own heart was all the sound she heard," while she lived that one hour over and over again.

Leverton was not long in finding out the difference of her manner. She had never shown him anything more than simple civility, but now she looked fluttered instead of amused when he came into the house, and he very soon guessed the cause.

Next he dogged her footsteps, and found the two together. Maurice had been working hard to find some settled occupation, when he thought he might go to the old clerk with a better chance of success. One evening Rachel heard his low whistle near the cottage and stole out to hear news of his plans. They lingered just a little too long at the edge of the orchard, bidding good by a little too often, for Leverton passed by the edge of the wood and scowled like the fiend at the sight of Adam and Eve. He went immediately by the back of the house in to the old clerk.

"Do ye know where be Rachel at this minit, Master Russell? that young scoundrel Maurice and she be colloquing in the orchat at the stile." Old Silas hobbled out in time to see the parting, and when Rachel turned homeward she met his angry growls, as he seized her arm and dragged her into the cottage, vowing that Maurice should never darken his doorstep, a beggarly fellow, who would never own naught; a chap as were no use to nobody, &c.

Poor Rachel led a sad time of it. Her grandfather hardly let her go out of his sight. Leverton continued to frequent the house. Rachel had till now been a mere plaything for a spare half-hour: his inclination for her would probably have died away if all had been smooth, but it became very earnest now that she took so much winning. His whole soul was bent upon catching Maurice in some act which might entail a long imprisonment upon him, and so dispose of him for a time. He hated him as an overbearing nature detests what stands in the path to its will.

Maurice had kept out of the way as much as possible in order that poor Rachel might not suffer, and had continued his earnest search for permanent work which yet should not take him out of the district (which your true forest antiochthones hate like death). One fine autumn Sunday, however, he went up to church, keeping rather apart from the scattered groups out of the different cottages. The church, built of flint with stone quoins, stood on a little hill apart from any village, with some beautiful old elms and picturesque oaks round it. The only dwelling in sight was an old farm-house, the remains of a large manor which had belonged to one of the regicides, who, on windy nights, without his head (I suppose as an appropriate punishment, in which case the tradition was curious as an indication of feeling in England at the time of his death), drove four headless horses down the hollow lane to the churchyard; he was not pleasant company to meet, and that side of the hill had rather an evil savor. At the bottom of the hill ran a little river with a footbridge across it. Beyond lay the few fields of the parsonage, and round in every direction the great forest folding in on all sides. On week-days, it was a most solitary place, on Sunday it served as the rural Pall Mall or Hyde Park; staid old laborers who never met on other days, interchanged the gossip of the week, or more often sat in dignified silence, sunning themselves in the porch. The ivy which covered tower and walls with a thick green coat, and even crept through the roof and hung within in long festoons unmindful of rural deans, had a trunk like a tree, and the boughs stuck out three or four feet from the wall. It was clipped up to a certain height, so as to form a shelter or pent-house from the rain and sun, under which stood a row of men with their backs leaning against the wall. It was almost as great an ordeal for a young girl to pass this raking fire of eyes into

church, as for the squire's daughter to perform her first minuet at her first ball, — the most tremendous exaction which society ever made on a modest young girl.

Rachel was sitting on the tombstone of her grandmother (whom she sorely missed), in a quiet part of the churchyard, just before the service, while the old clerk was busy inside. She sat sad and silent, playing with little Reuben, youngest of ten boys of one of her few acquaintances, when Maurice's voice sounded close to her.

"She var a good friend to me," he muttered, looking at the grave; then turning to her, "I've abrought thee a posy, Rachel. I got un from the squeezer's gardener (this was four miles away). I dunna know what name thou givest they flowers, but my mother called um 'love in idles,' and he put a bunch of purple and yellow pansies with their velvet leaves into her hand. She looked up with a bright smile and a blush, said nothing, but put the flowers into her bosom. The parson's bell was ringing, and with Reuben and his mother she followed the congregation who trooped in. But Leverton had seen it all, and as he followed Maurice into the church, he said in a loud whisper, so that all the philosophers of the porch could hear, "What, he's afraid now of going after the stag and will only run after the women." Maurice ground his teeth, but did not turn.

It was true that he had not been "out" for a long time, but not with the least idea of growing steady, as the polite world may suppose. It is almost impossible for a settled state of society to realize the feelings of peasants in those parts in those days. The Crown is such an extremely impersonal proprietor, its rights are held so lightly, its duties are still less considered; the deer are such thoroughly wild animals, that the land seems to belong to no one, and to be of use to nobody; and the result altogether was that no young man's conscience was at all more hurt by going out after the deer than the Hon. Mowbray Plantagenet suffers remorse in a Canadian forest going after an elk. It was a trial of skill between gentlemen of different professions: if the poacher caught the stag, well; if the keeper circumvented the poacher, it was fair too, if not well.

Silas himself, the majestic Silas, though as an official himself he had a natural leaning to the authorities, would just as soon that his granddaughter should marry a poacher as a keeper, if he had been as well doing; but Maurice just "scratted along," while Leverton had eighteen good shillings a week and a house, with the chance of better.

Church began, but Maurice did not profit greatly; in vain the clerk's periods struck his occupied ear. Silas was particularly great to-day in certain psalms where he could sound the proper plurals "priestesses" and "beastesses" in their place; there was a new curate, a north countryman, and he had been so ill-advised as to try and reform these peculiar terminations, but Silas knew better. "I won't be put down by nobody, let alone by he; why I dunnot understan' above half o' what he do say, he do talk so queer, he do; therefore in conscioius rectitude he now rolled them out with redoubled fervor.

But neither this nor the psalmody had any effect on Maurice. This greatly resembled the cornet, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music which Nebuchadnezzar the king had for his private enjoyment. The instruments were many and singular; so were the minds of the performers, — each went on

his way rejoicing, quite regardless of any one else, with wonderful results. The curate also sometimes desired one spiritual song, the choir another, and both continued their separate performance at the tops of their voices, till the strongest had it, which was of course the choir, numbers against authority.

All this, however, was lost on Maurice, filled with his own thoughts. Where he sat he could just catch Rachel's pure sweet profile, looking very pale, but calm and still. There was a curious old corbel over her with a beautiful head upon it; almost all the rest were queer grinning apish faces. (By what strange rule of contraries did our ancestors put such things into their churches?) It was evidently the portrait of a Queen, — the companion, a Richard II. sadly mutilated, was still decipherable, — but Maurice always took it for an angel, and said it was like Rachel, and his prayer that day, if its vague longings had been translated into words, would have read, "Sancte Rachele, ora pro me."

At last the church was "loosed." It was a pretty sight to watch the little rivulets of people streaming in their different directions, over green field and through wooded glade home: white surplices (the smock frock) and red cloaks abounded; the flat black silk hat, however, which went with it had even here disappeared into the bonnet.

II.

THAT evening Maurice's father began upon him about the "powney"; she was "growing too old for the bavin" trade; and ye mid get me another in no time, Maurice, if ye were the boy ye was, and had a mind to 't. There's a stag of prime, to be found most nights now by the Squab-hollow, and I'd acome round with the powney for to carry on him whuom."

Perugino makes his arch-tempter in the Vatican fresco a very reverend old man. His was a shrewder guess at human nature than the usual form given to that worthy; there is certainly no more dangerous or subtle one; and Maurice, stung in the morning by Leverton's gibe, and under the sort of fascination which makes a man of another class spend the day in the wet reeds after a wild duck, or pay £1,000 a year to stalk the red deer in the Highlands, consented to go. For a fortnight after, however, there was a great down-pour of rain, and the nights were dark; moreover, Maurice was not anxious to go while he thought Leverton was on the alert. At last, one night the moon was full, the rain had ceased, and the clouds were high, but they went drifting across the heavens with a strong wind in the upper sky. It was a gusty, wild-looking night, — great fleecy masses of enormous size careering along, and making the moon as murky at times as if there were none, though the lower sky and the earth were very still. Maurice did not start from home; the keepers might be upon his trail, so he walked at sunset across the forest by the high road, and as soon as night fell, beat towards the haunt of the stag which he had marked for the last month. He passed over hill and dale, watching the moonlit glades, and the glancing holly-bushes, and the dark masses of shade under the trees; and though without troubling himself much about the picturesque, there was a keen sense of enjoyment in it. At last stalking cautiously a little eminence in the middle of an open heathy part, which the wary deer had chosen for his bed-chamber, in order to be able to see all around, he

caught sight of the branching antlers among a herd of does. He dragged himself nearer and nearer still, and at last fired. The head fell, and he ran rapidly up the hill, the hinds racing off in all directions; he took out his knife to finish the poor thing's life, and begin cutting him up, when, very low on the still night breeze came the bay of a hound. "They've agot the bloodhound out after me," thought Maurice, with a thrill, not exactly of terror, though there were terrible stories told of the hound, and he was only brought out on great occasions.

There was no use in attempting to get the stag off now; and he set off at a long trot towards running water, and a frequented road to destroy the scent. He ran up a little stream, but the rain had filled it, and it was unpleasantly deep, and prevented his getting on. He passed into a byre, where some lean cows had been driven in, for the same reason; still on and on, for he could hear the low bay of the hound growing nearer and nearer; evidently he was upon the scent, and was summoning his master. The perspiration ran down Maurice's face, and his blood curdled, for he was beginning to grow faint with fatigue; the horrible brute's dreaded and dreadful voice was the only sound except the wind that reached his ear; and besides the physical dread of being torn by a beast, which even a brave man shrinks from, the thought came over him with a force he never had felt before, that if ever Leverton caught and put him in prison, what a chance it was giving him with Rachel's grandfather; and he ground his teeth at his own folly. He might have thought of this before, says a sage reader. Yes, but Maurice was not the first or the last young man who has eaten sour grapes, and whose teeth have been consequently set on edge.

His strength was very nearly gone. He, the swift-foot of the village, was reduced to a pace that a child might have overtaken, when he suddenly remembered that the river was so full with the rain, that it could not be crossed save at the bridge far below; and that, if he could but jump a certain place which he well knew, where the overarching banks had narrowed the channel, he should be safe for a time from the human part of his pursuers. No man but himself he knew would dare such a leap, and he could do battle with the beast as from a vantage-ground. He felt very uncertain whether he could cross it himself, exhausted as he was; but it was his last chance, and he plunged short off to the right. The river was overflowing its banks on either side; a dark mass of troubled water, bringing with it matted clods of grass and boughs of trees broken away in its forest course, swept past. When it reached the narrow, it foamed and tumbled and swirled into whirlpools; the ground about was wet and swampy with the rain. It was an ugly leap, and Maurice felt that if he missed his footing, he must be lost; for neither man nor beast could live in such a torrent. He had generally, too, taken the jump from the other side, where the ground was a little the highest; here he would have to jump up, which increased the difficulty, and he stood for a second or two measuring the distance. The night-wind sighed among the branches; everything was still but the turbid rushing water. He had lost time by coming down that way; he must jump or be taken.

He sprang at last in desperation. The ground was so soaked that, in spite of the run which he took, he had hardly any impetus; he caught at a

and the ground gave way, but a friendly beech-root below held good, and he fell foremost by main strength on shore, and on the right side. He was hardly sensible for the next few minutes; and when he rose, panting, he could scarcely bear to go near the foaming brink again; but it was his best hope, and he ensconced himself in the roots of the beech, with his gun reversed in his hand. He could hear the growl of the hound, now on the crest of the knoll, whence he had just himself come down; the clouds were gathering again over the moon, but enough light was left to see the huge and dreaded brute come in sight at his slow, unerring trot, and pause on the edge before making his spring, for he saw his man. Now or never. As he sprang, Maurice aimed a tremendous blow at him with the butt-end of his gun, and with a frightful yell he fell into the boiling seething whirlpool. Maurice shook from head to foot with rage and fatigue, and a sort of misery at his deed; his sportsman nature could not bear to have killed a dog as he would a wild beast; it was a sort of high treason in woodcraft; and besides, he remembered how Rachel used to fondle him. The dog never reappeared, and sadly he turned home, footsore and completely beat.

His father, who had gone out with the "powney," had reached home before him, and was anxiously on the watch. When the keepers came up to the house, both father and son were in bed; but, although Leverton felt certain that Maurice was the culprit, no one had seen him, there was not the slightest evidence against him; and as Leverton had taken the dog without leave, he was not anxious to make much fuss about its death, lest the blame should fall on him. So the thing blew over, but he hated Maurice all the worse for the failure of his night's work.

It had been a great lesson for Maurice himself. He began to mistrust his father, to see that whatever might be the abstract right and wrong of poaching, it never would enable him to win Rachel, and that he was playing his rival's game with the old clerk most satisfactorily. Regular work was slack, but to keep himself out of mischief, he hired himself as carekeeper to a farmer four miles off, and the winter passed quietly away. He was now hardly ever at home, for he was off by daylight and home long after dark; but somehow Leverton was convinced that he and Rachel met if only for a minute at a time.

With all his care he could not come upon them, but sometimes she looked a little brighter, and her steps were more light, and then Leverton, whose senses were sharpened by jealousy, could have told pretty nearly to an hour when they had come together.

It was a long and hard winter to poor Rachel, but spring came at last, and Maurice's six months were over; his master wanted him no more, and he returned home for a time.

It was a beautiful May. The apple and cherry orchards were sheets of blossom, May and yellow broom and "fuzzen" scented the air, the ground was a perfect carpet of anemones, blue harebells, and primroses,

"While the blackbird and the thrush,
Good morrow said from brake and bush,"

and Maurice and Rachel, like the birds, could not but be glad too in their spring, and feel convinced that all must go right with their love. "Look at yon," he said, as they stood hand in hand one day,

"under the hawthorn in the dale." He pointed to a chaffinch flying with a long straw in its beak to make its nest. "They've a-had a hard winter too, but it be all acome right with um, and they're abuilding their nestees as we shall soon urn, Rachel." She smiled a happy smile and turned to go. "What art thou adoin' of to-morrow?" said Maurice; "art agoing to Mrs. Strange's?" "No, not to-morrow, on'y Thursday." "And what time wilt thou be acoming whuom, for my feyther be aworkin' up by Longdean, and I allus come back that way if so be I can. I love the grove, and I'd be there to take thee back at any time thou bidd'st." They settled the hour, and she tripped off home. There had been another listener.

On Thursday Rachel made good haste with her work; Mrs. Strange had never known her so anxious to have done. She was rather a fussy old body, however, and it was past five before Rachel was able to get away. She had flurried herself by her haste, and only breathed freely when she came to the grove of tall beech.

The beauty of the forest in spring is indescribable: the sort of pink bloom on the oak before the leaves come out, the bright green of the young beech-buds just bursting, the emerald moss and the curled bracken before it opens, looking like a regiment of bishop's croziers; nothing else grows under a beech, but wherever there is an opening, there lies a whole garland of flowers, rare orchises, and crowfoot and violets, and tall thorns covered with showers of bloom crowning the whole. It was here that Maurice had met her nearly two years before, and told her that he loved her; and for some time she was so occupied with her own thoughts, that she did not find the time long. At last it grew quite late, there was no Maurice, the shadows began to creep fast under the trees, the sun was almost down, and she was growing nervous, when she saw a number of cows on their leisurely road home, poking their noses into a thicket not far off, snuffing the ground, galloping off again, and returning to look once more, as is the manner of cows, who are very curious by nature. She could see the herd-boys, trying to get them home, at last go and examine for themselves, and heard their cries of wonder; one raced off to the nearest cottage, the smallest, little Reuben, saw her and ran up, great in his importance at having a story to tell.

"O Rachel, it's blood, there's quite a pool of blood, and it's all trampled and torn round, only p'raps the cows has made that; and Rachel, Tom says that both Leverton and Maurice is missin' sin' yesterday evening'. The keeper was a callin' of him all about the village to-day, and old Master Lovel wanted Maurice badly, for the wood-cuttin' could na be finished without he." Rachel sat down in mute terror, too miserable even to think out her own thought. Tom was not long in returning; that part of the wood was very unfrequented, but there was a sort of path not far beyond, and he overtook some men going home from their work, one with his fork over his shoulder. It was growing almost too dusk to see footmarks, but a little moon was rising, and they could just see by it and the waning sunlight traces of broken boughs and fern where something had been dragged along; a sullen little dark boggy pool lay in the heather just outside the farthest trees, and thither the tracks led.

The woodmen began to tear down pieces of bark and light them, and a number of flaming torches were soon moving about round the pool. How does

news, particularly bad news, travel so fast? there were now fifteen or twenty men about, coming from all sides; a discovery of this kind seems to be perceived long distances off as vultures scent a dead body. They began with their rude pieces of stick to sound the ill-looking pool, black with peaty soil.

Poor Rachel could not stir: she watched the glancing lights, the dark forms in and out among the giant trunks, the red glare on the water, as if it were not a horrible reality, but only a picture. Little Reuben had taken his stand on a bank commanding both positions; the men had abused him for getting between their legs in his vehement curiosity, and he now acted as telegraph to Rachel, who had buried her face in her hands, and besides, where she sat could hardly see what was doing. "Master Tomkins says as how he feels summat, — no, 't ain't only a log"; then a dead silence, and the gesticulating little arms rose again. "They've afound un, they've afound un"; found him, found whom? — Rachel's heart stood still, "Oh I not him, not Maurice, good God, not him!" Then she felt as if she were praying for the death of another man, and besides was it not better that he were the murdered than the murderer?

Her suspense seemed to make her live hours in the minutes that passed, before the boy who had gone down, in his mad excitement, to the pond again to see for himself, rushed back to her.

It was neither Maurice nor Leverton, no one knew the face, — it was a stranger's.

III.

"THE crowner sat upon the body," but he did not elicit much. There was a vague rumor of a man of the same height and appearance having been seen at —, ten miles off, but it was a thriving and frequented port, where many strangers came and went, and nothing followed from the clew. Old Lovel knew nothing of his son.

A night or two afterwards, however, Rachel was sitting sadly at the foot of her little bed; the moon threw the shadow of the quarries of the window-panes over her, not a breath stirred, when a handful of thin gravel was thrown gently against the window. She looked out; a dark figure was standing in the moonlight, and she flew down stairs and gently opened the door. Maurice was leaning sadly against the doorpost, but at the sight of her he seemed for a moment to forget his troubles, and snatching hold of her he covered her with kisses.

"O Maurice," she whispered, as he drew her into the little orchard, where they could see all round, "what has thee done? Where's Leverton?"

"Dost ask first for him, lass?" he answered sadly. "He's all right, for aught I know."

"Dear, thee should remember neighbors say thou hadst killed he, or be thee, or both yon stranger."

"Nay, I know naught o' any stranger, nor o' Leverton either. He's a-hiding, watching for me, I'll be bound; he've agot what'll send me to prison any day. I were a-coming home 'cross the beech grove, just awhistlin' and thinking o' thee, when I cum across a snare and a hare in it. I never laid it, Rachel. I'd aswore for thy sake to give up poaching, but flesh and blood cannot stand a hare in one's path, and a' took it out; when out lept Leverton and dree more. He could n't beat me running," he said, with a bit of his old smile; "but, there he has his proof. I'd go to prison an it would win thee, but thy grandfather would allus be acasting it

up to me; and I'm acum to tell thee thou'rt free," and he shook with his own deep sob. "Thou must na think o' one as will not know where to lay his head."

"Nay," said Rachel, very quietly and steadily, "I'm troth-plighted to thee, Maurice. I feel all one as if we were married i' Summerhurst Church. I'll not leave loving thee nor forsake thought of thee till death do us part. If thou'st courage to wait, come and seek when the storms be overpast, and thou'll find me the same."

He took her in his arms again. "Thou'rt true and boly, like the angel in the church, Rachel, and I'm na worthy o' thee. God bless thee and reward thee."

As they stood under the fruit-trees the white petals showered on them like snow in the light breeze; their hopes seemed falling as fast under the moonlight, which looked tranquilly down on their sorrow.

"Art thou safe here?" said Rachel, at length.

"No; I mun be gone," he answered, peering anxiously round. "Leverton will leave no stun unturned to catch me, and he'll seek me sooner here nor anywhere. God bless thee, darling, true heart and brave"; and he disappeared in the shadow of the great trees.

A woman's share in such partings is much the hardest; a man has to do battle with life, and cannot brood over his sorrows, while with her "it walks up and down with her, sits with her, lies in her bed, and talks with her." As she crept up stairs she felt stunned. Her life had made a plunge, indeed; she felt ten years older than four short days ago. Leverton had altogether vanished. The nine days' wonder of the murder and the disappearance of the two young men died away; the rather stolid life of No Man's Land did not trouble itself about anything for very long, and except to his father and Rachel, poor Maurice was as if he had never been. The days went on long and drearily to her. No one can conceive the utter solitude of an outlying cottage in so thinly peopled a district, and "if it had not been for the little white hen," Rachel thought sometimes she should have gone out of her mind.

Maurice gave no sign; he could neither read nor write. The posts were slow and uncertain in those days, and rarely used. Rachel herself could not write, and only "read in Bible and Prayer-Book." Any one who has had much intercourse with the poor knows how, in almost every family, there has been a lost one, never heard of since his departure into the wide world, and expected vainly and patiently, sometimes "a matter o' fifty year."

At the end of about three years there was a dull booming of cannon heard from Hurst Castle Portsmouth, wherever, in short, there were forts in reach, and a vehement ringing of bells at church, where they heard there had been "a famous victory"; and later more guns and more ringing for the peace after it. Also, six weeks after, the only result of it that seemed much to concern No Man's Land, viz. Leverton's appearance. He had been seized by a press-gang he said, and sent off immediately to a distant station, and only released when both ships and men were disbanded.

A few days after he appeared at the clerk's. Unwelcome as he was to Rachel, she could not refuse a greeting and congratulation in such circumstances, particularly as he looked ill and worn and depressed. He seemed to have some incomprehensible pleasure in coming, for he would sit an hour or two at a time without speaking in the

chimney-corner, smoking with old Silas. Rachel at first used always to leave the room, but as he neither spoke to her nor looked at her, and hardly seemed conscious of her presence, she soon went on with her ironing or her cooking as if he were not there. She had some sort of soothing influence over him, however, though she did not know it; if she stayed long away he grew restless and uneasy. He said he was too ill to take to keeping again, even if there had been a place vacant. Altogether it was hardly possible to recognize the high-spirited, overbearing Ralph in the silent, almost sullen, depressed man. Rachel was surprised that people did not remark it, but he exerted himself more in public, and emotions are not delicately noted in village life.

As for the murder, "it were a long time ago; it warn't their business. The man were none of theirs, and Ralph was; and most like he knew naught about it. He had brought his ship papers all right home with him, which everybody might see"; and so the matter dropped.

And soon a rumor arose that Maurice was dead, no one could say how or when, but Rachel utterly refused to believe it. Leverton went on coming, and the old man consulted him about everything; he seemed to grow more cheerful as Rachel grew more dispirited. At last, after some weeks, she was struggling on a windy day with some drying clothes, when he came out and helped her.

"Ye work too hard, Rachel; I wish ye'd let me help ye. I wish ye'd let me help ye through life; the thought o' ye has been wi' me all these weary days. Why won't ye hearken what I hae to say?"

"O Leverton," she answered, wrenching her hands away from him, "how can ye? I feel as good as married to Maurice, and I'll never forsake him." "But if he's dead?" said Leverton, sadly. "He be n't dead; I dunna believe it. I shall ha' him back again. I wanna b'lieve it."

Leverton set his teeth and went back into the house without a word. Still he came as before; the old man, apparently out of sheer contradiction, seemed as if he could not do without him, and Leverton took it all in good part.

He made no way with Rachel, but she grew used to seeing him there, and, buried in her own thoughts, hardly seemed aware when he was by. He went on with a patience and perseverance, which in a better cause would have been beyond praise, to save her and help her with her grandfather, to ward off trouble and anxiety; and she could not but be grateful to him when he turned off a scolding from the fierce and sullen old man, and advised him always, as Rachel saw, wisely and well.

The Forest has long been a favorite haunt of gypsies, and the pale blue smoke of their encampments is often seen among its grassy glades. Up one of these went Leverton in search, not for the first time, of the old gypsy grandam of the tribe, who was held in fear and awe by the whole neighborhood. The tents, with their complement of carts and horses, were pitched in an open space where weird old pollard-oaks, covered with the long gray lichen which waves like hair in the wind, fringed a gravel-bank which shut out the wind; a little stream ran below. An iron pot, slung on crossed sticks, hung over a small fire; the old woman, with a red handkerchief tied over her grizzled elf-locks, that protruded from under it, sat and stirred. There was a pleasant savor of savory meat, which was probably not the case with the stew of the witches

whom she resembled; but she looked like a Fate as she lifted up her filmy black eyes on him. "Well, mother, here I am again," said he.

"And what do ye want, with me, Ralph Leverton? No good I'll be bound; ye won't get that, with yer years, I'm thinking."

"Nobody can't say as it's bad this time. I want to be married." She looked at him with her piercing eyes, but said nothing. "She'd marry me, I believe, now, but that she's tied herself to that poor crettur Maurice Lovel, and he's dead; I know he's dead," he repeated, vehemently.

"And that's what you want me to incense her wi'," answered the woman, with a sort of savage laugh, and raising herself up with a long stick; "you as makes yer bed on better men's graves. Not bad! However," she added, for it is pleasant to indulge your sharp tongue, and your love of gain at once, "pay for yer merchandise, and get gone wi' yer."

A few days after, Rachel had gone on one of her rare expeditions to the little market-town. Her grandfather was ailing, and she was late in setting out; the long June twilight of a close, hot day had set in as she took a short cut across the forest, and she sat down wearily by a sort of ford where the gravel had been washed away from the roots of the fantastic old beech-trees, and bathed her hands and face in the little stream, which made a pleasant ripple among the stones. Presently she heard the dull tread of a horse on the sward in the still evening, and she drew back among the holly-bushes, for it was a lonely place, and she did not want to be seen. A man on a bare-backed horse passed close beside her, and was turning his head over his shoulder, as if to see whether he were followed.

He was so near that, though the light was fast fading, she recognized him as a loose sort of fellow who belonged to the parish, but had no regular work, and made his bread as he could. What was he doing with Farmer Baker's horse? which she knew also, because Leverton had been discussing it with her father. Both horse and man, however, disappeared quickly over the hill, and Rachel went on. She made her way back to the road as fast as she could, for she did not like the encounter. As she came, however, to the turn which led up to her grandfather's, the old hag who was always called Queen of the Gypsies barred the way. She was standing in an open glade, under an arch of green boughs, with her scarlet cloak and a staff in her hand. There is a curious love of stage effect in the race; they are born actors. There seems to be no absolute truth in words for them; they are only used relatively to produce an impression on you.

She began, "I have a word to speak to you, Rachel Russell." Rachel had been brought up in a righteous horror of gypsies, however, and she hurried on, a good deal frightened, and refusing to listen.

"And you're the more fool for your pains, girl; for none but I could tell of the one who is gone, and where he is."

"If ye ha' any news o' Maurice," said the poor girl, trembling, "tell me, in God's name."

"Ah, now you want my news, when you have n't the manners to be civil to them old enough to be your grandmother. Pay me for my tale, then."

"I haven't got no money; and them's my father's things," said poor Rachel, wringing her hands.

"Then give me that shawl off o' your shoulders," said the old woman, fiercely.

Rachel pulled it off and held it out piteously to her.

"I saw a dark place among the holes of the earth, and there were great wheels and fiery furnaces; and as I looked, the young man was struck down by the fierce heat, and torn asunder by the whirl; and there he lay dead."

Poor Rachel walked away, stunned, without a word. She hardly noticed a young man with a peaked hat and a peacock's feather in it, who came up in front of her when he saw the interview was over.

The old hag looked slowly after her. "I've settled her," she muttered, "with a pain in her heart and salt tears in her eyes."

"Why do you hate her, mother?"

"The old clerk has turned us out of the church lane, and done us grief scores o' times," answered she; "and I love to hurt them as hurt us."

That evening, as Leverton was sitting with the old clerk, Rachel rushed breathlessly in. "Why, what's come to yer?" said her grandfather; "and what's come o' yer shawl?" "It were the old gypsy wife as said she had news o' Maurice, and I gived it her for to tell me"; and she burst into an hysterical flood of tears as she wrung her hands passionately. Leverton swore a deep oath as he rose angrily at the "rascally old randy quean." He had robbed Rachel of what was more precious to her than many shawls, and yet he was furious at the old woman for thus exacting a double fee for her lie. His rage, like David's, was all reserved for the minor offender.

The old clerk grew more infirm. Rachel was the most patient and attentive of nurses, but whenever Leverton was away for a day or two he kept up a whining complaint against her of how "ill voke behaved to him." A grievance with some people is the dearest thing they possess, and they regard you with infinite ill-will if you rob them of their property by explaining it away.

The following Sunday Silas got down with great difficulty to the church. An assistant had been appointed, but that great dignitary, a clerk, cannot be removed; he held to his rights, and whenever he was able he hobbled down and read the responses, together with the *responsum*, which did not improve the service. When he and Rachel arrived in the churchyard, they found the parliament or talking-place of the village in great agitation about the stealing of Farmer Baker's horse. The gypsy encampment was so near, that it was all laid to the door of Geordy Stanley, horsebreaker and horse-dealer, grandson of the old queen. The gypsies had so much the best of it in ordinary life, that the whole community seized greedily on any opening for retaliation.

"But I saw Will Snell riding away on the horse, that evening," said Rachel, simply.

She immediately found herself the centre of interest, to her great dismay; she had to tell her story over and over again: they crowded round her. "But could ye asay for certain sure it were Will?" said the clerk, sternly.

Rachel was thankful when the bell carried off her tormentors.

The following week, however, poor Geordy was lodged in the county jail. The horse had been found at a great fair, farther down in the west, at which Geordy was present, and though the link between the two was still wanting, "society" considered him guilty without more ado. A day or two

after, a tall gypsy, with a sullen look on her handsome face, appeared suddenly at the door of the clerk's cottage, having carefully watched him go out. Rachel was leaning against the chimney, gazing sadly into the fire, and she shrank back as she saw the red cloak.

"You've no call to fear me, Rachel Russell," said the woman; "it's I as come to you for help. I hear ye say you saw that fellow Snell riding off on the horse that they've lay at my poor boy's door. He's as innicent of it as a babe unborn. Ye saw him yersell that night along wi' my mother at the tents, arter ye met Snell. Will ye come up and swear so at the 'sises'?"

Rachel shuddered; it was terrible to her timid nature to think of standing up before "Grandfa Judge" and the court.

"Rachel," said the woman, striding up to her, and catching hold of her arm, "do ye know what it is I ask? It's a hanging matter to steal a horse; hearken to me: I'll swear by anything you please he did n't do it. You know you saw him yersell arter the horse were gone. Will ye let him be killed afore my eyes? What's all that praying and singing for, if ye let the innicent suffer and the rascals go free?" she added solemnly, standing over the chair where Rachel had sunk in her agitation. It was against all her class prejudices; the gypsies were feared and hated by every one round her; they were considered beyond the pale, outcast, an accursed race, and she knew she should encounter her grandfather's wrath if she actively helped them, as well as she, to her, terrible ordeal of the trial.

"If you'd a mother," the woman went on, the great veins swelling in her throat with her efforts to conceal her agitation, "you would n't serve a mother so."

"I can swear I seed un after Will Snell rode off. I'll bear true witness for you: God Almighty help us a'," said the poor girl with a gasping sob and a white face.

"Is it God or the other as is the bad un?" said the woman drearily, as she seized her hands with a passionate expression of gratitude, and disappeared in the noiseless way she came in.

At last the rheumatics grew so bad that old Silas took to his bed, and sore work Rachel had in the nursing, till at last her friend Mrs. Ten-boy (so called to distinguish her from others of the name) interfered: "You see, chile, ye can't mind un alone any longer; he'd be much better wi' an old nuss. He'd just apotter and abother wi' she, and she'd up and answer he, and that'd stir un and please un like; while he goes on a-hammering and agirding at you, and ye won't answer, and it ben't no satisfaction to a man as had allus had his own way, and likes some un as'll stand up to un. I doubt Sally Skene would come for her vittles and a shilling."

Mrs. Page was quite right; and when that lady was established in the house, and never gave him anything without "argufying," and held her own as obstinately as Silas himself, he was twice as happy as with the gentle, patient Rachel, obedient to all his whims.

At last he drew near his end, and the old rector came up to see the last of his ancient copartner, as the clerk considered himself. When he chose, Silas had the *belles manières* of the old school, — a manner self-respecting and respectful, which is fast dying out in these days, when each class is trying to appear something above it; and their uneasy famil-

ilarity shows the little faith they have in their assertion.

Silas was not a good specimen of his class. His life was by no means that of a true gentleman; but security of position is one element of manners. As clerk he felt himself a truly great man, and his reception of the rector was perfect. He was pleased with the attention (the rector was not given to visiting his people,—it was in the old days); he was not grateful; he knew that it was his due; he liked to have the reading and prayers all proper. He considered that he had done his duty, and was no wise anxious about his state; and nothing could be more curious, contrasted with his usual humors, than the dignified farewell he took of his ancient chief, and his dying hospitalities.

His end arrived a few days after. "He's been right down fractious to be sure," said the old nurse. "I weren't yable to do nothing as was right, he were that uncommon queer, but he's as quiet as a lamb to-night, for I've ataken away the feathers pilla; he'll die quiet enough now."

Mrs. Ten-boy made an earnest but vain effort in favor of his soul. She would have brought in her good little husband, a Methodist preacher, but Silas was furious.

"Now, don't ye go afussing and abuzzing any longer. It ain't a mossel o' good. It stann's to reason as I, as have been parish-clerk a matter o' forty year, and could cipher and write my name alongside the parson's, must aknow a mort more than any Methodie about my soul and my salvation, and all them things; and I ain't agoing to be worried o' that fashion. My soul,—I know all about my soul," he muttered, angrily; and the familiar word stirring the old association, "Awake, my soul," he sang in a quavering voice, "and with the sun,—Let us sing to the praise and glory"; then, as uneasy sensations wandered over his dying limbs, "There's fuzzen in the bed, tie up thae bavins"; and so the old recollections mingling in death, the old heathen passed away; and let us hope his was a true prophecy, and that his soul did awake in that other morning,—it had been mostly asleep here.

"It were very queer," moralized good Mrs. Page, "how I could n't get him for to listen; I likes to be alarmed."

"Have ye told the bees?" she continued; and she went out to perform that important ceremony. If it is neglected they either resent the discourtesy by flying away, or take it to heart so much that they all die. Why they require this attention, while the horse, cow, and pig, to whom it is so much more important, are left to find it out for themselves, is not known, "so 't is."

It is a merciful dispensation that we never see the faults of our own belongings in the clear light which we dispense to those of other people. The clerk died in the odor of sanctity, as far as Rachel was concerned, and she missed him very much. "I've got nobody to scold me now," she said pitifully to Mrs. Page.

She was now a good deal thrown upon Leverton, to whom her grandfather had intrusted all his affairs. He never put himself forward, yet he was always ready to help her, and poor Rachel felt herself obliged to be grateful, and obliged to depend upon him. She felt as if a net were gradually closing round her, for his feeling for her was so real and deep that her gentle nature could not find it in her heart to express her dislike to him; and his spirits rose as he thought he was making way with her.

The day for the trial came on. Leverton had his own reasons for not going near "the law," and Mrs. Page volunteered to accompany Rachel, in a small cart, on her weary pilgrimage. "Don't ye get set down as a witness for Geordy," was Leverton's last recommendation as he helped her in.

She felt almost as if she were going to execution herself as the tall spire broke on her sight. Mrs. Page was chattering all the way as she went, and greatly enjoying the unaccustomed "ploy." "What a sight o' housen," said she; "where can a' the voke come from?"

"Here's the gypsy's witness," was whispered as they made their way through the crowded court.

She listened without hearing till her turn came, when she uttered the few sentences required of her, and held to her story with gentle firmness through all the badgering and baiting of the opposing counsel. But the evidence was too strong against poor Geordy, and he was found guilty and left for execution. The passionate grief and anger among the gypsies was frightful to witness. As Rachel came out of court her arm was seized by the poor mother, who nearly wrung it off. "You've done what yer could, child, you've done what yer could. Ye shall be the better for it; 'tain't for nothing you harm or help the tribe," she said savagely.

Sadly and wearily the two women turned home again; and hardly a word was said till they reached Summerburst, and Rachel returned to her desolate home, where the old nurse kept house for her.

A few nights after, as she slept a disturbed sleep, she was wakened by a wild cry, weird and shrill, on the still air, and she sprang to the window. There was nothing to be seen, but the wonderful beauty of the early morning: the dead stillness of the world just before a summer's dawn is very striking; not a breath, not a leaf, not an insect stirring,—all that world of life in the dearest of sleep, just before the waking. Then the gradual growth of the light,—the twilight of expectation,—so different from that of night. She turned away from the casement, when suddenly came the old signal, the handful of gravel against the window, and a voice called "Rachel." She could hardly believe her ears or her eyes.

"Let me in, Rachel; it's me in flesh and blood," said he.

"What's yon?" said old Sally, as she heard Rachel preparing to go down. "An he's halloaing and squealing in that way he's no come back a Christian man."

"And ye're not married to Leverton?" said he, seizing her in his arms.

"And how could ye ever think it?" she answered, reproachfully; "and wherever ha' ye abeen all this long, long while?"

"Working in the black country, as they ca' it, digging iron and coal in Wales, hoping for to come back wi' money to satisfy thy grandfather. Then I had a sore accident as used up all my gains, and I heerd from the gypsies that thou wast amarried to Leverton, and I did n't care what I did."

"And no one for to nurse thee! How wast thou hurted?" said she.

"A poor little chap were smote by the mill-wheel, and I dragged un out, and were hit myself. Howsoever, the day before yesterday there came a fellow as attelled me (and swore it too) that the gypsy queen sent me word to come home directly, that thou werst na married, and there was peril near."

"And she were no that far wrong," said Rachel,

with her gentle smile; "it's been a sore time, Maurice."

"And it were all Leverton's doing, I know," muttered he.

"What were that dreadful noise, Maurice," said she, "we heerd a while back?"

"T were the gypsy queen as they were wailing," said he; "they telled me she were heart-broke when her grandson were found guilty. She set such store by him."

(The poor fellow years after was discovered to have been innocent, and his execution was one of the last under the fierce old law.)

Not many days after their marriage Rachel was standing at the door one evening looking out for Maurice, when to her utter amazement, Leverton came slowly up the steep sandy path.

"You!" said she, in blank dismay.

"Ye need not be 'fraid o' me," he said. "I'm away altogether. I thought I'd just see thee and bid thee good by. Thou couldst have amade a man o' me, Rachel; but that's gone now, and I'm but come that thou shouldst say a good word to me to end wi' and gie me a drink o' milk as in the old days. Tell Maurice he's got what must amake it easy to forgive." He stood moodily gazing out on the distant blue line of sea over the woodland, which gives such peculiar charm to that country.

"I shall go to sea again, in a merchant vessel," he said, and added, dreamily, "I think 't would amake my mind cleaner to tell some un, Rachel."

"O don't," said she.

"Tain't anything so bad," he answered. "It's true I strove to get Maurice out o' my way for poaching; but he were too fleet and wary, and I were forced to seek summat else. One day I chanced on some voke I knew, as were part of a press-gang, and I promised to help un to take off Maurice."

"And ye call that not so bad?" said Rachel, angrily.

"Ye young lass, as has never been tempted, what dost thou know? I set a snare wi' a hare in it, right in his path in the beech grove, and we watched. I could na think he'd scape four pair of legs, but they come out afore he'd got hold o' the trap, and I tripped over a snag. The others did n't know the wood, and he were off like a deer."

"Ay, Maurice were always the fastest foot in these parts," said Rachel, with pride.

"Then they began to abuse me, when it were their own stupid fault," said he, forgetting to whom he was speaking; "and one on um broke out violent that if they did n't ha' one, they'd ha' the other; and he seized my arms. My blood were up, and I got at my hunting-knife, and swore I'd ha' the life of the first as touched me. They all closed in, and I hit out at the nearest. He fell back in his blood, Rachel, a'most wi'out a groan. I were just stunned. I'd scarce had time to feel angry even, and they did their worst wi' me, and took me away bound, saying they'd gie me up for a murderer an I would n't walk wi' um, and put me aboard a king's ship. They did n't care how they got men then in war time. I'd no heart to write home, thinking o' nights o' that horrid pool, when they should afind the body. I must be going. Good by, dearie; shake hands, — you'll wish me well, Rachel?"

"God bless ye and keep ye straight, Ralph," said she, tearfully. "You've made a poor hand o' life; you'll do better, now," she went on, laying her hand on his arm, anxiously.

He looked wistfully into her eyes, but at that moment Maurice's whistle was heard, and he was off like a shot.

"Yon's a bad un," said Maurice, moodily, as he caught sight of his retreating enemy.

"Poor fellow," said Rachel, "arter all, he have n't adone as much hurt, so we've acome together at last. T were like silver tried in the fire, were our love, dearie. Please God, past troubles is like the dead leaves as falls off of a tree and nourishes it again"; and she turned his face towards her, and held it till the cloud cleared away; and he smiled fondly at her as she told Ralph's story.

"Well, thou wert worth serving long years for, like Jacob," he said at last, as he took her in his arms; "but I'm thankful I sha'n't niver see un again, or I should do un a mischief yet!"

THE EX-QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

WHILE Louis Philippe was an exile in England, in the days which followed the French Revolution, he lost one of his younger brothers, the Duke de Montpensier, who lies buried under the vaults of Westminster Abbey. His second brother, the Duke de Penthièvre, was suffering also from consumption, and Louis Philippe resolved to take him to a warmer climate. He obtained leave to go to Malta, but not finding the climate quite suited to his brother's complaint, he took him over to Palermo, with the permission of the King of the Two Sicilies. It was there that he made the acquaintance of Maria Amelia, who was to become his wife. The young Prince was not looked upon with much favor at the Neapolitan Court, where the French Revolution was the object of such bitter hatred; the general of Gemmapes, the son of Philippe-Egalité, was considered there almost a Jacobin. In exile and in adversity the young French prince had preserved all the purity of his patriotism; and, while deploring the crimes and errors of the great Revolution, he did not conceal his admiration for the great principles which it had proclaimed. He was very poor, he had no country, no hope; his very name was forgotten in the noise and confusion of the wonderful drama which then filled the eyes of the world. But he was brave, highly gifted, and extremely handsome. He fell in love with Maria Amelia; she fell in love with him; and, after some opposition on the part of her family, she was allowed to marry him. Then there began in this island, where fate had thrown the Prince and Princess together, a new chapter of that book wherein history has written so few pages, "*l'amour dans le mariage*." And what a chapter! Even the eloquent words of the English marriage service would seem almost insufficient to express a devotion which, during a half century, experienced such extraordinary tests.

But love and fidelity have taken, in this instance, a political significance. The old dynasty had insulted the morality of France: we cannot think of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. without thinking of their mistresses. Louis Philippe was prepared to represent a new régime as much by his domestic virtues as by his political principles. His family had something almost patriarchal in its character. It is only license and vice which can laugh at the long table where children and grandchildren were every day grouped round the king and his wife, or at the little *table ronde des Tuileries*, where Maria Amelia used to sit during the long evenings, calling from time to time some new person near her, while the king read,

wrote, received and sent despatches. The tall caryatides of the Salon des Maréchaux were not gilded in those times, and the queen cared so little about diamonds that she once proposed to the king to have all her *parures* changed into false ones, and to spend their price in charities. "Nobody," said she, "will suspect me of wearing false diamonds."

Her dress was, perhaps, too severe and too simple; but, when she walked round the circle of her guests, addressing one after another with an intelligent interest, calling modesty from its shadowy corner, always anxious to show her appreciation of merit, of virtue, of devotion to her husband, or to her children, she had an air of self-possession, of dignified ease, which may well have forced M. de Talleyrand to say of her, "C'est la dernière grande dame."

She was very pious; but her piety was, if I may say so, purely personal; it could not be compared to the religious passion which, under the old *régime* and during the first restoration, had tied *le trône et l'autel*, — religious and political interests. Piety, with Maria Amelia, was not a weapon, but a defence: it defended her against the insults of destiny, the injustice of men, the blows of misfortune which fell so often and with so much force on her innocent head. Her religion, while she was on the throne of France, was just the same as when she had no other chapel but that room in Claremont, where every Sunday her children and grandchildren congregated round her before a simple altar to receive the sacraments from a priest who was neither a cardinal nor a bishop. What thoughts must there have crossed her mind during her long exile! Is it a wonder if her soul liked to rise above the troubled horizon of human events, and longed for rest?

Religion and destiny conspired to soften her character, naturally firm and proud, as behooved a granddaughter of Maria Theresa, with gentleness and indulgence. Anger and hatred had no place in it: she could find an excuse for all faults and all sins. She lately learned with much pain the news of the death of M. Dupin, who had accepted office from Napoleon III, though he had been the friend and counsellor of Louis Philippe. She was so accustomed to him; "it always seemed to her as if she would again hear his step and the noise of his shoes." She was adverse, as the king was himself, "to social executions," much as she cared for honesty and virtue.

Indulgent as she was, there was about her an air of undoubted authority, which was never lost even in the circle of her own family. It was touching to see the almost childish deference shown to her by such strong, energetic men as the Duke de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke d'Aumale, — warriors, men of action, used to command. She was, as it were, the living tie of the *faisceau* of the Orléans. They all felt it: she was not only their mother, she was also their queen.

If I have well understood her character, the dominant passion in her mind was her love to Louis Philippe, a love which her religious instinct had transformed into a sort of religion. She admired him, she had an unbounded confidence in him, and in his superior intellect: her instincts may sometimes have been at variance with his; her heart was thoroughly loyal to him. She accepted the crown in 1830 with resignation rather than with joy, because she cared more for her husband's happiness than he did himself. She found herself, without having ever dreamed of such a destiny, the first

queen of the new dynasty, and, by chance, admirably fitted to all the duties and exigencies of her new position. Who better than the niece of Marie Antoinette and the wife of Louis Philippe could reconcile the present and the past? who better than her could show piety on the throne, without any of the political proselytism which had formerly made the religion of the Bourbons so dangerous to liberty? who could better, in her exalted position, give an example of humble, and I may almost say democratic, virtues?

Maria Amelia lies buried now in the small chapel of Weybridge, dressed with the same gown which she wore when she left France in 1848. How long will she remain there? Will this gown, so old already, have time to fall to tatters before she can be brought with her husband to the empty vaults of Dreux? In its folds lie all the hopes and ambitions of 1830; it was not the queen's fault if all these hopes and ambitions were vain. It was to the last moment her wish that they would once more revive, that justice should be done to her king, to his love of peace, his true liberalism, his humanity; that a new era would reopen in France, when order and liberty might live together for more than eighteen years. It was her firm conviction that the future of her family was intimately connected with the future of constitutional government in France; and each new bud of its already so large genealogical tree, seemed to her a new germ which Providence might some day use for its hidden purposes. The only *fêtes* of her later years, so saddened by death and exile, were the marriages of her grandchildren. She would have had the "Orléans," a legion, and given them all to France, to be used in her service.

THE PLEASURES OF MIDDLE AGE.

GREAT writers have long ago said all that can fairly be said upon the subject of youth and boyhood, and some of them, as an intellectual feat, have been known to devote themselves to the praise of old age. Few philosophers or poets ever dream of saying a kindly word for the interval that lies between the two extremes, and middle-aged people are left to infer that they are passing through an uninteresting and inglorious stage of life. They cannot help seeing that, from a romantic or a sentimental point of view, they are thought to be at a discount. It is no use reminding young persons of either sex that the fine things that are written about youth and beauty are often written by middle-aged, and frequently even by fat, people; that Byron was a middle-aged man whose chief anxiety in life was not to become obese; and that the prime of life, both intellectually and physically, is said to be the period between thirty and forty. All such apologies are treated with a quiet irony, and middle-aged gentlemen and ladies are considered to be worthy creatures totally useless for all sentimental purposes. It is really high time that some one should compose a Ciceronian treatise upon the pleasures of middle age. Of course it has its drawbacks. It is not pleasant for any one to perceive that the gay and frivolous beauty whose conversation he is monopolizing has noticed incipient thinness in his front hair, and is inwardly inclined to treat his invitation to waltz as if it were the overture of a courteous cow.

To be conscious that he wears the aspect not so much of a possible lover as of a householder and ratepayer, that no one will ever again think of him

in connection with the moon or a lute or a nightingale or any other staple emblem of romance, and that, for the best of all reasons, he will not in any case be able to exchange locks with the future object of his affections, is at first perhaps a humiliating reflection. But, as it wears off, a wise man will begin to comprehend that his position under such circumstances is not without some compensating enjoyments, and that life may be very tolerable even to those to whom dancing and digestion have become respectively an operation. The first soothing consideration that will present itself to him is perhaps that he is as little anxious to engage in the more violent recreations of youth as others are to see him engage in them. The desire and the capacity bid him good by together. And there are few things in the world more agreeable than the sense of moderate and gentlemanly repletion. The sober philosopher rises from the feast of youth in the same benevolent and pious spirit in which Horace tells us we should rise from the banquet of life. Gratefully acknowledging that he has dined, he is happy to stand by and see others succeeding to his vacant place.

It is not till the blood has cooled, as we know upon the best authority, that the mind works temperately; and one of the first consolations of the middle-aged man will be that he is all the more capable of a discriminating enjoyment. The feverish hey-day delights of youth can scarcely be considered intellectual. The hot spring of life, when every bottle of champagne seems genuine and every cigar an Havana, when everything that rhymes and that is about young women's hair seems poetry and every young woman herself a goddess, gives place to a calmer phase when young women and other things are appreciated according to their real merits. Mental intoxication is very entrancing while it lasts, but mental sobriety, of the two, must be taken to be a higher blessing. No sense can be said to have arrived at its perfection until it is accompanied with the exercise of critical judgment; and, though a critical taste is liable to the suspicion of being fastidious, there is a good deal to be said in favor of the pleasures of tasting and weighing, and even of rejecting. Few fruits have ever been more unfairly abused than the apple of the tree of knowledge. Its flavor is not synonymous with the horrid reaction that sets in upon those who, having plunged into life with exaggerated rapture, awaken some fine morning to the bitter consciousness that the world is very hollow, and that there is a caterpillar at the heart of every rose. The reaction is as far removed from real healthiness as the original excitement, and has nothing in common with the blessed lot of those who, having schooled themselves never to expect too much, are therefore seldom disappointed. The people who start with a moderate provision of discernment are not subject to the annoyance of being violently plundered of their illusions, because they wear their illusions lightly. Like Juvenal's traveller, they have nothing particular to lose, and can afford to whistle unconcernedly in the face of the highway robber, time.

This is a very different frame of mind from cynicism. It is the art, not of scorning and sneering at life, and of thinking that there is nothing new and nothing true, and hardly anything worth having, but the art of making the very best of the world as one finds it, and of separating judiciously the kernel from the husk. In the very process of separation there is much to amuse and interest. When Mr. Matthew Arnold asks his soul what comfort there is in such

bad times as the present, when so many people are Philistines and so few know even as much as he does about Celtic poetry, his soul, through the medium of a sonnet, gives him a very proper answer. The thing is to see life "steadily, and to see it whole." To know the proportions of things is as valuable a prerogative as the Virgilian privilege of knowing their causes.

Picking and choosing between good and bad books is an occupation that is by no means unproductive of pleasure. There is a sunny season of life at which one three-volume novel from a circulating library seems as delightful as another, provided, like the Scotchman's brandy and water, it is sufficiently hot and strong;—when Mr. Owen Meredith gives as much satisfaction as Mr. Tennyson, and more than Wordsworth, and when any story that has got the adventures of a sportsman or a dog in it appears fully equal to *Tom Jones*.

It may seem, at the first glance, as if it were a genuine loss to have got rid of this power of promiscuous feeding. But as men cease to be able to admire bad books, they find new and intrinsic sources of interest in good ones. It is something to know, and to feel sure that one knows, why Owen Meredith is poor, and why Wordsworth is not poor, and why some parts of Wordsworth are better and more admirable than the rest. The mental progress which enables people to attain to this does not by any means disqualify them for discovering much to look at in what is worthless and contemptible. Young persons, for example, have in ordinary cases a noble and vigorous contempt and dislike for what is mean. They cannot bear the very thought of the wretched fox-hunter in the adjoining parish who beats his wife, and they recoil in unmitigated disgust from the Independent grocer in the village, who listens to a hot and fiery gospel twice every Sunday from his chapel pew, and sands his sugar with equal regularity on the Monday. He is a nauseous, vulgar, uninteresting sight to them, and they try to banish the very thought of him.

Middle age helps one to look at the grocer in a different light, and even to get instruction and pleasure out of him. It is true he sands his sugar, and no one can dislike sandy sugar more than a middle-aged English gentleman, but from other points of view the grocer is not a despicable study. How he came to sand it first, and why it is that a man who, in his bullying and tyrannical way, is not uncharitable to the poor, or unkind to his children, does not see the harm in sanding it; and how he comes to be an Independent, and what are his views on religion and politics, and why he is in favor of marrying a wife's sister, and against flogging in the army, are all subjects that a good-tempered middle-aged philosopher might pursue for a month. It is much the same with indifferent sermons. Perhaps the true test of a contented middle age, is the being able not to mind bad sermons so very much. In spite of the hardness of the seat, and the rigid perpendicularity of the pew-back, a thoughtful person can go on taking an interest in the preaching long after all interest in the preacher's discourse has come to an end. What is his object in alluding gracefully to St. Augustine, whom he has never read, and inveighing against philosophers and sceptics whom none of his congregation ever are likely to read; whether he imposes upon himself, or on his wife and children, or his maid-servants, or the bishop of the diocese; why he thinks the Propagation Society wicked, but the Church Missionary Society all that is excellent; and why, having the Dissenting minister

ter over the way in all other respects like poison, he can still join hands with him in a good sanguinary British detestation of the Pope, may serve for endless material for inquiry.

It is just the same with bad books. If a spirited young gentleman or lady once happened to learn that a novel or a poem was wretchedly below par, they would be far too eager and too enthusiastic in their condemnation to tolerate it. The philosopher who has arrived at mature years knows better than to be irritated over such a trifle. If he were once to begin being irritated over inferior poetry, he might go on being irritated all his life, and only enjoy peace of mind when he had locked himself into his library with his Sophocles or his Shakespeare. Accordingly, he is not so put out with the discovery of the defects as not to be able to recognize what is to be fairly said on the other side of the account. For instance, he can quite understand the excitement and pleasure the poor author or authoress has derived from the effort to tell us, amid all the inconveniences of metre, how much they enjoy landscape scenery of all kinds when they see it, and how they would like to love and be beloved, and how happy they think they could be in heaven. The attempt to inform us of all this, or to dress up what other people have already thought about it in new and totally original rhymes, may not be very successful, but it is part of human life, and ought to be viewed with sympathy. And it will nowhere get sympathy except from those who are thoroughly middle-aged. The sympathy bestowed by the young, who are imposed upon by all this soul-fluttering, is not worth having, for the young are very hard-hearted, and as soon as they find out a literary imposture they fling the unhappy impostor's work into the flames. The only real, valuable, genuine sympathy is that which is bestowed by those who are aware of the imposture from the first, but who still go on tolerating and hunting out the redeeming points in the impostor. The power, both in literature and the world, of taking things as one finds them, goes hand in hand with the power of discerning good from evil.

A similar source of pleasure to middle age is its capacity of being content with compromises. Young persons are terribly ambitious, and think that everything will be a miserable failure unless they can succeed in driving a coach and four over every obstacle. They put their oar very deep in the water, and trust to be able to pull it through with a jerk. Success, and unlimited success, appears the only thing worth looking for to those of them who are conscious of possessing genius. They are of opinion that there is no place in the tree worth sitting on but the topmost bough, and that bliss only belongs to Lord Chancellors, or Bishops, or Prime Ministers, or Generals; or perhaps to very rich men. Here again it is necessary to distinguish between cynicism and philosophy. The cynic believes, or pretends to believe, that the Prime Minister is only a man with a feather in his cap, and that all feathers are so many quills, and not worth a single hour of indigestion or sleeplessness. The philosopher is wiser than this, and is perfectly alive to the substantial and tangible advantages of wearing even a feather, if feather it is to be termed. Money and ease and immunity from economical cares, the society of cultivated and elegant men and women, the respect of the world at large, an airy London house, and first-rate cookery and wine, are all solid, stable privileges. When one thinks of all of them, it is ridiculous to say that success is a poor or trivial thing.

A bachelor may get some of these advantages at his club, but a Prime Minister is more completely master of them. Life is certainly a journey and a pilgrimage, but if it were only a journey of a single night, travelling first-class would be incomparably more comfortable than travelling third. It is a credit to middle age that it neither, as a rule, adopts the *Aut Caesar aut nullus* maxim of youth, nor the *Nil admirari* of the cynic. It is satisfied to pick what is within its grasp, and even to climb after what can be brought within its reach, and to leave the rest for more fortunate climbers.

Between successful and unsuccessful there is the vast difference of comfort and ease. It is therefore better to be successful, though enough of success is pretty nearly as good as a feast. And the same rule of compromise holds good in other matters. To take and enjoy domestic affection without being too desirous of a life of passionate romance is one obvious lesson that middle age teaches. Another is to be ready to accept something short of complete victory, in contests of opinion. At the outset of life we all hope to be able to convince and to convert the world, or the public, or our neighbors, or at all events our friends. We feel a difficulty in acting with men whose views about religion or morality or politics differ materially from our own. If we went through our career in such a temper, we should fare as badly as a man would fare in the thoroughfares of London who could not bear a crowd. Life is made up, as middle age discovers, of giving and of taking, and the first principle of the great art of association and mutual help is to learn what is all-important, and what is sufficiently immaterial and secondary to admit of being sacrificed for the end we have in view. Whether it be in a club, or a partnership, or a parish, or a diocese, or a public meeting, or a political party, the truth holds good that to move powerfully and effectually we ought to be able to move with as little friction as possible, and the only way to lessen individual friction is for individuals to smooth down their own rough edges.

To superficial observers a man who is thus employed in sacrificing his crotchets and filing down his rough edges appears sometimes to be trafficking with principle; and in many cases a sacrifice of principle is no doubt what excessive complaisance and facility comes to. But the two things may, and ought to, be theoretically distinct; and a man who gives away a penny to gain a pound ought not to be confounded with a man who gives away a pound to gain a penny. Young men often are tempted to stigmatize the habit of knowing when to take a compromise as worldliness. Worldliness, however, is in reality a term of reproach or praise according to circumstances. If it means postponing considerations of right and wrong to considerations of personal convenience, it deserves all that can be said against it. If it means a clear view of the main point that is wanted, and a willingness to receive the substance without standing out for the shadow too, it deserves blessing, and not cursing. Such worldliness as this last has been at the bottom of almost every good measure and useful reform that has been carried in England for the greater part of the present century. It is in its nature not indirectly connected with generosity. Generosity is not often predicated of middle age; and in some ways middle age appears to be egotistical. Yet egotism ought rather to be ascribed to the age which gives itself up to dominant ideas. Egotistical as enthusiasts may call it, a practical and moderate policy is usually connected with largeness

of view and toleration for the individual sentiments of others, and this largeness of view is very nearly akin to generosity. So much, and much more to the same effect, may be said of middle age; and as we have all to spend so much of our life in company with middle age, we ought to be willing to pardon its distaste for bad poetry, its inability to waltz with distinction, and its tendency to thin the hair.

M. CRAPAUD ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *Le Moniteur Universel*.)

[M. Henri Hers, the pianist, contributes to a late number of *Le Moniteur Universel* the following narrative of his experiences in Philadelphia. M. Henri Hers seems to have seen less and misunderstood more, in a given time, than any tourist on record. His paper, on this account, is not without merit.]

I MADE delightful excursions in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. I did not fail to visit the hydraulic machines on the Schuylkill, which supply the inhabitants of the city of Brotherly Love with water.

Here, as in a great many other places in the United States, man has struggled with the greatest obstacles thrown in his way by Nature, and has vanquished them.

It was necessary to force the water of the river into a reservoir so vast as to supply Philadelphia abundantly with water.

Heaven knows the quantity of water used everywhere in America! There, every house is provided with a comfortable bathing-room; washing is all done at home; almost all bed-chambers contain cocks of cold and hot water, and every Saturday the servants pump water on the front of the houses, as if they were attempting to extinguish a fire.

The visitor to Fairmount admires the machine which is contained in a stone building fronting the river. But he especially admires, in this cool and delightful spot, the beauties of nature which lie on every side of him. What a beautiful landscape; and how art, a simple but pleasing art, has seconded everywhere God's work! The water which charms the eye and purifies the air meanders in crystalline threads. The catalpa spreads its broad foliage and silvered, purple-dashed flowers over grass and stone, and seems to raise the longings of the Naiads of a handsome stone basin cut in the rock, and from which a jet of water constantly rises. A sweet and vague harmony seems to be breathed by these almost mythological places, and the mind voluptuously dozes, rocked by dreams which are both pleasing and melancholy.

I did not make this excursion — its remembrance touches me even now! — alone. I went there in the company of a very amiable family in whose house I passed my most agreeable evenings at Philadelphia.

In giving a short description of each of the members of this family, and in tracing their manner of spending the day, I shall lay before the reader a specimen of the respectable families of honest and austere Pennsylvania.

The family consisted of Mr. G——, his wife, a son and two twin daughters. He was a merchant about fifty years old. His wife was about thirty-five years old, and in the full bloom of a chaste and severe beauty. His son was seventeen. His twin daughters were fifteen; they were always dressed exactly alike, and bore so strong a resemblance to each other that their father sometimes took Jane for Mary. Their mother never made any such mistake. Women's hearts have eyes, which under these circumstances are never deceived.

Mr. G—— was born at New York of English parents. He began his merchant's career as shopman in a dry-goods shop. When he was twelve years old he was sent out collecting, and he sometimes travelled all alone with \$10,000 in his pocket. He had the signature of the firm when he was sixteen; and in his twenty-fourth year he had a shop of his own.

His youth passed away without his participating in any youthful pleasures. All his faculties were concentrated upon one object, which could not escape him, — wealth attained by labor.

Thousands of people like this austere merchant are to be found in the United States.

Did there ever exist in France a child who was anything but a child?

I do not pretend to indulge in criticism or in praise in making these remarks. All I do is simply to mention a characteristic trait of national manners.

Mr. G—— continues in business, although he is master of an estate of some \$600,000 or \$800,000. He has never in the least changed his mode of life.

In the depth of winter he rises at daybreak, takes a cup of tea, and leaves the sumptuous mansion which is his private residence. He goes to a miserable little room, ill aired and wretchedly furnished, situated in an immense shed filled with bales of goods, and which he calls his "office."

In this miserable shed, seated on a worn-out and almost broken chair, Mr. G—— would daily transact his business with the calmness and rectitude of mind which is the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. He would be kept at home by neither rain, snow, nor ice. When the streets were covered with sleet, and there was danger of walkers breaking their legs, he would put on the soles of his boots a small apparatus made of iron points, and thus shod he would go to his office. It was evident that he, as well as most American merchants, looked upon trade as something more than a means of making money; — he looked upon it as a sort of sacred office.

When he reached his office, he examined his books and put them in order. His clerks invariably made their appearance an hour after he did, in this temple of trade, where the atmosphere was saturated with austere cares, where man became an ant by labor.

At nine o'clock Mr. G—— quitted his "business man's" chair to breakfast in a restaurant frequented by merchants.

In five minutes, and, so to speak, without sitting, he ate this meal, which was invariably composed of a piece of cold roasted beef and a dish of raw water-cresses seasoned with vinegar and mustard.

Then he returned to his office, received customers, read the newspapers, went to 'Change, visited the custom-house, returned to his office to give his last orders, and at last went back to his private residence.

He dined silently with his family in fifteen minutes, and spent his evenings in a small room reserved to his private use, unless he went to a scientific club to which he had for many years belonged.

Mr. G—— was fond of study as well as of business, and when I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, he had long been preparing a complete work on the statistics of the United States from the Declaration of Independence. He was good enough to communicate some portions of his manuscript to me, and allow me to copy some of his figures.

Mrs. G——, in conformity to the usages estab-

ing all the year round, and never left her bed-chamber without being dressed as if she were going on the street. Her two daughters made their appearance a little later. They were neat and elegant without affectation. At eight o'clock, whether the month was January or August, breakfast was laid on the table.

Breakfast consisted eighty out of one hundred times of fried ham and eggs, and of very weak coffee in large cups.

After breakfast the girls took their school-books and went unattended to school.

As soon as Jane and Mary went off, Mrs. G—— tied around her waist an apron as white as snow and ordered the servants to do their day's work, setting the example herself. The house was cleaned and put to rights every day from the cellar to the garret. When everything was at last arranged, in rather cold, it must be confessed, but irreproachable order, Mrs. G—— retired to her chamber to dress a second time.

She invariably went out every day on foot or in her carriage, from two to five o'clock, to pay visits to her acquaintances or to the dry-goods shops. She would often, without having the least intention to purchase, make the shopmen unroll twenty packages of goods, or she would examine whole boxes of ribbons, or try on a dozen shawls. This mode of killing time — the despair of shopmen — is so common among American women, it has its own peculiar name, and is called "shopping."

Mr. G——'s son was engaged in his father's office from morning till night, without a moment's rest. After dinner, he went to the theatre, or retired to the basement, to take in succession a lesson on the piano or a lesson in German.

Such was the life of Mr. G—— and family, and such is the life of nearly all the commercial families in the United States, whatever their position of fortune may be.

Before quitting the city of Brotherly Love, to give concerts in Baltimore, a little incident happened to me, which is so eminently characteristic I must tell it.

I was at the hotel dinner-table by the side of a Frenchman whose acquaintance I had made. The dessert was placed on the table, and presently nothing remained in the plate but one cake. The Frenchman offered it to me. I refused, and begged him to keep it for himself. He courteously insisted, and pressed me to accept it. The cake looked tempting, and I reiterated my prayers to him. "It is for you," I said to my polite neighbor.

"I really do not want it."

"But I beg you to take it. You will disoblige me if you don't eat it."

"Well, then, since you absolutely insist upon it, I accept it."

I was about taking it, when an American sitting opposite to us, and who witnessed our reciprocal hesitations, gallantly took up a fork, crouched half-way over the table, lengthened his arm, adroitly stuck his fork in the cake and dexterously bore it off, to our great amazement. He quietly ate it, and did not seem to have the least suspicion there was the least ill-breeding in what he had done.

CROQUET.

COUSINS, leave me here a little, go to chicken and Moselle;

Leave me here, and when you want me let them ring the luncheon bell.

'Tis the place, and in the greensward as of old the hoops are stuck,
Where I first met AMY THORNTON, and I voted her a "duck."

AMY THORNTON! I can see her, with her mallet-raised to strike,
And her little foot placed deftly in the attitude I like.

Many a morning when the dew-drops had been chased away by dawns,
Did I look on AMY THORNTON moving slowly o'er the lawn.

Many a morn I saw her tresses fairly floating on the wind,
And I blessed her for her *chignon* as it lightly hung behind.

Then about the lawn I wandered, with my AMY "doing spoons,"
And I made a heap of sonnets, full of "loves" and "stars" and "moons."

In the spring the lawn was shaven close as any lawn could be,

In the spring my youthful fancy lightly turned to AMY T.

And I said, "Bewitching AMY, tell me 'mid this croquet play,
Shall we go through life together, as we went through hoops to-day?"

Then she turned with eyes whose splendor seemed to shoot one through and through,
"If I find no richer suitor, why then I'll put up with you."

Many a morn we played together, while my friends did naught but scoff,
Till she played "loose croquet" with me, and began to "take two off."

O my AMY, reptile-hearted, so to put me in a fix,

O the horrid hoops and mallets! O the wretched balls and sticks!

Falsier than the falsest partner in the middle of a game,

Missing two hoops in succession, and incensed at bearing blame.

It is well to wish thee happy, croquet games with me were sweet,

Can you love a man whose mallet only hits his clumsy feet?

Yet it shall be. You will lower to the level of his play,

And the distance of your croquets will be lessened day by day.

With my intellectual optics I look scorn upon your game,

Get thee to thy feeble "duffer," — well he merits such a name.

Hark, my laughing cousins call me, and I leave the fatal place,

While from lawn and garden slowly fades the faithless AMY's face.

A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

"I AM yet a king!" exclaimed Francis the First, vaulting into his saddle after the disastrous battle of Pavia had consigned him to a year's captivity, whose last month had more gall than honey, through his marriage with the Dowager Queen of Portugal, sister to his imperial and imperious captor Charles the Fifth. From the Isere to the Rhone whispers had crept forth that he returned to France a crest-fallen man, who, after chaffing his proud spirit in bondage, had no means of breaking his chains, but by accepting a bride for whom he had small regard.

However this may have been, he rode through Provence, where his subjects received him with every demonstration of joy, although, as he approached their gray old towns, he thought their giant gates looked down upon him with derision. He was wont to rally, and set spurs to his steed, and leave his retinue far behind; but on one occasion the townsmen, who had timely appraisal of his route, met him outside their walls, and he could do no less than rein up, and bow from his stirrups, which he courteously did, to the admiration of all who beheld him; for he who could wrestle with Henry the Eighth and throw him in lusty falls, was no more deficient in grace than in strength. They besought him to honor their tilt-yard with his presence, where, in festivity of mimic fight, they might celebrate his enfranchisement from the prison in Madrid.

"By our faith, good liegemen!" quoth his Majesty, "we have had such hard knocks on the battlefield, that we are none in love of the shadows of tourney." And he waved his hand by way of adieu, when his horse started at an old Castellan whose hair was silver white, and beside whom stood his daughter, incomparably fair.

Never had Francis seen beauty so rare, and so modest withal. She bore a massy salver, on which lay a bunch of rusted keys, and with downcast looks she said, "My Lord will please to accept the keys of this brave old town," and she held them towards him with such gracefulness, that in amaze he stooped from his saddle, stroked her dark tresses with his mailed hand, and inquired who she was.

"My name, my Lord, is Ellen, and this is my father, Peter Ingleverre," said she.

"And your age, sweet damsel?" asked he.

"Sixteen last Candlemas," rejoined the little maid, who looked a perfect woman, so innocent and yet so heroic, as she ventured to raise her head, that the King forgot his disasters of war in suddenly inspired love; and while he indulged in a pleasure he could ill conceal, between their hands the keys fell to the ground. This gave him a pretext to alight; and surrendering the bridle to a courtier, he graciously received her father, and between him and her walked into town.

By this time the sun was on the wane, and Peter, who was governor, besought his Majesty to sojourn for the night, and he would soon have fifty prime cooks to prepare a royal feast.

To this Francis, who nothing more desired than an invitation, consented; and he accompanied Ellen home to her father's house, where some time after a band of trained violars arrived to commemorate with songs the happy visit.

Ellen entertained the King with artless talk so interspersed with sense, that her conquest over her suitor became complete. And when placed by her side at dinner, he forgot venison and pasty, and

shared the honor of his presence, to none were his attentions, so refinedly pointed as to the daughter of his venerable host. Perhaps some envied her the distinction, of which she appeared unconscious; and some of the enviers were surprised to see her retire from the hall, observing, as she passed, that this was a faint to draw the King more deeply in her toils.

Ellen merely said she had arrangements to make for the morrow.

"And why not for to-night, cousin?" asked the King, who, when the wine bowls had passed more than once, had followed her from table, and discovered her reading in a little oratory alone. "And why not to-night, fair Ellen?" reiterated he, suavely withdrawing the book from her hand. She did not reply, while he tossed over the illuminated leaves, where pictured saints seemed to frown upon him chidingly. The silence evidently disconcerted him, but he evaded his chagrin in smiles.

"We come, charming cousin, to breathe unalterable fidelity in thy ear," said he.

"What's a charmed portal, my lord?" said she, interrupting him, and drawing back.

"We swear by thy mild blue eyes that none whom Francis ever loved shall be so beloved as Ellen," said he.

"My Lord," said she, "I've heard of holy books bursting their clasps when perjured mouths come nigh. Beware of robbing my poor eyes of modesty, their only clasp-seal. Towards me, I warn you, practise neither falsehood nor inconstancy.

"By our knighthood, we shall be true to thee, girl, till our heart hath no throb for any living creature."

"Will you love me till my hair be gray?"

"Enchantress! we shall love thee, wert thou a withered crone from which hideousness itself might recoil," cried he so affectionately that she paused.

"And for what am I so vastly inestimable?" said she, hesitatingly. "It cannot be my tresses, — a few clips of the shears, and farewell my pride in ringlets to the winds. It may not be my brow, for care shall soon furrow it, and blanch my cheek, which now seems bloomingly. Care, too, shall more peak my chin, and charms, if I have any, be most perishable."

"Lady, we love thee more for thy good sense than for thy beauty," said he; and in stepping closer towards her his spur struck the door, which closed with a spring. He rubbed his hands together, and expressed delight at an incident which created in her a considerable trepidation, that soon subsided into a calm.

"I was childish enough to be alarmed; but I have nothing to fear from a true knight. His most Christian Majesty would not oppress the meanest of his subjects, or betray confidence where he is an honored guest," observed she, drawing a chair before her, and leaning in an easy posture over its tall, carved back.

"Not for a diadem would we harm thee, dearest," said he. "Yet by our sword we would sooner forfeit every acre of old Navarre, and leave Italy the brightest jewel in our rival's crown, than forego thy love. Thou must be ours"; and the enraptured monarch disengaged her from the bulwark, and embraced her ere she could extricate herself from his arms.

"Hist! heard you no noise?" breathed she softly, and she held her finger towards the door. He

fingers round her wrist. "In two hours hence it shall be midnight. Meet me here when the town clocks chime. Pray, my Liege, till then retire," said she, and she opened the door.

"Dost mock us, Ellen? Say wilt thou keep thy promise?"

"Assuredly my Lord does not doubt me when I say, yes? Yes, I shall meet your Majesty. See, the revellers from the hall seek you as one lost. Join them, and remember the appointed hour."

Francis retired abashed, when with gentle force he had been expelled from the oratory; and Ellen quietly resumed her devotions for the night.

Tranquilly she arose, and her manner betrayed neither excitement nor emotion, though from repeated efforts she made to trim the chamber lamp, and furtive glances she cast often at a mirror, dull must one be who could not distinguish that she was ill at ease. She paced round the apartment, which was small and meanly furnished, its only ornament being a few pictures in embroidery on Scripture subjects. In one corner were suspended loose sheets of vellum, parts of a missal for festival purposes, and in another seemed a perch to have been erected, upon which perched a hawk, but so in the shade that it was difficult to determine whether it was part of the ravelled tapestry or a real bird.

At length she sat on a low stool and encompassed her knees between her hands, rocking to and fro as if engaged in unravelling some painful train of reflections. "If inward beauty can be nowise retained except by outward injury, better the body know scath than that the soul be defiled," said she, reviewing herself in the grotesque mirror, with a pensive expression which soon cleared into cheerfulness. "Now, vanity aside," continued she, "Nell, did you ever think you were so pretty as to make conquest of a king? Never, Nell, never! Nell must be lovely to have accomplished that. La, what a toyshop of charms are temptingly piled in yonder glass," and she shook the oil so that wavy light fell on the mirror. "Blue eyes and black hair are peculiarities not often found together. Yet here I have them in Milesian perfection, albeit the average spirit of my eyes is half merriment, half melancholy. And cheeks are here, that though they may not shame the rose, they never knew the blush of counterfeit. Teeth, likewise, which, though passing white, any elephant-hunter would at one glance discover were no ivory; and lips which a truer wooer than my Lord Francis told Ellen were gushing ripe, any wild bird would know at first pecking were not worth sweet strawberries. Well, and as I was thinking, it's a pity all this toyshop should be in an hour or two as sad to look on as a sepulchre."

She called her maid, and bade her bring a chafing-dish, heaped with live charcoal and sulphur in bar, which done the maid retired, and Ellen sat once more alone. Suspending the basin of a spirit-lamp over the dish, she dropped in the sulphur, and as it fused into liquid, a yellow flame flickered up, and cast a dull halo around the chamber. She shook out her hair from the golden pins that bound it, and it fell luxuriantly to the floor, before she combed it with the greatest care, as if she intended to rebrush it again. Redressing her tresses never had more; for with scissors she clipped round and round till her head was negress bare, but not half so picturesque, for it had no curls!

Smearing her forehead and cheek with oil, the sulphuric vapor arose in poisonous influence as she leaned over the fatal dish. Her eyelashes were the

first sacrifice to the fume; and her pained eyeballs rolled in their sockets as if they were driven inward by gusts of fire. The fairness of her forehead at first became a dark olive hue, and assuming a charred blackness, the skin burst over the quivering veins. Her cheeks soon were bereaved of all blush and beauty, and her lips, if they had any similitude of fruit, partook less of the rowan than the sloe. She endeavored to allay the pain by averting her head from the vapor; but the evasion only increased her agony, for her neck, upon which drops of the sulphur crystallized, became acutely sensitive to the weight of a string of pearls. One by one she removed them from the smarting flesh; but the clasp behind had sunk so deep that its withdrawal gave her torture intensely severe.

With inconceivable effort she preserved herself from insensibility, and with copious draughts of water allayed the burning fever in her throat. Her voice lost its sweetness, and she expressed her grief in such harshness and monotony that she started from her seat as the clock struck twelve. As peal after peal swept dismally along she tottered to the door, which she opened, and groping her way along the walls, for her eyes were dim, searched for hood and bells, which she shook. The perch in the corner rocked backwards and forwards, as the hawk on it flapped its wings and screamed so loudly at the sounds of its favorite emblems of chase, that the chamber rang.

The King, who had been walking in the corridor, approached, bearing in one hand a small chamber lamp, and in the other a scabbardless sword. Ellen mustered sufficient strength to speak, for obscurely he saw that something was amiss, and he inquired the cause.

"I will tell my lord most willingly," said she, and the screaming hawk pounced at divers shadows as if they were its prey. Alas! there was now no occasion to cast down her eyes, for little of their lustre remained.

"My Lord, had I hearkened to your suit, my father's welcome had been paid with wrong, and your Majesty's chivalry been more eclipsed than my charms could brighten. Happily a brief pain has preserved your honor."

"O ingratuated, yet noble-minded girl, what hast thou done?" exclaimed he, casting down the lamp and sword, and covering his face with his hands. "Why didst thou not intimate thy heroic resolve, and the possession of worlds would not have made us ruin that loveliness which kingdoms cannot repair."

"You would have called it maid-sick martyrdom, or coquetry run mad, or epithets equally fantastical," said she, pressing her hand to her bosom.

"Stay, there yet is hope. The injury thou hast inflicted is not irreparable," cried he, rushing to arouse the household, when she beckoned him back.

"I pray your Majesty be calm," said she; "the worst is past."

"O heavens, how heartless! we seem to be the cause of all this wreck. O Ellen, canst thou forgive thy destroyer?"

"Indeed I can; far better be thus than be a tarnished thing cast away, for maids to loath and men to scorn me. Now the worst they can say of me is that I spoiled myself of a questionable good to escape an evil."

"And what will they say of me, Ellen?"

"That the good King Francis once upon a time, meeting a poor, plain girl in an obscure town, was

so blinded with strange love, that she saw no way to restore him to sight than to lose her own."

"Gracious and all mysterious God!" exclaimed he, appalled, "thou dost not say thou art blind?"

"In sooth, such is my fear. Give me your hand, and I'll determine whether there is water in the well-spring of the brain," said she, with touching tenderness; and she shed a tear, which he kissed away as she endeavored to examine his palm.

"Ellen, Ellen, say thou canst see, and make me happy!" exclaimed the agonized monarch, falling on his knees, and resting his head heavily against her breast.

"All's dark, my Liege."

"All, Ellen?"

"Yes, my Liege."

"O, say not so. Say there's yet a little light."

"And so there is, Lord Francis; a little light that misled me into—?"

"Love, Ellen."

"'T is so, Lord Francis."

"For whom, Ellen? Thou tremblest. I know all."

"Then if you do, why do you ask? why do you ask, Lord Francis?"

"Ellen, thou lovest him who would have been thy base undoer."

"'T is so, my Lord."

"O, torture worst of all; and Ellen's blind!" and her tears fell plentifully on his upturned face, while he continued to ejaculate, "And she is blind! O, who will love her now, when she is blind?"

"Won't you, my sweet Lord Francis, love me as though I were a dear sister long since dead?"

"Dearest sister, I will," said he, kissing her hands fervently. "Sister Ellen, I will; and never till now knew Francis love so pure, so lasting."

"Eh! yon keen crucible hath burned away all drossiness," said she, moving her hand over the chafing dish. "'T is with life as with this short episode of an hour. Nothing in the way of virtue was ever accomplished without pain. To horse, Lord Francis, and whenever you pray, remember Ellen Ingleverre."

"And must we part thus, more dearly loved and doubly fair?"

"Yes, and rejoice that no guilty blush crimson my cheek, nor criminal throb upbraid my heart for beating," replied she, as the hawk uttered such a piercing series of screams, that first her attendant, and then others, and finally retainers and revellers, rushed into or surrounded the room, where they discovered the sovereign surnamed "The Restorer of Learning, and the Great," deprived of forethought and firmness of mind.

The most skillful leeches the town or court could afford were summoned; but their aid was only of partial avail. Facial beauty had forever bade farewell to her whose self-control was worthy the best days of chivalry. Eyebrightness had not, however, departed; and in the gray mists of the morn she saw her royal lover depart never more to return.

In after life he was wont to say, that throughout his glorious career of war and peace he had met only two human beings eminently great,—one the famous Bayard, the poor captain of a few lances, the chevalier sans reproach, from whose sword King Francis sought and received knighthood as earth's greatest honor, and the other the humble and lovely Ellen, who had taught him that love without purity is dishonor, and charms without virtue is shame.

A RIDE BY MAR SABA TO THE DEAD SEA.

OF all the sights in and around the Holy City, that undoubtedly which causes the most surprise, and is most at variance with preconceived opinions, is the aspect of the Dead Sea. Illustrated Bibles, panoramic views, or photographs, have stamped the salient features of the neighborhood firmly on the imagination in general, and the traveller feels comparatively *en pays de connaissance* in approaching the Jaffa Gate, or riding past Absalom's tomb. But the outlook to the east from the heights of Scopus or Olivet has been unprovided for by expectation; the ill-omened waters form one enlivening feature in the drear, stony landscape; their sparkling blue relieves the dun hillocks that roll one upon another from the foot of Olivet to the shore of the lake, and the weird outline of the Moabite mountains on the farther shore.

At whatever time the pilgrim may visit Jerusalem, the three days' tour to the Dead Sea via the monastery of Mar Saba and home by Jericho, or reversing the route, is a matter of course. And happy those who make it, as we made it, in the coolness of latter October, for at the time when the Holy Places are most resorted to, viz. at Easter, the heat in the deeply-sunk valley of the Jordan is terrific. It is an excursion to be made with feelings that amount to awe, for it comprises association sufficient to afford meditation for a lifetime.

On the morning after our arrival in Jerusalem, we had been taken by the American consul to the top of Scopus, and the sight of the Dead Sea, and the thicket that marked the course of the Jordan, made us long to get down there, and examine more closely the many wonders disclosed to us in that glorious view. The view from Scopus would be accounted magnificent in extent anywhere: it may safely be called the most interesting view in the world, commanding as it does, on one side, the whole of Jerusalem, the valleys that surround, and the hills that stand round about it, from Neby Samwil and Gibeah on the northwest to the range of Olivet on the east, and away to the Frank mountain on the south, overlooking Hebron; on the other side, the deep trench along which Jordan flows, hidden by clumps of trees and underwood, opening out into the bright expanse of the Sea, which, on the day we saw it for the first time, was dancing in the sunlight.

Alas! the journey to the Dead Sea is now shorn of much of its romance. There is no longer the delight of putting yourself under the protection of some victorious sheikh, ready to do battle à outrance for you against all comers. The visit is carried on upon the same methods as Mr. Cook's excursions. There is an appointed tariff, and upon payment of it guides are meted out to you as they might be at Chamounix or Zermatt.

We paid a napoleon apiece. It is certainly cheaper yet than the ascent of a Swiss mountain, and six very dirty-looking Arabs were appointed to us, highly armed and pictorially arrayed. With our two muleteers, our dragoman, our cook, and our two selves, my companion being an American gentleman from the Far West, whose delight was in recalling constantly the big distance he was off from his big country, we sallied forth, a respectably large cavalcade, from the Jaffa Gate.

We rode along the valley of Hinnom. On our right, far above and standing backwarder than it

did of old, when the buildings of the city came down upon the valley more, was the wall of Zion; behind it, the Armenian quarter. On the other side of the valley lies the Hill of Evil Counsel, the vast sepulchral pits which bear the name of Acladama, and the Refuge for aged Jews built by Sir Moses Montefiore. At the southeastern corner of the city the valley is intersected by another near the fountain of En Rogel, the valley of Jehoshaphat, which sweeps between the chain of Olivet and the ridge of Moriah, and to the west opens out on to the plain-country, over which passes the path to Bethlehem. We followed up the same valley we had threaded since leaving the gate, which soon turns abruptly to the left among the hills which shut out the view of Jerusalem.

The descent was rapid, and till we came to the turning the view back towards the angle of the Zion wall, standing at the very edge of a considerable precipice, was striking in the extreme, causing one to realize the accuracy of Scripture expressions as to the proud situation of the City of God. It is from this point alone, perhaps, that it is brought home to one; for from the Mount of Olives one looks down upon the Temple area, and, in consequence, the fall of the ground into the valley of the Kidron is dwarfed; and the Jaffa and Damascus roads approach the city nearly on a level. The farther we rode the more grandly did the walls cut the sky line, till the turn of the gorge deprived us of this evidence of civilization, and plunged us into true Judæan desolation.

Following the valley of Kidron, the path lay along the brook, or rather its stony course, — for now, except in the rainy season of spring, the stream is dry, — the gorge narrowed, and hardly a vestige of vegetation cheered us, though in the early year we heard these forbidding precipices were a blaze of color from wild-flowers. Now there is no color but what is given by the yellow sandy rock and occasional tufts of Syrian thorn. Our Arabs, when we had got out of sight of the town, became very demonstrative, and danced about to and fro on the narrow path, screeching their own peculiarly ear-piercing yell, and brandishing their arms. We suspected this display of *couleur locale*; and it certainly had a non-natural, theatrical air, as if got up for our special behoof, and tending towards *backsheesh*. It is certainly an immense damper to the pleasure of Eastern travelling, the ever-present idea that every little courtesy on the part of those around you has its price, and sounds in damages immensely disproportionate to the benefit enjoyed.

We had left Hatiser's Hotel after an early breakfast, and after a six hours' ride, principally at a foot's pace, we reached our resting-place for the night, the Greek convent of Mar Saba. We had been terribly uncomfortable on our hard saddles, with the midday sun beating on our white umbrellas; but all was swallowed up in wonder at the magnificent savagery of the gorge for the last half-hour. The valley had up to this point been simply wild and featureless; it became now a mountain pass, which, taken as a whole, no Alpine marvel could surpass. Its weird grandeur and utter barrenness were expressed in its name, — the Valley of Fire.

Reddish yellow cliffs shut in the bed of the torrent, for which alone there was room beneath. They were honeycombed with curious holes, and about a third of the way up, on the right side, jammed on to a ledge of the cliff, its outer wall one with the wall of the valley, stood the monastery. We rode in sin-

gle file up the path, approached it at the back, delivered in our credentials from the authorities at Jerusalem, and were admitted. No female has ever entered within the walls, and many a British pilgrim of the other sex has, in pitching her tent among the jackals outside, railed at the ungallantry of the Mar Saba monks. We were established in a large guest-chamber, furnished all round with divans. One of the monks brought us glasses of raki and figs, which is the staple of their fare, and most courteously assisted the cook we luxurious Westerns had brought with us in preparing our meat dinner, with the worthy monks it being a perpetual *jour maigre*. They then took us over the buildings, which are very extensive and for the most part newly built, and from every part of which there is a giddy view right down into the depths of the ravine. There are some ghastly associations attached to this strange place. Many times has the monastery been laid open to pillage and its inmates to massacre, and its strong natural position caused it to figure often in the wars of Ibrahim Pasha. The shrine of the founder, St. Saba, — the institution claims an existence of fourteen hundred years, — has a little chapel to itself; the larger church contains pictures of the scenes of blood the convent has witnessed, and is gorgeously decorated. Russia has spent lavishly, both here and in the Greek Church at Bethlehem, ever anxious to keep alive her prestige in the Holy Land, and to show the zeal of her national communion with regard to the Holy Places.

We spent a pleasant evening in watching the effect of moonlight on the savage scenery, sitting for some time on the outer wall, which drops 400 feet perpendicularly into the gorge. The opposite side was within a stone's throw, and the solemn silence was only broken by the howling of the jackals and other inmates of the rocky caves.

Up at three next morning, breakfasted, and started by torchlight, as it was still pitch dark, and the road down the chasm dangerous; retracing our steps of the day before to the entrance of the convent-gorge, we struck to the northeast among the hills, and rode for some time in silence, impressed by the associations which gave so much food for thought. Suddenly, just as it was getting gray, we saw beneath us the waters of the Dead Sea, lead-colored in the gloom; we rode parallel to it for some way, getting occasional glimpses through the hills, and watched the sun rising in green and orange splendor over the mountain-wall of Moab opposite.

At length, when it was quite light, we climbed the last hillock, and saw before us the great flat valley, the line of wood cutting in from north to south, and the northern bay of the sea. Just at this time we met some Arabs, with whom our escort tried to get up a disturbance; we supposed with a view to remuneration, for the Bedouins were very few in number, looked very harmless, and seemed very glad to go away. Our fellows assumed such a bullying tone towards them, as made us suspect their steadiness in any real emergency; such, however, owing to the immense interest of our excursion, and notwithstanding the harrowing tales we had heard in Jerusalem of pillaged Franks struggling bootless and shirtless across the burning Ghôr, and negotiating for Arab under-garments at Jericho, was very little present to our minds; nor were we destined to undergo greater hardships than what the inevitable draught of Dead Sea water, heat, and creeping things afforded.

We reached the shore of the sea, that weird, uncanny beach made up of the skeletons of animals, the bare logs brought down by Jordan in flood-time skinned and pickled in the brine, and round pebbles, a white salty deposit marking where the waves have licked the land and receded; and dismounting in the blazing heat (it was now nearly eleven o'clock), we bathed our hands in the brilliant blue water, clear as crystal, and brought some of it to our mouths. Our flesh felt immediately like leather where the water had touched it, and the taste—as of quinine, vitriol, and sea-water combined—was absolutely indescribable and quite irremovable. We brought away tin flasks full of the delicious compound, that friends at home might have a chance of the same pleasure. The day was cloudless, and the rocks, perfectly sterile and variously colored, stood up out of the lake, the distance of which was covered by haze, marking the perpetual evaporation by which the superfluities are carried off.

We were not sorry to mount and ride off to the east, to the sacred river,—to associations more hallowed and less terrible than those which hang over the grave of the five cities; it was a pleasant relief to come to trees and brushwood growing in park-like luxuriance on either bank so thickly that in many places it was hard to approach the river. We struck the stream at the spot where the Greek pilgrims bathe,—the spot which is assigned by tradition to the baptism by the Precursor and of the Lord himself. It is a pleasant and pretty scene this hallowed spot. The river spreads out broader and shallower, and rushes over a gravel-bed, the forest recedes and leaves a grassy plot on the bank, on which a most comfortable bivouac can be made, and here we settled to rest until the great heat had passed away, and we could ride without fear of sun-stroke over the salty flats to our resting-place for the night.

We had our midday meal on the bank, and bathed in and drank the sweet muddy water of Jordan; we filled our tin flasks with it to bring back home; and our escort cut us straight sticks from the carob-trees as mementos of our visit; so we passed away two delightful dreamy hours, till the sun began to sink, and we mounted to pursue our course to Jericho. Our ride was singularly unpleasant; the heat, still scorching, seemed to strike up from the parched ground. Swarms of insects had come out for their afternoon exercise, and fed freely upon both ourselves and our horses, and the clumps of vegetation around Jericho seemed never to get nearer. At last we reached the wretched village of *Er Riha*, which is the sole remains of what, in the time of the Incarnation, was a flourishing city hardly inferior to the capital. There is little evidence of its former greatness; now it consists of a few score of wretched hovels, inhabited by still wretcheder-looking *fellahin*, who bear an odious reputation. Some slight memory of this Garden of the Lord remains in the groves around the village. Figs and vines still flourish, and there are whole thickets of the Nûbk, or Syrian thorn, with its cruel-looking spikes, the material, according to local tradition, of the crown of thorns. The district is well watered by the stream which flows from *Ain-es-Sultân*, the well of Elisha, supposed to be peculiarly fertilizing, since the day on which the Prophet cured the waters, and towards this we rode, intending to pass the night there.

We had a delightful place for our encampment. The spring bubbles up and forms a clear pool fringed with bushes at the foot of a hill covered

with stones, which of old supported the terraces that bore vegetation up to its now dreary summit. We dined and smoked and chatted, and our escort tried to stalk jackals, and then we went to bed, to be devoured by mosquitoes. Better far had we bivouacked out in the midst of the salty plain than by this murmuring stream, which was evidently the rendezvous of the whole insect population. We were glad to be up early,—long before daybreak,—as our encampment took some time to get into marching trim, and we set out by starlight on our way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

What a thoroughfare this must have been when Herod the Idumean reigned,—when Priest and Levite and Samaritan,—thief and publican and sinner,—journeyed backwards and forwards from city to city, and He with the Traitor often trod it, staying with Lazarus at Bethany, with Zaccheus at Jericho! Now there is but one characteristic, perhaps, that remains,—a reputation for deeds of violence.

Our road soon began to ascend, on the right, by the stony hills of Quarantania, the scene of the Temptation, from whence the view in those days must have taken in the great town of Jericho and its suburbs and villas lying at their feet, and the rich plain-country. We struck into a mountain defile of the same character as the Valley of Fire, the Wady Cherith, and as our thoughts the night before had been with Elisha, now they were with his greater fellow of Mount Carmel, Ahab-so-Ahab, Jezabel, and the Priests of Baal. It is almost painful to feel how rapidly all these gigantic associations crowd on the mind here, and how easily present circumstances, heat, a hard saddle, or the want of breakfast, displace them, for it is only after leaving the Holy Land one fully realizes the privilege of a journey there.

Our ride was very sultry, the sun beating cruelly on the bare cliffs, and we stopped at the foot of the Mount of Olives for luncheon, at a ruined well which bears the reputation of being a rendezvous for thieves. We saw none, however; and having refreshed ourselves and our beasts, and escaped the very hottest part of the day, began to ascend the hill. In a short time we reached Bethany, which is now a wretched little hamlet with a squalid *fellah* population. The road thence is carried round the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives, and is remarkable for the suddenness with which the view of the city bursts upon one. At first, only the extreme angle of the wall of the Moriah enclosure and the dome of the Mosque of El Aksa are visible; then, on turning a corner, the whole city of David and the graceful group of buildings on Mount Moriah.

It has recently been surmised, with much plausibility, that it was along this approach—probably always the more frequented route to the capital from this side, rather than the steep path carried over the summit of the hill, past the scene of the Ascension—that the view of the splendid assemblage of buildings prompted our Lord to that affecting lamentation over the irremediable desolation so soon to fall on the city beneath. We could easily picture the varied beauty of the scene as it must then have presented itself: the gardens and villas without the walls, where now there is only stony desolation; the massive walls themselves, and Herod's three great fortresses, one of which, the tower of Hippicus, remains to charm the architect of this age even by its wonderful masonry; the glistening

marble of the restored Temple, and its roof of golden pinnacles; and above it, the citadel of Antonia, telling of national privileges lost forever, and of Roman dominion.

Nothing can be more graceful than the general effect of the buildings which now cover the Temple area, the platform on which Islam has stamped itself over Judaism; the light arcades and fountains, the broad steps, and the mosques themselves, especially that of Omar, with its marble and jasper adornment like a large jewel casket, with a cypress here and there completing the Mohammedan character of the sanctuary. The whole looks brilliant at a distance, although, like all Oriental splendor, somewhat shabby when examined in detail.

We rode down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its mosaic of tombs. Many a Jewish emigrant, from Poland especially, lies here in expectation of a grand rehabilitation of their nation's glory on this very spot, which the followers of Mohammed also assign as the place of the last judgment, and point out a broken pillar jutting from the wall of the Haram over the gorge as the seat he will occupy on that occasion. We rode past Absalom's (so called) tomb, and the other handsome sepulchres of Roman time, beneath the wall of Gethsemane and up to St. Stephen's Gate, and thence along the Way of Sorrow to our hotel. And so back again to ordinary traveller's life in this nineteenth century, guide-books, cicerones, tables-d'hôte, and discomfort, but with much laid up in our minds for future enjoyment and appreciation in those moments when we forget the world.

GEORGE PEABODY.

THERE was something exceedingly appropriate and graceful in the idea of inviting Mr. George Peabody to preside over the closing ceremony of the City of London Working Classes' Exhibition, for there are few men who have done more to gain the respect and esteem of the artisan classes than the man who has no nobly devoted such a princely portion of his fortune to the furtherance of a scheme having for its object the improvement of the homes of the people. The Peabody Model Buildings will ever remain a monument of the practical benevolence of their founder. Unlike many of those who have sought to ameliorate the condition of their poorer brethren, he was enabled to discriminate between real and false charity. He knew that the safest and most serviceable aid he could render to workingmen was, not in treating them as paupers or suppliants for charity, but as men who, against heavy odds, were endeavoring to help themselves.

The great difficulty with which the working classes of London have to contend in obtaining proper dwellings is the enormous value of land in the metropolis, — a difficulty which, in some instances, is at present beyond the power of working class co-operation to surmount. This obstacle George Peabody determined, so far as in him lay, to remove by providing a fund for the purchase of land and the erection of suitable dwellings thereon for use, at a moderate rental, by the working classes, who otherwise would have to content themselves with far inferior habitations at a much higher rental. This was really practical help, and of a self-supporting character too.

But George Peabody came of a practical race. The Pilgrim Fathers were men who dared to become voluntary exiles rather than renounce the

opinions which they had learned to regard as true; and from these men of iron will and indomitable purpose George Peabody has inherited much of that calm and persistent resolution which has enabled him to successfully carry out his intentions. Born at Danvers, in Massachusetts, he commenced his commercial life in the city of Baltimore, where every scope was afforded for the display of his shrewd and discerning powers. From an early period he commenced that career of magnificent liberality which has culminated in the splendid and almost regal gift to the poor of London. He made wealth, not to enrich himself, but to bestow it upon others.

In 1837 he left his native country — the land of the stars and stripes — and came to London, where he founded the great American banking firm known throughout the whole civilized world as Peabody and Co., and which for eight-and-thirty years has had a most profitable and flourishing business.

But, in his adopted country, Mr. Peabody did not forget the claims of his native land. During a visit to America, in 1852, he gave \$100,000 to found in the town wherein he was born an educational institute and library, "the results of which," he stated, "have proved most beneficial to the locality, and gratifying to myself." In 1857 he generously devoted no less than \$500,000 to the erection of an institution for the promotion of science and art in Baltimore, the city in which he commenced his commercial life. But his chief munificence was reserved for England, — the country in which his fortune had been amassed, and of whose commercial fabric he was one of the principal ornaments. When the extent of his gifts were first made known to the people, they could scarcely resist being incredulous. Such princely presents are somewhat rare in the history of nations; and it is not every man who makes a fortune who thinks of bestowing it upon others.

In this respect George Peabody has furnished a brilliant precedent for future millionnaires, — less, however, in the magnificence of his gift than in its practical character. If his intentions are faithfully carried out, great and appreciable changes will take place in the condition of the London poor. The Peabody buildings will form the haven which will alter the whole mass of house accommodation in the metropolis. Workingmen will no longer be content to be slowly poisoned to death in pestilential, reeking abodes, while landlords will find it to their interest to provide their tenants with homes more fit for the use of human beings, and less deserving of that censure and reproach which so many of them have incurred. This is the peaceful revolution designed by the people's benefactor, George Peabody.

Well did the Queen, with her womanly instinct, gracefully interpret, in her kind-hearted and noble letter to Mr. Peabody, the universal sentiment of the country. It is by such recognition of the really great deeds of large-minded and unselfish men, that royalty manifests its true dignity, and gains for itself that national respect and love, — that undying popularity, — which is stronger far than fleets and armies, and which never fails a ruler in the hour of need.

In America, to which country Mr. Peabody has temporarily returned, the presence of the great benefactor will be hailed as that of one who has done much to cement the feelings of mutual goodwill which ought always to subsist between the two principal branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. Englishmen will always honor America as being the

birthplace of one who has shown such devotion to the claims and interests of the laboring classes, while in America the name of Peabody will be regarded as that of one who has caused the name of his country to be spoken of in tones of esteem and gratitude in the homes of the mother-land.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE University of Halle, in Prussia, has just sustained a heavy loss in the death of Dr. Hupfeld, the celebrated Hebrew scholar.

IN the works going on for levelling the hill of the Trocadero at Paris, four mines are fired at once by means of an electric battery, and a surface of more than two acres is raised by each explosion.

A CATALOGUE of some 8,000 Armenian MSS. contained in the library of Edcimiadzin, near Mount Ararat, the seat of the Patriarch, has just been printed. Amongst the MSS. are some unpublished works of the Fathers, and also some unpublished fragments of Aristotle and Diodorus Siculus. Copyists are employed in the library, and these treasures, hitherto inaccessible, are now thrown open to scholars.

APROPOS of the attempt on the Czar's life the St. Petersburg journals say that the investigation has shown that it was not the act of a wild and single enthusiast, but the result of a conspiracy, which includes numerous accomplices belonging to different classes; consequently many arrests have been made. In St Petersburg twenty students have been seized, sixty Poles, and four high officials; and in Moscow thirty students have been lodged in jail.

THE director of one of the public gardens in Paris has adopted an ingenious means of attracting people to his establishment. In the dancing-saloon there is a cupboard, containing three gold and three silver watches, with six silk dresses; over the cupboard is a placard announcing in large red letters that the watches and dresses will be distributed among those of the dancers who shall have attracted most attention between the months of May and July.

THE marine vivary at Boulogne, erecting under the superintendence of M. Edouard Betencourt, is intended for the exhibition of adult living fish. The altitude of the rocks will be about seventy feet, and the caverns underneath will have some twelve to fourteen feet headway, wherein will be a series of reservoirs, into which sun and air are admitted through fissures. This vivarium opens up a new and interesting page for the study of marine zoology and botany.

ON the occasion of the recent Dante festival, the Gonfalonier of Florence forwarded to M. Victor Hugo the Dante medal. It was accompanied by a letter written in that highflown style common to Italian public correspondence. The great French novelist was "requested to accept the medal in Italy's name." To this M. Hugo replied: "M. Gonfalonier. To receive from the Gonfalonier of Florence the jubilee medal of Dante, in Italy's name, is an immense honor, and I am profoundly touched by it. My name is in your eyes synonymous with France, and so you tell me in magnificent language. Ay, there is in me, as there is in every Frenchman, some part of the soul of France; and this soul of France yearns for light, for progress, for peace, for

liberty; and this soul of France yearns for the grandeur of all nations, and this soul of France calls Italy's soul sister. Be good enough, M. Gonfalonier, to transmit to your noble fellow-citizens my profound gratitude, and receive the assurance of my profound consideration. — VICTOR HUGO."

THE various balloon experiments of M. Nader, the famous Parisian photographer, have resulted in a small volume, which the English translator styles, "The Right to Fly." M. Nader considers that all existing styles of locomotion will be deemed obsolete in a few years, when a more perfect system of aërostation shall have been discovered.

THE Brazil and River Plate *Mail* says that Captain Burton, the African traveller, now British Consul at Santos, is determined, as soon as the season opens, to continue his interesting investigation on the Rio Iguipe, where he some time since made the discovery of a dormant volcano, known in the locality by a name signifying the "exploding hill." It has long been believed that Brazil was altogether devoid of volcanic formations; but if Captain Burton's impressions are confirmed by a closer scrutiny, he will have added another to the many important services he has rendered as an active and practical geographer.

DURING a recent meeting of the Royal Institution at London, Sir Henry James, of the Royal Engineers, gave an account of the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem. We are familiar enough with this kind of topographical work in our own country; but to hear of an Ordnance Survey of the Holy Land, — to find modern science mixing itself up with traditions of the earliest times, with our Scriptural associations, and with the Crusaders and Saracens, inspires a notion of incongruity. It is true, nevertheless, that a party of red-coated English Sappers have taken an accurate plan of the City of David, and carried a line of levelling all across the country from the Mediterranean at Jaffa to the Dead Sea, the object being to settle a long-debated question, — the difference of level between the two seas; and we now learn from Sir H. James that it is settled. The difference is great; for the level of the Dead Sea is 1,293 feet below that of the Mediterranean; and the highest ground passed over in the line of the survey (Mount Scopus) is 2,724 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The Mount of Olives is 2,665 feet, Mount Zion 2,550 feet, and Mount Moriah 2,440 feet above the same level. Due precautions were taken, by cutting marks in the solid rock on the route, to preserve a means of testing the survey at some future time, and of rendering it meanwhile useful to travellers, or to the party now engaged in the exploration of Palestine.

In describing Jerusalem, Sir H. James states that the city "occupies a space exactly equal to the area included between Oxford Street and Piccadilly, and between Bond Street and Park Lane": about three quarters of a mile in length, and half a mile in width; from which description ordinary readers may form a familiar notion of the size of a city which figures so largely in the world's history. One other particular will interest those who are taking pains to improve the water-supply, and who regard civil engineering as a modern art. Jerusalem was supplied even in ancient days from two sources, high-level and low-level: the water flowed through tunnels, and crossed a deep valley by means of a

siphon made of stone in lengths of about five feet, connected by collar and socket joints.

THE foreign journals are rich in dramatic accounts of the recent attempt to assassinate Count Bismark, who does not appear to have the slightest desire to be assassinated, as is shown in the following report of the affair:—

"As Count Bismark was returning on foot along the Unter den Linden from an audience of the King, upon reaching the Schadow street, a man discharged at him from behind two barrels of a revolver. Both shots having missed, Count Bismark turned and grappled with his antagonist, who fired three more shots during the struggle, still leaving him unwounded, though his clothes were burnt by the nearness of the three last discharges. The police took charge of the would-be assassin, a youth twenty-two years of age, who had come from Hohenheim in Wurtemberg to do what he thus failed to do. In the mean time his papers and luggage were seized at the hotel where he had put up. The police report then continues: 'He was left sitting upon a bench under the guard of a police-officer in an anteroom, while the authorities investigated his papers. The prisoner availed himself of this short delay to take out a handkerchief, in which a pocket-knife must have been concealed. While he apparently wiped the perspiration from his face with one hand, he stabbed himself several times with the knife in the neck. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but proved unavailing. Although the wounds were at once bandaged by several surgeons, and the prisoner was confined in a strait-waistcoat to prevent his inflicting further injury upon himself, he gradually sank, and died shortly after four in the morning.' He is a stepson of Karl Blind, son of Mrs. Blind by a previous marriage, and had taken his stepfather's name. He left England four years ago, but visited this country two years since, when he was a volunteer and won a prize at Wimbledon. For the last two years he has been studying political economy at Hohenheim, a part of Germany where Bismark is intensely hated."

AMERICA has done much to alleviate the sufferings of the blind, by a supply of useful and instructive books, so printed that the sense of touch is made to do vicarious duty for the loss of vision. When it is borne in mind that in Europe it is considered that one person in every 1,800 is thus afflicted, and in America one person in every 2,500, we shall be better able to estimate the boon thus conferred. "If any one," says the *London Reader*, "wishes to judge for himself of the facility with which the blind can read these books, there is daily to be seen in one of the recessed seats of Waterloo Bridge a poor blind man thus occupied, who for a slight alms will explain the method. The history of

these inventions for teaching the blind to read is an interesting one. At one period large pin-cushions were used, on which the characters were figured with inverted needles. A notary of Paris, Pierre Moreau, proposed movable leaden characters, and their adoption was only prevented by the expense. In our own day, about forty years ago, David Macbeth, a blind teacher in the Edinburgh School, constructed an ingenious string-alphabet, which consisted of a cord knotted in various ways, so that the protuberances represented certain characters, and in this extraordinary manner the greater part of the Gospel of St. Mark, the 119th Psalm, and other passages of Scripture and history, were executed. The knotted string was wound round a vertical frame, which revolved as the reader drew the cord towards him. The mode now generally adopted is a system of printing in relief, first invented by M. Haüy of Paris in 1784, and since modified and improved. Braille of France, Abbé Carton of Belgium, Lucas, Frere, Gall, and Moon of England, all used arbitrary characters, in the form of dots, stenographic figures, &c.; Moon's method approaches most nearly to the alphabetical form. All these systems are very costly in production. At Glasgow an alphabetical system in Roman capitals, the invention of Mr. Alston, has been adopted, and is now used pretty extensively throughout this kingdom. In the United States the alphabetical system in one form or other is universally used. At the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, Roman capitals similar to Alston's; and at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum, the Virginia Institution and the New York Institution, modified or angular lower-case letters, the invention of Dr. Howe, are used."

A LANDSCAPE.

Long lines of leafless hedges brown,—
Red fallows,— meadows dun,—
An avenue of rosy clouds
Down towards the sunken sun.

An ancient yew with hearse-like plumes,—
A spectral village spire,—
Weird fingers of a hoary ash
Traced on a sky of fire.

A timid star that glimmers faint
Through ether pearly gray,—
A landscape there was none to paint,
Yet lives for many a day.

'T was there we stood long years ago,—
Two lovers, hand in hand;
There parted,— never more to meet
Either on sea or land.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866.

[No. 24.]

LITTLE PEG O'SHAUGHNESSY.

PART I.

WHEN I promised, Tom, to write you an account of Castle Shaughnessy and Peg, remember you gave me your word in return that you would not look at what I had written till you had gone back to your ship for good, and the ocean lay between you and the persons who figure in my story. Be charitable, if you can, to some of those last, when you have repocketed the manuscript. But don't ask me to practise as I preach.

Gorman Tracey and I are so much akin that we had once a common relative.

"Gorman," said I one day, "that old lady at Ballyhuckamore is dead at last, and has left her estate to —"

"To you!" he said, with a grimace. "Like the luck of you rich chaps. Lord! To think of how that old lady used to pet me when I was a boy, and never saw you in her life. I wish you joy, old fellow, from the bottom of my heart! Ugh! How I envy you! Ballyhuckamore!" (musingly).

"A beggarly old place, I'll be bound!" said I. "A house like a barn, a potato-field, and a pigsty."

"Not a bit of it. But I won't tell you. Pearls to swine, ugh! Ballyhuckamore! I wonder whether little Peg O'Shaughnessy ought to be 'grown up' yet."

"Little Peg O'Shaughnessy?" said I.

"Yes, O'Shaughnessy of Castle Shaughnessy. But you don't know, and never will, you beastly bigot of a Saxon!"

"Little Peg?" said I again, as we walked on.

"A mop-headed little flirt who used to drop frogs down my back. Tip-top family, but awfully poor. Father ruining himself with fox-hunting even when I was there. Mother died of care. Peg's toes came through her shoes."

"Grown up now, you were saying?"

"Should think so. Lost count of the years."

"Any more pretty girls at Ballyhuckamore?"

"Bless your heart! there never was a place so overrun with them. When I think of the crowd that poor old lady used to have about her in Ballyhuckamore Hall of a Christmas eve! I was always in love with half a dozen of them at a time. But you don't know. I believe I was to have married Peg and settled down at the Hall whenever I succeeded to the estate. What a gathering there should have been there this next Christmas if I had had your luck!"

"Then I'll tell you what," said I, "we'll have the gathering there in spite of fate. You and I will go

together; you shall introduce me to all the Ballyhuckamores, and we'll have such a house-warming as never was there before."

If we had not been walking down Fleet Street, I believe Gorman would have thrown up his hat and given three cheers. It was in July that we talked thus; and when December drew near, we had not forgotten our plan.

I need not describe Ballyhuckamore to you who know it. I never was so agreeably disappointed in any place. A snow-storm had just cleared away as we drove to the Hall by a short cut through the wood, with the dry branches crackling like fireworks under our wheels. A sulky red sun was dropping behind a copse, seeming to kindle sparks in the underwood, glowering on the boles of the oaks, throwing crimson splashes on the whitened knolls, and winking a mazy murky light about the deepening gloom of the brown stripped trees on before us.

Gorman was in a state of wild exhilaration, and I myself was in unexpected delight with my new possession.

"Let us alight," I said, "and send this machine back to the village whence it came. We shall enjoy better to walk through this very jolly wilderness."

And so it was that we arrived on foot, and without fuss, at Ballyhuckamore Hall.

I felt curious to see the house, and quickened my steps, as we came up a by-path in the shrubbery which brought us out upon the gravel sweep under the front windows. I remember doing so, and how the next moment my attention was fixed, not upon the old house frowning before me, but upon a lady, who was standing on the top of my flight of Ballyhuckamore steps, with my Ballyhuckamore hall-door lying open behind her. And such a lady! She held up her green velvet riding-habit with both hands, and her little boots were almost lost in the snow, which lay thick upon the steps. She had a handsome brunette face, and bands of magnificent hair under her riding-hat. She looked about thirty years of age, had a perfect figure and a jewelled whip, and seemed in the act of taking counsel with herself upon the weather. These were the items regarding her that I summed up during the space of some half-dozen seconds.

"Tracey," said I, "is there any mistake about the place; or did you ask any friends to meet us here? Can this be little Peg?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" he said, "there is no mistake, and I know nothing about it. Peg's hair was as white as flax. Shabby Peg got up in that extravagant style! I have no idea who this may be. Some wonderful bird of passage."

Meantime the lady had tripped into the house, whither we followed as quickly as possible. We took off our hats to her in the hall, where she stood transfixed by amazement at our appearance, with her hand on the drawing-room door. We turned into the dining-room, where a speedy summons brought the housekeeper to us, quivering in black silk, and blooming in a cap like a pickled cabbage.

"O, sir, an' I give you my word it's hardly ever I took my eyes for one blessed minute off the avenue since mornin'; an' to think of your slipping in unknownst to us afther all! An' there's Lady Fitzgibbon an' her friends that were drove in for shelter from the storm two hours ago, an' her ladyship's runnin' in an' out, an' thinkin' she'd never get away before you'd arrive, sir. An' the dinner 'll be done to the minute, sir."

"And who is Lady Fitzgibbon?"

"O, sir, a beautiful lady, — a widow lady, sir, — who has taken Kilbanagher Park and furnished it splendid, so as it's fit to dazzle your eyes, sir. An' she's that rich, they say, she'd as lief eat bank-notes as bread and butter."

I looked at Tracey, and Tracey looked at me, and we both looked at the window. It was snowing more heavily than ever, and growing dark besides. There was only one thing to do. In a few minutes I was in the drawing-room, and had transformed the uncomfortable intruders into my bidden guests, who had promised to stay the night under my roof. Lady Fitzgibbon sat on my right at dinner.

How charming she was that evening! How her eyes sparkled over the champagne, and how those languishing Eastern shadows under them enhanced the brilliancy of her complexion! How white her hands were, as she poured out our tea; how musical her voice was, as she told us anecdotes of every one in the neighborhood. How amusingly she described the confusion of herself and friends when they heard of my arrival; how charmingly she ridiculed her own appearance. A riding-habit by way of evening dress! "A pretty figure!" she said. A very pretty figure, I thought; and as for Gorman, he had become her slave without a struggle.

What was she talking of, that she kept my friend Tracey so enthralled? Doubtless, introducing him afresh to all his old acquaintances; for she knew every one, this charming widow, and was gushingly communicative about her neighbors' affairs and her own. Her friends resided somewhere far away (the Antipodes, perhaps), but she, being her own mistress, had chosen to come, for change of air, to this delightful country. She had resided here a year; she was the centre of society in the locality; she was adored by all who knew her. She liked amusement, and believed that country neighbors ought to be social, especially at the Christmas season. These were the facts I gleaned from her discourse.

O'Gradys, Desmonds, Burkes, O'Sullivan's? Yes; she knew them all. O'Shaughnessy? Oh! (with a shrug), surely Mr. Tracey must have heard about poor Sir Pierce?

No, Mr. Tracey had not heard.

"O, he ruined himself, you know, and then he went astray in his mind. For some years he has not been able to leave his house except on Sunday, in dread of seizure for debt."

"And Pe— Miss O'Shaughnessy?" said Gorman. "I used to know her. Such a pretty little girl!"

"Ah, poor thing, I believe she has grown up very plain. She is never seen. How they live in that

old empty castle I cannot think. In town the other day (we call our posting village 'town' here, Mr. Humphrey), I heard a shopman say across the counter, before delivering a parcel, "You'll pay me for this, Miss O'Shaughnessy?" And the purchase in question was only some yards of printed calico, to make a dress for herself, I should think. Heigh-ho! it's such a very sad thing to be poor." Lady Fitzgibbon lifted her eyebrows, and smoothed down a green velvet fold of her dress, and looked quite able to make a supper of bank-notes.

I dreamed that night that I saw her doing so; but that after she had finished her meal she fell into convulsions as if she were poisoned. It was not a pleasant dream, and, somehow, I never could look at the widow afterwards without thinking of it.

And now, Tom, I have introduced you to one of my heroines, Lucretia Fitzgibbon. Mark her well. I am afraid I have not made her clear enough to you. Note her splendid eyes, her fascinating manner, the excellent footing on which she had placed herself with the world in general; lastly, her enormous riches. We returned with her to Kilbanagher Park the next day. Tom, what a place that was! Not a venerable old homestead like Ballyhuckamore; all new, bran-new, but gorgeous and voluptuous as a palace in the Arabian Nights. Astonishing little woman! What a taste! and what a purse! "Lucky, O'Gorman," said I, "will be that man who shall replace the lamented Fitzgibbon (was he knight, or was he baronet?), and hang up his hat for good at Kilbanagher Park."

But now for my other heroine. Tracey's old friends rallied round him, and we were soon on good terms with the best people in the neighborhood. As for him, he had so far forgotten his former self, that I was obliged on some occasions to interfere and wake his memory.

"Tracey," said I, "I am not going to have my house-warming without little Peg O'Shaughnessy." (The people were to stay a fortnight at the Hall, and every amusement that Lady Fitzgibbon could devise was in course of preparation for their gratification.) "She may have grown up plain, and wear a calico dress, but I've had a curiosity to see that little girl ever since the first time you mentioned her. Her father may be doting, as they say, and Castle Shaughnessy may be the veriest old rat-hole in the kingdom; nevertheless, my dear fellow, for the sake of old times you ought to go and pay them a visit. And for the sake of new times and coming festivities, I will go with you."

Gorman abased himself for his negligence, and we set out together for the residence of the doting Sir Pierce, and his daughter who was "never seen."

If ever there were a wild old ramshackle barrack standing on a sea-shore out of all human ken, and altogether within ghostly boundaries, that dreary edifice is you, O Castle Shaughnessy! A wide uneven sward, too unkempt to be called a lawn, straggled from the entrance down to a rugged beach. On one side stood the ruins of a chapel surrounded by the family burying-ground. The waves at high tide of a winter's night must break over the tombstones. Not a tree was to be seen, not a leaf of ivy clung to the castle walls, which were weather-stained in a way that made the windows look like eyes that were always weeping. We were admitted, after some parley, by a shabby old retainer with a knowing eye, who seemed to regard us as wolves in sheep's clothing. We entered a barren hall, whence all furniture had fled save some

horns of elks brandishing their fangs over the several doors; and were bidden to wait in a long empty dining-room with marks of departed pictures on the walls, and some broken panes in the whistling clattering windows. Under these last mustered the huge cavernous rocks, snug berths for smugglers' craft, among which the green angry sea writhed, drenching them with torrents of foam. A monotonous thunder from without made bass to the shrieking of the wind through the crannies of the room.

"Poor Peg! poor Peg!" said Tracey, staring into all the blank corners. You see we had lunched at Kilbanagher Park, and the contrast between that dwelling and this was, to say the least, noticeable.

The man came back and conducted us through endless dilapidated staircases and passages. It seemed that Sir Pierce was not so far doting but that he remembered an old friendly name. We were led into a small room at the south side of the castle, into which seemed to have been gathered all the rag-ends of comfort which had survived the general wreck of that place. Alack! they made a sorry show after all. Poor Sir Pierce, a feeble old man with a restless choleric face, sat by a fire of turf logs built on a flagged hearth. The floor had no carpet, the windows no curtains, the master's arm-chair was worn by the constant chafing of his impatient body. A tame eagle sat on the shoulder of an attenuated couch in the window, with his bright eye fixed on the sinking sun.

The old man rose grandly, and received us with the air of a prince giving audience to subjects; but, looking in Tracey's face, broke down and burst into tears. He was not quite astray in his mind after all, only a little maddened by pride and misfortune. He soon resumed his state.

"Bid some of those people tell Miss O'Shaughnessy I wish to see her," he said to his attendant.

"Those people" were probably the shades of departed servants who had once tripped over one another in Castle Shaughnessy. The one shabby old retainer bowed his gray head and went.

Miss O'Shaughnessy was out walking, but presently made her appearance, evidently quite unprepared to behold us visitors. She was a tall girl wrapped in a plaid shawl, which looked as if it had been washed. She had no trimming on her hat but a thick black veil, which was thrown backward over it. She looked so scarlet-cheeked on entering, that I was surprised to see how pale her natural complexion was when she had thrown aside her hat and seated herself at the other side of her father's chair. She had hazel eyes, and a profusion of light hair clinging in crushed masses to her head; but I did not like to look at her much; she seemed so shy and proud. The eagle left his window immediately, and mounted guard on the back of her chair.

Sir Pierce's conversation was piteous to hear, so grand, so inflated, so ill matched with his surroundings. Yet he was not out of his senses, only anxious to remind us that he was O'Shaughnessy of Castle Shaughnessy. He tortured poor Peg, who bore it all with the constancy of a martyr. Now and again there was a burning blush and a hurried glance in her father's face, then she was pale and proud and passive.

"Order wine," he said at last, with a grand air, as if he knew that a banquet was in course of preparation.

"Father," she said distinctly, and looking him firmly in the face, "you know we have no wine. There is no such thing here."

Well, I am not going to dwell further on the memory of this visit. Sir Pierce turned white, then purple, and we thought he was going to have a fit. A glance of entreaty shot from Peg's piteous eyes to mine; and we departed.

"Ah, well," said Gorman, "we have got enough of that place. Poor Peg! she is prettier than ever."

We passed out again through the hollowness and the emptiness, the mildew and the rust, and the dreary fallen greatness, of Castle Shaughnessy. Lady Fitzgibbon prattled on my left that day at dinner, and when the champagne corks began to fly, I thought I heard her say (or at least some woman's voice), "Father, you know we have no wine." Of course it was a fancy. Trinkets and smiles had Lucretia, but that pained, earnest tone was no part of her.

I need not detail to you, Tom, all our schemes for inducing Peg O'Shaughnessy to be one of our housewarming party. She came against her will, but in obedience to her father's commands. A carriage was sent for her, with muffing, for it was a bitter frosty night, and good Mrs. Daly, my housekeeper, had lived more than once in the O'Shaughnessy family, and had a kindly regard for the motherless girl. We expected her at dinner, but she did not arrive. What could occasion her delay? A fit of Sir Pierce's madness, a need of decent garb, a passion of pride at the prospect of appearing among those who had talked of her misfortunes? A hundred such reasons were hinted at among the ladies after dinner, with many a "Poor thing!" and commiserating shake of the head. I remember the night well. The moon was bright upon the snow outside, and within every hearth was blazing, every shutter shut, and every room and passage full of light and warmth and pleasant sounds of life. The drawing-room was a perfect picture of comfort, with its winter logs burning, its wadded curtains spread before the wide windows, its wreaths of holly already clinging to the picture-frames, and its social company. There was a group around the piano, a happy disposal of couples throughout the room, and Lady Fitzgibbon had a coterie gathered round her while she assigned the parts for certain forthcoming charades. Tracey was leaning over her chair, sulky with jealousy because she was bestowing most of her attention on me: which she usually did. Some one suggested Miss O'Shaughnessy to fill an awkward gap in the cast, and another remarked, "She may not be here."

"Ah, no doubt she will be here," said Lucretia, dropping her voice and eyelids just the least bit in life, and speaking to her nearest female neighbor. "What has she left to hope for in her position, except an advantageous marriage? Poor girl, no doubt she will come!"

Upon this, I removed Gorman's cause of jealousy, by taking myself away from the drawing-room, and out to the front door to look at the night. What was it to me whether a ruined fox-hunter's pretty daughter was coming to my house on a matrimonial speculation or not? But two of my best horses had gone in that carriage, and I was beginning to be uneasy lest something might have happened to them by the way. I went round to the stable, quietly saddled a horse, and cantered up the road leading seaward towards Castle Shaughnessy. My fears were realized. At the top of a high hill I found the carriage, sunk into a rut concealed by the snow. A smith was busy at the wheels, surrounded by a little group of lookers-on, and a lantern glared on their

faces. At some distance a dark figure was standing alone, over against a white fence. This was Peg, with a little hood drawn round her head, and the moon shining on her face.

Hearing that the carriage would not be ready for some time, I gave my horse in charge to one of the men, and offering myself as escort to the young lady, asked her to proceed with me on foot towards Ballyhuckamore. She was most unwilling to do so, almost beseeching me to return as I had come, and leave her to follow at the blacksmith's pleasure. Of course I would not hear of that, and she consented at last to accompany me.

I don't know that there was anything peculiar about that walk, and yet I have a singularly clear recollection of it. I had often travelled the same road, followed the same paths and turnings on the outskirts of the wood, seen the moon looking through the same rifts among the trees, and yet, somehow, it all seemed new that night. I did not attempt to account for this phenomenon. I tried to draw out my companion. She conversed with naïve cleverness, all the while keeping a touch of defiant pride in her manner, as if she felt herself in the presence of a natural enemy, and was determined not to be tricked into forgetting it. I humored her in this, thinking her a child of nature, who knew nothing of the world.

As we drew near the Hall, her hand began to tremble on my arm, and her replies grew vague and absent; at last she stopped short in a tremor of distress.

"I am bitterly ashamed of myself, Mr. Humphrey," she said; "but I am terrified at going into your grand house, among your proud guests. That is the truth. The poor and unhappy should keep away from the rich and gay. O, I wish I could go home again!"

She burst into passionate tears. Now in her distress I saw how young she was, — a mere untutored girl. Reserve had before made her more womanly than her years.

"My dear child," I said: "pardon me, — I am so much older than you. The pride is all on your side. I do not want to preach you a sermon, but poverty is not a crime; it is not even the worst of misfortunes."

"It is, it is," she interrupted, vehemently. "It is the cruellest of all, the most utterly killing and crushing. To escape from it, I would —"

"Marry a prince, or turn popular authoress?" I said, smiling.

"Or rob a poor-box," she said, with a curious little grimace of tone. "The two first alternatives being out of my power."

O Peg, Peg! How those words afterwards rose up and bore witness against you! Was all this an artful little scene to engage a rich man's interest? Tears, moonlight, a sweet face, and a passionate voice! Before a fortnight, a dozen of my lady friends would have been ready to swear to your plotting. Yet I do not see how you could have made the carriage break down, Peg. Lucretia's drop of poison lurked in my ear, though I thought I had washed it out a dozen times.

After this little burst, she dried her eyes, like a child who has had its passion out; and we went on as before. Of course it was only to give her time to calm herself that I chose the longest way to the Hall; for I was very much on my guard.

"The carriage is here already!" I exclaimed, seeing, as I thought, the identical equipage we had left behind us standing at the hall-door. But no, here

were servants running about, dragging down luggage, and carrying in wrappings, while a black man was gesticulating in the portico, and giving orders which nobody seemed to understand. What was this? Some wonderful arrival, unexpected as Cinderella's at the prince's ball? On the stairs half a dozen men were staggering under the weight of a large iron coffer, or safe, while at the top of the first flight stood a curious figure, eagerly watching their operations. This figure was a thin yellow-faced little man, wrapped in a fur-lined gown of vivid Eastern coloring. Ill health and discontent were in every line of his face, and his eyes were fixed with anxious greediness on the ascending box. The housekeeper was below in the hall, wringing her hands because there was no room prepared for "mather's uncle." From this I knew who my visitor was: Giles Humphrey, my father's only brother, who had gone to India when a boy, and had scarcely been heard of since.

I pressed past the burdened carriers on the staircase, and presented myself to my strange relative. He had at the moment no thought to bestow on me, and merely replied to my words of welcome by beseeching me to show him the way to the securest chamber in my house, so that he might direct the staggering men to deposit their load there.

I took him to my own room. This was a large apartment at the end of a long corridor, lined with the doors of other chambers. It was reached by ascending three broad steps, and a good-sized dressing-room opened off it. You may not remember them, Tom, for those rooms have fallen into disuse. Into the farthest corner of the dressing-room my uncle's coffer was carried, and then Giles Humphrey himself began examining the thickness of the shutters and the weight of the bars that held them fastened, the stoutness of panelling of the doors, the trustworthiness of the locks, and even the ward of the keys. I had thought the shutters good, but they displeased him. On his opening one a little to glance suspiciously out on the white moon and the snow, a shock-headed bush of ivy bobbed suddenly against the pane, and almost scared his whimsical senses away. He immediately had the window fastened up, and sent off a messenger post-haste for the smith who had mended our carriage to make him a wonderful iron shutter-bar, twice as large and as weighty as those which had for generations sufficed to guard the lives and properties in Ballyhuckamore Hall. He then ordered a second set of curtains put up within the already comfortable and carefully-drawn hangings, sand-bags to be laid down at every spot where there was a possibility of crevice in the woodwork, at the same time heaping fuel on the already blazing fire, till the hearth-place began to glow like a furnace. Only then did he think proper to notice me, as he sat in my arm-chair, cowering towards the fire, and warming his skinny fingers at the flames. He had arrived in England only a few days before, and not finding me at home, had followed me here. I joked him about his wonderful strong-box.

"Hist! nephew," he said, with a look of alarm, which the dancing firelight extravagantly heightened on his parchment face, "it holds money, riches, gold, jewels! You don't think I sold my youth and health for nothing, boy, out there? You don't think I sold my youth and health for nothing? Eh?"

"But why bring it here to torment you with anxiety? Why not leave it safe in a bank in London?"

"Leave it?" staring at me as if I were a burglar; "part with what I earned so hard? Make a present of my savings to Messrs. So-and-So? Eh, nephew, what a silly school-boy you are still! By and by you will know the world, my lad."

"Well, well!" I said; "you will come down and see my friends."

I told you, Tom, that this room was at the end of a long corridor. At the lower end, this corridor was crossed by another, a shorter one, from which the stairs descended. As my uncle and I turned the corner proceeding toward the stairs a door opened suddenly before us, and two womanly figures appeared on the threshold, thrown forward by the firelight from the chamber behind them. Lucretia Fitzgibbon with her arm thrown gracefully round the waist of Peg O'Shaughnessy. Did the star of all the country drawing-rooms mean to patronize the poor little black sheep from the mountains on this her first entrance into society? *The doors of their chambers stood opposite on the passage.* Lucretia had kindly fluttered across, introduced herself to the trembling debutante, and taken her under her wing. "Good Lucretia!" I had almost cried: but the hall lights fell full on the two faces as they descended, and I thought the sparkle of her eyes and teeth more false than they had seemed before. My lady was dressed in voluminous folds of amber silk, bedizened with laces and diamonds; Peg was dressed in a straight black gown of an antiquated brocade, which she must have ransacked from some great-grandmother's wardrobe, standing on some dim upper passage of Castle Shaughnessy. She had folds of crimped white muslin at her throat and wrists, and a black ribbon twisted about her head, gathering up her crisp hair, and tied in a little knot upon her crown. As they swept down before us into the light below, my uncle Giles pinched my arm so wickedly that I started.

"Who is that woman, nephew? By all the diamonds that ever blazed, I have not seen such a woman since I was a boy!"

"Which?" I asked.

"Not the flashy yellow one," he answered, "but the one with her head tied up."

This was the beginning of my uncle's admiration for Peg. In the drawing-room we found the ladies in full expectation, and quite prepared to make a lion of him. The news of the wonderful coffer had reached them, and the fetching of the smith had caused no little excitement. It was current that some extraordinary locks were to be put upon the chamber doors, of which only Giles Humphrey and his servant knew the secret, and that the windows were to be barred outside like the windows of a prison. Even Peg's arrival was now a matter of small importance. There never was such a hero as Giles Humphrey that night. He sat in the warmest corner by the fire, and monopolized the snuggest chair. He wore rings worth a king's ransom, and, audaciously defying custom, wore a gown lined with the costliest fur. He supported his feet on a foot-stool, while his black servant wrapped his knees in a royal rug. Then he spoke to the ladies with a mischievous rudeness, while his eyes paid them homage every moment. And then he might virtually be said to be sitting on that wonderful coffer stuffed with riches, which no doubt all present saw in their mind's eye supporting his puny limbs, but which, in reality, stood modestly hidden in its corner up stairs under the shelter of a gorgeous piece of tapestry, flaming in gold and colors. And when

I conducted its owner to his chamber that night the black man was squatting upon it with crossed legs, like a grotesque carving on a whimsical pedestal. He turned a somersault upon it, by way of obeisance, when his master appeared, and, while I stayed, presented a long cane, from which Giles Humphrey drew a glittering sword.

"This is my bedfellow," he said, grinning over it, and placing it on his pillow. "I hate locks, for fear of fire," with a glance of alarm over his shoulder at the blazing grate. "I will not be locked up, to run the risk of being burnt to death. But if any of the people in your house think to meddle with my little box over there" — he raised his voice, and seizing the sword again, brandished it at the black servant, and chased him out of the room, bidding him go and tell about the weapon in the servants' hall.

From the time of my arrival at Ballyhuckamore to that night I had found myself the lion of the neighborhood, and had had the felicity of knowing that I was the most important among the men in those days assembled under my roof. But now all was changed. The days of my greatness were over. A mightier than I had arisen, and another king reigned in my stead.

I should not have minded if they had elected Gorman Tracey, or some one of the many decent fellows about me, to fill my place, but it was irritating to see the worship transferred from one's manly self to the shrivelled face and shrieking voice of the owner of a box up stairs; to see the silks and muslins making their genuflections at the shrine of a mere mummy; to know that a heartless machine was receiving the flattery of mammas; that a capricious idiotic will was directing the motions of blushing hand-maidens. And the hardest part, the very worst of it all, was that Peg O'Shaughnessy was the foremost of the band of sirens who sang round Giles Humphrey's chair.

For here I will own to you, my Tom, that by this time the stray little black sheep from the mountains had made herself a fold in your friend's foolish heart. Was it fate so relentless, or that quaint black gown so demure, or a head of crisp fair hair, or a pair of steady gray eyes, or was it a very sweet voice full of musical dignity, or a timid step which seemed always owning itself a trespasser when treading my Ballyhuckamore carpets? — Was it all or any of these things which transformed your sober friend into the most loving of jealous lovers, crafty enough to weigh little words, and count up smiles, and disregard all worldly wisdom? You cannot tell me, and assuredly I cannot tell you; but in that frosty house-warming season Peg bloomed up under my eyes the only blossom of her sex I had ever coveted for my own wearing.

Yet, for many days, Peg was as Giles Humphrey's right hand. I was shunned with a blush and a hasty word, while the crusty old millionaire was nourished with kind attentions, and sweet companionship. She helped him to his coffee, she cut the pages of his newspaper, she read to him, and adjusted his footstool. I believe she even stitched him a pocket-handkerchief or something, sitting by his side, with her pale fair cheek turned towards him. She was the envy of the drawing-room. If this pen had not forsworn sentimentality, it might describe to you how I groaned at times that circumstances should have made of my Peg a desperate woman, ready to marry a mummy as an escape from poverty, and how at other times I scorned her as an

artful, heartless Peg, not worth my pity. But I may tell you how they whispered about her all over the house. Whispers in the drawing-room, whispers over the bedroom fires, whispers all through the passages; on fine days even whispers out in the garden, and away abroad among the woods. Buzz, buzz, buzz. Peg O'Shaughnessy was trying to entrap the millionaire. And, O dear! who could say that Lucretia Fitzgibbon was not kind, and even sisterly, to the shy, friendless girl, who was a stranger among strangers?

And did no one dare to speak above a whisper, you will ask, and say a word for Peg? O, ay!—there was one good little lady of small social consequence, who ventured to suggest that the whole party stood aloof from the girl, criticising her; that the poor thing felt herself apart from the rest of the ladies; that she had no pretty morning dresses to eat her breakfast in, no handsome evening dresses to eat her dinner in, no fine riding-habit to go a-riding in; and that these wants usually press upon the female mind. That she had only one straight black gown for all times. Further, that, being accustomed to wait on an old man, her father, she had taken naturally to waiting on Giles Humphrey, who was an elderly man, to say the least; that her seat beside his chair was a harbor to her,—not a pleasant one, perhaps, but still a harbor. These things were said by the blessed little lady of small social consequence, but who heard them?

It was at this period of affairs that one evening, jewels being the subject of conversation, Giles Humphrey, having drunk wine, set his eyes a-tinkling, and began to brag of certain wondrous trinkets which were in his possession, and the like of which had never (said he) gladdened the eyes of any of the assembled company. A gentleman present, who was a judge of such matters, twitted him to make good his boast, whereupon the little man's slow blood got up, and he rushed to his chamber, knocked Jacko (so the black man was called, from his likeness, I suppose, to a monkey) off his perch on the coffer, and presently came down with a bag full of jewels fit to startle the eyes of any prince in the Arabian Nights. There were necklaces, bracelets, and bangles, bodkins for the hair, and earrings weighty enough to tear the flesh of delicate ears; gems of as many hues and cuttings as puzzled Aladdin in the cave. There were dazzling necks in plenty and arms bare to the shoulder all round about Giles Humphrey, on which he might have displayed his treasures to advantage, but it was on Peg that he chose to hang them.

He stuck bodkins of blazing diamonds in her hair; clasped a dozen chains and necklaces round her neck till they dropped below her waist, making her bust one flaring mass of splendor; put bangles of gold on her ankles; and made her bare one round white arm, which he shackled with bracelets. Blushing with confusion, and smiling in amusement at being so bedizened, Peg looked as quaint and as radiant as some rare old-fashioned princess stepped out of an illuminated legend. Many an eye saw beauty in her at that moment which it had never seen before. For my part, I thought she had looked more beautiful in the scarlet and white flowers which I had given her for her bosom that morning. Where, by the way, was Lucretia Fitzgibbon during those five or ten minutes of Peg's magnificence? Positively I forget. I remember that a female voice (could it have been hers?) murmured in a delicate undertone that it was a pity Peg had not a right

to wear the jewels, since they became her so well; and that this was the signal for my gallant uncle to begin to unclasp them and gather them into their casket again as fast as he could. As one after another dropped away from her, Peg grew pale and ceased to smile. Watching her curiously, I saw a strangely eager, stern look come over her face as bauble after bauble disappeared. Once, for a moment, her cheeks flushed, and a flash of longing sprang into her eyes, but it faded away again and left her pale and thoughtful. I divined that she was thinking how much a few of those trinkets would do towards relieving the distresses of a poor old broken-down father, and restoring the comfort of the barren, fallen home of the O'Shaughnessys. O Peg, Peg! Why did you let me see that look?

It happened that the last of the ornaments which she relinquished—a certain bracelet—had been clasped too tightly on the swell of her plump arm, and there was a difficulty about getting it unfastened. One after another, we all tried our skill upon it, having each ample time as we did so to observe the fashion and the richness of the ornament. The groundwork was a broad belt of gold, enriched with the most exquisite Indian filigree work, and this band was studded with at least a thousand tiny precious stones of every hue. Mark that cursed bracelet well, Tom, for it will reappear in my story.

PART II.

I CANNOT tell you what the reason was, but certain it is that from that night forward Peg O'Shaughnessy declined in my uncle's favor. Some one else was presently asked to read the newspaper, some one else was expected to hand the coffee. Peg was soon totally dismissed from the service, and some one else elected in her place. And the some one else was my Lady Fitzgibbon.

Thus discharged, Peg was as one adrift on the world. She stayed much in her own room, or sat in a corner when in company. She was embarrassed in conversation, and shunned notice. She was not popular. People said she was proud and stand-off. So, I thought, she certainly was; but I believed the fault was not her own.

For my own part I tried, without forcing particular attentions upon her, to wear off her fear of me, and to establish a friendly footing between us; and I succeeded. Knowing her better, I found that she had a bright fancy, and a large capacity for enjoyment; only the misfortunes of poverty and debt had overshadowed all the sunny side of her nature. I loved her more every day, and longed to lift her from under her cloud into the broad light of happiness. Meantime, I mused much as to whether my love might or might not be returned; on the possibility of Peg's crushing troubles having made her mercenary; on her gentle attentions to Giles Humphrey until she was set aside. I detested myself for these doubts, and endured them still. But meanwhile something occurred.

One night, after we had all retired, Giles Humphrey kept me long in his bedroom, listening wearily to his wild egotistical talk. At last I broke away from him, and was coming softly down the corridor, so as to disturb no one, when I was startled by hearing the rustle of a woman's dress, and looking, saw, by the faint light of a dim lamp, two figures, a man and a woman, separating quickly, and moving in different directions. The man, I could see, was my uncle's black servant, and, after a moment's reflection, I concluded that the woman

was some silly housemaid, who could not help flirting with even Jacko. The adventure did not disturb my night's rest.

But the next evening it happened that, coming into the drawing-room after dinner, I looked round the room, and missed Peg. I also noticed that neither was Lady Fitzgibbon to be seen, but that did not much disappoint me. Watching impatiently for some time, and finding that Peg did not appear, I left the drawing-room for the purpose of asking Mrs. Daly to step up to her room, lest she might be ill. But, before doing this, I went up stairs myself to fetch something I had forgotten in my own chamber. Going thither, I had to pass the end of that corridor which I have mentioned more than once before. At this hour of the evening it was lit more brightly than it had been late last night. Approaching it, I heard the same hurrying of feet I had then heard, and the same rustling of a woman's dress; but this time I saw the skirt of a black gown disappearing. It was not a servant's dress, for the sound was the sound of silk. Nevertheless, it was the black man Jacko who skulked past me the next moment in the passage. As I walked on I found something white lying at my feet, just where the woman had flitted past. I picked it up; it was a lady's pocket-handkerchief pure and fine.

I thrust it into my bosom, and did not examine it, though it was some time before I returned to the drawing-room. Re-entering there I beheld Lady Fitzgibbon playing chess with my uncle. She was dressed in the glittering maize-colored silk which I mentioned before: a dress she was fond of. I looked around for Peg; she was not there, but entered the room a few minutes after, looking pale, I thought. In she came, in her everlasting black gown. I never had felt revolted at its monotonous reappearance before. A sickening chill crept over me as I glanced away from her, and looked scrutinizingly all round the room. Not a lady of the company was dressed in black save and excepting Peg O'Shaughnessy. How the evening wore out I do not know. I examined that handkerchief before I went to bed, and found, delicately embroidered in one corner, the O'Shaughnessy crest.

I need not detail to you, Tom, how, after this, my days were bitter and my nights sleepless, in how many ways I strove to account for what had come under my notice, and how, in accounting for it whatever way I might, I only made myself more miserable. There was no solution for the mystery, and I wretchedly gave it up.

Christmas eve arrived, and a wild day it was. The wind bullied at the windows, and the snow-drifts kept blinding up the panes. It was while we were hanging up the mistletoe that Lady Fitzgibbon invited us all to a fancy ball at Kilbanagher Park on that day three weeks. It was to be given in honor of Uncle Giles, with whom she was now first favorite, who was going on a visit to her house, and who vowed he would appear at her ball in the character of a Laplander, dressed in furs. The invitation made a pleasant little sensation, and costumes and characters were discussed during the rest of the day. Every one was pleased but Gorman Tracey, who was now as jealous of Giles Humphrey as he had formerly been of me. Where was Peg that day, and had she, too, been invited? I did not know. I fancied she had shunned me ever since that evening.

And now, Tom, I am coming to the bad black page in my history. The snow-storm raged that

night until one in the morning, banging at the windows, bowling down the chimneys, and making the floors swing till one felt as if lying in the cabin of a ship. I believe no one slept in the beginning of the night, but towards two in the morning the storm lulled, and the whole house was wrapped in the deep slumber that follows a tiresome waking and longing for sleep. The calming of the wind did not, unfortunately, remove the cause of my restlessness, and my eyes remained open, and my mind full of painful thoughts, long after the roaring had grown faint in the chimneys, and the cannonading at my window had ceased. I had despaired of sleep at last, had arisen, and roused my fire, brightened my lamp and prepared to read, when I heard a noise in the corridor. Not a great noise, but a very little noise; not a noise of one walking or talking, not a sound of a door opening nor of anything falling; not a noise that I could in any way at all describe; only just an imperceptible warning that something was alive and stirring not far away.

The time had been when such a little thing would not have been worth my notice; but circumstances had of late made me painfully watchful and suspicious. I was eager to grasp at any shadow which seemed to promise a clew to the mystery over which I pondered night and day. I sprang to my door and opened it.

The room which I had appropriated to myself when I gave up my own to my uncle was one of those which opened off that corridor, at the end of which was Giles Humphrey's chamber. All was solemnly hushed when I opened the door; the form of every window printed in bright moonlight on the floor, with long shadows lying between. I looked up the corridor, and then down, in time to see a woman's figure, wrapped from head to foot in a loose dark gown, passing swiftly through one of the moonlit spaces into a shadow; then out of the shadow again into another pale green nimbus. A few hasty strides brought me to the spot where she had passed a moment before; but she had turned the corner into that other passage which led away to the staircase. I followed, but the figure had vanished; and only the faintest sound of a door shutting softly fell on my ear. I returned to my chamber; more wretched, more indignant, and more puzzled than I had left it.

Christmas morning broke gloriously, with a red sun looking gorgeously through the snowy branches of the trees, and found me with a racking headache, eyes that felt as if they were parboiled, and a heart like a lump of lead. While I dressed, I saw from my window Lady Fitzgibbon tripping away down the avenue, in her fur mantle and velvet hat, to the earliest service at our little country church.

I also turned out of doors, seeking to get braced by the frosty air. The thanksgiving was very vague in my heart as I walked up and down, and I noticed with indifference the wintry splendor of the morning. My thoughts were full of that mysterious figure that had flitted down the corridor in the moonlight. I was thinking of her height, which was about the height of at least half a dozen women in the house, of her gown, which was a loose dressing-gown affair which anybody might wear, and of the room into which she escaped, which *must have been one of two rooms standing opposite one another on the lower corridor near the staircase*. These were the things I thought about, growing no happier, till it was time to go in to breakfast.

But the wonders were only beginning. In the

hall I met two or three people with faces aghast, two or three people open-mouthed with astonishing news, and in the midst of them Jacko, gesticulating and gibbering frightfully. The servants were running about excitedly, the guests in the breakfast-parlor were talking eagerly, while Giles Humphrey was rushing up and down the room like a madman, his face green with passion, his eyes rolling about, his hair pushed up on end, and various signs of disorder about his dress. One minute he was calling down the vengeance of Heaven on some person unknown, the next he was wringing his hands and whimpering like a whipped school-boy. I soon learned what was the matter. Giles Humphrey's strong-box had been rifled during the night. Ten thousand pounds in money had been stolen; also jewels to the value of a fabulous amount.

I heard, and a ghastly light was thrown upon my puzzle. There came a hissing in my ears, and flames darted past my eyes. For the first time in my life it seemed possible to me that I, a strong man, could swoon. I looked at Peg, who was sitting in a corner of the bay-window, with her pale pretty face leaned forward on her hand, the stray little wavelets of her hair almost dipping into the large gray eyes. The usual proud reserve of her mouth and brows had given way to an expression of strong interest in the startling topic of the moment. My uncle had commenced shrieking at me the moment I appeared.

"Nephew!" he cried, grasping wildly at my coat, and screaming into my ear, "send instantly for a detachment of police, and have all your rascally servants taken into custody. Send—"

But I will not trouble you, Tom, with the repetition of his ravings. It seemed the general opinion that the robbery had been committed by some one in the house. True, a window had been found open on the ground floor at the back; but this was easily discovered to be a ruse, as the thief had made a serious mistake by opening a window which was closely barred outside. Some one in the house had penetrated the secrets of the springs and locks of Giles Humphrey's strong-box. One or two persons had the hardihood to suggest Jacko as the robber, but to any suspicion of him his master would not listen. Jacko had been his servant for years upon years, and had never defrauded him of a bauble. Why should he turn traitor now?

Why? Because perhaps he never before had been tempted by the art of a clever woman. I should have said to Giles Humphrey, "There is a plot, and I believe your man Jacko to be concerned in it," only for that handkerchief I had found upon the passage, and only for the flutter of that black silk dress. Again I looked at Peg. Still that same eager, interested look so becoming to the pale pretty face; still the sweetly-moulded chin reposing on the white guilty (?) hand.

I made an effort to summon my presence of mind and act reasonably. I despatched a messenger for the police. I promised my uncle that every endeavor should be made to regain his property. Breakfast was upon the table, and I begged my guests to be seated, and to defer the further discussion of the unpleasant event until after the meal had been partaken of. The first part of my bidding they obeyed, but not the second. I had not indeed expected they would so easily waive the subject. Why, such an adventure to talk about on a Christmas morning in a country-house barricaded with snow was a perfect godsend.

So busy were they with the subject that they had forgotten to miss my Lady Fitzgibbon, who presently arrived in the cosiest of Cashmere morning dresses, and with quite a bloom in her cheeks from her early walk. She came in so gayly that it was evident that she had as yet learned nothing of what had happened. Hardly had she taken her seat at the table, when a lady by her side commenced rapidly, "Have you heard—?"

"I have heard nothing!" she answered lightly, "but I shall be delighted to hear anything, for I am dying for news. But first," she added, suddenly recollecting herself, "first I must perform an act of justice. Miss O'Shaughnessy," she said, putting her hand in her pocket, and drawing something forth, "I beg your pardon for playing a little trick upon you. I found this lying humbly at your door this morning, a pretty Christmas-box, placed there, no doubt," (with an arch smile at Giles Humphrey,) "by that amiable Santa Klaus who comes to good children on Christmas eve. Very pretty, I said, for a lady to meet a magnificent bracelet waiting on the threshold when she opens her door of a morning. No such luck for me! And I declare, partly through spite, and half through mischief, I picked it up and put it in my muff. But, you see, going to church does one some service, since I have come home repentant, and determined to make restitution."

And she laughingly laid beside Peg's plate the identical splendid bracelet which we had all admired on a plump white arm one night, and which I bade you remember, Tom.

Peg's face and throat became crimson, and she hastily pushed the trinket from her, saying hoarsely, "It is not mine, Lady Fitzgibbon."

"But, my love, I tell you I found it lying at your door."

At the appearance of the bracelet every one had ceased speaking, and after Lady Fitzgibbon's repeated assertion that she had found it at Peg's door, the room grew as hushed as a grave. My lady herself looked round the table as if she was asking, "What is this?" and then the person by her side bent and whispered in her ear. The gay brunette face was suddenly overcast, and Lady Fitzgibbon looked shocked.

I think it was the heavy ominous silence, lasting so long that it began to hiss in one's ears, which made Peg lift her eyes at last. She looked first at the bracelet lying before her on the table, then all round the many silent faces of the company, with a fearful, hesitating look. Every eye was upon her, furtively or openly, and in all she read the same suspicion of herself. Every steady frown of condemnation, every flitting glance of disgust, every sorrowful gaze of compassion, said plainly, "You are found out!" The pretty flush that had been on her face went out like a light that is extinguished, the color died away from her lips, her features became set and white; she seemed to freeze into the rigidity of death. She sat so till breakfast was hastily finished, and the people all slipped one by one out of the room, and left her sitting there alone.

Lady Fitzgibbon took upon herself the office of consoler to Giles Humphrey. I thought he might have bestowed upon her that bracelet for her trouble; but he was too miserly to do any such thing. Her ladyship was the only one of the company who attended church that Christmas morning. The snow came on heavily after breakfast, and furnished an excuse for every one's remaining within doors until after the arrival and departure of the police. As

soon as I could do so, I returned to the breakfast-room; but Peg had disappeared, and I turned out of the window, and walked up and down a covered alley of the garden, trying in solitude to collect my thoughts, and resolve upon what steps I should take to save Peg from the degrading consequences of her rash crime. Tracey found me there, and we talked the matter over together.

"I see how it is with you, old fellow," he said, grasping my hand; "I have seen it for some time, and I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. Poor Peg, how she has ruined herself! That biting poverty has been too many for her. For Heaven's sake, Humphrey, don't look so deathly, or people will know all about it at a glance. What are you going to do for her?"

"I don't know," I said; "I must think of some means to keep her from destruction. Of course, after this, I can never see her again; but I will save her, at all costs, from disgraceful punishment."

We talked some time, and then went into the house; just too late to make any effort to prevent a painful scene. Two policemen had arrived, and Giles Humphrey had marched them straight up to Peg O'Shaughnessy's chamber door. It was wonderful how many people happened to be about on the stairs and in the passages when this little event occurred. The door of the room had just opened to the rudesummons when Tracey and I reached the spot, and Peg stood at bay in the doorway, her slim figure draw up, her eyes flashing, and two red spots burning on her cheeks.

"What do you want?" she asked of the men, who stood humbly before her, looking ashamed of themselves.

"Please, miss," said one, "we have orders to search this room, and we must do our duty."

"Do you permit this?" said Peg, turning haughtily to Giles Humphrey, who growled and swore that he had been villainously robbed, and would make every effort to regain what he had lost. By Heavens, the men should search!

"Then," said Peg, closing the door behind her, and throwing herself against it while she still held the handle, "all I have to say is, that I will not tolerate this insult. I dare you to enter this room."

Hereupon one of the men, obeying a gesture from Giles Humphrey, was preparing to disengage her fingers from the handle of the door, when I stepped forward and checked him.

"This lady is my guest," I said, "and I cannot allow her privacy to be intruded upon without her consent. There is some mistake here, my men, and while we try and discover it, you had better go down stairs and have something to drink."

The poor fellows, who had evidently disliked their task very much, needed no second bidding, but disappeared at once; while I hooked Giles Humphrey's arm within my own, and led him away to the fireside in my own apartment.

"Now I tell you what it is," I said; "make no more fuss about this affair, and I will pay you down the ten thousand pounds you have lost in my house."

He stared at me, as if to see whether I were in earnest or not.

"You are mad," said he.

"Perhaps I am," I said, and perhaps I am not; "but my money is good all the same. Send these men off, let the thing be hushed up, and I will write you a check before dinner-time."

He pondered, and screwed up his hard mouth.

"But the jewels?" he said.

"What were they?" I asked.

"There was the fellow of that bracelet (confound the greedy jade and her pretty face!), there was a diamond necklace, and a fine chain of pearls —"

"Well, well!" said I, "you will never recover these, do what you will. Far your better chance is to take my offer."

"Why should I not find if I searched?" he cried, starting up.

"Because," I said, "any one clever enough to commit the robbery would be clever enough to make away with the spoils in time. Take my advice. Do we make a bargain?"

He growled a reluctant consent at last. The men were dismissed, and I wrote him a check on the instant.

It was generally understood that the matter was hushed up, and that people were expected to believe, or to seem as if they believed, that a burglar had done the mysterious deed. Many efforts were essayed to make the day pass off as if nothing had happened. Peg reappeared in the drawing-room, as if scorning to lie by like one in disgrace. But I need not tell you, Tom, of the sudden silences and strange looks which greeted her wherever she moved. She was the theme of low-voiced conversation in every mouth; her poverty and hardships, her want of a mother, her pride, her coveting of things beyond her reach. Different people took different views of her case. And low-voiced as the talk was, she knew all about it. Guilty as she might be, I could see that the girl's heart was crushing within her. That night I cried like a child upon my pillow, the first tears I had shed since the beard grew on my chin. If tears, ay, or even blood could wash Peg clean! "My God!" I groaned, "I have done what I can for her. Why does she not go home?"

The next morning I came upon her by accident standing alone in the library looking over the edges of a book into the fire.

"Mr. Humphrey," she said, in a painful, unnatural voice, "you will wonder, I dare say, why I do not leave your house at once. I am waiting only in hopes that this mystery will be cleared up."

One of those crimson blushes of hers passed over her face as she spoke. The proud, sorrowful look in her eyes almost unmanned me. I had a sickening struggle with my heart, which had set its affections on a face that looked so true. I loved this woman, but I could not marry a —: even my thoughts would not frame the word. But I steeled myself to make her a truthful answer.

"Miss O'Shaughnessy," I said, "the mystery has been hushed up. Whether it ever can be cleared up, you, I believe, must know better than I."

Then I turned away from her, feeling like one who has given himself a mortal wound. A little piteous wail of agony reached me as I passed the door; that lived in my memory many a year after.

That very hour she left Ballyhuckamore on foot, without giving notice to any one; and toiled back through the snow to the dreariness of Castle Shaughnessy, bringing with her disgrace to add to the other miseries of her home. Tom, Tom! are there any of men's sins that can never be forgiven them?

As soon as I decently could, I got rid of my guests, consigned Ballyhuckamore Hall to the care of Mrs. Daly, and went abroad. Giles Humphrey then took up his quarters at Kilbanagher Park, and Gorman Tracey also left me to pay a visit to the charming

Lady Fitzgibbon. Erelong, Tracey wrote me that he had proposed to the lovely widow, and had been rejected. A year afterwards, I saw by accident in an English paper, the announcement of her marriage with Giles Humphrey.

For five long years I remained abroad. I need not entertain you, Tom, with an account of my wanderings; we have talked them over together often enough. The sixth April had come round again when I found myself on a rainy evening walking once more through the London streets. The sight of the old familiar places naturally made me meditative, and my thoughts were busy with the past. I was wondering how it was that I had never got over that shock that Peg had given me, and congratulating myself on being so well fitted by my wandering habits for a life of old bachelorhood. It was the first night of my arrival in England, and I had preferred to take a solitary walk before hunting up any of my old friends.

I was passing round one of the West-end squares when my progress on the pavement was arrested by one of those little commotions which take place when a lady is about to descend from her carriage in full ball costume, and float up the steps of a house where an entertainment is being given. The windows of the house blazed, and the hall door stood open. A little crowd had gathered, and I stopped perforce to view the spectacle with the rest. The lady in this case was dressed with superlative splendor, and the light from the hall above fell full on her face. With a curious start I recognized Lucretia Fitzgibbon.

There was no mistake about it. I heard from the coachman that the carriage belonged to my Lady Humphrey, and I also learned from him his master's address. I know not why it could have been that I felt at that moment a desire to go and see Giles Humphrey. There were others in town whom I had a longing to see, and I never liked either him or his wife. But it is impossible to look back upon one's actions in this way. Certain it is that I went.

I found him in a splendidly appointed house, in a fashionable neighborhood, a shrivelled, palsied old man, an invalid chained to a seat by his dressing-room fire, while his gay wife fluttered abroad, and scattered the money he had boarded so grimly. The poor wretch was glad to see me. When I had talked to him awhile I found that there was not a pauper in the streets more utterly friendless than he. He spent his days in a handsome jail, and my lady was as flinty-hearted a keeper as ever turned key on a felon.

Sitting over his fire with a lamp shaded to so dim a light that we scarcely could see one another's faces, while the carriages rolled past under the windows, and echoes of thundering knocks at gay hall doors reached us, he told me the secrets of his life since we last had met.

I think it was because I saw death plainly written in his miserable face that I listened so tolerantly to his whimpering complaints of Lady Humphrey. Her ill-treatment of him, which he cursed so bitterly, dated back to the day after their marriage, when he had discovered that instead of allying himself with enormous wealth, he had married a penniless adventuress, who was deep in a very slough of debt, and existing upon the brink of exposure and ruin. Never had there been a day of domestic peace between them. She had treated him like a prisoner from the first, taken possession of his money and his keys, and even corrupted faithful Jacko, whom she had pressed into her service.

She spent a gay life abroad, while he, poor creature, could hardly crawl across his chamber alone. He was savagely jealous of the people amongst whom she spent her time, the friends and admirers who lounged about the drawing-room; the letters and presents she received tormented him. There was a certain casket, it seemed, which at times she paraded before his eyes, but of which he had never seen the key. And the poor wretch, brooding in his solitude, panted for a view of the interior of that casket, as though his very life depended upon what it might contain.

I sat with him late that night; I promised to come back and see him again, and I did so, always at night, and invariably finding Lucretia from home. In truth, I did not want to see her. The more I heard of her doings, the more horribly strong grew a doubt which had risen within me on the night of my first conversation with Giles Humphrey. It clung to me night and day, and so nearly did it approach conviction at times, that it had like to drive me insane.

I ventured to say to my uncle one evening, —

"Could it have been possible that it was Lady Fitzgibbon who committed the robbery at Ballyhuckamore on that memorable Christmas eve?"

But he stared at me in amazement, and said, stupidly, —

"Why, don't you remember, it was the little O'Shaughnessy who did that piece of business? She told on herself by dropping a bracelet on the step of her door. Little good her ill-gotten gains have done her, I hear, for the old father died wretchedly, the barrack of a castle is given up to the rats, and the wench herself is drifting about the world, the Devil knows where!"

So it was no use talking in this way to Giles Humphrey. Yet I came to see him again and again, hanging about him in the vague hope that something might some day arise between him and his wife which might chance to bring relief to my unhappy state of mind. How bitterly did I now regret that the matter of the robbery had not been more closely investigated at the time that it occurred! Vain regrets at the end of five weary years!

One evening I went to visit Giles Humphrey. My lady was at the Opera, the servant told me. Going up stairs I found my uncle, as usual, alone, but chuckling in ecstasies of ferocious delight. He dangled a bunch of keys before my eyes.

"Hist, nephew!" he said, "I have got her keys! If she is cunning, I am cunning. If she has robbed me, I will rob her. Ha, ha, ha! Lend me your arm till I hobble to yonder closet of hers and see what my lady keeps in her casket."

I tried to prevent him, but I might as well have tried to hold fire in my hands. He would have crawled across the room on all fours if I had not assisted him. He found the casket, fitted with a key, and opened it. The first thing that met my eyes was a bracelet that I knew too well.

"This," said I, taking it up, "is the memorable bracelet that was found on the door-step?"

He took it from me, looking stupidly puzzled.

"No," said he, "she had on that bracelet to-night. How is this?"

"Stop!" cried I; "did you not tell me that a fellow of that bracelet had been stolen; also a chain of pearls?" I went on, diving further into the recesses of the casket, and drawing out each trinket as I named it. "Also a diamond necklace! Giles

Humphrey, how did these come into your wife's possession?"

His jaw dropped, and he stared blankly before him.

"By heavens, you are right!" he mumbled. "Little O'Shaughnessy was wronged. My lady has been the traitor all through!"

I cannot tell you what I thought, nor describe the mixture of ecstasy and agony that racked me for the next few moments. I was roused from my reverie by a shriek from Giles Humphrey. He had found some letter for which it seemed he had been seeking, and he was foaming at the mouth.

At the same moment that I heard his shriek, there was a sound in the adjoining chamber; immediately the door flew open, and Lady Humphrey herself appeared.

It was the first time I had seen her face to face since the olden times. She was regally dressed, and handsomer than ever, but with a coarser, bolder beauty. She had just returned from the Opera. So intensely interested had we been in our occupation, that we had not heard the stopping of the carriage, nor the knock at the hall door. What she might have said, or what she might have done, I know not, but the frown had not time to darken on her face before her miserable husband staggered towards her, flung the crumpled letter which he held in her face, and fell down at her feet in a fit.

I lifted him upon his bed, and, ringing loudly, despatched a messenger for a doctor. Then the wicked wife and I stood looking at one another across the dying man, whilst we chafed his hands, and did what we could to help him. Even at that moment I could not refrain from accusing her. She saw the jewels lying scattered on the floor, and was prepared for an attack.

"Lady Humphrey," I said, "in the name of Heaven, and in the presence of death, I conjure you to tell me truly if it were you who committed the robbery at Ballyhuckamore Hall five years ago?"

"Ay," said she, hardly, looking straight at me across the bed. "It was I who did it, certainly. If you had had the sense to ask me the question four years ago, after my marriage with him," indicating her prostrate husband, "I should have told you the truth as freely as I tell it to you now. I wanted money at that time, and I took it."

"And threw the blame upon another?" I said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "One must do something," she said. "It would have been inconvenient to me just then to have had it known."

"But, in the name of Heaven," I said, "explain. Was it you who conferred with Jacko in the passage? Then the black gown,—the pocket-handkerchief—?"

She lifted her eyebrows, and smiled in derision.

"Fool!" she said. "As if one woman could not imitate another's dress for five minutes if it suited her purpose to do so. As if one woman could not pick up another's pocket-handkerchief and drop it again if she so fancied!"

My story, Tom, is nearly ended now. It only remains for me to tell you how I sought for Peg, and how I found her. For a whole year I searched in vain, discovering no clew to her whereabouts. Castle Shaughnessy was deserted, and no one knew whether Sir Pierce's daughter was living or dead. The poor people round her old home cried when they spoke of her, but only knew she had gone

"abroad." Information bitterly vague. "Abroad" might mean anywhere over the wide, wide world.

The December of the year of my search I spent in Paris, wandering day and night through its open streets and hidden purlieus, seeking eagerly for a glimpse of that one face which my eyes yearned to behold. I had, somehow, got a fancy that in Paris I should find her; and in Paris I searched with unflagging energy, early and late for three long, dreary weeks. At last, when I thought I was known in every street and alley, and knew every face I met off by heart, the hopeful spirit fell away within me, and I gave up the struggle in despair.

Very sorrowful I was, Tom, walking along the streets on Christmas eve. Coming home to my hotel just at twilight, I saw the bright glow of a fire shining cheerily in one of the windows of a large old-fashioned house quite close to my destination.

Trees surrounded this old house, and gave it an appearance of retirement, though the window of which I speak looked out upon the road. I wonder what it was that impelled me to cross over and read upon a brass plate by the lamp-light an announcement that this was an establishment for the education of "Jeunes demoiselles"? I wonder what it was that impelled me afterwards to look in at that window, and see Peg sitting at the fire in a cosy little room all alone? She was staring very thoughtfully at the flames, as if looking at past Christmas eves between the bars. Of course Peg was a teacher in this school, and I had walked up and down before her door every miserable day for the past three weeks. Of course I knocked at the door, and startled her reveries by introducing myself. Ay, there she was indeed, my very own little Peg, only paler and thinner, and sadder and sweeter-looking.

You may imagine the rest, O Tom! knowing as you do that little Peg is Mrs. Humphrey. I did not deserve it, but I was forgiven.

Giles Humphrey, you know, is dead, and his wife still contrives to live in splendor. She shuns us, and we shun her. When, dear Tom, shall we see you at Ballyhuckamore again?

A CHAPTER ON STOCKINGS.

WE have always held that a writer is morally bound to begin at the beginning, but are nonplussed how to follow that excellent rule on the present occasion, by reason of our subject having no beginning to it. We are nowhere told that Adam and Eve were ashamed of their nether limbs, nor is it recorded when their descendants first awoke to the impropriety and inconvenience of parading the earth barelegged; in fact, we are utterly in the dark as to when, where, or by whom stockings were first introduced to an appreciative world.

The Anglo-Saxons were accustomed to swathe their legs in garters, tied in a knot just below the knee; and if illuminators may be accepted as trustworthy authorities, King Canute wore a pair of veritable stockings. The Normans wore long drawers called chausses, sometimes bandaged and crossed with garters. How their wives and daughters clad their lower limbs we do not know. Henry III. made his sister a present of a pair of gold-embroidered cloth stockings, and we are inclined to infer therefrom that stockings were familiar articles of feminine attire before they became common to the apparel of both sexes.

In an account-book kept by one of the servants of the first Duke of Norfolk, bearing date 1463,

there is an entry of the payment of three shillings and fourpence for "hosyn," fourteen shillings for two pair of "morrey hosyn," and ten shillings for "a pair of black and a pair of white for my master." Henry VIII. is said to have worn taffeta or cloth hose, except when, by lucky chance, he could procure a pair of silken hose from Spain. From an inventory of his apparel, however, it is evident that King Hal's hose were made of various materials, — of colored cloths, of silk, satin, and velvet. But these "hose" were rather breeches than stockings, for in the same inventory we find entered, "a yard and a quarter of green velvet for stocks to a pair of hose for the king's grace, — a yard and a quarter of purple satin to cover the stocks of a pair of hose of purple cloth tissue," besides several entries of similar character respecting "stockyng of hose." After a time, the component parts of the hose became separated, the upper part retaining the old name, and the lower portion receiving the names of stocks, nether-stocks, and stockings. Unfortunately, our old writers apply the term "hose" indifferently to either garment; and we are often puzzled (as when Skelton describes the poor women of his time hobbling about in blanket hose) to tell which they really mean.

The introduction of silk stockings must have been welcomed heartily by all who could afford to buy them. Mezerai asserts they were first worn by Henry II. of France, at the marriage of his sister in 1559; but before that, Edward VI. had graciously accepted a pair from the merchant-prince, Sir Thomas Gresham, who imported them from Spain, the land where they were first manufactured. The story goes, that a loyal-minded grandee, the happy possessor of one of the first pairs of silk stockings made in Spain, thought he could not do better than present the novel utilities to his queen, and to that end placed them in the hands of the first minister of the crown, greatly to the discomposure of that modest man, who astonished the innocent-meaning noble by returning him his stockings, and bidding him remember that "the queen of Spain had no legs!" Our own Elizabeth, not ashamed to own that she had legs, received a similar gift in a very different manner. Soon after her accession, her majesty's silkwoman, Mistress Montague, tendered as her New-year's gift a pair of knitted black silk stockings, — the first of the kind made in England. Elizabeth lost no time in putting the gift to its proper use, and was so pleased with the result, that she sent for Mrs. Montague, and inquired where she procured such comfortable foot-gear, and if she could get any more like them.

"I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your majesty," replied the silkwoman; "and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand."

"Do so," quoth the queen; "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings." And she kept her royal word, and would have laughed at the economy of the Margrave John of Custrin, who, seeing one of his councillors wearing silk stockings on a weekday, said to him, —

"Barthold, I have silk stockings too, but I wear them only on Sundays and holidays."

Shakespeare seemingly perpetrates an anachronism when he makes Prince Henry tell Poinc knows he owns but two pair of silk stockings, — the pair on his legs, and those that were the peach-col-

ored ones. The many allusions made by Shakespeare prove that the stocking was worn by all classes of people when he wrote his plays. Sir Andrew Aguecheek flatters himself that his leg does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Mad Petruchio claims Kate the curst as his bride "with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list"; and when he arrives at his home, expects his servants to honor the occasion by welcoming their mistress in their new fustian and their white stockings. Socks and foul stockings contributed towards making Falstaff's buck-basket journey disagreeable; Kit Sly, the drunken cobbler, exclaims: "Never ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet"; and Malvolio has immortalized yellow stockings, even should Blue-coat boys forswear them.

According to Stow, the Earl of Pembroke was the first Englishman to encase his legs in home-made knitted worsted stockings. He says that in the year 1564, one Rider, a London 'prentice, taken with the appearance of a pair of woollen stockings he had seen at an Italian merchant's, managed to borrow them for a few days, made a pair exactly like them, and presented them to the earl. There may have been something peculiar enough in the Mantuan hose for Rider to think them worth imitating, but there are strong reasons for believing knitted stockings were by no means such unfamiliar things to English eyes as Stow insinuates. "What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?" asks Launce, in one of Shakespeare's earliest plays. Knitted hose are mentioned in an act of parliament passed in the reign of Edward VI.; and from the Household Book of Sir Thomas l'Estrange, we find that a pair of knitted hose could be bought, in 1533, for a couple of shillings, while children's stockings of the same sort only cost sixpence a pair, — too low a price, it seems to us, for anything from beyond the seas. Boethius, in 1497, says of the Scotch, "their hosen were shapen of linen or woollen, and never came higher than their knee"; and Savary does not hesitate to credit the Scots with the invention, upon the rather insufficient ground that the French stocking-knitters chose St. Fiace as the patron of their guild. Holinshed, describing a pageant at Norwich in 1573, tells us: "Upon a stage stood at the one end eight small women children spinning worsted yarn, and at the other as many knitting of worsted yarn hose"; and in another place says the bark of the alder was used by country wives for dyeing their knit hosen black.

Cloth stockings went completely out of favor in Elizabeth's reign; worsted, jarnsey, thread, silk, and fine yarn being employed in its place. Stockings of yellow, white, red, russet, tawny, and green were not deemed sufficiently elegant unless they were interlaced with gold and silver thread, or had "quirts and clocks" about the ankle. "And to such impudent insolency and shameful outrage it is now grown," complains the horrified Stubbe, "that every one, almost, though otherwise very poor, having scarcely forty shillings of wages by the year, will not stick to have two or three pair of these silk nether-stocks, or else of the finest yarn that may be got, though the price of them be a royal, or twenty shillings, or more, as commonly it is, for how can they be less, when the very knitting of them is worth a noble or a royal, and some much more. The time

hath been when one might have clothed his body well from top to toe for less than a pair of these nether-stocks will cost."

With stockings in such demand, Lee might reasonably hope his stocking-loom would receive patronage and protection; but his hopes were grievously disappointed. Elizabeth refused to grant him a patent, and he took his loom to France. The ill-fortune so common to great inventors pursued him there, and he died poor and broken-hearted. After his death, some of his workmen succeeded in establishing themselves in England, and laid the foundations of the stocking-manufacture, the importance of which may be estimated by the fact, that, twenty years ago, nearly fifty thousand looms were employed in the trade, a number that has no doubt been since largely increased.

Kings have often enough condescended to borrow of meaner creatures. James I. carried this species of condescension somewhat lower than usual, in borrowing a pair of scarlet stockings with gold clocks from one of his courtiers, when he desired to impress the French ambassador with an overpowering notion of his magnificence. Had all his subjects been as economical, the stocking-makers would have fared badly; luckily for them, the extravagances of the former reign still held their own; and the rage for leg-decoration took a new form, and expended some of its zeal upon broad garters, with gold fringes and point-lace ends, which were fastened below the knee with a large bow or rosette. Dekker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, advises his supposed pupil, if he was ambitious, "to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters"; to study his directions until he can walk, as others fight, by the book, and then Paul's may be proud of him, and all the Inns of Court rejoice to behold his most handsome leg. Another writer declares the fops were spangled garters worth a copyhold, filling the ladies, especially such as had good legs, with envy, because fashion would not allow them to make a similar display.

The Cavaliers affected gay stockings and long dangling garters; so, of course, the Puritans patronized the opposite fashion of sombre black stockings, and tied their garters up short. In Charles II.'s reign, England supplied the foreign markets with leathers, silken, woollen, and kersey stockings; but as regards the home consumption, Nat Lee grumbled that plain sense had grown

"Despicable as plain clothes,
As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose."

The last were not likely to be in high favor at a time when an English ambassador thought it necessary to appear in white silk stockings over scarlet ones of the same material; and a lady's wardrobe was considered incomplete without at least four pair of silk stockings "shot through with silver," and diamond-buckled garters to keep them company. Mr. Pepys "made himself fine" with linen stockings from the Hague, and when he went into complimentary mourning for the Duke of Gloucester, donned a pair of short black stockings over his silk ones. That ladies did not demur at receiving gear for their nether limbs from their admirers, may be inferred from Pepys choosing a pair of silk stockings as his gift to pretty Mrs. Pierce, when she was his valentine. At another time, he records in his Diary: "To my cousin Turner's, where, having the last night been told by her that she had drawn me for her valentine, I did this day call at the New Exchange, and bought

her a pair of green silk stockings and garters and shoe-strings."

Mr. Pepys was not singular in his fancy for green stockings. One day, Lord Chesterfield met King Charles and his brother at Miss Stewart's, when the conversation turning upon the Muscovite ambassadors, then the talk of the town, "that fool Crofts" unluckily observed that all the ladies of the said Muscovites had handsome legs. Upon this his majesty gallantly swore no woman in the world owned such a leg as their beautiful hostess; and Miss Stewart, to confound any sceptics present, "with the greatest imaginable ease immediately afforded the company ocular demonstration of the fact. All the gentlemen, with one exception, indorsed the royal judgment. The exception was the Duke of York, who contended that the leg on view was too slender, avowed his preference for something shorter and thicker, and concluded his critical remarks by asserting that "no leg was worth anything without green stockings"! This struck my Lord Chesterfield as irrefragable evidence that the royal duke had green stockings fresh in his recollection; and as it happened that Lady Chesterfield had short and thick legs, and was partial to green stockings, the jealous earl jumped to a jealous conclusion, and lost no time in carrying his wife into the country, to keep her out of mischief. Yellow stockings would seem to have been favored by humbler folks, for when the queen and the duchesses of Richmond and Buckingham, bent on a graceless frolic, disguised themselves as country wenches, and mixed with the crowd at Audley End Fair, her majesty "bought a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart" at one of the booths, in order to keep up her assumed character.

In Dutch William's reign, the gentlemen wore their long stockings rolled up over the knee. With the square-cut coats and long-flapped waistcoats of the days of Anne, it was the fashion to wear scarlet or blue silk stockings, ornamented with gold or silver stocks, drawn over the knee, but gartered below it. The beaux of the beginning of the Georgian era voted scarlet and blue vulgar, relegating such vivid colors to second-rate dancing-masters, and affected pearl-colored stockings, the tops of which were hidden by their knee-breeches. From a memorandum of Lady Suffolk's, we learn that one dozen pair of thread stockings, at seven-and-sixpence per pair, was considered a sufficient supply to last a princess of England a couple of years. In 1753, the fair sex were reproached for making

"Their petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide
Might decently show how their garters were tied,"—

(a couplet not altogether inapplicable to the ladies of our own time,) and for being generally too fond of displaying their white stockings. In 1778, Walpole's friend, Mrs. Damer, brought black silk stockings in vogue for a while, white having hitherto been worn even for mourning. English cotton stockings were in great request abroad, so much so, indeed, that when all trade between England and France was prohibited, the Empress Josephine actually applied to parliament for permission to purchase half a dozen pair for her own use, a request that was of course at once complied with. When knee-breeches went out of use, the stocking went out of view, and ceased to become a noticeable item in male attire; and as to the leg-gear of the ladies, we have no further changes to chronicle, except the marked revival, of late years, of colored stockings.

MAJOR HERVEY'S WEDDING.

I.

"So the Colonel's daughter has come, and is, they say, stunning."

"Trust you to find out a pretty girl, Vivian," laughed a brother soldier. "Now I've seen her, too, and I don't agree with you; she's too white and lackadaisical for stunning to express. Stunning, as I take it, means a jolly, larky, don't-care sort of girl, who'll dance you down in the *deux temps*, ride you down in the hunting-field, and box your ears if you are impertinent."

"That's the sort of girl you cultivate in Yorkshire," said a handsome, light-haired man, whose half-closed eyes and down-drooping moustache were quite in character with his languid drawl, and loose, lazy motion of his limbs. "When we were quartered in York I was nearly married by one of your stunning girls; and only escaped by running away with a girl from a boarding-school. Fact, I assure you. She and I struck up an acquaintance at a Christian propagation meeting. What the deuce are you fellows laughing at? They have meetings very often in York, — a lot of parsons talk, and a lot of old women and boarding-schools come to listen. I went for a lark, and got sold. The girl was lovely. She — By Jove! who's that?" He was sitting by the open window, and past it a party were riding.

"Beatrice Meynell!" said Vivian; "the very girl we've been talking of."

"By Jove!" repeated the fair man, a crimson tide of color rushing to his face. The other stared.

"Well, what's up, Carter? Going to have a fit of apoplexy? or struck with love at first sight?"

But Carter did not seem to see the joke. He neither answered nor laughed. The flush passed away again, leaving him pale as a ghost, and rising, he stammered, —

"I'm out of sorts; that champagne Croft gave us poisoned me. I'll turn in to the mess and get some brandy. No, no, Topham, stay there. I am all right; only shaky." And waving Mr. Topham back he walked off, leaving the men he had been talking to looking after him gloomily enough, for in an Indian climate death dogs a man like his shadow; and any unusual signs hoisted by Dame Nature are apt to beget a proportionate amount of apprehension.

"He lives too hard," said Topham. "Poor fellow! No man could last at the pace. He'd much better go in for leave and cut this beastly country, or it'll give him what it's given many a good fellow, — six foot of landed property."

"Nonsense! he's as strong as you are. Take a couple of pipes off him, and he'll be as steady as a judge. I don't know what you fellows are going to do; I'll go and leave a card at the Chiefs'."

The others laughed; and Mr. Topham, putting his arm through Vivian's, said, —

"All right; a fair start and no favor. Come along, old boy. She sits her horse like a brick, in spite of her die-away face."

There was a poor gathering that evening at mess. A dinner at the Colonel's thinned their ranks, and Carter was reported to be ailing, some one added, "A touch of fever," which turned out to be the case, for the Doctor, being called away, came back in about half an hour, and, with a grave face, announced the Adjutant decidedly ill, and just in a way that might become dangerous, or even worse, at any moment. Carter was a popular man; and

a gloom settled down upon those who heard the sad news, two or three going to the door of his quarters with the Doctor and waiting there for another report. This, unhappily, was worse. Delirium had come on; the poor fellow was raving, and death was fighting for his prey.

"Run over and ask the Colonel to come and take charge of his papers," whispered the Doctor to one of the men; "he won't last six hours."

The Colonel came and sealed up some letters lying about, placed them in a desk, the key of which he put in his pocket.

"Is there no hope, Doctor?" he asked, looking at Carter, who was lying, muttering incessantly, shuddering, and clutching with his hands.

"I never say that, sir," said Dr. Lewis; "but I am afraid to hope here."

"Poor young fellow!" and the Colonel laid his hand on the sick man's burning forehead. "A fine, young, soldier-like man, too; only one who knew his work. A more infernal set of bunglers I never came across. Poor lad, poor lad!"

The Colonel took his departure; but in crossing the compound bethought him, that these same bunglers might not know the funeral service; so, stopping a soldier, he sent him for the sergeant on duty, and ordered the men to be told off for funeral parade.

The man hesitated.

"Well what is it?" asked the Colonel, impatiently. "Don't they know their work?"

"Well, sir, I am afraid —"

"D— your afraid," growled his commanding officer. "Call them out now and parade them, drums and fifes, too. By Jove! I'll teach them to know their duty before I've done with them," and the Colonel walked home.

Meantime the fever had worn itself out; and the sick man was lying prostrate, exhausted, and with a weak, fluttering pulse, just tottering upon the brink of that bourne from which no traveller returns.

The night was like most nights in the hot season, intensely still, the sulky growl of a Pariah dog now and then only breaking the silence.

The Doctor had taken off his coat, and opened every available aperture to let in air; the punkas were moving steadily, but noiselessly, and Carter lay stretched on his back, his face pallid and drawn, his eyes closed, and no sound of life issuing from his parched lips.

Suddenly, shrill and inexpressibly sad, the notes of the funeral march rang out on the still air, rising, falling, note by note, in solemn measure.

For a while no change came over Carter's face, no symptom that the sound had reached his ears; and, after watching for a few seconds, the Doctor drew back, fully impressed with the conviction that death was there at last, and he was turning away, when a bright idea struck him. If he could only excite the sinking pulse, and induce Nature to exert herself, she might yet have a tussle with Death, so, going up to the bed, he said, cheerily, —

"D'ye hear the music, Carter, old boy?"

Carter's eyes opened, but with such a weak, perplexed look in them that the Doctor, thinking delirium was returning, half regretted his experiment; still he was in for it, and went boldly on.

"It's your funeral they're parading for, Dick; sure, if you don't make an effort, they'll bury you in spite of me. The Colonel was here just now, and took leave of you. Indeed, now, you must rouse up and turn the tables on the old fool; he's given us cheek enough since he joined."

The expression on the sick man's face changed, a faint smile quivered across his lips, followed by a look of inexpressible relief.

"I thought it was all over," he whispered almost inaudibly; "but we'll cheat them yet."

And sure enough he did.

"What hour did the Adjutant go off?" asked the Colonel, in a subdued voice, as Vivian sauntered in to early tea.

"He began to mend at midnight, sir, and was sitting up walking into cold chicken and sherry, when I left him, ten minutes since. It's not often a man can say he's listened to his own funeral parade."

Then there was plenty of laughing, and the Colonel was the only one who did not relish the joke, and heartily glad was he when Carter applied for leave to England, sending up his requisition with a strong recommendation; for he hoped that by thus getting rid of the principal actor, he might banish the story from men's mouths.

Carter never showed his face out of his quarters until he got into his palanquin, to be conveyed away "on furlough."

"You've left us without a sight of the Beauty," sighed Vivian, who, according to his wont, had been going through the various phases of love fever, and had just then reached its zenith. "She's perfect, and quite interested in you!"

"The devil she is!" gasped Carter. "Bearer, go on. Good by, old fellows, God bless you all. You won't catch me among jungles and jonpons again in a hurry. Hurrah for old England! may we all meet there soon."

"Good by, good luck to you! and three cheers for old England, God bless her!" cried several voices. So with kind words, ringing cheers, and no small amount of envy, Dick Carter turned his face away from Meerut, devoutly hoping he might never hear more of his life there than was pleasant.

II.

THERE was a dinner-party at the Resident Magistrate's that night, and of course the Colonel and his daughter were there, the latter the centre of attraction. Vivian, who had, according to his own mind, been making some progress with the pale, quiet beauty, was thrown into despair; a brother of the Judge's wife, a certain Major Hervey, had just returned to India after a long leave, and had taken Meerut on his way to the head-quarters of his regiment. Hervey was one of those modern Crichtons one meets with now and then, perfect, or as nearly perfect as human nature can be, in everything he undertook. A hero in the service, irresistible, so gossip affirmed, in the drawing-room, a dead shot in the jungle, well read and accomplished, good-looking and rich. What would you have more? With all these things one might conclude Hervey's a happy lot; but there is no life without its alloy. Hervey had been touched in the most vulnerable point: he had married, but the marriage had been unfortunate, and after three years' separation, he had gone home just in time to stand by the unhappy woman's death-bed, and forgive her the wrong she had done him; one child only she left, and this boy he had brought out to India, to share his sister's nursery.

When Beatrice Meynell reached the station, Mrs. Masters at once settled that she was the very wife for her brother, and never rested until she had secured the girl's friendship, interesting her as much

as possible in her brother, by telling, with all a sister's prejudice, the sad story of his marriage.

Indian society is much more of a family sort than English, and the most private affairs soon leak out; so it was well known in the station that Beatrice was booked for Major Hervey. Much speculation was afloat; and when they met in the Judge's drawing-room, many eyes watched them with no small amount of envy.

"Do you like India, Miss Meynell?" asked Hervey, when, the introduction having been made, he took a vacant chair by her side.

"Not yet," was the answer, and the sad eyes rose to meet his, with a world of feeling lying hid in their brown depths,—feeling totally separate and unconnected with the words that were spoken almost mechanically. Eyes that were full of unshed tears, and hid themselves away under their long thick veil of lashes, as if afraid lest they might betray some secret. They had a strange effect upon Hervey as he looked back into them, and he scarcely heard the commonplace answer the lips gave to his commonplace question. "Not yet," but I may do so. It is so different, and I led such a quiet, lonely life in England."

"Do you ride?"

"O yes! it is the only thing I care for," and there came a faint flush over her face. "But I do not think riding along what you call the Mall worth mounting for."

"You like going across country, perhaps?"

The Major looked at the slender wrists, and wondered what power they could exercise over a bridle; as he looked, he was conscious that a deep crimson rushed over the girl's face, and that her eyes fixed themselves on him with an expression of intense fear. He was interested and perplexed, he scarcely knew whether agreeably or not, and in the middle of his agitation she asked,—

"Are you fond of hunting, Major Hervey?"

"Very; it is one of the many hardships of soldiering out here, that we have no such glorious sport."

"Have you ever hunted in Yorkshire?"

"No; I do not know Yorkshire at all. Gloucester is my county, and the Duke's hounds saw my training. But if you don't like the Mall, why don't you ride early, and have a gallop into the country?"

"So I do, when papa will go."

And the Colonel, coming up at this juncture, said,—

"I wish you'd do duty for me, Hervey; riding at her pace don't suit my old bones."

"I shall be delighted, if Miss Meynell will accept my escort."

Beatrice bowed. Vivian, who was looking on, swore she blushed, and went off to the other end of the room to offer Captain Batchelor ten to two that Hervey married Beatrice in a month. By which it will be seen that Mr. Vivian's matrimonial hopes being on the decline, he was willing to make a compromise with his heart, and if he could not win a wife, at least win something.

The dinner-party on the whole was a success. Beatrice had talked more than usual, and Hervey had scarcely left her side all the evening, so that there was some excuse for Mrs. Masters's triumph. When she and her brother were alone, she asked,—

"How do you like Beatrice, Charley?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" she exclaimed. "Why you flirted

with her all night. You surely can tell me if you like her?"

"She is a very peculiar girl," he answered dreamily.

"Surely you think her pretty?"

"O yes, more; beautiful, I think: what is her story?"

"Story!" laughed Mrs. Masters, — "'story, sir, God bless you, I've none to tell'; what story can a girl of eighteen, never out of a school-room, have? What strange fancies you men take!"

"Maybe," replied Hervey, dryly; "but that does not alter the case. Miss Meynell has a story, and a painful one, too."

"How absurd you are, Charley! Now here have I been moving heaven and earth to bring you and Beatrice together; and directly you meet you take it into your head that she has done something dreadful."

"I did not say so, Mary."

"Well, then, suffered something?"

"Not that, either; you see you think with me, for you've hit upon the very idea that came into my head when I looked into those marvellous eyes of hers, — you've given form to my very thoughts. Don't be vexed, dear; I am puzzled by her. I like her; and what's more, I'll either fall madly in love with her, or else I'll — But never mind, now; good night; don't tell your good man what I've said, — two heads are enough. I'll know in forty-eight hours which way the stream will run, and if I say I am going, you'll know how I feel. If I stay, I'll trust to you to help me."

With which arrangement Mrs. Masters was fain to be content. In two days her brother came to her.

"Mary, will you put me up for a month?"

"Of course I will. O, I am so glad; I've hardly dared to move, in case I bothered you, or came in your way. And so it's all right, and Beatrice will have you?"

Hervey smiled. "I have not asked her yet; but I'll have her if I can get her."

"Story and all?" said Mrs. Masters mischievously. A dark frown, followed by a look of pain, came over Hervey's face.

"Don't say that again, Mary; or hint at such a thing. I was a fool to say it to you; a fool to let such absurd suspicions enter my head; and I'd be worse than a fool if I suffered any such childish fancy to come between me and such an angel as she is."

But in spite of Major Hervey's assertions, he did think of his first impression; and, in very dread lest he should be tempted to give way in any greater degree to what he told himself was a cruel and unwarrantable prejudice, he strenuously avoided any reference to her life in England.

In spite of the approval of the Colonel and Beatrice's aunt, the Major's wooing made but slow progress. Beatrice was inexplicable. Every now and then she would brighten up, and Hervey for a brief hour or two would think himself in the ante-chamber of Paradise itself; then a change would come, and she would shrink back, as if afraid of trusting herself or her happiness. Again and again she refused to marry him, and again and again, growing desperate, he begged her to tell him her reason, until, worn out by his passion and the expostulations of her father and aunt, she at length consented to become his wife.

Anxious to rouse Beatrice, Hervey had exerted

himself to make the wedding a gala-day for the station; he had consulted her in all his arrangements and plans, and only seemed to live to give her pleasure and homage; but still there was the old, sad, frightened look, and sometimes, even, he fancied it grew more intense; so that, bright and joyous as the wedding-day was to others, many wondering looks were cast upon the pale, mournful bride, — looks which could not escape Hervey's notice, and roused a feeling almost approaching to anger against her he had won, in spite of herself.

The mail came in as the wedding party were assembled at breakfast; and, bringing three or four letters to Beatrice, her aunt laughingly advised her to read them before leaving, as she had no right to call herself "miss" when she started life as a married woman. But Beatrice thrust them into her pocket, saying she would read them on the journey, which, having to be accomplished by palanquin, was necessarily a lonely one.

And in about two hours, the preparations being complete, Beatrice was placed in her palanquin. Hervey got into his, and they started for a bungalow about seven miles away.

Evening is but a short period in India; night follows day at a rapid pace; and almost immediately after a gorgeous sunset, darkness fell upon the face of the earth, and the flaring torches, carried by the bearers, were all that lit the road.

Inside Beatrice's palanquin was an oil lamp; and by the light of this she took out her letters. The first was from a school friend, and she put that aside; the second was like unto it, and this, too, might wait; the third lay with its seal up; she turned it over, and a sudden spasm contracted her hand. "O my God! too late!"

For a long, long time she lay there, staring with horror-stricken eyes at the well-known writing, though the poor wild eyes saw nothing there, but were looking away into the past, and on into the sinful, terrible future. She had fought against this; she had feared it hourly, until, led on by weakness and despair, she had striven against conscience. In its turn conscience had ceased to speak, and she had almost forgotten what it meant, until the superscription on the back of the letter woke it up.

At last she broke the seal. There was a long letter inside, and she read it slowly through, pausing now and then to repeat a passage, as if the meaning would not enter into her brain clearly enough. At last it was all read, and a strange change had come over the girl's face. There was no fear, no doubt, no uncertainty there now; only a hard, desperate, set expression, and a feverish sparkle in the full eyes.

"There is not a minute to lose," she said, as if speaking to herself; and stopping the bearers, she called the head man to her. He came forward and listened with immovable features, as in a low, eager voice she urged something; long and earnestly she spoke, but there came no sign until she dragged forward a dressing-case and pulling out a handful of glittering jewels, thrust them forward. The man's eyes gleamed.

"It is dangerous," he said, "but I will obey."

Then he spoke to the other man, and the palanquin proceeded about half a mile. Here they stopped again, and the man pointed out a hut.

"I can conceal you there for a day or two, but, as I dare not go back to Meerut, you must take me with you. I will see you safe to Calcutta; the Sahib will know how to reward such service."

III.

WHEN Hervey's palanquin stopped at the bungalow, he looked in vain for the lights of that containing his bride. The plain was covered by jungle, so perhaps they were only hidden, and for some little time no feeling of apprehension entered his mind; but having waited nearly half an hour, and still no sign appearing, he grew anxious, and, ordering his men to accompany him, went back. Presently a native came up, his turban off, his clothes torn and stained with blood; falling upon his knees, he howled out a horrible story how they had been set upon by robbers, who had slain the good bearer while attempting to defend the lady, and how, after much fighting and rivers of blood, he (the wretched speaker) only escaped to tell the tale.

Half-maddened with horror, Hervey dashed back. The palanquin lay at the roadside, completely sacked—the very lining ripped up in search of hidden treasure, and with the marks of bloody fingers everywhere.

There was nothing to be done but to hasten back to cantonments with the tale, the horror and mystery of which paralyzed the little place. The country was diligently searched; several natives were taken up on suspicion, but nothing transpired: no traces of the bodies of either the head bearer or Beatrice could be discovered, and a shocking whisper got abroad that they must have been eaten by tigers, the jungle being just then full of these animals. As long as even the vainest hope remained of any clue being discovered to elucidate the mystery, or bring the perpetrators to justice, Major Hervey seemed nerved for any amount of suffering or work; but when several months had gone by, when the country had been thoroughly searched, and the enormous rewards offered for tidings of the crime remained unclaimed, hope deserted him. He had a long interview with Beatrice's father, and then left India forever, taking home with him his boy.

When Hervey was gone, the sad story gradually ceased to be spoken of, save now and then as one of those tragedies that cast a blight upon the face of society, and attach a horrible interest to some locality or family.

Hervey did not stay in England. There was no rest for one such as he, and for nearly ten years he wandered the face of the earth,—lion-shooting in Africa, seal-spearing among the Esquimaux, and buffalo-hunting on the wide prairies of America; and then, when ten years had risen up between him and his lost love, he came back to civilization a wiser and far more earnest, if not a better, man.

It was summer time when he reached London. The season was at its height, and, to a man long used to roughing it with half-clothed savages, the world of London had an almost magical effect.

He went down to Eton and saw his boy; then came back to town and took lodgings for a month, not to look up any of his old friends, but to look on at the whirl and pageantry of life.

Ten years make a wonderful change in the face of society, and thin the ranks of old friends. Faces we have loved are missing; faces we knew so well are changed; age has stamped some, care others, and sin or sorrow has beaten out the fair bright hopes and beauty from many a one we last saw standing eager upon the threshold of life.

Some few faces Hervey recognized as he took his favorite stand by the rails along the "Row," and it was while leaning over these one day that his fate

came to him. A lady rode past, and as she passed she turned. Her full face was towards him for a moment; then a mist came before his eyes, a cold tremor paralyzed his limbs.

It was his lost wife. He knew her at once. Death made no obstacle, years no difference, mystery none! His very being recognized her, and nature itself stood amazed.

For a time all power of thought seemed lost. He held on to the rail with a blind sort of instinct, and kept his face turned the way she had gone with a vague thought that she would return. And thus he stood, until a hand touched his shoulder, and a man who had been standing by him, said,—

"You are ill, sir. Let me get you a cab."

Hervey started, and made a faint effort to bring his mind back to its usual power.

"Thank you," he stammered, "I am not,—yes, I believe I am ill. If you will be so kind," he began fumbling in his pocket for a card. "I have had a strange adventure. The dead has come to life. I—but I am wandering. Don't mind me."

Without any remark, the man who had offered his assistance took Hervey's arm, and leading him to the nearest gate, hailed a cab.

"My card," said Hervey, getting hold of his pocket-book, but unable to open it, with fingers trembling as his were. The stranger (or Samaritan, for he was one, surely) opened it, and taking a card, gave it to the cabman.

"I'll go with you," he said, jumping in after Hervey, "I owe you as much"; and then was silent, Hervey, sitting bolt upright, with a white set face, and with every nerve trembling.

"I will come to-morrow and see how you are," said his companion, as they stopped at the door of the lodging. "Here is my card."

On the card Hervey read, with a vague notion of having seen the name somewhere before,—

"Colonel Richard Carter."

Next day Colonel Carter kept his promise and called. Hervey was better. He had reasoned, and almost induced himself to believe that the supposed recognition of the preceding day was the effect of one of those marvellous likenesses one sometimes sees, combined with a nervous and diseased imagination.

"I have long wished to see you, Major Hervey," were the first words Colonel Carter said, "and for a purpose; you will hardly thank me: for I have a story to tell you,—my own story. You must not think me mad before you hear what I have to say. Providence threw me in your way yesterday, and neither you nor I can avoid such a power. My story is this:—Years ago, when I was quartered in York, I managed to make the acquaintance of a girl who was at a boarding-school there. We were very much in love with each other, and kept up a correspondence. At Christmas she went to spend the holidays with some friends. I followed her down, and met her in the hunting-field. We arranged everything there, and as soon as she got back to school she eloped with me." Hervey had started forward as he spoke of the hunting-field and Yorkshire; and then, dropping his face upon his clasped arms, he leaned upon the table, making no further sign while the strange story was being told.

"We were married at a village church, and went to London; the mistress of the boarding-school traced us, and insisted upon Beatrice going back with her, offering anything if we would consent to the separation only for a time, in order that she

might not be blamed by my wife's father, or bring such scandal and ruin on her school. I was a selfish, conceited fool; I had spent all the money I could get on the trip to London, and began to think I had made a mess of it. The woman had great powers of persuasion, and her own interest was at work: she told me privately the marriage was not legal; I believed her, and suffered her to take Beatrice away, knowing that she meant to tell her the same story.

"I rejoined my regiment, and told myself that I was a lucky fellow to escape from such a mess so easily, and that Beatrice would forget all about me, or only think me too great a blackguard to care for. I went to India, and was at M—— when Meynell's daughter came out; strange as you may think it, the coincidence of name had never struck me, and it was only on seeing her ride past the mess-room one morning, that I knew who she was.

"I was still a coward, and while debating what to do, a lucky attack of fever decided my course. I started for England without seeing her again, or being seen by her, and as she did not know me by my real name, there was no danger of her recognizing me in any way but by sight. I got down to Calcutta, but all the way down my conscience was at work; what with that and the journey, I was down in fever again directly I arrived. So the steamer had to sail without me, and I lay there tossing and raving for a fortnight; all the powers of evil fighting against the wild longing that had come over me to go back to Beatrice, and behave like an honest man, for I knew by this time that our marriage was legal enough in the sight of the Almighty. The first thing I heard when I got on my legs was that you were to marry her; and then, driven to my wits' ends to save her and myself, I wrote, claiming her as my wife, bidding her come down to me, and risk anything rather than marry you. That letter reached her the day of her marriage; she read it in the palanquin, and taking the head bearer into her confidence, threw herself on his mercy to save her. They have lively imaginations, these fellows, and, touched by her bribes, he planned the story of the robbers, the fight, and the carrying away of the bodies, and while the country round was being searched, brought her down to Calcutta disguised as a native woman.

"And I saw her yesterday in the Park," groaned Hervey, without lifting his head.

"Yes, I was standing by at the time. I have wished year after year to meet you; many a time I've determined to write to you, but then I did not know whether the thought that she was really dead might not be a happier one than the reality. Beatrice thought so. I will not press you now, Major Hervey, but, if you wish it, I cannot tell you how glad I shall be to see you again, or give you any explanation you wish; but when you think of all this misery we've brought upon you, will you try and remember one thing, that, — blackguard as I was when I married her, — as I was when I fled from her and denied her, — as I was when I let her bear her secret alone, — I was not bad enough to let her become your wife; and I tell you before God, that since the day she came down to me at Calcutta, I have been an altered man; that, saving the one great sorrow of the misery she had worked for you (her father died long ago), we have been happy."

Hervey lifted up his face.

"Will she see me, do you think?"

In an instant Colonel Carter's hand was on the other's shoulder.

"See you, Hervey! God bless you for a good fellow. See you? Yes, any day, if you'll see her."

Hervey nodded and held out his hand, and taking the hint, Colonel Carter grasped it hard in his, and left him.

A month or two afterwards a group of men were standing in the window of the "Rag."

"There goes Hervey, as irresistible as ever," said one. "If I was Carter, I'd look sharper after such a pretty wife."

"No you would n't," said Major Topham. "You don't know the story; it is a regular romance. I wish some literary fellow would make it into a book. It only came out this summer, and made us all stare. I can tell you, for we thought she was dead, — murdered by robbers and eaten up by tigers. Yes, don't laugh; come along to the smoking-room, and I'll tell you the story."

As he told me the story, so I now tell it to my readers.

THOREAU.

It is now nearly four years since the inhabitants of the little town of Concord, Massachusetts, were gathered round the grave of one who, though a hermit, was dear to all of them, and who, as a naturalist and scholar, had received the homage of those literary men who have given to that town the celebrity of an American Weimar. Ralph Waldo Emerson was the chief speaker on this sad occasion, and at the conclusion of a touching tribute to his friend, he said: "There is a flower known to botanists, one of the same genus with our summer plant called 'Life Everlasting,' a *Gnaphalium* like that which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolean mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty and by his love (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens), climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot, with the flower in his hand. It is called by the botanists *Gnaphalium leontopodium*, but by the Swiss *Edelweisse*, which signifies *Noble Purity*. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none else can finish, — a kind of indignity to so noble a soul, that it should depart out of nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he at least is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home." . . .

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord in 1817, and there lived and died. He was the last son of a French ancestor, a lead-pencil maker, who went to Massachusetts from the Isle of Guernsey. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1837, though without scholastic distinction, and afterwards taught a private school for a short time. He then applied himself to his father's craft, and obtained certificates of having made a pencil better than any in use; but on being congratulated that the way to fortune was thus opened, he declared that he should never make another pencil, since he did not wish to

do again what he had done once. He disappointed his family and friends by steadily declining to enter upon any of the accustomed paths to profit or fame with other educated young men; but was not self-indulgent nor idle, was skilful with his hands, and was already industrious about something, none knew what, in the woods around Concord. He could make a boat or a fence, or plant a garden, and when he needed money obtained it by doing some such piece of work.

It is plain, however, that he had no "talent for wealth," and it was an early perception with him that a man's real life was generally sacrificed to obtaining the means of living; he was resolved to make his wealth consist in his having few wants. His natural skill in mensuration, however, and his intimate knowledge of the neighborhood, rendered his services as a surveyor valuable to the farmers, — of whom, for the most part, the town consists; and, leading him often to the fields and woods, this furnished to him an occupation so agreeable to his tastes, that he drifted into it as a profession. "If I had," he said, "the wealth of Cæsar bestowed on me, my aims must still be the same, and my means essentially the same." He declined dinner-parties, because he could not meet individuals at them to any purpose: "they make their pride," he said, "in making their dinners cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." When asked at the table what dish he preferred, he answered, "The nearest." Those who met him felt at once that there was no affectation in all this, but that this youth had set for himself a real devotion to the current of his own nature. He was never sad, morose, or misanthropic, but had humor and enthusiasm. "He chose," says Emerson, "wisely, no doubt, for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and nature." . . .

Although Thoreau lived personally apart from the world, it is interesting to observe how, in his action and his writings, the society around him is reflected, though somewhat inverted. . . . New England was burgeoning forth, under the tropical breath of Transcendentalism, with strange and rare growths of new thoughts and essays at thought, much to the dismay of the Puritan Apostolic succession. The capital of that strange realm was at Concord, where Emerson, the mildest promoter of a reign of terror imaginable, and Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne, and Elizabeth Peabody, and others, dwelt and worked as monarch and ministry of a new spiritual kingdom. It soon became plain that what these were endeavoring to put into literature, Thoreau was aiming to put into individual life; not conspicuously, perhaps, but because he must be the product of the intellectual as well as the physical elements surrounding him there at his first or his second birth. When the *Dial* — the quarterly magazine which represented the new movement — began its career in 1841 he was one of its contributors, and there were printed in it several of the papers which are now collected in the volume called *Excursions*. These papers related to the natural history around Concord, and are in form much like the earlier work from which I have given specimens. One piece published in the *Dial* in 1843, "A Winter Walk," was then and is now much admired for its delicate perception of the subtle beauties and truths of nature.

But the Transcendental agitation was not more reflected in the secluded, wayward stream of Thoreau's life than the Socialistic movement which followed it, and was, doubtless, its first offspring. When nearly every leading spirit of what were called "the

New Views" went into the Brook Farm community, — even Channing and Hawthorne, who were not distinctively Transcendentalists, — Emerson remained at home to evolve Arcadias of pure thought, and Thoreau to reproduce Utopias of individual life. In 1845 he built himself a house, with his own hands, on the shores of a beautiful water near Concord, called "Walden." This lakelet, which is but a short distance from Emerson's home, and has been long the haunt of poets and students, is a perennial clear spring, set in a frame of thick pine and oak wood, — is half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference. The pond has no visible inlet or outlet, and its water is of such extraordinary transparency that the bottom may be seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet, with the fishes large and small swimming below.

On one occasion Thoreau lost his axe through the ice on it, and looking down saw it and obtained it again from a depth of twenty-five feet, with a slip-noose at the end of a long birch. The water is remarkable too for its beautiful shifting tints, being at times almost of the dove's-neck lustre. It is fringed with flowers in their season, and always encinctured with evergreen: many fishes — silver, steel-colored, and golden — and ducks, geese, peewees, with other wild birds, may be found there. One who has seen the spot can scarcely wonder that to such a child of the elements as Thoreau there was in the pure depths of Walden the eye and voice of the Erl-King's daughter. For though, as I have said, the movements of opinion and reform going on around him were reflected in Thoreau's thought and life, it was only as the bird or cloud fitting over the lake would seem to pass through its depths; it has winged and fair things of its own beneath them.

To show that educated man could build his house and live happily in Nature without impawning the hours of his life or coining his heart and soul into money, were incidental motives and appropriate to the times: below these are the depths of individuality, with their strange, ineffable dreams and aspirations. "I long ago," he says in the opening chapter of *Walden*, "lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost themselves." . . .

On a summer morning, about fourteen years ago, I went with Mr. Emerson, and was introduced to Thoreau. I was then connected with Divinity College at Cambridge, and my new acquaintance was interested to know what we were studying there at the time. "Well, the Scriptures." "But which?" he asked, not without a certain quiet humor playing about his serious blue eye. It was evident that, as Morgana in the story marked all the doors so that the one ceased to be a sign, he had marked Persian and Hindu and other ethnical Scriptures with the reverential sign usually found on the Hebrew writings alone. He had the best library of Oriental books in the country, and subsequently Mr. Cholmondeley, an English gentleman to whom he was much attached, sent him from England more than a score of important works of this character. His books show how closely and reverently he had studied them, and indeed are worthy of attention from lovers of Eastern Scriptures apart from their other values. . . .

A day or two later, however, I enjoyed my first walk with Thoreau, which was succeeded by many others. We started westward from the village, in which direction his favorite walks lay, for I then found out the way he had of connecting casual with universal things. He desired to order his morning walk after the movement of the planet. The sun is the grand western pioneer; he sets his gardens of Hesperides on the horizon every evening to lure the race; the race moves westward, as animals migrate, by instinct; therefore we are safe in going by Goose Pond to Baker's farm. Of every square acre of ground, he contended, the western side was the wildest, and therefore the fittest for the seeker to explore. *Ex oriente lux ex occidente frux.* I now had leisure to observe carefully this man. He was short of stature, well built, and such a man as I have fancied Julius Cæsar to have been. Every movement was full of courage and repose; the tones of his voice were those of Truth herself; and there was in his eye the pure bright blue of the New England sky, as there was sunshine in his flaxen hair. He had a particularly strong aquiline-Roman nose, which somehow reminded me of the prow of a ship. There was in his face and expression, with all its sincerity, a kind of intellectual furtiveness: no wild thing could escape him more than it could be harmed by him. The gray huntsman's suit which he wore enhanced this expression:

"He took the color of his vest
From rabbit's coat and grouse's breast;
For as the wild kinds lurk and hide,
So walks the huntsman unespied."

The cruellest weapons of attack, however, which this huntsman took with him were a spyglass for birds, a microscope for the game that would hide in smallness, and an old book in which to press plants. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. I remember being surprised and delighted at every step with revelations of laws and significant attributes in common things, — as a relation between different kinds of grass and the geological characters beneath them, the variety and grouping of pine-needles and the effect of these differences on the sounds they yield when struck by the wind, and the shades, so to speak, of taste represented by grasses and common herbs when applied to the tongue. The acuteness of his senses was marvellous: no hound could scent better, and he could hear the most faint and distant sounds without even laying his ear to the ground like an Indian.

As we penetrated farther and farther into the woods, he seemed to gain a certain transformation, and his face shone with a light that I had not seen in the village. He had a calendar of the plants and flowers of the neighborhood, and would sometimes go around a quarter of a mile to visit some floral friend, whom he had not seen for a year, who would appear for that day only. We were too early for the *hibiscus*, a rare flower in New England, which I desired to see. He pointed out the spot by the river-side where alone it could be found, and said it would open about the following Monday, and not stay long. I went on Tuesday evening and found myself a day too late, — the petals were scattered on the ground. . . .

Though shy of general society, Thoreau was a hero among children, and the captain of their excursions. Sometimes I have gone with Thoreau and his young comrades for an expedition on the river, to gather, it may be, water-lilies. Upon such excursions his resources for our entertainment were

inexhaustible. He would tell stories of the Indians who once dwelt thereabout until the children almost looked to see a red man skulking with his arrow on shore; and every plant or flower on the bank or in the water, and every fish, turtle, frog, lizard, about us was transformed by the wand of his knowledge, from the low form into which the spell of our ignorance had reduced it, into a mystic beauty. One of his surprises was to thrust his hand softly into the water, and as softly raise up before our astonished eyes a large bright fish, which lay as contentedly in his hand as if they were old acquaintances! If the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us. The entire crew bared their arms and tried to get hold of a fish, but only the captain succeeded. . . .

I do not doubt but that it was this and other intimacies of Thoreau with various animals that suggested to his friend and neighbor Mr. Hawthorne the character of Donatello in the tale of *Transformation*. And I have fancied that Emerson — who has applied to him what Fuller said of Butler the apologist, that "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him" — had Thoreau in his mind when he wrote in his *Woodnotes*: —

"It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchids grew.
Many haps fall in the field,
Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield,
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods;
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him;
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thickest's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come."

But it seems that the elves of wood and water were alluring him from the earth. The seeds of consumption were prematurely developed, perhaps by his life of exposure; but the distress and appeals of friends and relatives could not, to the last, overcome the fascinations of Nature, and persuade him to remain within doors. He was sent at length to the more gentle climate of the Mississippi; but it was of no avail, and he soon returned home to die. In his last letter (March 21, 1862), written by his sister to a young poet whom he had never met, he said: "I am encouraged to know that, so far as you are concerned, I have not written my books in vain. . . . I suppose that I have not many months to live; but of course I know nothing about it. I may add, that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

THE STEWARD'S STORY.

ABOUT twelve years ago, I was steward of the "Dryad," Robert Harrison, commander. She was a fine fast little ship of four hundred and fifty tons, and bound from Shanghai to London, with a cargo of teas and silk. A Clyde-built ship, called the "Planet," a great favorite in the trade, completed her loading at the same time that we did, so we sailed together and passed through the Straits of Sunda in company.

Now, you must know, that to bring the first of the season's teas into market, was then, and is now, a very great object; and of course there is considerable rivalry among the first ships loaded. More-

over, part of our cargo was on account of the owner of the ship, which made Captain Harrison doubly anxious to make a rapid passage. I do not know whether he understood he was to receive a present in case the "Dryad" should be the first ship into London, though that is likely enough; but I do know that he had made a bet of five-and-twenty pounds with the captain of the "Planet," for I heard the bet made one day when old Sandilands was taking tiffin on board our ship.

Well, we parted company off Java Head, and you may depend that there was not much rest for the officers and crew of either ship from that time forward, — at least, I know that there was none on board our ship. Our skipper carried on her very hard, day and night the same: indeed, he would be on deck at all hours of the night, not that he need have been afraid of either of the mates taking in canvas before they were absolutely compelled; for though they were perhaps not so much concerned personally in the matter of a smart passage as he was, yet they seemed to consider it for the credit of the ship that she should beat the "Planet," and carried sail as hard as was safe, and occasionally a good deal harder than was pleasant. A pretty general average they made among my crockery, to be sure, when we had some tolerably heavy weather coming round the Cape. However, we weathered it handsomely, for a stunsail boom or two, and a split top-gallant sail don't count for much when a ship is bound to make a fast run, and in 27° south we were going free at a great rate with a fine fresh breeze on the quarter, and the skipper and mates were in high glee, for they made certain we were beating the "Planet"; though, not having seen that ship since leaving Java Head, it was impossible for any one to know anything for certain about the matter.

However, there was no mistake about the fair wind, and the "Dryad" walked along in great style, bowling off her ten and eleven knots an hour, when one evening when we were getting somewhere to about 26° south latitude, one of our youngsters, who was up in the main-top, stowing away a stunsail, sung out, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" called out Captain Harrison and our chief mate both together. You see they fancied that it might be the "Planet," and were all alive.

"Right abeam of us to leeward, sir!" answered the lad.

"What do you make her out to be?" again sung out the captain. "Here, Mr. Monsell, he continued, addressing the second mate, "take your glass into the top, and see what she is like."

Up ran Monsell, and in less than a minute hailed the deck with, "She is a large dismasted ship, sir, waterlogged, I think, but you may be able to see her from the deck, right over our lee quarter."

You see, at the rate we were going, we were dropping her fast. At this intelligence Captain Harrison looked very much disturbed and annoyed, and walked the deck for a minute or two, without speaking. Then he called down the companion-hatch for me to bring his glass, which I did pretty quickly, for, to tell the truth, I was standing with it in my hand at the foot of the stairs, listening to what was going on. Now, I heard what Monsell had said when he hailed from the maintop; so when I came on deck I looked over the quarter. There, sure enough, I picked her out at once with my naked eye, not very plain, to be sure, but plain enough to see that she was a large ship, very deep, rolling heavily.

She seemed to have a main-royal or a mizzen-top-gallant sail set on a jury-mast rigged forward. As I could make out all this, you may imagine I was much astonished by hearing the captain say to the first mate, "I can't see her, Mr. Gilbert; I think it must be Monsell's fancy!"

When he said this, I looked round, and was surprised to see that he had his glass directed to a point or so abaft the beam. No wonder he didn't see her, for the "Dryad" had not been idle all this time, and we were leaving the wreck well astern; the breeze, too, was freshening into a smart capful of wind. Upon hearing the skipper's remark, our first mate said, —

"Bring me up my night-glass, will you, Stedman?"

"And get supper ready, Stedman," added the captain, in a way that sounded like, "What are you doing on deck, when you are not wanted?"

Of course I took the hint, but what with going between the cabin and the galley, and listening at the foot of the companion, I heard and saw all that passed. Mr. Gilbert took the glass, and, walking right aft, looked over the taffrail a little to leeward. Presently he said, —

"I see her quite distinctly, sir, — a heavy ship, from Bombay or Calcutta, most likely; rolling very deep, sprung a bad leak, I should say, sir; should n't wonder if one of her masts when they went overboard had started a butt."

All this Mr. Gilbert said without removing the glass from his eye.

"She's abandoned, I suppose, Mr. Gilbert," said the captain, in a tone which he tried to make unconcerned, and without looking in the direction of the wreck.

"Well, no, sir, I should say not," replied the mate decidedly, as he turned round and looked at his superior with some surprise. "I should say that there were some hands on board of her, if not all the crew; they have rigged that jury-mast with that rag of sail forward, and they manage to keep her before the wind pretty well, considering."

"Ah, well, well, Mr. Gilbert, she'll do all right enough; she has a fair wind for St. Helena, and she can fetch that easily, I dare say, if the worst comes to the worst; besides she is in the regular track of the homeward-bounders, and some ship or other will be sure to pick her up. Whether or no, I can't put the ship's head round now and beat up to windward to her for three or four hours, and then find, after all, that she does not require our assistance. Perhaps the 'Planet' may fall in with her to-morrow or next day, — ha! ha!"

This he said with a forced laugh, but neither of the mates seemed disposed to join him in his merriment. On the contrary, they both looked very gloomy, and I can't say that I thought it a subject to be joked about, nor, I dare say, did the crew. Indeed, our captain's behavior surprised me a good deal; for though he was generally considered a taut hand, and very strict in his notions of duty and discipline, no one on board had ever regarded him as a cruel or bad-hearted man. But, you understand, the Devil was at his elbow in two or three shapes. He was anxious to bring in the first cargo of tea, — he was anxious to do well for his owner, — he took a pride in the fast passage his ship was making, and then there was his confounded bet with Captain Sandilands, of the "Planet."

But it is not for me to judge him, and, what's more, no one on board, officers or men, presumed to

express their opinion, whatever they may have thought; only I heard Mr. Gilbert, who went into his cabin shortly after eight bells had struck, muttering something to himself about, "a nice entry to make in the log-book!" It was the second mate's watch from eight to twelve, but Captain Harrison remained walking the deck; and when I went up to him and announced that supper was ready, he sent Mr. Monsell down, saying that he would keep the watch in the mean time. And when Monsell returned on deck, there he still remained, silently pacing fore and aft, and occasionally stopping to look over the taffrail. The moon rose at four bells or thereabouts, and soon afterwards I heard the skipper say, —

"Turn the hands up, Mr. Monsell,—in stunsails!"

Upon this, up jumped Mr. Gilbert with, "What is the old man up to now?" He was on deck pretty sharply, and I could hear him forward, singing out for his watch.

Then it was, — "In maintop-mast and top-gallant stunsails; fore top-mast and lower stunsails; and then single reefs in the top-sails, fore and aft"; Then, "Hands by the braces!" and as the helm was put hard to port, the fore-sheet was dragged aft, the foretack boarded, the yards were braced sharp up, and the ship hauled to the wind as close as she would lay.

Then we knew what our captain had been thinking about, while he had been pacing the deck so silently during the last two or three hours; and I, for one, did not envy him his reflections.

What he could have done a few hours before, very easily, he was going to do now; when it would not only be difficult, but would cause great loss of time into the bargain. Ay, and what was worse, it would probably be too late. For when we first sighted the vessel in distress there was no more than a fresh breeze, and very little sea; now there was a considerable sea running and wind had freshened, so that, as we worked to windward, it was like half a gale; and under the canvas we were carrying, our good ship heeled over to it handsomely, and took the seas over her in great style.

Nevertheless we did not make much way, or at least that was our captain's opinion, for when we wore ship at six bells, he said to the first mate, "We will get the mainsail on her, Mr. Gilbert."

"Upon my word, sir, she has got as much as she can stagger under, and I don't think she can bear it," replied the mate; the first time I think that I ever heard him offer a remonstrance.

"She must bear it, sir!" was the reply. "Send the people aft to the mainsheet, and let some good hands tend the buntlines."

"Well, when she had got the sheet aft and the tack down, I hoped he was satisfied. The ship certainly went faster through the water, and held a better wind, but she careened over, so that our lee chains were under water, and she trembled all over as the seas struck and deluged her deck, fore and aft. Thus we kept carrying on all night, wearing ship about every two hours or so, and mostly with all hands on deck.

The night was tolerably bright, except when the heavy clouds drove across the face of the moon; but no ship did we see. At seven bells in the morning watch, the wind had risen so much that Captain Harrison very unwillingly gave orders to hand top-gallant-sails, double reef the topsails, and haul up the mainsail. Under this shortened canvas we still

kept beating to windward, and I knew, by the constant, anxious look-out kept by the mates, that they calculated we were some where near the spot where the distressed ship was last seen; but no, the day dawned, the sun rose, but the clear expanse all around us was unbroken. *The ship was gone!* Without orders, Mr. Monsell took his telescope up into the main-top-mast cross-trees, and there he stayed for a quarter of an hour or more. When he came down, Captain Harrison asked him no questions. There was no need: the grave look of his face told its own story.

All that forenoon we kept stretching to windward, though every soul on board, not excepting the Captain, must have known that it was too late; but about midday Captain Harrison said to the first mate (and his voice seemed hoarse and strange), "You can put the helm up, Mr. Gilbert, square the yards, shake out the reefs, and keep her away on her course." With that he came down below, and went, without speaking, into the after-cabin. At first I did not venture to disturb him, but after waiting about a quarter of an hour I fancied that I heard him groan; so, by way of an excuse for intruding upon him, I got him wine, and taking it into the cabin, asked him to take some, saying that I knew he must feel in want of some refreshment. He was sitting with his elbows resting upon the table, and his face hidden between his hands.

When I spoke to him he looked up and stared at me as if he did not rightly understand what I said, and then dropped his head between his hands again; so I laid the wine in the swinging tray and left the cabin. Upon my life I pitied him. A man may make a mistake and rectify it, — he may commit a fault and atone for it; but Captain Harrison's case was a terrible one. He had left undone what he ought to have done; and in beating his ship to windward under a dangerous press of sail, we all had witnessed his desperate endeavors to set right what he had left wrong; but who can describe the depth of his sorrow, and the bitterness of his self-reproach, when he found that those efforts were made in vain? Too late! Ah, it is a bitter word to say.

Homeward sailed the "Dryad," with tolerable weather and fair winds, and everything on board went on pretty smoothly as before; but the mates began to perceive something peculiar in the Captain's conduct. He was usually a very reserved and silent man, and after what had happened it was only natural to suppose that he should be less lively and talkative than usual; but now he scarcely ever spoke to any one. He never had been what is called "a jolly skipper," that is, he never cared much about good eating and drinking, but now he would hardly taste food oftener than once in the twenty-four hours. And from a few slight expressions I heard let fall between the officers, I concluded that they thought their superior was light-headed, or not quite right in his mind.

They might easily consider so, for his conduct was certainly strange. He would be on deck all day, and great part of the night also, his glass always in his hand. This he was constantly using, looking to windward, just as he did when we were working up to the spot where we considered the distressed ship to be. This, at first, did not attract much attention, but when it became his constant practice all day long, the officers — ay, and the men, too — began to guess how it was. Indeed, Mr. Gilbert, to try him, one day said to him, in a cheery sort of voice, "I don't think you need look out for the 'Planet,'

Captain Harrison! Bless your life, sir, she has n't got legs to travel with us!"

"Planet! what 'Planet'?" asked the poor man, in a bewildered way.

It was not the "Planet" that he was looking for: it was the foundering ship, which should never see harbor more, that was constantly floating before his diseased imagination. Did he not fear that, on that day "when the sea shall give up her dead," the lost crew would appear to plead against him before the great judgment-seat?

His grief and remorse had fairly turned his brain. He now never attempted to interfere in the navigation or working of the ship; but the mates did not require his assistance in any way, nor did they trouble him at all, beyond occasionally consulting him, for form's sake; they were both first-rate seamen, and Mr. Gilbert, as became his position as first officer, was a good navigator, almost as good, it was considered, as the captain himself. But a first mate in Gilbert's situation, with an incapable commander, is decidedly in a false position; he has all the responsibility on his shoulders without being legally in charge of the ship.

So far, however, all had gone on very well, and we hoped that we were going to make a smart passage, and be the first ship of the season, notwithstanding our unhappy delay. But our good fortune was coming to a close. When we were somewhere about 36° north latitude it came on to blow very heavily from the west, and the weather was thick, with a good deal of rain. I know that this made Mr. Gilbert very uneasy, for we were getting close upon the Western Islands, and I had heard him talking to Mr. Monsell about sighting them, and "taking a fresh departure." But in the thick weather and strong westerly gales, there was nothing for it, he considered, but giving them a wide berth, and intended to keep well to windward of Flores. And this, I presume, he considered he had succeeded in doing, for the night after I heard his conversation with Monsell, they both came down below together, to look at the chart.

They had not much opportunity for taking observations, but I suppose Gilbert was satisfied that we had weathered the island, for after pricking off the ship on the chart, he decided on altering her course two points or so, rounding in the weather braces, and shaking a reef out of the topsails. This alteration in our course made almost a fair wind for us, and as we had been hammering away for the last two or three days close hauled under short canvas in dirty weather, it was good news to all on board. But we were rather premature in our rejoicing. That very night, just as the first mate was turning in (for he had not been in his berth during the last two nights, and now that his mind was at ease he resolved to have four hours' sleep) the look-out on the fore-castle shouted "Breakers ahead!"

Mr. Gilbert was on deck in an instant, and gave his orders promptly and coolly. "Down with the helm, raise tacks and sheets!" But it was too late; the only difference was, that the ship went crashing broadside on to the reef, instead of bows on. A choice of two evils with a vengeance. As she struck, the foremast went over the side at once, dragging with it the main-top-mast, and there lay the bonny "Dryad" almost on her beam ends, smashing and tearing herself to pieces on a reef off the shore of the island which poor Gilbert had flattered himself he had weathered so cleverly. The ship continued beating very heavily, and the sea broke clean over her

waist; but though there was not much shelter anywhere, the quarter-deck was comparatively secure, and there we all, officers and men, betook ourselves. As she lay with her deck towards the shore, she made a lee for us on that side, and that, so far, was a fortunate circumstance.

To our surprise, the captain seemed to have completely recovered his senses; he was perfectly cool and collected. He blamed himself and no one else, for the loss of the ship, and consulted with the mates as to whether the cutters could swim in the sea that was running, and whether they would be sufficient to hold all the people. It was extremely doubtful whether they would do either one thing or the other; but he ordered them to be seen clear, all ready for lowering, and then said: "My lads, the ship will no doubt stick together until daybreak: if we can manage to hold on till then, we shall have a better chance of getting ashore; by that time, too, the weather may have moderated. It would be more dangerous to attempt to land now than it is to stay by the ship." He then ordered me to go down with the mates into the cabin, to try to lay our hands upon the blue-lights, also some cartridges for two small swivels, which we had on the taffrail. Moreover, he directed me to bring up some wine or spirits, to serve out to the crew. This I managed to effect with some difficulty; and very useful the allowance was to the wet and shivering men. We learned afterwards that our blue-lights and guns certainly gave notice to the people on the island of our whereabouts, but produced no other effect, nor, indeed, did we look for much assistance from shore.

A dreary night we passed, nor when day broke was the prospect much more inspiring; but that our commander's advice was good in urging the men not to take to the boats during the night was evident, as we could now perceive, what we should probably have missed in the dark, that there was a short stretch of sand and shingly beach, where we might have some chance of running the boats ashore, and even of saving our lives if they chanced to be rolled over in the heavy surf, which we could not help considering was more likely than not. Be that as might happen, the trial was to be made; and Captain Harrison proceeded to tell off the crew of the first cutter, which he placed under the charge of Mr. Monsell. With him she would carry twelve in all. This divided the crew and officers equally between the two boats, with the exception of the captain, who made one over the complement for the second cutter.

This having been arranged, we lowered away the boat, with two hands in her tending the falls, and, thanks to the shelter afforded by the position of the ship, we managed pretty well, and got the people into her without accident. But she swum very deep, even dangerously so. As long as she was under the lee of the wreck, this was not a matter of so much consequence, but it was a ticklish moment when they let go the painter, and put her head round for the shore. We watched her progress for a minute or two, and then proceeded to lower the second cutter, the captain saying, "Now, Gilbert, it is your turn."

The boat was successfully lowered, and the hands passed safely over the side, leaving Captain Harrison, Mr. Gilbert, and myself. Then the captain addressed the mate, and said, "Gilbert, I must be the last man on board, step over the side. Stedman, fetch me my glass; it lies in the companion hatch."

I brought it to him, and he ordered me to get into

the boat. As he followed me to the ship's bulwarks, I, of course, obeyed him, never dreaming of anything but that he would follow me. But when he saw that I was safe on board the boat, he called out, to the surprise of all,—

"Thirteen is an unlucky number, Gilbert; you are too deep as it is, and will do better without me. I shall stay on board to take care of the ship. Give way, my lads!"

Take care of the ship, indeed! God help him! the ship was breaking up fast, and the cargo coming up alongside.

As he spoke he cast off the end of the painter where it was made fast on board, and we were at once swept twelve or fifteen feet from the wreck, and if we had not pulled the cutter's bow round should have been capized instantly.

We could not have returned to the ship now if we had risked our lives to the utmost in attempting to do so. Had we been able to accomplish it, we most certainly should have been compelled to use force to remove the Captain. We saw him wave his hand to us, and walk deliberately to the weather quarter, where he crouched down, and, levelling his glass, looked out to windward.

You see, although he was so cool in taking command when the ship struck, and in arranging for the safety of the men; yet as soon as the first great excitement was over, his ideas went back to their former channel.

He had no care now for his wrecked ship, for his good men in extreme danger, or even for his own life, fast drawing to a close. No,—no; his thoughts were fifteen hundred miles away, with a deserted ship and a lost crew, whom he would have given his life to rescue, and for whom he would look until his last hour, and look in vain!

My story is nearly told.

The second mate managed to beach his boat very cleverly, and well for us in the second cutter that he did so; for we were not so lucky. When within three boats' length of the shore, a heavy roller took the cutter under the counter and turned her over, sweeping us, along with the capized boat, bruised and half-drowned. So that if Monsell's crew and the people on shore had not been on the look-out for us, and ventured boldly into the surf to our assistance, we should inevitably have been carried back by the returning sea, and, in our injured and helpless state, most probably have perished. But, thank God, we were rescued, though not without some casualties.

Among other trifles, Mr. Gilbert dislocated his shoulder, and two of my ribs were broken. Indeed, the whole of us had suffered more or less, and our boat lay on the beach, keel uppermost and useless for the present. The first cutter, however, was in pretty good order, and the mates consulted together on the possibility of reaching the wreck, and bringing off their commander, whether he would or no. If they had considered it at all feasible, they could have raised half a dozen volunteers in a minute; but it was too clearly a sheer impossibility to launch any boat through the surf which was then breaking on the beach. We hoped, however, against our better judgment, that the "Dryad" would hold together until the weather moderated.

In the mean while we were all kindly treated and cared for, and an account of our misfortune was to be conveyed to the British consul, at Fayal, as soon as the weather would permit. I may as well mention here, that by that gentleman we were furnished

with needful supplies, and eventually sent home to England by a large steamer that called at Fayal.

When the next morning dawned, however, our hopes as to the weather and the wreck were doomed to disappointment. The "Dryad" was gone! And what had been only thirty-six hours before a smart, well-built ship was now nothing but a mass of smashed and twisted timber, driven about like straw by the breakers, and hove upon the beach. And there we found him! He had lashed himself to the quarter-deck bulwarks where we had last seen him, and apparently in that position awaited his doom; for he had evidently made no efforts to save himself, either by the hencoops or loose spars which came ashore, and most probably must have been floating alongside. We dug his grave and laid him down with all decency and respect; ay, with sorrowing hearts too; for to us he had always behaved as a good and just man; and if in the lamentable instance I have related he had greatly erred, so also most bitterly he had repented.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"A LITTLE music." Ominous words,—suggestive of a great deal of noise, and much torture inflicted upon sensitive ears! We are not of a misanthropical turn of mind, and are quite ready, as a general rule, to join in the gayeties of our neighborhood; but every rule has its exception, and when Mrs. Peniwistle's invitation to an evening party winds up with, "We hope to have a little music," we feel sorely tempted to plead a previous engagement.

The English are accused of not being a musical nation, yet we can boast of many names among the living and the dead famous as composers and performers, and there is more music, good, bad, and indifferent, to be heard in England than out of it. The Monday Popular Concerts are a complete success, and the masses have learned to appreciate Beethoven and Mozart. Village concerts are becoming an "institution," penny readings are enlivened by music. All this goes far to disprove the assertion that we are an unmusical people. Why, then, is it, that when we are asked to "a little music," we feel sure, nine times out of ten, that misery awaits us?

We fear that, in order to answer this question, we must nerve ourselves for once to accept one of Mrs. Peniwistle's invitations.

We arrive; and as we leave our hat on the hall table, our eye falls on a well-worn piece of music. It has evidently seen service, and, indeed, we are afraid that we recognize it. Too true! it is "Ah! non Giunge," and we know,—alas! only too well,—who will, not sing it, but screech it, murder it, and, in short, do her very utmost to make us rush out of the room, stopping our outraged ears!

We are announced, and are welcomed by Mrs. Peniwistle in a whisper, for a gentleman with a bass voice of very mild quality is going through "The Bellringer," and flattering himself that he is producing a very fair imitation of Mr. Santley. Well, he is doing his best, and we must not be severe upon him, for he is a hard-working barrister, with little time for any other pursuit, and he sings in tune, which is something to be thankful for at any rate. After him comes a lady who plays one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," and a "Tarantelle" of Heller's. She is a really good musician, and we are sorry when she leaves the piano. Still more sorry when she is succeeded by a young lady who, in newspaper phraseology, "cannot be trusted." She

favors the company with "My mother bids me bind my hair," taken nearly a semitone flat the whole way through. But she is complacently unconscious of having given any pain, and when Mrs. Peniwistle says, "Thank you, I do so doat on those old things," Miss B. further attempts "Where the bee sucks," with what result may be imagined! It is almost superfluous to add, that the symphonies were scrambled over, and the accompaniments played with the total want of care unfortunately too common amongst amateurs. Have they never heard Mr. Benedict or Mr. Lindsay Sloper as accompanists? Those great artists consider that the symphony and accompaniment bear the same relation to a song as the setting does to a gem, and, accordingly, they do not think it beneath them to take some pains when they accompany.

But we must cease our moralizing, for the glee-singers are being mustered for "The Chough and Crow." A few of them have occasionally met for the ostensible purpose of practising glees and madrigals, though not exactly after a fashion which would satisfy Mr. Henry Leslie; but there are one or two supernumeraries to-night, — a fatal mistake, as we shall no doubt find presently. The soprano has by no means a bad voice, and acquits herself fairly till she arrives at the descending passage in the tenth bar, her execution of which can be best compared to some people's writing; putting only the first and last letters, and filling up the intermediate space with a line. The contralto is seized with a little nervous cough on reaching "my lady's bower." The bass succeeds better in "Nor board nor garner own we now" than he did in "The Bellringer." A painful want of unanimity is apparent in slackening the two bars marked *largo sostenuto*, and the long note is given in file-firing style. But how about the concluding chorus? Shade of Bishop! was there ever such dire confusion, — such an utter absence of precision and *aplomb*? But it comes to an end at last, and the performers are greeted with loud applause. "Who will o'er the Downs," presenting fewer difficulties, goes better, and then the glee-singers disperse.

Now for the lion of the evening, a tenor, who has been secured with immense pains, and of whom great things are expected. "So good of you to come!" Mrs. Peniwistle says enthusiastically, and Mr. C. looks as if he thought so too. With a good deal of mystery, he produces a manuscript song, "a very sweet thing," composed by an amateur friend, and entitled "Broken Heart Strings." Mr. C. is considered to sing with "wonderful expression," and if the phrase be taken to signify a suppression of the voice till it can be scarcely heard at all, it is certainly very applicable to him. We only wish he did not remind us so forcibly of the gentleman who sings, "Would you love me if you knew me?" in Mr. John Parry's incomparable entertainment, for the resemblance causes us to smile, which under the circumstances is inappropriate, to say the least of it. "What is the name of the song Mr. C. is singing?" inquires a deaf old dowager sitting next to us. We whisper the title with bated breath, for the question has reached Mr. C.'s ears, and he is looking daggers at the interruption; "'Broken *Harp* Strings,'" returns our friend; "dear me, what a very odd title!" We don't think it worth while to correct the mistake. But Mr. C. sings Italian as well as English, and after a vast amount of coaxing from Mrs. Peniwistle, consents to give us his idea of "Fra poco," of which we will merely say that it is indisputably

his own. "Thank you so very much, that is indeed a treat," is heard at its conclusion, in excitedly grateful accents, from Mrs. Peniwistle.

However, feeble as are Mr. C.'s vocal powers, we infinitely prefer him to the "funny" young gentleman to whom we now are compelled to listen. A more dismal performance it is impossible to imagine. We can laugh as heartily as most people, but just now we feel far more inclined to cry, such an utter simpleton is Mr. D. making of himself. And yet half the room is in convulsions, and one young lady, whose intense appreciation of Mr. D.'s comic powers threatens to terminate in hysterics, exclaims apologetically, "He is the drollest creature!"

And here we must enter our emphatic protest against the introduction into private circles of songs originally composed for very different auditors; and we strongly advise all would-be drawing-room comic singers to leave the music halls in the undisturbed proprietorship of "Oh! Ka Foozleum!"

Well, we now begin to think of beating a retreat, and accordingly approach Mrs. Peniwistle for the purpose of saying good night, but the conventional fib on our lips, touching the "delightful evening" we have had, is arrested by Mrs. Peniwistle. "You must not dream of leaving us yet, Miss E. is just going to give 'Ah! non Giunge';" so there is nothing for it but to sit down again. Miss E. is a tall, showy young lady, with a self-satisfied air that seems to say, as she takes her seat at the piano, "I know I am the prima donna of the neighborhood." Her pronunciation is a cruel injustice to the lovely "lingua Toscana," particularly observable in the word "terra," which she calls "taira." She sings the first part of Persiani's greatest triumph in a loud, uniform tone, destitute of the lights and shades which the words demand, and in the variations she resorts to an expedient which is the invariable resource of aspiring but incompetent singers of florid passages, e. g. she ducks her head at the commencement of every roulade, raising it again at what is supposed to be its conclusion. We are sure our readers are too familiar with this manœuvre to require further explanation. The final crash comes, all is over, and we go home and betake ourselves forthwith to our snugger. There, ensconced in our arm-chair, by a good fire, and in dressing-gown and slippers, we ask ourselves, Has this evening solved the question with which we started? Assuredly it has. The cause of the acute suffering which our ears have undergone to-night is not far to seek.

Not one amateur in a hundred really *learns* music. It might at first seem strange that this remark should especially apply to lady amateurs, as music is made a *sine qua non* in nearly every school-room. But what is the course pursued? A certain amount of strumming on the piano, which, in nineteen out of twenty cases, results in an utter inability to play any but the most trivial compositions correctly, if even so much as that be accomplished; and when singing is attempted, the evil is magnified tenfold. A few lessons from some first-rate master to finish what has never been properly begun, generally supplement the instructions of the governess or the inferior teacher, and nothing more is considered necessary. Just contrast this with the education of professionals.

We hear a lady exclaim somewhat indignantly, "I don't want my daughter to sing like a professional. I only wish her to sing in a quiet, unpretending way to give pleasure to her friends." Ah! my dear mad am, that is the very point we are discussing. How can bad singing give pleasure to anybody? And

how can it be otherwise than bad without practice, — real hard practice, which means something more than running up and down a scale three or four times, and then flying off to a song, and going straight through it without any study of the difficult passages. It is simply for want of proper training that so many young ladies victimize us when they attempt to sing. Happily there are some bright exceptions. We can call to mind two sisters, whose singing, both of duets and solos, it delights us to listen to; but exceptions only prove the rule.

It is curious to observe how mercilessly amateur young ladies will criticise their professional sisters. "O dear! we had that dreadful Miss Skremer, really she ought not to be allowed to sing!" Now very possibly poor Miss Skremer may be an indifferent performer, but it has probably cost her years of incessant study and hard work to qualify her for singing at all in public, and we suspect that her fair critic would have cut but a sorry figure in her place. The best amateur we ever heard had not been allowed to sing anything but exercises for two whole years.

But the most surprising thing of all is, that though so keenly alive to the shortcomings of others, young ladies must certainly be deaf to their own. How else can we account for the fact that, after hearing any great singer, they rush immediately to the music-shop to procure her new song?

To give an instance: Jenny Lind made her first great sensation in "Robert le Diable," and thereupon "Quando lascio la Normandia" formed part of every young lady's repertoire for the remainder of the season.

And no less is constant practice required for the due performance of part-songs. The marvellous precision of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir is the result of going over and over each glee and madrigal with unflinching perseverance. We are not unreasonable; we do not expect to find a Jenny Lind or an Alboni, a Santley or a Sims Reeves amongst our amateurs, but we do expect such an amount of care and pains to be bestowed in the culture of the most delightful of all accomplishments, as shall make us eagerly anticipate, and gladly accept, all invitations to *soirées* where we may expect "a little music."

FOREIGN NOTES.

RUMORS are still flying about respecting the authorship of "Ecce Homo," and there can be no doubt, says the *London Saturday Review*, that the well-kept secret has had a great deal to do with the large sale of the work. We learn from various booksellers that, in nine cases out of ten, the second question asked by the intending purchaser is, "Do you know who is the author?" Now, as blank ignorance would never do in a bookshop, various tradesmen have selected several distinguished individuals as the author whom they believe, in their own minds, to have written the book. Vice-Chancellor Page Wood was early chosen for the post; then came Mr. George Waring, of Magdalen Hall. A later favorite was Professor Goldwin Smith, and his recent visit to America and sojourn with Emerson has been dwelt upon with considerable gusto, as throwing some light upon the authorship. The last favorite will strike many persons with surprise. It is no other than the Emperor Napoleon III., whom many persons in Paternoster Row roundly assert wrote the book in French, and then sanctioned its translation into English!

THE Saxon people are burying their money in the earth, through dread of the plundering by friends and enemies that will begin if their country becomes a battle-ground between the Prussians and the Austrians.

THE *London Reader* says that "the celebrated Cancale oyster-beds have been visited by the oyster-pest, and the once nutritious bivalves are no longer a tempting esculent, but a certain poison. When the celebrated Mdle. Rachel died, her sister abandoned the stage and took to oyster-breeding as a means of subsistence, renting a *parc aux huîtres* in Mount St. Michael's Bay. The oyster-pest from Cancale spread, and her oyster-beds have become depopulated. She has, in consequence, obtained from the Prefect of La Manche the concession of a fresh bed, known as *Le Banc des Pendus*, near Regneville. Here she intends laying down the gigantic American horseshoe oyster, a luxury hitherto untried in Europe, admirable for all culinary purposes, but lacking much of the delicacy of our favorite Native."

IF swindlers were more familiar with science, frauds of a serious nature would indeed be frequent. Fancy, for example, a bill at three months' date, written in ink which completely disappeared in as many weeks! Such a thing is not impossible. But a more possible fraud has been shown to the French Academy at one of its late sittings by a distinguished *savant*. M. Frenny exhibited a diamond weighing about four grammes, which, under its ordinary condition, is slightly tinted yellow; but which, when submitted to a high temperature, assumes a rose tint, which it possesses for several days, only gradually being restored to its original hue. The diamond, which, at the time of exhibition, had the rose color, was kept in the cabinet of the Institute until the next meeting, when its original yellowish tint was restored. Now, the price of an ordinary diamond of the weight we have mentioned would be about 60,000 francs; but, with the delicate rose tint, it would be worth three times as much! This peculiar change having been observed, it may be quite legitimate to ascertain if any other diamonds possess this chameleon-like accomplishment.

A WRITER in *Hardwick's Science Gossip* furnishes the following charming little essay touching the French Marigold.

"This plant is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and named in France *Souci de Jardin*; in Germany, *Goedblume*. Loudon says, 'The Marigold was introduced into England in 1572, from the South of Europe, and named *Calendula*, because it may be found in flower during the calends of every month.' According to Linneus, these flowers are found open from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon. Bullein, who wrote in 1562, mentions, 'The Marigold with golden yellow flowers, named *Caltha* or *Calendula*, because it flowereth in the kalends of the year, and is named *Salsequinum* because it openeth his flower and turneth at day after the sun, and closeth in his golden beams at night. The flowers will change the hair and make it yellow.' It is the corolla that yields a fine orange color. In the olden time, good housewives extracted this juice to color cheese. It seems evident the French Marigold was a new and interesting flower in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In Bacon's 'Essay on Gardens,' the French Marigold is included in his list of flowers for May or June. May we not, then, conclude it flourished in Shakespeare's garden at New Place, where,

doubtless, he observed the habits he has so truthfully and poetically described? For instance:

"The Marigold that goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping."

This beautiful allusion to the sleep of plants Shakespeare elsewhere completes, when he describes the Marigold waking at morning:—

"And winking Marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes."

Again he sings:—

"Her eyes like Marigolds have sheathed their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day."

The name of *French Marigold* was probably given to this flower in consequence of its having reached England from the South of Europe through France. It would be curious to know why our lively neighbors gave the melancholy name of "*Souci de Jardin*" to this bright-looking flower! The Marigold is now superseded by the numerous new flowers introduced into our gardens. Yet its banishment may be regretted; the French Marigold is rich in color, regular in form, and its scent particularly refreshing when the morning dew is on the leaves. In addition to these attractions, methinks, we should cherish a flower that our great Shakespeare admired, and sang of so poetically."

M. COURBET, the French artist, is another instance of a man who awakes one fine morning to find himself famous. For several years past, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he has been painting pictures which only now and then were admitted at the *salon*, and of which nobody took any notice. But the tide that leads on to fortune has come at last. This year he sends his "*La Femme au Perroquet*" to the Exhibition and all at once finds himself the fashion of the hour. He sells this painting for 7,000 fr. A stockbroker gives him 15,000 fr. for a landscape, also in the *salon*, called "*La Remise des Chevreuils*," adding, at the same time, a commission on equally good terms for a picture of a naked Eve of the same size as the other nude figure teasing the parrot. The "*Femmes Damnées*," a painting which was refused by the hanging committee three years ago, has also been sold for 12,000 fr., and several landscapes at from 5,000 to 12,000 fr. Courbet's studio is crowded daily with aristocratic visitors, and commissions pour in on him that will keep him busy for years to come. This is a story that contrasts curiously with that of poor Holtzapffel, who put a pistol to his head the other week because he had been painting for years without any recognition of merit and had his pictures of this year rejected at the *salon*. Courbet's case looked just as bad, only he lived on, and the lucky day, it turns out, was close at hand.

SOME very rare books from the famous library of Count Libri, and other collections, have just been sold in London. Conspicuous in the gathering were some most interesting Shakespeariana and old plays. These are nearly all accompanied by anecdotes and bibliographical descriptions in the catalogue. Concerning an edition of the "*Merchant of Venice*," bearing date 1652, it is said: "This is the edition of 1637, with a new title, a circumstance which escaped the bibliographers of Shakespeare for about a century. The text was printed for Laurence Hayes, the successor of Thomas Hayes, or Heyes, who held the copyright. It has some peculiar readings, and a list of actors' names, which list has been repeatedly erroneously ascribed to Rowe."

Of a copy of the "*Rape of Lucrece*, printed by J. B. for Roger Jackson, 1624," a curious circumstance is told. It appears that this copy was "very fine," with the exception of the woodcut and imprint upon the title having been cut out and replaced. While in the hands of a former possessor who had a fancy for collecting the woodcut devices of printers, the piece alluded to was cut out from the title and placed in a volume devoted to such collections; but, after the lapse of more than a century, the identical piece was found, and has been replaced by Mr. Bedford, the bookbinder, well known for his skill in repairing volumes. This edition of the "*Rape of Lucrece*" is of excessive rarity, no copy having been in the famous collection of Mr. Daniell, nor in any other which has occurred for sale of late years. Another feature with "*Shakespeariana*" was the Shakespeare Forgeries and Controversy,—William Henry Ireland's own collections, the first lot of which was the original forgeries to "*Miscellaneous Papers under the Hand and Seal of William Shakespeare*," and containing, amongst other make-believes, "a lock of Ann Hathaway's hair!"

UNDER the title of "*The Confessions of Cousin Amy*," the heroine of Tennyson's "*Locksley Hall*," contributes an amusing page to *London Fun*.

"I may as well begin by telling you that I never cared very much for Alfred; except, of course, as a cousin. Our mode of living at Locksley Hall was now and then a trifle dull, you see; and I found it a pleasant relief to get verses written in my album, or to have the leaves of my music-book turned over when I chose to play the '*Harmonious Blacksmith with Variations*,' the March in *Blue Beard*, and the '*Minuet de la Cour*.' At the age of sixteen I could perform these three pieces with great fluency and expression; it was, therefore, much to be regretted that I could perform no others. The composition of the '*Harmonious Blacksmith*' has been attributed, by the general voice of mankind, to Handel; and that of the March in *Blue Beard* is assigned with equal unanimity to Michael Kelly; but the authorship of the Court Minuet remains veiled in the mists of obscurity. But I will now resume the history of my unfortunate misunderstanding with young Alfred, beginning at the beginning.

"This poor boy's father was killed in the Mahratta war; and my beloved parents—the kindest parents that ever breathed—took charge of the orphan. It was no easy task, I should think, to so superintend the education of such a vain, forward, self-willed, and passionate child. The earliest thing I remember about him is that he caught a severe influenza through standing at the open staircase window several nights in succession, to watch the great Orion sloping slowly to the west. Nobody with a grain of common sense would have selected for these nocturnal experiments a constellation which is only visible during the coldest months in the whole year. My cousin's temper was not improved by illness, as you may imagine; and it was upon my devoted head that his displays of petulance usually fell. I persevered in my attentions to the wayward invalid nevertheless; and ultimately had the satisfaction of seeing him arrowrooted into health again.

"Years rolled by in alternate quarrels and reconciliations, until I reached the age of seventeen. My cousin Alfred was about a twelvemonth older; it was consequently high time that he should select some trade or profession. Any lad with an atom of spirit would, long before that age, have preferred

earning an honest livelihood by his own exertions to living in dependence upon his relatives; but the notion of hard work was distasteful to this impetuous youth. He must needs become a poet, — a resolve which was confirmed by my thoughtless approval of some verses he had lately written. I could scarcely help laughing outright on his confessing to me that he entertained serious hopes of being made Poet Laureate after the death of Mr. Wordsworth. Such presumption would have been inexpressibly comical had it not been inexpressibly painful. Another proof of this young man's modesty may be found in the fact of his proposing that I should become his wife. Excessively probable, forsooth, that Miss Amy Locksley, the future *châtelaine* of Locksley Hall, would unite her destiny to that of a penniless and obscure scribbler! I returned an evasive answer, which saved me, I have no doubt, from a terrific outburst of abuse and vituperation. Certainly I told no falsehood in saying that I loved him; for I *did* love him — as a cousin. Anything beyond that was, of course, entirely out of the question.

"About a month after this occurrence, Alfred went up to London to seek his fortune at the point of his pen. I need hardly say that his matrimonial intentions had not been confided to my parents. With all his faults (and they were many) my cousin was not sufficiently heartless to inflict *that* pang upon his benefactors; and the love-passages between us were kept a profound secret. We corresponded regularly for some time; but our letters very soon began to decrease in length and interest. Alfred was evidently absorbed in the society of artists, musicians, and men of letters; and I was equally absorbed in preparations for my approaching marriage. The match was in every respect a good one; and I have never yet found cause in it for one moment's regret, after twenty-five years of unalloyed happiness. My dear husband's tastes are simple; and his chief interests, apart from those which concern my own comfort and the education of our children, appear to be centred in his dog and his horse. I am thankful that my father and mother were spared to witness our domestic felicity before they were borne away to sleep their last sleep in the family vault of the Locksleys.

"Of Alfred I have seen and heard nothing since a year after my marriage. At that period he was discovered prowling about our park by one of the footmen. On being invited by the man to step into the servants' hall and take some refreshment, he angrily declined. He was shortly afterwards seen at the Locksley Arms, down in the village, in the company of several dissolute authors, who amused themselves by blowing on the bugle-horn, and drinking considerably more than was good for them.

"By the way, I have heard it vaguely rumored that my cousin has lately thought proper to publish a tissue of misrepresentations and calumnies respecting myself, my parents, and my husband. I can assure him that he is at liberty to make whatever use he pleases of our names; and, at the same time, I regret that he is unable to earn a dinner by more honest and reputable means. My intimate friend, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, has informed me that I am not the only sufferer from these vindictive attacks. Should their author ever attain, as he once fondly hoped, the dignity of the Laureateship, I trust that he will, at least, pay to the highest lady in the land the compliment of confining his personalities in future to offenders of his own sex."

THE JUNE DREAM.

A GARDEN in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold, —
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosey and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees, —
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And — trembling in the gusty swells —
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon — white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly pressed,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

O, brave young sailor! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can never part, —
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flowers
She thinks of the departed hours, —
Regret her loving heart must bear
But anguish has no portion there.

W. S.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

[No. 25.]

THE CIGAR SHIP.

WE take tickets at Fenchurch Street for Poplar; and as we go upon the platform, perceive at once that we are in seaport London; none of our fellow-passengers are holiday-makers, and all seem to have something to do in the shipping or manufacturing line. The occupants of our compartment are not even inclined to lose the fifteen minutes which our journey will consume. One old gentleman in the opposite corner is studying a blue book, on the cover of which I see "Merchant Seamen's Act"; and a young man, a draughtsman to some ship-builder, I suppose, is busily unrolling some drawings, to make them up into a smaller roll. The only exceptions to the general assiduity are myself and the merchant captain next me. I suppose his ship is being repaired, for he seems to have nothing to do or care for, and he and I soon get into conversation. He begins by asking, "Have you seen the cigar-ship?"

"No, I am going to see her. What do you think of her?"

"Why," says our captain, "I think she looks like nothing else but a whale with a Greenwich boat on her back."

"What do you think of her seagoing qualities?"

"I think she is seaworthy as far as the Nore; but if she ever gets into the chops of the Channel, she'll roll like Jack ashore just paid off."

"But, sir," interrupts the draughtsman, who has now arranged his roll to his satisfaction, "by a proper adjustment of the weights, the centre of gravity may be brought so low that she will not roll more than any other ship. I think her worst fault will be pitching, there being so little of the ends under water to support their great weight."

"O yes," replies the captain, "I know very well you shipbuilders think that by your calculations you can find out just how a ship will behave at sea. But put you aboard my craft in a gale, under close-reefed topsails, and you'd find out how little you knew. Why, you would n't be able to tell the sky from the water."

After a minute or two, our captain resumes, in a milder tone, "What reasons have you, sir, for thinking that the *Ross Winans* will be steady?"

"My opinions as to the seagoing qualities of vessels are only formed by comparing their respective forms; I cannot pretend to any other knowledge, as I have never been to sea beyond Margate; but I should say that, as the cigar-ship is not really so much unlike other ships in form as she appears to be, she will not be so much unlike them in performance as you anticipate."

"What," says the captain, "not unlike other ships! That's a new theory. I never saw the steamer that I would not rather sail to Australia in than take this new-fangled ship across the Channel."

"Well, you know, captain, that the form of the vessel above water has nothing to do with her stability; and if you take the piece of the cigar-ship that is below the water, and compare it with twenty different models of yachts, you will find at least two or three which only differ from it in having a keel and cutwater. She will certainly be very much inclined to go off to leeward when under sail, through having no projecting keel to keep her up to the wind; but I do not see that her want of keel will affect her speed in steaming; and it will certainly not affect her stability to a greater extent than can be set right by ballast."

"Well, you may be right about it," says the captain; "but she will be very awkward to manage, having such a small deck; and, at the best, her peculiar form does her no good, and is only a piece of fancy on the part of her designer."

But we are now at Poplar; and a walk, first through narrow streets, where boat-builders, and oakum-dealers, and pump-makers, and carvers of ships' figure-heads work and live, — and past that old house once inhabited by Sir Walter Raleigh, but now a greengrocer's shop, with nothing but pieces of worm-eaten battered carving here and there to show what it once was, — and then by the river-side, — and then across the gates which let ships in and out of the docks, — and then along the wharfs, where piles of timber are heaped up, enough, one would suppose, to build ships for many years to come, and behold we are close to the cigar-ship, and have only to cross a bridge to be alongside. And what do we think of her? Is she like a cigar, or will our merchant-captain's simile describe her? Imagine a cigar much larger than *Anak* or *Chang* would care about smoking, — indeed, longer than any of our river-steamers; not exactly the shape of an ordinary cigar, having no blunt end, but a point at each end. Now, take a small steamer, and cut off all the part below water, and place the remaining upper part on the middle of the cigar, and you have a tolerable approximation to the form of the cigar-ship.

Before we go on board, we notice at a small distance from each end what appear to be, and are really, the *pins* of the ship. Three metal blades are visible near each end, and three more, we are told, are out of sight under water. Each set of blades, or fans, forms a screw-propeller, it being intended that the vessel shall go ahead or astern with equal facility.

The propellers differ in many respects from the screw of an ordinary vessel, — in there being one at each end of the ship, in half of each being out the water, whereas usually the whole is immersed, and also in the peculiar way in which they are connected with the ship. The engineers say that their six blades, of which, as they revolve, three will be always immersed, will do the same work as the three blades of an ordinary screw. Those pointed pieces beyond the screws are to divide the water as the ship goes ahead or astern; they turn round with the fans, the whole revolving with an axis or "shaft," which extends the whole length of the ship, and turning about a straight line drawn from point to point of the cigar. The ship really ends inside of the screws, and, divested of the screws and points, would look like a cigar with two blunt ends; but the form of the vessel appears perfect to the point, and the blades seem to have been thrust in to the surface. Like the fins of a fish, they are so evidently not parts of the surface as not to take off the effects of its curvature.

On board the ship, we are first shown the engine-room. We go down a staircase so constructed as to put our hats in imminent danger of being knocked in or off, and find ourselves on one side of the engines, which are in the centre of the ship. What an intricate maze of pipes and rods and cranks, all polished to a marvellous degree of perfection! Every cubic inch appears to have been made some use of; and when the engineer, who has volunteered to show us the engines, lifts up a piece of iron in the flooring, we see that the small place beneath is full of pipes and taps also. "Our great difficulty," says he, "has been to find room for everything; we never fitted engines of such great power in so small a space. You can see here," he resumes, "the way in which the ship is put together. This, which you can touch, is the half-inch outside plating. What would they have said a few years ago to having ships half an inch thick!"

He informs us that these half-inch flat iron plates form the skin of the ship, and are kept out to their curved form by iron ribs, which, in the ends of the vessel, are complete circles; but here, where we are roofed in by a deck, they form three parts of a circle, and the ends turn up, and make the upper boat-shaped portion of the ship. The ribs are formed of what are technically called angle-irons, a section being an angle, each of whose two bounding lines is about half an inch thick. An idea of the form of one of these ribs may be obtained by half opening a book, first dividing the leaves in the middle of the book. One of the covers with its leaves may be taken to represent the leaf of the rib which is next the skin, the other the leaf which is at right angles to it, and imparts the strength required to keep the skin in its proper form. The advantage of this form of rib appears to be, that it can be easily fastened to the skin by rivets. The ribs in the engine-room are placed about a yard and a half apart, that being the largest compartment of the ship, and also being subjected to great strains by the motion of the engines.

As the engine is only interesting through being fitted in so small a space, we do not spend much time over it, but ask our guide to show us the next compartment. He says the next is the stokehole; and we mount the staircase, and go down a still more difficult descent into a box about three or four yards square. We notice four furnaces, two on the fore side, two on the after side. "You see," says our guide, "there is not much room for stoking, and I

can assure you it is very hot here when steam is up, although we have got thick doors to our furnaces."

"Where do the coals come from?" I inquire. "The coal-bunkers at the side seem very small."

"O, they are stowed under the saloons and cabins; but we can get at them from here. Perhaps you have seen an absurd drawing of the ship in some shop-windows in the city. The artist appears to have seen your difficulty, and has shown the coals in the points beyond the screw. It is true we might have filled the points with coals, but we should never have been able to get them out."

I remark that they seem to have a very small space for water in the boiler.

"Yes, only three inches all round the furnaces; and so our pumping arrangements have to be very carefully contrived, so that the boilers shall be filled as rapidly as the water is turned into steam. I must introduce you to the donkey, this small engine in the corner; his duty is to pump water into the boilers, and to work the ventilating apparatus."

"The ventilating apparatus, — where is that?" I ask.

"The part of it which you can see here is that tube overhead, and the barrel through which it appears to pass. The tube extends nearly the whole length of the ship, and the small pipes convey the hot air into it from the cabins. It empties itself into the barrel, in which are revolving fans. The donkey turns the fans, and thus the air is drawn out of the tube, and expelled through the opening which you see in the barrel. When we have steam up, we are so hot here that the heated air from the cabins is cooling, and as we only get the draught on our heads, it is something like having one's feet in a warm bath, and head in a snow-storm."

"And I suppose the donkey works that ballast-machine which I have heard of as one of the curiosities of the cigar-ship?"

"O no; there is another small engine on purpose," answers the engineer. "You know, then, that we have something new in the way of ballast. It is under the engine-room, just in the middle of the ship, and consists of a pendulum of lead weighing about seventeen tons. When the ship is too much over on one side, we move the pendulum to the other, and she is righted at once; so you see we shall not roll over and over in the first heavy sea we meet, as people are fond of saying about us. You have now seen all I can show you of the engines; I suppose you will not care about the saloons, which are only painted and gilded as they might be in any other yacht, but would prefer seeing the novelties of the ship. If so, I am at your service."

Cheerfully accepting this offer, we ascend to the deck, and go forward. Here is a ladder-way to the smoking-saloon, but just above it we are told to look for the steering apparatus, or rather the part of it which is to be seen above the deck. The compass is in close proximity to it, and is so suspended as to be unaffected by the pitching of the ship, and to uninterruptedly tell its tale in storm and calm. The representative on deck of the steering apparatus is a brass handle and axle, the handle something like that we see used to set a railway locomotive in motion. The handle turns horizontally, the axle being vertical, and, as we are informed, extending the whole depth of the ship. It is of course impossible to put the rudder in its usual position at the stern of the ship, the stern in this case being one of the cones which revolve with the fans; so where could it be placed, and how moved? This was one of the

many problems the solution of which the peculiar form of the vessel involved. The rudders (for there is one aft, and one forward) are square thin pieces of metal, and if we could see under water, they would appear to project from the keel. One edge touches it, and the other three edges are made sharp like a knife, so as to offer no resistance to the water. The axle, of which we can see the upper end, runs out through a tube to form a connection with the middle rudder, and about it the rudder turns. And having thus settled to our satisfaction the steering question, we ask what next.

"The next interesting thing," says our guide, "will be the anchor, or rather that part of its gear which can be seen on board. To see it, we must pay a visit to Jack's quarters: here is the boatswain, we will ask him if we can go there."

The boatswain, on being asked, says that Jack has just finished his dinner, and if we don't mind the odor of pea-soup, we are at liberty to go; and he'll go with us, as Mr. Jones is wanted ashore. As we walk along the deck, he informs me that "We berth the blue-jackets right aft, abaft the cabins, and the stokers for'ard; but what you want to see you'll best see in Jack's quarters."

We accordingly descend another ladder, and first we notice a table in the middle extending the whole length of the compartment. "That," the boatswain informs us, "is the casing of the shaft. You know how it is just in the middle all the length of her, in the way everywhere, and the shipwrights have had to make tables, and steps to ladders out of its casing, anything to hide it, just as the ladies like you to think a sofa bedstead's only a sofa. The men use that table to mess on, and sleep in the berths along the side."

"What! in those places that look like shelves in a linen-draper's shop?"

"Yes; there is just height enough between two shelves for a man to get in and drop down inside the boarding in front, which keeps him from rolling out. Talk about over-cramming the people that the railways turn out of their houses; none of 'em are crammed like this I know; but sailors are used to it. But you want to see about our anchors. I don't believe in 'em myself. Our gunner thinks they'll hold her by their weight; but I don't think as the skipper trusts to 'em much, for he's got a pair of others as a stand-by."

We cannot see anything like an anchor, and are decidedly of opinion that a cabin is not the most likely place to find one; but our guide does not leave us to wonder long. He shows us an upright iron tube, something like a small funnel, up which, he tells us, the chain comes from the anchor. Another strange contrivance! The anchor is shaped like a mushroom, and has a hole just its shape cut out of the bottom of the vessel for it, so that when it is "weighed" the surface of the ship is unbroken, and there is nothing to tell of the existence of an anchor. When the ship is to be anchored, the chain is let go, and the mushroom is dropped into the water to find a hold in the bottom of the sea.

The compartment at the other end of the ship corresponding to the one we are now in is appropriated for the stokers. Although it is much like the other, we go to see it, passing on our way the cooking-place, which is in a house on the deck. We are rewarded for our trouble: the doors between this house and the spaces on the fore-side of it happen to be now open, and we can see one of the ends of the vessel. The ship is divided into eight com-

partments, the partitions being made water-tight; and thus hitherto, in going from one to another, we have had to ascend to the deck, and descend by another ladder. But now we cannot do this, as we are in the extremities of the ship, beyond the deck. The remaining spaces must be entered through this, and so the usual contrivance of water-tight doors is adopted, the doors being shut upon india-rubber, and screwed close, so that the india-rubber completely fills the joint. These compartments are used for provisions and stores. At the end of the next one to us is the bulkhead or partition upon which the shaft turns, and which communicates the power of the screw to the ship. It is made very strong, and is rigidly connected with the ship, it being the part of the ship which first receives the moving force of the screw, and thus has a tendency to move from its position.

"And now for the saloons," says the boatswain: and accordingly we visit them, and see that the engineer's description is correct. Everything is done on the principle of getting as much accommodation as possible out of a little space. The cabins in which the officers will eat, drink, and sleep are about the size of a compartment of a railway carriage.

"And what do you think of the *Ross Winans*?" says our guide in parting; "isn't she a queer fish?"

Without expressing ourselves in such decided terms, it is certain that any one who has seen the cigar-ship must allow that, in many respects, she is a great curiosity; and whatever may be thought of her chances of answering the expectations of the owners, there can be but one opinion as to the excellent and skilful manner in which every detail has been suited to the general design.

HAIR-DYEING.

ARE wigs immoral? — because if not, one scarcely perceives a reason why the newspaper moralists who are so fond of describing Anonyma and Cora Pearl with a kind of reprehensive voluptuousness of detail, should waste so much moral strength in denouncing the practice of using hair-dyes. It is not wicked, one would think, in itself, than wearing false teeth, or scattering powder, or padding, and all those sins have hitherto escaped with very lenient censure from the newspaper pulpit. Hair-powder, it is true, since it became a taxable offence has been condemned as nasty, which it is, and ugly, which, as any one will acknowledge who has ever seen an old minuet at the opera, it decidedly is not. It suited bright faces very well, though it made the pallid ghastly, and its disappearance, though a gain to cleanliness, was a loss to that variety of appearance which is the greatest external charm of society. People, footmen excepted, have forgotten powder, but they have not forgotten adornments as deceitful as the hair-dyes against which they are so amusingly and unintelligibly indignant.

The practice of using them is not a novel one. Women, and men too, have dyed their hair from time immemorial, and there has not been an interval within the last three centuries during which hair-dressers have not employed pigments to conceal grayness, whiteness, or eccentricity of color in the hair. The only thing new is the fashionable shade, and the introduction of that shade is in one way a very distinct gain. It has restored the popular faith in the possible beauty of light-haired women. The condition of public opinion upon that subject has for

years past been almost a marvel. That a people essentially Northern, among whom five persons in six have hair tinged with some shade of light brown, should prefer black hair is perhaps natural, for infrequency always increases the piquancy of admiration.

Oriental, on the same principle, admire fair hair and excessive lightness of complexion, and one African race, the Somali, stains its wool with henna and lime till it is of a dull brick-dust hue. But the English horror of light hair in women was almost comical in its intensity, so deep as to affect literature and penetrate the opinions of the uncultivated mass.

One shade of red, that false auburn which is red in the sun and brown under artificial light, was tolerated, chiefly, we imagine, because fashionable opinion is formed under chandeliers; but the true auburn, which has a golden flash in it under the sun and a red flash only by candle-light,—the auburn which the Italian painters loved three centuries ago, and Millais can paint now when he will let his imagination work as well as his eyes,—was utterly condemned, all the more viciously perhaps because that is the shade in which hair is found most voluminous and silky. Men's judgment was acidulated by the admixture of the one envy which the best women can never quite suppress. Flaxen hair, even that wonderful flax which suggests an aureole, and which—probably from its association with the appearance of little children—conveys an indefinable impression of innocence, for which Thackeray gave it to Becky Sharp, was disposed of summarily as "tow." Golden hair, we mean the true gold, looking as if it had been spun not from any metal so much as from a sunny topaz, was first called "conspicuous," and then, when bands became universal, "sandy." That color is perhaps the only one to which curls are essential, just as black is the only one in which curls can never be most becoming. As to the different shades of red, the language was ransacked to find terms of abhorrence which should be sufficiently expressive, and while the costermonger asked somebody "to put out that 'ere bonnet, it must be burning by now," the peer summed up his dislike in the emphatic word "Carrots!" So deep was the disgust for this shade that it extended even to men's heads. Nobody ever suggested that men with fair hair could not be handsome, or denied that the highest Norman type, the tall, fair-haired, steel-eyed, light-complexioned man, was the ideal type of all, but everybody professed to abominate red. Hundreds of school-boys have had their lives rendered miserable by a shade too much of the hated color, and grave remonstrances have been addressed to the managers of Christ's Hospital against their uniform, on the ground that the sun by some mysterious process would turn brown hair red.

The sun, if the evidence of fact may be trusted, either blackens the hair, which seems impossible, or induces the race which live under its beams to produce the black hair which most effectually protects the head. No tropical race is light-haired. Part of the objection to red hair no doubt arose from the ugly complexion, and freckles, and turned up nose by which it is often accompanied, but the aversion was felt and expressed even in cases where red hair was only the natural complement of very regular beauty. The new fashion, therefore, of dyeing hair to lighten its color, instead of dyeing it to darken it, strikes right athwart a natural prejudice,—so clearly athwart, that, while it has restored people to the use of their senses in judging color, it has also raised an absurd

shout of moral reprobation. Dyeing may be immoral possibly, but dyeing red cannot be more immoral than dyeing black. The world does not greatly condemn a fair woman whose beauty is spoiled by untimely grayness for removing the blemish,—feeling, though not acknowledging, that beauty is a gift which it is as right to preserve as health or eyesight,—and if white hair may be made black, surely brown may be made golden. At all events it is made every day, and if those who make it would only remember that the golden locks of Flavia, who has a cheek like a peach and a brow of milk,—not of alabaster, O minor poet! healthy flesh never being absolutely bleached,—will not necessarily suit Lalage, who has a face carved out of Derbyshire cheese and a forehead which cannot tan, the golden hair would add to the grace and variety of assemblies.

So rapid has been the spread of this fashion, that the resources of chemistry have been ransacked for dyes, and we have before us a huge volume of receipts for the production of almost any shade. They are all very nasty—nastiness is the real objection to hair-dyes, as it is to rouge and chignons, and is not to false teeth—and all subject to one fatal defect. They do not change the inherent color of the hair, which grows every moment as it was originally made; the pigments therefore must be incessantly reapplied, and the hair, instead of being dyed, as, for instance, a topaz is dyed by burning, is only painted,—by no means a very pleasing idea. One would think it *prima facie* possible to make a radical change, the coloring matter being an oil held as it were in a tube, and impregnated with substances the character of which has been discovered.

Accordingly to Mr. Cooley, "The chemical constitution of the hair was first made known by Mr. Hatchett, who showed it to consist chiefly of indurated albumen, together with a little gelatine, or matter that yields it. Soft and very flexible hair is said to contain the most gelatine. Subsequently, Vauquelin discovered that hair contains two different kinds of oily matter,—the one white and bland, common to all hair; the other, colored, and on which in part the particular color of the hair depends. He also found small and variable quantities of mineral substances in hair. In light-colored hair he found magnesia, and in black and dark hair iron and sulphur. It is the presence of these last that mainly gives to dark hair its color. Fur, wool, bristles, and spines, in their chemical nature, structure, and mode of formation, resemble hair; as also, to a very great extent, do the feathers of birds."

We ought, if that is correct, and we knew how, to be able to feed people into hair of the wished-for color; but then we do not know how, and so are driven back on devices many of which are dangerous or disagreeable. It is easy enough and safe enough to darken the color. A weak solution of acetate of iron dissolved in water and mixed with a little glycerine will, if rubbed daily into the head, gradually and permanently darken the hair and benefit the health besides,—a hint we recommend to red-haired beauties when popular prejudice turns against them again, as it will one day. Lead, often used instead of iron, is as dangerous a substance as it is well possible to employ, and the lead comb in which our grandmothers trusted is of very uncertain efficacy. There is no swift mode which does not involve the use of lead or silver to a dangerous extent, and no safe mode except iron, or sometimes after a certain age iron and sulphuret of potassium,

which restores the decreasing sulphur. In any case, too, under any temptation, the woman who tries to change the color of her eyelashes is a fool, who risks for nothing penalties which may embitter an entire life. For lightening the hair the following is said to be the formula most in use, and is, when the time is applied, a little too lavishly as ingenious a device for injuring the head as ingenuity has yet discovered:—

“Take of

Carbonate of Lead	1 ounce;
Litharge (pure; levigated, }	{ of each
Hydrated oxide of bismuth }	{ 1 ounce;
Fresh slaked lime	2 ounces;
Distilled or soft water	1 pint;

boil, with constant stirring, for 30 or 40 minutes. When cold, pour the whole into a wide-mouthed bottle, add of

Liquor of ammonia (.880—.882) 2 fluid drachms; put in the cork, and shake frequently for some hours. The next day pour off the liquid portion. The sediment, which forms the dye, must then be well stirred together, and again before use. It is to be applied for 8 to 10 minutes to produce an ‘auburn color’; 15 minutes, for ‘chestnut’; 20 minutes, for ‘full brown’; and 30 minutes, or longer, for ‘deep brown’ and ‘black.’ For the paler shades it is to be washed off with water containing a little common soda.

“(‘Liquid Plumbic Dye.’) Take of

Hydrated protoxide of lead	1 ounce;
Liquor of potassa	2 fluid ounces;

mix in a stoppered vial, and agitate it frequently for some days. It must be used more or less diluted, according to the object in view. By its skillful application, every shade, from a pale ‘sandy red’ to ‘dark brown,’ may be produced; and these may be turned on the ‘golden brown,’ ‘auburn,’ and ‘chestnut,’ by subsequently moistening the hair with a weak solution of sulphuret of potassium or hydrosulphuret of ammonia.”

Instantaneous hair dyeing is effected by washing the hair in a solution of nitrate of silver, and then in a mixture of hydrosulphuret of ammonia and distilled water, which acts as a mordant, when the hair instantly turns either brown or black. It is, however, on the golden shades that intellect has been recently chiefly expended, and here is a list which includes every color except one—the golden bronze—which is caused by washing with a solution of blue vitriol, followed by another of the ferrocyanide of potassium.

“A strong infusion of safflowers, or a solution of pure rouge, in a weak solution of crystallized carbonate of soda, gives a ‘bright red,’ like henna, or a ‘reddish yellow,’ according to its strength, if followed, when dry, by a ‘mordant’ of lemon-juice or vinegar diluted with one half to an equal bulk of water.

“An acidulated solution of a salt of antimony, followed by a weak ‘mordant’ of neutral hydrosulphuret of ammonia or the bisulphuret, carefully avoiding excess, gives a ‘red turning on the orange,’ which tones well on light brown hair.

“A solution of sulphantimoniate of potassa (Schlippe’s salt) with a mordant of water slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid, gives a ‘bright orange red’ or ‘golden red color.’

“Golden Yellow.—A solution of bichloride of tin (sufficiently diluted), followed by a ‘mordant’ of hydrosulphuret of ammonia, gives a rich ‘golden yellow tint’ to very light hair, and a ‘golden brown’ to darker hair, owing to the formation of aurum musivum, mosaic gold, or bisulphuret of tin.

“A solution of acetate or nitrate of lead, followed by a ‘mordant’ of yellow chromate of potash, gives a brilliant rich ‘golden yellow.’ If wanted ‘warmer’ or

‘deeper toned,’ a few drops of solution of diacetate of lead (Goulard’s extract) should be added to the acetate solution.

“A solution of pure annotta, obtained by boiling it in water slightly alkalinized with carbonate of soda, or with salt of tartar, gives a ‘golden yellow’ or ‘flame yellow,’ according to its strength, to very pale hair, and corresponding tones to darker hair. A previous ‘mordant’ of alum water ‘deepens’ it; and a subsequent washing with water soured with lemon-juice or vinegar ‘reddens’ it, or turns it on the ‘orange.’”

Henna, by the way, is unobjectionable, and never fails, so that if any woman really wishes for bright red hair she has only to make friends with some *attaché* of the embassy at Constantinople or with Mr. Layard. We must add, that there is now sold in Paris a dye which instantly changes white or flaxen hair into the most glorious gold, which is nearly instantaneous, and never fails, or can fail. It is called *orpiment*, is the golden sulphuret of arsenic, and has only one trifling drawback, which those who want it probably will not mind. It *kills*, just as inevitably and as swiftly as doses of arsenic would.

CINDERELLA.

WE were at Paris one year—ten years before the time I am writing of—and Mrs. Garnier lived over us, in a tiny little apartment. She was very poor, and very grandly dressed, and she used to come rustling in to see us. Rustling is hardly the word,—she was much too graceful and womanly a person to rustle; her long silk gowns used to ripple, and wave, and flow away as she came and went; and her beautiful eyes used to fill with tears as she drank her tea and confided her troubles to us. H. never liked her; but I must confess to a very kindly feeling for the poor, gentle, beautiful, forlorn young creature, so passionately lamenting the loss she had sustained in Major-General Garnier. He had left her very badly off, although she was well connected, and Lady Jane Peppercorne, her cousin, had offered her and her two little girls a home at Ravenhill, she used to tell us in her *exploré* manner. I do not know why she never availed herself of the offer. She said once that she would not be doing justice to her precious little ones, to whom she devoted herself with the assistance of an experienced attendant. My impression is, that the little ones used to scrub one another’s little ugly faces, and plait one another’s little light Chinese-looking tails, while the experienced attendant laced and dressed and adorned, and scented and powdered their mamma.

She really was a beautiful young woman, and would have looked quite charming if she had left herself alone for a single instant, but she was always posing. She had dark bright eyes; she had a lovely little arched mouth; and hands so white, so soft, so covered with rings, that one felt that it was indeed a privilege when she said, “O, how do you do?” and extended two or three gentle confiding fingers. At first she went nowhere except to church, and to walk in the retired paths of the Park de Monceau, although she took in *Galvani* and used to read the lists of arrivals. But by degrees she began to—chiefly to please me, she said—go out a little, to make a few acquaintances. One day I was walking with her down the Champs Elysées, when she suddenly started and looked up at a tall, melancholy-looking gentleman who was passing, and who stared at her very hard; and soon after that it was that she began telling me she had determined to make an

effort for her children's sake, and to go a little more into society. She wanted me to take her to Madame de Girouette's, where she heard I was going that evening, and where she believed she should meet an old friend of hers, whom she particularly wished to see again. Would I help her? Would I be so very good? Of course I was ready to do anything I could. She came punctual to her time, all gray moire and black lace; a remise was sent for, and we set off, jogging along the crowded streets, with our two lamps lighted, and a surly man, in a red waistcoat and an oilskin hat, to drive us to the Rue de Lille. All the way there Mrs. Garnier was strange, silent, nervous, excited. Her eyes were like two shining craters, I thought, when we arrived, and as we climbed up the interminable flights of stairs. I guessed who was the old friend with the gray moustache in a minute: a good, well-looking, sick-looking man, standing by himself in a corner.

I spent a curious evening, distracted between Madame de Girouette's small talk, to which I was supposed to be listening, and Mrs. Garnier's murmured conversation with her old friend in the corner, to which I was vainly endeavoring not to attend.

"My dear, imagine a *bouillon*, surmounted with little tiny flutings all round the bottom, and then three *ruches*, alternating with three little *volants*, with great *choux* at regular intervals; over this a tunic, caught up at the side by a *jardinière*, a *ceinture à la Bébé*."

"When you left us I was a child, weak, foolish, easily frightened and influenced. It nearly broke my heart. Look me in the face, if you can, and tell me you do not believe me," I heard Mrs. Garnier murmuring in a low, thrilling whisper. She did not mean me to hear it, but she was too absorbed in what she was saying to think of all the people round about her.

"Ah, Lydia, what does it matter now?" the friend answered in a sad voice, which touched me somehow. "We have both been wrecked in our ventures, and life has not much left for either of us now."

"It is cut *en biais*," Madame de Girouette went on; "the pieces which are taken out at one end are let in at the other: the effect is quite charming, and the economy is immense."

"For you, you married the person you loved," Lydia Garnier was answering; "for me, out of the wreck, I have at least my children, and a remembrance, and a friend,—is it so? Ah, Henry, have I not at least a friend?"

"Everybody wants one," said Madame de Girouette, concluding her conversation, "and they cannot be made fast enough to supply the demand. I am promised mine to wear to-morrow at the opening of the salon, but I am afraid that you have no chance. How the poor thing is overworked,—her *magazin* is crowded,—I believe she will leave it all in charge of her *première demoiselle*, and retire to her *campagne* as soon as the season is over."

"And you will come and see me, will you not?" said the widow as we went away, looking up. I do not know to this day if she was acting. I believe, to do her justice, that she was only acting what she really felt, as many of us do at times.

I took Mrs. Garnier home as I had agreed. I did not ask any questions. I met Colonel Ashford on the stairs next day, and I was not surprised when, about a week after, Mrs. Garnier came into the drawing-room early one morning, sinking down at my feet in a careless attitude, seized my hand, and said that she had come for counsel, for advice. She

had had an offer from a person whom she respected, Colonel Ashford, whom I might have remarked that night at Madame de Girouette's; would I,—would I give her my candid opinion; for her children's sake did I not think it would be well to think seriously?

"And for your own, too, my dear," said I. "Colonel Ashford is in Parliament, he is very well off. I believe you will be making an excellent marriage. Accept him by all means."

"Dear friend, since this is your real, heartfelt opinion, I value your judgment too highly not to act by its dictates. Once, years ago, there was thought of this between me and Henry. I will now confide to you, my heart has never failed from its early devotion. A cruel fate separated us. I married. He married. We are brought together as by a miracle, but our three children will never know the loss of their parents' love," &c., &c. Glance, hand-pressure, &c.,—tears, &c. Then a long, soft, irritating kiss. I felt for the first time in my life inclined to box her ears.

The little Garniers certainly gained by the bargain, and the Colonel sat down to write home to his little daughter, and tell her the news.

Poor little Ella, I wonder what sort of anxieties Mrs. Ashford had caused to her before she had been Ella's father's wife a year. Miss Ashford made the best of it. She was a cheery, happy little creature, looking at everything from the sunny side, adoring her father, running wild out of doors, but with an odd turn for housekeeping, and order and method at home. Indeed, for the last two years, ever since she was twelve years old, she had kept her father's house. Languid, gentle, easily impressed, Colonel Ashford was quite curiously influenced by this little daughter. She could make him come and go, and like and dislike. I think it was Ella who sent him into Parliament: she could not bear Sir Rainham Richardson, their next neighbor, to be an M.P., and an oracle, while her father was only a retired colonel. Her ways and her sayings were a strange and pretty mixture of childishness and precociousness. She would be ordering dinner, seeing that the fires were alight in the study and dining-room, writing notes to save her father trouble (Colonel Ashford hated trouble), in her cramped, crooked, girlish hand; the next minute she was perhaps flying, agile-footed, round and round the old hall, skipping up and down the oak stairs, laughing out like a child as she played with her puppy, and dangled a little ball of string under his black nose. Puff, with a youthful bark, would seize the ball and go scuttling down the corridors with his prize, while Ella pursued him with her quick flying feet. She could sing charmingly, with a clear, true, piping voice, like a bird's, and she used to dance to her own singing in the prettiest way imaginable. Her dancing was really remarkable: she had the most beautiful feet and hands, and as she seesawed in time, still singing and moving in rhythm, any one seeing her could not fail to have been struck by the weird-like little accomplishment. Some girls have a passion for dancing,—boys have a hundred other ways and means of giving vent to their activity and exercising their youthful limbs, and putting out their eager young strength; but girls have no such chances; they are condemned to walk through life for the most part quietly, soberly, putting a curb on the life and vitality which is in them. They long to throw it out, they would like to have wings to fly like a bird, and so they dance

sometimes with all their hearts, and might, and energy. People rarely talk of the poetry of dancing, but there is something in it of the real inspiration of art. The music plays, the heart beats time, the movements flow as naturally as the branches of a tree go waving in the wind. . . .

One day a naughty boy, who had run away, for a lark, from his tutor and his schoolroom at Cliffe, hard by, and who was hiding in a ditch, happened to see Ella alone in a field. She was looking up at the sky and down at the pretty scarlet and white pimpernels, and listening to the birds; suddenly she felt so strong and so light, and as if she *must* jump about a little, she was so happy, and so she did, shaking her pretty golden mane, waving her poppies high overhead, and singing higher and higher, like one of the larks that were floating in mid-air. The naughty boy was much frightened, and firmly believed that he had seen a fairy.

"She was all in white," he said afterwards, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "She'd no hat, or anything; she bounded six foot into the air. You never saw anything like it."

Master Richardson's guilty conscience had something to do with his alarm. When his friend made a few facetious inquiries, he answered quite sulkily, "Black pudden? she offered me no pudden or anything else. I only wish you had been there, that's all, then you'd believe a fellow when he says a thing, instead of always chaffing."

Ella gave up her dancing after the new wife came to Ash Place. It was all so different; she was not allowed any more to run out in the fields alone. She supposed it was very nice having two young companions like Lisette and Julia, and at first, in her kindly way, the child did the honors of her own home, showed them the way which led to her rabbit, her most secret bird's-nest, the old ivy-grown smugglers' hole in the hollow. Lisette and Julia went trotting about in their frill trousers and Chinese tails of hair, examining everything, making their calculations, saying nothing, taking it all in (poor little Ella was rather puzzled, and could not make them out). Meantime her new mother was gracefully wandering over the house on her husband's arm, and standing in attitudes admiring the view from the windows, and asking gentle little indifferent questions, to all of which Colonel Ashford replied unsuspectingly enough.

"And so you give the child an allowance? Is she not very young for one? And is this Ella's room? how prettily it is furnished."

"She did it all herself," said her father, smiling. "Look at her rocking-horse, and her dolls' house, and her tidy little arrangements."

The housekeeping books were in a little pile on the table; a very suspicious-looking doll was lying on the bed, so were a pile of towels, half marked, but neatly folded; there was a bird singing in a cage, a squirrel, a little aged dog—Puff's grandmother—sleeping on a cushion, some sea-anemones in a glass, gaping with their horrid mouths, strings of birds' eggs were suspended, and whips were hanging up on the walls. There was a great bunch of flowers in the window, and a long daisy-chain fastened up in festoons round the glass; and then on the toilet-table there were one or two valuable trinkets set out in their little cases.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Ashford, "is it not a pity to leave such temptation in the way of the servants? Little careless thing,—had I not better keep them for her, Henry? they are very beautiful." And Mrs.

Ashford softly collected Ella's treasures in her long white hands.

"Ella has some very valuable things," Colonel Ashford said. "She keeps them locked up in a strong box, I believe; yes, there it is in the corner."

"It had much better come into my closet," Mrs. Ashford said. "O, how heavy! Come here, strong-arm, and help me." Colonel Ashford obediently took up the box as he was bid.

"And I think I may as well finish marking the dusters," said Mrs. Ashford, looking round the room as she collected them all in her apron. "The books, of course, are now my duty. I think Ella will not be sorry to be relieved of her cares. Do you know, dear, I think I am glad, for her sake, that you married me, as well as for my own. I think she has had too much put upon her, is a little too decided, too *prononcée* for one so young. One would not wish to see her grow up before the time. Let them remain young and careless while they can, Henry."

So when Ella came back to mark the dusters that she had been hemming, because Mrs. Milton was in a hurry for them and the housemaid had hurt her eye, they were gone, and so were her neat little books that she had taken such pride in, and had been winding up before she gave them to Mrs. Ashford to keep in future; so was her pretty coral necklace that she wore of an evening; and her pearls with the diamond clasp; and her beautiful clear carbuncle brooch that she was so fond of, and her little gold clasp bracelet. Although Eliza and Susan had lived with them all her life long, they had never taken her things, poor Ella thought, a little bitterly. "Quite unsuitable, at your age, dearest," Mrs. Ashford murmured, kissing her fondly.

And Ella never got them back any more. Many and many other things there were she never got back, poor child. Ah me! treasures dearer to her than the pretty coral necklace and the gold clasp bracelet,—liberty, confidence,—the tender atmosphere of admiring love in which she had always lived, the first place in her father's heart. That should never be hers again some one had determined.

The only excuse for Mrs. Ashford is, that she was very much in love with her husband, and so selfishly attached to him that she grudged the very care and devotion which little Ella had spent upon her father all these years past. Every fresh proof of thought and depth of feeling in such a childish little creature hurt and vexed the other woman. Ella must be taught her place, this lady determined, not in so many words. Alas! if we could always set our evil thoughts and schemes to work, it would perhaps be well with us, and better far than drifting, unconscious and unwarned, into nameless evil, unowned to one's self, scarcely recognized.

And so the years went by. Julia and Lisette grew up into two great, tall, fashionable, bouncing young ladies; they pierced their ears, turned up their pigtails, and dressed very elegantly. Lisette used to wear a coral necklace, Julia was partial to a clear carbuncle brooch her mother gave her. Little Ella, too, grew up like a little green plant springing up through the mild spring rains and the summer sunshine, taller and prettier and sadder, every year. And yet perhaps it was as well after all that early in life she had to learn to be content with a very little share of its bounties: she might have been spoilt and over-indulged if things had gone on as they began, if nothing had ever thwarted her, and if all her life she had had her own way. She was a

bright, smiling little thing, for all her worries, with a sweet little face; indeed, her beauty was so remarkable, and her manner so simple and charming, that Julia and Lisette, who were a year or two her elders, used to complain to their mother nobody ever noticed them when Ella was by. Lady Jane Peppercorne, their own cousin, was always noticing her, and actually gave her a potato off her own plate the other day.

"I fear she is a very forward, designing girl. I shall not think of taking her out in London this year," Mrs. Ashford said, with some asperity; "nor shall I allow her to appear at our croquet party next week. She is far too young to be brought out."

So Ella was desired to remain in her own room on this occasion. She nearly cried, poor little thing, but what could she do? her father was away, and when he came back Mrs. Ashford would be sure to explain everything to him. Mrs. Ashford had explained life in so strangely ingenious a manner that he had got to see it in a very topsy-turvy fashion. Some things she had explained away altogether, some she had distorted and twisted; poor little Ella had been explained and explained, until there was scarcely anything of her left at all. Poor child, she sometimes used to think she had not a single friend in the world, but she would chide herself for such fancies: it must be fancy. Her father loved her as much as ever, but he was engrossed by business, and it was not to be expected he should show what he felt before Julia and Lisette, who might be hurt. And then Ella would put all her drawers in order, or sew a seam, or go out and pull up a bedful of weeds to chase such morbid fancies out of her mind.

Lady Jane Peppercorne, of whom mention has been already made, had two houses, — one in Onslow Square, another at Hampstead. She was very rich, she had never married, and was consequently far more sentimental than ladies of her standing usually are. She was a flighty old lady, and lived sometimes at one house, sometimes at the other, sometimes at hotels here and there, as the fancy seized her. She was very kind as well as flighty, and was constantly doing generous things, and trying to help any one who seemed to be in trouble or who appeared to wish for anything she had it in her power to grant.

So when Mrs. Ashford said, "O Lady Jane, pity me! My husband says he cannot afford to take me to town this year. I should so like to go, for the dear girls' sake of course —"

Lady Jane gave a little grunt, and said, "I will lend you my house in Onslow Square, if you like, — that is, if you keep my room ready for me in case I want to come up at any time. But I dare say you won't care for such an unfashionable quarter of the world."

"O Lady Jane, how exceedingly kind, how very delightful and unexpected!" cried Mrs. Ashford, who had been hoping for it all the time, and who hastened to communicate the news to Lisette and Julia.

"I shall want a regular outfit, mamma," said Julia, who was fond of dress. "Perhaps we shall meet young Mr. Richardson in town."

"I shall be snapped up directly by some one, I expect," said Lisette, who was very vain, and thought herself irresistible.

"Am I to come, too?" asked Ella, timidly, from the end of the room, looking up from her sewing.

"I do not know," replied her stepmother, curdly, and Ella sighed a little wistfully, and went on stitching.

"At what age shall you let me come out?" she presently asked, shyly.

"When you are fit to be trusted in the world and have cured your unruly temper," said Mrs. Ashford.

Ella's eyes filled with tears, and she blushed up; but her father came into the room, and she smiled through her tears, and thought to herself that, since her temper was so bad, she had better begin to rule it that very instant. . . .

It is a bright May morning after a night of rain, and although this is London and not the country any more, Onslow Square looks bright and clean. Lady Jane has had the house smartly done up: clean chintz, striped blinds, a balcony full of mignonette. She has kept two little rooms for herself and her maid, but all the rest of the house is at the Ashfords' disposal. Everybody is satisfied, and Ella is enchanted with her little room up stairs. Mrs. Ashford is making lists of visits and dinner-parties and milliners' addresses; Lisette is looking out of window at some carriages which are passing; the children and nurses are sitting under the trees in the square; Julia is looking at herself in the glass and practising her court courtesies; and Ella is in the back-room arranging a great heap of books in a bookcase. "I should like to go to the Palace, mamma," she says, and looking up with a smudgy face, for the books were all dirty and covered with dust. "Do you think there will be room for me?"

Ella had no proper pride, as it is called, and always used to take it for granted she was wanted, and that some accident prevented her from going with the others. "I am sorry there is no room for you, Ella," said Mrs. Ashford, in her deep voice; "I have asked Mr. Richardson to come with us, and if he fails, I promised to call for the Countess Bricabrac. Pray, if you do not care for walking in the square this afternoon, see that my maid puts my things properly away in the cupboards, as well as Julia's and Lisette's, and help her to fold the dresses, because it is impossible for one person to manage these long trains unassisted."

"Very well," said Ella, cheerfully. "I hope you will have a pleasant day. How nice it must be to be going."

"I wish you would learn not to wish for everything and anything that you happen to hear about, Ella," said Mrs. Ashford. "If you hear any visitors coming, go away, for I cannot allow you to be seen in this dirty state."

"There's a ring," said Ella, gathering some of the books together. "Good by."

Young Mr. Richardson, who was announced immediately after, passed a pretty maid-servant, carrying a great pile of folios, upon the stairs. She looked so little fitted for the task that he involuntarily stopped and said, "Can I assist you?" The little maid smiled, and shook her head, without speaking. "What a charming little creature!" thought Mr. Richardson. He came to say that he and his friend Jack Prettyman were going to ride down together, and would join the ladies at the Palace.

"We are to pick Colonel Ashford up at his club," Mrs. Ashford said, "and Madame de Bricabrac. I shall count upon you then." And the ladies waved him gracious *au revoir* from the balcony.

"O, don't you like white waistcoats, Julia?" said Lisette, as she watched him down the street.

They are gone. Ella went up to help with the dresses, but presently the maid said, in her rude way, that she must go down to dinner, and she could not have anybody mending the things about while she was away. Carter hated having a "spy" set over her, as she called Miss Ashford. The poor little spy went back to the drawing-room. She was too melancholy and out of spirits to dress herself and go out. Her face was still smudgy, and she had cried a little over Lisette's pink tarlatane. Her heart sank down, down, down. She did so long for a little fun and delight, and laughter and happiness. She knew her father would say, "Where is Ella?" and her mother would answer, "O, I really cannot account for Ella's fancies. She was sulky this morning again. I cannot manage her strange tempers."

The poor child chanced to see her shabby face and frow and tear-stained cheeks in one of the tall glasses over the gilt tables. It was very silly, but the wibegone little face touched her so; she was so sorry for it that all of a sudden she burst out sob, sob, sob, crying, "O, how nice it must be to be loved and cherished, and very happy!" she thought. "O, I could be so good if they would only love me!" She could not bear to think more directly of her father's change of feeling. She sat down on the floor, as she had a way of doing, all in a little heap, staring at the empty grate. The fire had burnt out, and no one had thought of relighting it. For a few minutes her tears overflowed, and she cried and cried in two rivulets down her black little face. She thought how forlorn she was, what a dull life she led, how alone she lived, — such a rush of regret and misery overpowered her, that she hid her face in her hands, unconscious of anything else but her own sadness. . . .

She did not hear the bell ring, nor a carriage stop, nor Lady Jane's footsteps. She came across the room and stood looking at her. "Why, my dear little creature, what is the matter?" said the old lady at last. "Crying? don't you know it is very naughty to cry, no matter how bad things are? Are they all gone, — are you all alone?"

Ella jumped up, quite startled, blushed, wiped her tears in a smudge. "I thought nobody would see me cry," she said, "for they are all gone to the Crystal Palace."

"And did they leave you behind quite by yourself?" the old lady asked.

"They were so sorry they had no room for me," said good-natured little Ella. She could not bear to hear people blamed. "They had promised Madame de Bricabrac."

"Is that all?" said Lady Jane, in her kind, imperious way. "Why, I have driven in from Hampstead on purpose to go there too. There's a great flower-show to-day, and you know I am a first-rate gardener. I've brought up a great hamper of things. Put on your bonnet, wash your face, and come along directly. I've plenty of room. Who is that talking in that rude way?" for at that instant Carter called out from the drawing-room door, without looking in, —

"Now then, Miss Ella, you can come and help me fold them dresses. I'm in a hurry."

Carter was much discomposed when Lady Jane appeared, irate, dignified.

"Go up stairs directly, and do not forget yourself again," said the old lady.

"O, I think I ought to go and fold up the dresses," said Ella, hesitating, flushing, blushing, and looking more than grateful. "How very, very

kind of you to think of me. I'm afraid they would n't, — I'm afraid I've no bonnet. O, thank you, I — but —"

"Nonsense, child," said Lady Jane; "my maid shall help that woman. Here," ringing the bell violently, to the footman, — "what have you done with the hamper I brought up? let me see it unpacked here immediately. Can't trust those people, my dear, — always see to everything myself."

All sorts of delicious things, scents, colors, spring-flowers and vegetables came out of the hamper in delightful confusion. It was a hamper full of treasures, — sweet, bright, delicious-tasted, — asparagus, daffodillies, bluebells, salads, cauliflowers, hot-house flowers, cowslips from the fields, azalias. Ella's natty little fingers arranged them all about the room in plates and in vases so perfectly and so quickly, that old Lady Jane cried out in admiration, —

"Why, you would be a first-rate girl, if you did n't cry. Here, you John, get some bowls and trays for the vegetables, green peas, strawberries; and O, here's a cucumber and a nice little early pumpkin. I had it forced, my dear. Your stepmother tells me she is passionately fond of pumpkins. Here, John, take all this down to the cook; tell her to put it in a cool larder, and order the carriage and horses round directly. Now then," to Ella, briskly, "go and put your things on, and come along with me. I'll make matters straight. I always do. There, go directly. I can't have the horses kept. Raton, my coachman, is terrible if he is kept waiting, — frightens me to death by his driving when he is put out."

Ella did not hesitate a moment longer; she rushed up stairs; her little feet flew as they used to do formerly. She came down in a minute, panting, rapturous, with shining hair and a bright face, in her very best Sunday frock, cloak, and hat. Shabby enough they were, but she was too happy, too excited, to think about the deficiencies in her toilet.

"Dear me, this will never do, I see," said the old lady, looking at her disapprovingly; but she smiled so kindly as she spoke, that Ella was not a bit frightened.

"Indeed, I have no other," she said.

"John," cried the old lady, "where is my maid? Desire her to come and speak to me directly. Now then, sir!"

All her servants knew her ways much too well not to fly at her commands. A maid appeared as if by magic.

"Now, Batter, be quick; get that blue and silver bournous of mine from the box up stairs, — it will look very nice; and a pair of gray kid gloves, Batter; and let me see, my dear, you would n't look well in a brocade. No, that gray satin skirt, Batter; her own white bodice will do, and we can buy a bonnet as we go along. Now, quick; am I to be kept waiting all day?"

Ella in a moment found herself transformed somehow into the most magnificent lady she had seen for many a day. It was like a dream, she could hardly believe it; she saw herself move majestically, sweeping in silken robes across the very same pier-glass, where a few minutes before she had looked at the wretched little melancholy creature, crying with a dirty face, and watched the sad tears flowing. . . .

"Now then, — now then," cried Lady Jane, who was always saying, "Now then," and urging people on, — "where's my page, — are the outriders there? They are all workhouse boys, my dear; they came to me as thin and starved as church-mice, and them

I fatten them up and get 'em situations. I always go with outriders. One 's obliged to keep a certain dignity in these Chartist days, — universal reform, — suffrage, — vote by ballot. I 've no patience with Mr. Gladstone, and it all rests with us to keep ourselves well aloof. Get in, get in! Drive to Sydenham, if you please."

Lady Jane's manners entirely changed when she spoke to Raton. And it is a fact that coachmen from their tall boxes rule with a very high hand, and most ladies tremble before them. Raton looked very alarming in his wig, with his shoebuckles and great red face.

What a fairy-tale it was! There was little Ella sitting in this lovely chariot, galloping down the Brompton Road, with all the little boys cheering and hurrahing; and the little outriders clattering on ahead, and the old lady sitting bolt upright as pleased as Punch. She really *had* been going to Sydenham; but I think if she had not, she would have set off instantly, if she thought she would make anybody happy by so doing. They stopped at a shop in the Brompton Road, — the wondering shopwoman came out.

"A white bonnet, if you please," said Lady Jane. "That will do very well. Here, child, put it on, and mind you don't crease the strings." And then away and away they went once more through the town, the squares, over the bridges. They saw the ships and steamers coming down the silver Thames, but the carriage never stopped: the outriders paid the tolls and clattered on ahead. They rolled along pleasant country lanes and fields, villas and country-houses, roadside inns and pedestrians, and crawling carts and carriages. At the end of three quarters of an hour, during which it seemed to Ella as if the whole gay *cortège* had been flying through the air, they suddenly stopped, at last, at the great gates of a Crystal Palace blazing in the sun and standing on a hill. A crowd was looking on. All sorts of grand people were driving up in their carriages; splendid ladies were passing in. Two gentlemen in white waistcoats were dismounting from their horses just as Ella and Lady Jane were arriving. They rushed up to the carriage-door, and helped them to the ground.

"And pray, sir, who are you?" said Lady Jane, as soon as she was safely deposited on her two little flat feet with the funny old-fashioned shoes.

The young man colored up and bowed. "You don't remember me, Lady Jane," he said. "Charles Richardson, — I have had the honor of meeting you at Ash Place, and at Cliffe, my uncle's house. This is my friend, Mr. Prettyman."

"This is Mr. Richardson, my dear Ella, and that is Mr. Prettyman. Tell them to come back in a couple of hours" (to the page), "and desire Raton to see that the horses have a feed. Now then — yes — give her your arm, and you are going to take me? — very well," to the other white waistcoat; and so they went into the palace.

What are young princes like now-a-days? Do they wear diamond aigrettes, swords at their sides, top-boots, and little short cloaks over one shoulder? The only approach to romance that I can see, is the flower in their button-hole, and the nice little moustaches and curly beards in which they delight. But all the same besides the flower in the button, there is also, I think, a possible flower of sentiment still growing in the soft hearts of princes in these days, as in the old days long, long ago.

Charles Richardson was a short, ugly little man,

very gentlemanlike, and well dressed. He was the next heir to a baronetcy: he had a pale face and a snub nose, and such a fine estate in prospect — Cliffe Court its name was — that I do not wonder at Miss Lisette's admiration for him. As for Ella, she thought how kind he had been on the stairs that morning; she thought what a bright, genial smile he had. How charming he looked, she said to herself: no, never, never had she dreamt of any one so nice. She was quite — more than satisfied, no prince in romance would have seemed to her what this one was, there actually walking beside her. As for Richardson himself, it was a case of love at first sight. He had seen many thousand young ladies in the last few years, but not one of them to compare with this sweet-faced, ingenuous, tender, bright little creature. He offered her his arm, and led her along.

Ella observed that he said a few words to his friend; she little guessed their purport. "You go first," he whispered, "and if you see the Ashfords, get out of the way. I should have to walk with those girls, and my heart is here transfixed forever. . . . Where have I seen you before?" he went on, talking to Ella, as they roamed through the beautiful courts and gardens, among fountains and flowers, and rare objects of art. "Forgive me for asking you, but I must have met you somewhere long ago, and have never forgotten you. I am haunted by your face." Ella was too much ashamed to tell him where and how it was they had met that very morning. She remembered him perfectly, but she thought he would rush away and leave her, if she told him that the untidy little scrub upon the stairs had been herself. And she was so happy: music playing, flowers blooming, the great wonderful fairy palace flashing overhead; the kind, clever, delightful young man to escort her; the gay company, the glitter, the perfume, the statues, the interesting figures of Indians, the dear, dear, kind Lady Jane to look to for sympathy and for good-humored little nods of encouragement. She had never been so happy; she had never known what a wonder the palace might be. Her heart was so full. It was all so lovely, so inconceivably beautiful and delightful, that she was nearly tipsy with delight; her head turned for an instant, and she clung to young Richardson's protecting arm.

"Are you faint, — are you ill?" he said, anxiously.

"O no!" said Ella, "it's only that everything is so beautiful; it is almost more than I can bear. I — I am not often so happy; O, it is so charming! I do not think anything could be so delightful in all the world." She looked herself so charming and unconscious as she spoke, looking up with her beautiful face out of her white bonnet, that the young fellow felt as if he *must* propose to her, then and there, off-hand, on the very spot; and at the instant he looked up passionately — O horror! — he caught sight of the Ashfords, mother, daughters, Madame de Bricabrac, all in a row, coming right down upon them.

"Prettyman, this way to the right," cried little Richardson, desperately; and Prettyman, who was a good-natured fellow, said, "This way, please, Lady Jane; there's some people we want to avoid over there."

"I'm *sure* it was," Lisette said. "I knew the color of his waistcoat. Who could he have been walking with, I wonder?"

"Some lady of rank, evidently," said Julia. "I think they went up into the gallery in search of us." "Let us go into the gallery, dears," said Mrs. Ashford, and away they trudged.

The young men and their companions had gone into the Tropics, and meanwhile were sitting under a spreading palm-tree, eating pink ices; while the music played and played more delightfully, and all the air was full of flowers and waltzes, of delight, of sentiment. To young Richardson the whole palace was Ella in everything, in every sound, and flower and fountain; to Ella, young Richardson seemed an enormous giant, and his kind little twinkling eyes were shining all round her.

Poor dear! she was so little used to being happy, her happiness almost overpowered her.

"Are you going to the ball at Guildhall, to-morrow?" Mr. Richardson was saying to his unknown princess. "How shall I ever meet you again? will you not tell me your name? But—"

"I wonder what o'clock it is, and where your mother can be, Ella," said Lady Jane; "it's very odd we have not met."

"I can't imagine where they can have hid themselves," said Julia, very crossly, from the gallery overhead.

"I'm so tired, and I'm ready to drop," said Miss Lisette.

"O, let us sit," groaned Madame de Bricabrac. "I can walk no more; what does it matter if we do not find your friends?"

"If we take our places at the door," said Lisette, "we shall be sure to catch them as they pass."

"Perhaps I may be able to go to the ball," said the princess doubtfully. "I—I don't know." Lady Jane made believe not to be listening. The voices in the gallery passed on. Lady Jane having finished her ice, pulled out her little watch, and gave a scream of terror. "Heavens! my time is up," she said. "Raton will frighten me out of my wits, driving home. Come, child, come,—come,—come. Make haste,—thank these gentlemen for their escort," and she went skurrying along, a funny little active figure, followed by the breathless young people. They got to the door at last, where Raton was waiting, looking very ferocious. "O, good by," said Ella. "Thank you so much," as Richardson helped her into the chariot.

"And you will not forget me?" he said, in a low voice. "I shall not need any name to remember you by."

"My name is Ella," she answered, blushing, and driving off; and then Ella flung her arms round Lady Jane, and began to cry again, and said, "O, I have been so happy! so happy! How good, good of you to make me so happy! O, thank you, dear Lady Jane!"

The others came back an hour after them, looking extremely cross, and were much surprised to find Lady Jane in the drawing-room. "I am not going back till Wednesday," said the old lady. "I've several things to do in town. . . . Well, have you had a pleasant day?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Ashford plaintively. "The Colonel deserted us; we did n't find our young men till just as we were coming away. We are all very tired, and want some supper. Some of your delicious fruit, Lady Jane."

"O dear, how tired I am!" said Julia.

"Poor Richardson was in very bad spirits," said Lisette.

"What a place it is for losing one another," said old Lady Jane. "I took Ella there this afternoon, and though I looked about I could n't see you anywhere."

"Ella!" cried the other girls, astonished; was she there? . . . But they were too much afraid of Lady Jane to object more openly.

That evening, after the others left the room, as Ella was pouring out the tea, she summoned up courage to ask whether she might go to the ball at Guildhall with the others next evening. "Pray, pray, please take me," she implored. Mrs. Ashford looked up amazed at her audacity.

Poor little Ella! refused, scorned, snubbed, wounded, pained, and disappointed. She finished pouring out the tea in silence, while a few bitter, scalding tears dropped from her eyes into the teacups. Colonel Ashford drank some of them, and asked for more sugar to put into his cup.

"There, never mind," he said, kindly. He felt vexed with his wife, and sorry for the child; but he was, as usual, too weak to interfere. "You know you are too young to go into the world, Ella. When your sisters are married, then *your* turn will come."

Alas! would it ever come? The day's delight had given her a longing for more; and now she felt the beautiful glittering vision was only a vision, and over already: the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palace; and the charming prince himself,—was he a vision too? Ah! it was too sad to think of. Presently Lisette and Julia came back: they had been up stairs to see about their dresses.

"I shall wear my bird-of-paradise, and my yellow tarlatane," said Lisette; "gold and purple is such a lovely contrast."

"Gobert has sent me such a lovely thing," said Julia; "tricolor flounces all the way up,—she has so much taste."

Good old Lady Jane asked her maid next morning if any dress was being got ready for Miss Ella. Hearing that she was not going, and that no preparations were being made, she despatched Batter on a secret mission, and ordered her carriage at nine o'clock that evening. She went out herself soon after breakfast in a hired brougham, dispensing with the outriders for once. Ella was hard at work all day for her sisters: her little fingers quilled, fluted, frilled, pleated, pinned, tacked the trimmings on their dresses more dexterously than any dressmaker or maidservant could do. She looked so pretty, so kind, and so tired, so wistful, as she came to help them to dress, that Lisette was quite touched, and said, "Well, Ella, I should n't wonder if, after I am snapped up, you were to get hold of a husband some day. I dare say *some* people might think you nice-looking."

"O, do you think so really, Lisette?" said Ella, quite pleased; and then faltering, "Do you think . . . Shall you see Mr. Richardson?"

"Of course I shall," said Lisette. "He was talking great nonsense yesterday after we found him; saying that he had met with perfection at last,—very devoted altogether; scarcely spoke to me at all; but that is the greatest proof of devotion, you know. I know what he meant very well. I should n't be at all surprised if he was to propose to-night. I don't know whether I shall have him. I'm always afraid of being thrown away," said Lisette, looking over her shoulder at her train.

lla longed to send a message, a greeting of some kind, to Lisette's adorer. O, how she envied her; it would she not have given to be going too? . . . What! are not you dressing, child?" said Lady Jane, coming into the room. "Are they again going to call for Madame de Bricabrac? I had tied up a pair of shoebuckles for you in case you tire; but keep them all the same, they only want the rubbing up."

O, thank you; how pretty they are; how kind are to me," said Ella, sadly. "I—I—am not going." And she burst out crying.

was just dreadful not to go; the poor child had a great draught of delight the day before, and was aching and sickening for more, and longing for a passion of longing which is only known to young people,—she looked quite worn and through her tears.

Rub up your shoebuckles,—that will distract," said the old lady, kindly. "They are worth a great deal of money, though they are only paste; if you peep in my room you will find a little of slippers to wear them with. I hope they fit. I could hardly get any small enough for me." They were the loveliest little white satin slippers, with satin heels, all embroidered with glass beads; but small as they were, they were a little too large, only Ella took care not to say so; as she tried them on.

For all she knew what is coming, though little Ella had no idea of it. The ball was at Guildhall, one of the grandest and gayest that ever was given in the city of London. It was in honor of the beautiful young Princess, who had just landed on our shores. Princes, ambassadors, nobles, stars, orders, garters and decorations, were to be present; the grandest, gayest, richest, happiest people in the country, all the most beautiful ladies and jewels, flowers, were to be there to do homage to the less young bride. The Ashfords had no sooner heard, than Lady Jane, who had been very mysterious all day, and never told any one that she had been to the city to procure two enormous golden slippers which were up in her bedroom, now came, looking very benevolently, into the drawing-room. Ella was standing out in the balcony with her face and all her hair tumbling down her back. She had been too busy to put it up, and now she was only thinking of the ball, and picturing the little ugly disappointed face of Prince Richardson when he should look about everywhere for her again, while she was standing hopelessly gazing at the receding carriage.

Well, my dear, have you rubbed up the shoebuckles? That is right," said the old lady. "Now be quick into my room and see some of my conjuring."

Conjuring! It was the most beautiful white net, fringed and fringed up to the waist, and looped with long grasses. The conjuring was her own old pearl necklace with the diamond clasp and a round star for her hair. It was a bunch of roses and delicate white azaleas for a head-dress, over all the froth a great veil of flowing white.

The child opened her violet eyes, gasped, smiled, and began dancing about the room like a thing, jumping, bounding, clapping her hands, so softly and gayly, and yet so lightly, in such an ecstasy of delight, that Lady Jane felt she was more rewarded.

Ah! there she is at last!" cried Mr. Richardson,

who was turning carefully round and round with the energetic Lisette.

"What do you mean?" said Lisette.

Can you fancy her amazement when she looked round and saw Ella appearing in her snow and sunlight dress, looking so beautiful that everybody turned to wonder at her, and to admire? As for Ella, she saw no one, nothing; she was looking up and down, and right and left, for the kind little pale plain face which she wanted.

"Excuse me one minute, Miss Lisette," said Mr. Richardson, leaving poor Lisette planted in the middle of the room, and rushing forward.

"Are you engaged?" Ella heard a breathless voice saying in her ear, "for the next three, six, twenty dances? I am so delighted you have come! I thought you never were coming."

Julia had no partner at all, and was standing close by the entrance with her mother. They were both astounded at the apparition. Mrs. Ashford came forward to make sure that her eyes were not deceiving her. Could it be—? Yes—no—yes, it was Ella. She flicked her fan indignantly into an alderman's eye, and looked so fierce, that the child began to tremble.

"Please forgive me, mamma," said Ella, piteously.

"Forgive you! never," said Mrs. Ashford, indignant. "What does all this mean, pray?" she continued. "Lady Jane, I really must—" and then she stopped, partly because she was so angry she could scarcely speak, and partly because she could not afford to quarrel with Lady Jane until the season was over.

"You really *must* forgive me, dear Lydia," said Lady Jane. "She wanted to come so much, I could not resist bringing her."

Weber's inspiring last waltz was being played; the people and music went waving to and fro like the waves of the sea, sudden sharp notes of exceeding sweetness sounded, and at the sound the figures all swayed in harmony. The feet kept unseen measure to the music; the harmonious rhythm thrilled and controlled them all. The music was like an enchantment, which kept them moving and swaying in circles and in delightful subjection. Lassitude, sadness, disappointment, Ella's alarm, all melted away for the time; pulses beat, and the dancers seasawed to the measure.

All that evening young Richardson danced with Ella and with no one else: they scarcely knew how the time went. It was a fairy world: they were flying and swimming in melody,—the fairy hours went by to music, in light, in delightful companionship. Ella did not care for Mrs. Ashford's darkening looks, for anything that might happen: she was so happy in the moment, she almost forgot to look for Lady Jane's sympathetic glance.

"You must meet me in the ladies' cloak-room punctually at half past eleven," her patroness had whispered to her. "I cannot keep Raton, with his bad cough, out after twelve o'clock. Mind you are punctual, for I have promised not to keep him waiting."

"Yes, yes, dear Lady Jane," said Ella, and away she danced again to the music. And time went on, and Julia had no partners; and Colonel Ashford came up to his wife, saying, "I'm so glad you arranged for Ella too. How nice she is looking! What is the matter with Julia; why don't she dance?" Tumty, tumty, tumty, went the instruments. And meanwhile Mr. Richardson was say-

ing, "Your dancing puts me in mind of a fairy I once saw in a field at Cliffe long ago. Nobody would ever believe me, but I did see one."

"A fairy, — what was she like?" asked Ella.

"She was very like you," said Mr. Richardson, laughing. "I do believe it was you, and that was the time when I saw you before."

"No, it was not," said Ella, blushing, and feeling she ought to confess. "I will tell you," she said, "if you will promise to dance *one* more dance with me, after you know. Only one."

"Then you, too, remember," he cried, eagerly. "One more dance? — twenty — for ever and ever. Ah, you must know, you must guess the feeling in my heart. . . ."

"Listen, first," said Ella, trembling very much and waltzing on very slowly. "It was only the other day —" The clock struck three quarters.

"Ella, I am going," said Lady Jane, tapping her on the shoulder. "Come along, my dear —"

"One word!" cried Richardson, eagerly.

"You can stay with your mother, if you like," the old lady went on, preoccupied, — she was thinking of her coachman's ire, — "but I advise you to come with me."

"O, pray, pray stay!" said young Richardson; "where is your mother? Let me go and ask her?"

"You had better go yourself, Ella," said old Lady Jane. "Will you give me your arm to the door, Mr. Richardson?"

Ella went up to Mrs. Ashford — she was bold with happiness to-night — and made her request. "Stay with me? certainly not, it is quite out of the question. You do me great honor," said the lady, laughing sarcastically. "Lady Jane brought you, Lady Jane must take you back," said the stepmother. "Follow your chaperone if you please, I have no room for you in my brougham. Go directly, Miss!" said Mrs. Ashford, so savagely that the poor child was quite frightened and set off running after the other two.

She would have caught them up, but at that instant Lisette — who had at last secured a partner — came waltzing up in such a violent, angry way, that she bumped right up against the little flying maiden and nearly knocked her down. Ella gave a low cry of pain; they had trodden on her foot roughly, — they had wounded her; her little satin slipper had come off. Poor Ella stooped and tried to pull at the slipper, but other couples came surging up, and she was alone, and frightened, and obliged to shuffle a little way out of the crowd before she could get it on. The poor little frightened thing thought she never should get through the crowd. She made the best of her way to the cloak-room: it seemed to her as if she had been hours getting there. At last she reached it, only to see, to her dismay, as she went in at one door the other two going out of another a long way off! She called, but they did not hear her, and at the same moment St. Paul's great clock began slowly to strike twelve. "My cloak, my cloak, anything, please," she cried in great agitation and anxiety; and a stupid, bewildered maid hastily threw a shabby old shawl over her shoulders, — it belonged to some assistant in the place.

Little Ella, more and more frightened, pulled it up as she hurried along the blocked passages and corridors all lined with red and thronged with people. They all stared at her in surprise as she flew along. Presently her net tunic caught in a doorway and tore into a long ragged shred which trailed af-

ter her. In her agitation her comb fell out of her hair, — she looked all scared and frightened, — nobody would have recognized the beautiful triumphal princess of half an hour before. She heard the linkmen calling, "Peppercorne's carriage stops the way!" and she hurried faster and faster down the endless passages and steps, and at last, just as she got to the doorway, — O horror! she saw the carriage and outriders going gleaming off in the moonlight, while everything else looked black, dark, and terrible.

"Stop, stop, please stop!" cried little Ella, rushing out into the street through the amazed footmen and linkmen. "Stop! stop!" she cried, flying past Richardson himself, who could hardly believe his eyes. Baton only whipped his horses, and Ella saw them disappearing into gloom in the distance in a sort of agony of despair. She was excited beyond measure, and exaggerated all her feelings. What was to be done? Go back? — that was impossible; walk home? — she did not know her way. Was it fancy? — was not somebody following her? She felt quite desperate in the moonlight and darkness. At that instant it seemed to her like a fairy chariot coming to her rescue, when a cabman, who was slowly passing, stopped and said, "Cab, mum?"

"Yes! O yes! To Onslow Square," cried Ella, jumping in and shutting the door in delight and relief. She drove off just as the bewildered little Richardson, who had followed her, reached the spot. He came up in time only to see the cab drive off, and to pick up something which was lying shining on the pavement. It was one of the diamond buckles which had fallen from her shoe as she jumped in. This little diamond buckle might, perhaps, have led to her identification if young Richardson had not taken the precaution of ascertaining from old Lady Jane Ella's name and address.

He sent a servant next morning with a little parcel and a note to inquire whether one of the ladies had lost what was enclosed, and whether Colonel Ashford would see him at one o'clock on business.

"Dear me, what a pretty little buckle!" said Lisette, trying it on her large flat foot. "It looks very nice, don't it, Julia? I think I guess, — don't you? — what he is coming for? I shall say 'No.'"

"It's too small for you. It would do better for me," said Julia, contemplating her own long slipper, embellished with the diamonds. "It is not ours. We must send it back, I suppose."

"A shoebuckle," said Ella, coming in from the kitchen, where she had been superintending preserves in her little brown frock. "Let me see it. O, how glad I am; it is mine. Look here!" and she pulled the fellow out of her pocket. "Lady Jane gave them to me."

And so the prince arrived before luncheon, and was closeted with Colonel Ashford, who gladly gave his consent to what he wanted. And when Mrs. Ashford began to explain things to him, as was her way, he did not listen to a single word she said. He was so absorbed wondering when Ella was coming into the room. He thought once he heard a little rustle on the stairs outside, and he jumped up and rushed to the door. It was Ella, sure enough, in her shabby little gown. Then he knew where and when he had seen her before.

"Ella, why did you run away from me last night?" he said. "You see I have followed you after all."

They were so good, so happy, so devoted to one another, that even Lisette and Julia relented.

Dear little couple; good luck go with them, happiness, content, and plenty. There was something quite touching in their youth, tenderness, and simplicity, and as they drove off in their carriage for the honeymoon, Lady Jane flung the very identical satin slipper after them which Ella should have lost at the ball.

LIFE IN VENICE.*

ALTHOUGH often described before by various travellers and tourists, Venice will always afford matter for an entertaining volume; and at the present time especially, when affairs on the Continent are looking so ominous in that quarter, such a work is likely to prove very acceptable to a large number of English readers. The book now before us is the narrative of a three years' residence in Venice, by a representative of the United States government. The work was completed and prepared for press two years ago, but the proof-sheets were not at the time corrected by the writer, and the consequence is that the pages over-run with typographical errors. This is much to be regretted, as the book is in other respects beautifully printed. The author's style throughout, in common with many of the writers of his country, is deeply tainted with "Americanisms" and slang; and a few national prejudices, together with that old and deep-rooted dislike of Englishmen, which is found so often among Americans and certain of our continental neighbors, occasionally reveal themselves. However, notwithstanding these objections, the book is interesting, and in some respects valuable, as presenting to the reader a very minute and lively picture of the every-day life of a people concerning whose domestic habits but little has hitherto been written. This part of his subject Mr. Howells seems to have studied very elaborately and attentively; but he has likewise a keen eye for the picturesque and beautiful, and, although his narrative is sometimes deformed by the mannerisms we have just mentioned, he describes all the grand and noteworthy objects and scenes which he witnessed in Venice with a highly graphic pen.

When our author first arrived in Venice from Vienna, after his journey by rail and gondola, he abandoned himself entirely to that careless life of indolence and ease which he noticed as common among most of the inhabitants of the city; and, as there was generally "something rare and worthy to be seen," either in the way of architecture or sculpture, or, failing that, in "interesting squalor and picturesque wretchedness," his time was always pretty well occupied, his attention being less taken up, as he himself observes, "in proper objects of interest, than in the dirty neighborhoods that reeked with unwholesome winter damps below, and peered curiously out with frowzy heads and beautiful eyes from the high, heavy-shuttered casements above." The theatres of Venice were the chief sources of amusement with Mr. Howells during his first winter's residence there, as he passed a considerable portion of his time in visiting the different places of dramatic entertainment. He went, however, much more frequently to those houses where comedy and melodrama form the staple of the performances than to the opera, as the latter was but indifferently done, although the Venetians, according to our author, are quite as fond of music now as they ever were. But they no longer cultivate it, and this

degeneracy is to be attributed in the main to the decline in Venice of almost everything that is great or beautiful since her subjection to Austria. The Venetians themselves do not frequent the theatres very much, the audiences being for the most part composed of Austrians, and of people from some of the other states of Germany. During the performance, the whole house presents a singularly tame and cheerless aspect; there is an utter absence of gayety, either in dresses or manners, and no Venetian lady who has anything of a position to maintain ever goes to the opera at Venice. Mr. Howells patronized the numerous puppet-shows that are to be seen here above almost every other kind of dramatic exhibition, and constantly went to the theatre of the Marionnettes, and of a kindred class of puppets called *Burrattini* (clowns or fools). Of the performance of one of these latter companies of automaton actors our author gives the following humorous account:—

"I only remember to have made out one of their comedies, a play in which an ingenious lover procured his rich and successful rival to be arrested for lunacy, and married the disputed young person, while the other was raging in a madhouse. This play is performed to enthusiastic audiences; but for the most part, the favorite drama of the 'Burrattini' appears to be a sardonic farce, in which the chief character—a puppet ten inches high, with a fixed and staring expression of Mephistophelian good-nature and wickedness—deceives other and weak-minded puppets into trusting him, and then beats them with a club upon the back of the head until they die. The murders of this infamous creature, which are always executed in a spirit of jocosely *sang froid*, and accompanied by humorous remarks, are received with the keenest relish by the spectators; and, indeed, the action is every way worthy of applause. The dramatic spirit of the Italian race seems to communicate itself to these puppets, and they perform their parts with a fidelity to theatrical unnaturalness which is wonderful. I have witnessed death-agonies on these little stages which the great American tragedian himself (whoever he may happen to be) could not surpass in degree of energy. . . . Their audiences, as I said, are always interesting, and comprise, first, boys ragged and dirty in inverse ratio to their size; then weak little girls, supporting immense weight of babies; then Austrian soldiers, with long coats and short pipes; lumbering Dalmat sailors; a transient Greek or Turk; Venetian loafers, pale-faced, statuesque, with the drapery of their cloaks thrown over their shoulders; young women with bare heads of thick black hair; old women, all fluff and fangs; wooden-shod *contadini*, with hooded cloaks of coarse brown; then boys—and boys."

This kind of play or comedy was the principal amusement in the way of dramatic art among the Italian nation, generally, until the middle of the last century, when Goldoni, some of whose plays are written in French, either introduced or restored the regular acting comedy to Italy; but in almost all his comedies (or at least those written in the Venetian dialect) are to be found many of the low buffoons who figure so conspicuously in the *commedia a braccio*, or "comedy by the yard," which took its rise from the Marionette drama, and was so called because the outline of the plot and action of the piece was all that the dramatist supplied, the performers furnishing the dialogue, which they generally invented extemporaneously as the play progressed. Several of the *dramatis personae* in the *commedia a braccio*, such as Arlecchino, Pantalón, Scaramuccia, Polichinelle, or Punchinello, and others, appear to have a decided affinity to the charac-

* *Venetian Life*. By W. D. HOWELLS. London: Trübner & Co.

ters of our modern English pantomime and street puppet-shows, of which they were probably the origin, although the old Italian buffoons differed greatly from our own mountebanks in most of their actions and attributes.

On one occasion, after the present writer had witnessed from the balcony on the Grand Canal a very fierce and angry dispute between two gondoliers, which he expected to see terminate in a sanguinary fight with broken heads, but which he was quite disappointed to find settled amicably, the disappointment was recompensed, in course of time, by his seeing the corpse of an Austrian officer pass close by his window on the canal. He thus describes this solemn sight:—

"There was some compensation,—coming, like all compensation, a long while after the loss,—in my fortune of seeing a funeral procession on the Grand Canal, which had a singular and imposing solemnity only possible to the place. It was the funeral of an Austrian general, whose coffin, mounted on a sable *catafalco*, was borne upon the middle boat of three that moved abreast. The barges on either side bristled with the bayonets of soldiery, but the dead man was alone in his boat, except for one strange figure that stood at the head of the coffin, and rested its glittering hand upon the black fall of the drapery. This was a man clad *cap-à-pie* in a perfect suit of gleaming mail, with his visor down, and his shoulders swept by the heavy raven plumes of his helm. As at times he moved from side to side, and glanced upward at the old palaces sad in the yellow morning light, he put out of sight for me everything else upon the canal, and seemed the ghost of some crusader come back to Venice, in wonder if this city, lying dead under the hoofs of the Croat, were indeed that same haughty Lady of the Sea who had once sent her blind old Doge to beat down the pride of an empire, and disdain its crown."

As may be supposed, both the city and state of Venice have, since the dominion of Austria, sadly degenerated from their former splendor and gayety. The Venetian Carnival, which once lasted half the year, and which was considered one of the most splendid *fêtes* of the civilized world, is now quite discontinued, and so are nearly all the other amusements of the city, the national holidays and festivities of the people being formerly commemorative of historical events, such as victories of the stern old aristocratic Republic, which of course would not now be allowed. *Conversazioni* are still held at some houses, and balls and parties are also occasionally given; but the Venetians, take them on the whole, are, in the words of our author, "a nation in mourning," the greater number of the upper classes leading a "life of listless seclusion." Indeed, Mr. Howells seems to consider the whole history of Venice as a kind of romance, and the very existence of the place as a mere vision from which the world will wake up some morning, and find out that, after all, there never really was such a city.

Before the subjection of Venice to Austria, eleven civil and political *fêtes* were held annually in the city, and also several religious celebrations, of which latter two are still observed, viz. "that of the Church of the Redentore on the Gindecca, and that of the Church of the Salute on the Grand Canal; both votive churches, built in commemoration of the city's deliverances from the pest in 1578 and 1630." The Venetians likewise still religiously observe the 31st of January, the day on which the body of St. Mark was brought to Venice from Alexandria in the year 828, "though," observes Mr. Howells, "the festival has lost all the splendor

which it received from civil intervention." In lieu of the Carnival, Venice is now afflicted every year by a party of wretched mummers called *facchini*, whom the population shun with scorn, and who, fantastically dressed in female apparel, with masks and horns, "go from shop to shop, droning forth a stupid song, and levying tribute upon the shopkeepers." The festival of Christmas appears to be celebrated in Venice in pretty much the same style as in this country, only that the religious ceremonies and observances are far more numerous and important, as might naturally be expected in a Catholic state. Both on Christmas eve and Christmas day in Venice, as here, people for the most part dine at home with their families, and invite parties of their most intimate friends; the shops are closed, and all business is suspended. At midnight on Christmas eve, high mass is held at all the churches, to which the populace flock in crowds, and on the day after Christmas day the theatres are reopened. The custom of Christmas presents and New-Year's gifts is not unknown in Venice, and it seems that there, as here, a system of extortion is practised by tradesmen and servants, and that at Christmas-time people are always expected to make a small donation in money to everybody who has served them in any way during the year.

In a long and interesting chapter on the present state of Venice, Mr. Howells says that the best society in the city consists of physicians, advocates, and the more wealthy class of merchants with their families. Shopkeepers and the master-artisans, he observes, do not seem to have any social life, in the American sense. Common domestic servants are both numerous and cheap in Venice, but dirty in their persons and habits, and untrustworthy. Venetian ladies of fashion receive calls one day in every week, and on these occasions the number of visitors sometimes amounts to three hundred, at which times nobody ever sits down, and few of the guests do more than just exchange a word with the hostess. Speaking of the state of feeling in Venice with regard to Austria and the Austrians, our author says that the hatred of the latter people by the Italians is deep-seated and inappeasable; but, although it is by no means new or recent, it did not come on in all its bitter intensity until "the defeat of Venetian hopes of union with Italy in 1859, when Napoleon found the Adriatic at Peschiera, and the peace of Villafranca was concluded." Italians and Austrians, or, as it seems to be the fashion in Venice to call them, *Italianissimi* and *Austriacanti*, always keep strictly and rigidly apart from each other at the *cafés* and all other places of public resort at Venice, and you may always know a man's politics at once by the beard he wears, as no Austrian ever sports an imperial, and no Italian ever shaves it. Strange to say, however, in spite of their political feelings, the Venetians bear no individual ill-will to the Austrians, but appear to have rather a contemptuous liking for them; and the Austrians, in their turn, being an amiable people, never wantonly insult or affront anybody, and try not to engender personal malice. There exists at Venice a secret society called the *Comitato Veneto*, which has agents and spies in every part of the state, who constantly inform it of "inimical action," and who endeavor to promote the union of Venice with the rest of Italy. Although constant arrests of suspicious persons are being made, no member of this mysterious body has ever yet been identified. Mr. Howells concludes his work by observing that noth-

ing can be more praiseworthy in the Venetian character generally than its desire for liberty, and its sacrifice of everything pleasant in life for the attainment of that which is great and noble; and he considers that the Venetians ought immediately to be made free.

THE MOLÉSON.

"WHAT is the Moléson?" you will probably ask.

Baedeker, the best tourists' guide to Switzerland (who leads you step by step, over hill and dale, by paths which he has explored himself, and who keeps innkeepers a little in check by the mention he makes of their various prices), replies in these laconic terms: —

"The Moléson (6,172 feet), a continuation of the Jaman, the most advanced summit of the plateau, the Rigi of western Switzerland, an exceedingly abrupt cone in every direction, recognizable in all the panoramas of this region, surrounded by numerous pastures and forests, possesses a flora of peculiar richness. No habitations are to be found on this eminence, except a few wretched hovels a league from the top. Extensive panorama. The paths are impracticable for horses. At Albeuve, guides may be obtained at moderate charges." A more recent edition (the sixth) adds, "The ascent is usually made by starting from Bulle (4 hours), from Gruyère (3 hours), from Semsaies or from Vaulruz on the western slope (3 to 3½ hours). We by no means recommend this latter path; because, at the outset, you pass over another steep mountain, which you have to redescend, solely to reach the foot of the Moléson. Refreshments, and four (?) beds, at the chalet Plané, one hour from the summit."

I had already seen a portion of Switzerland. From Zurich I had crossed the Albis, my first and facile acquaintance with mountains. From Zug and Arth I had performed the splendid and comfortable ascent of the Rigi, with beaten paths from the base to the kuhl, liberally garnished with chalets, inns, and hotels, offering every necessary and almost every luxury. I had gone over the Brunig (before the carriage road was open), reached the pure blue glacier of Rosenlauri, and yet remained utterly ignorant of the Moléson. As some excuse, allow me to state that, before venturing alone into Switzerland, I had consulted sundry special itineraries, drawn up by experienced hands for the use of persons wanting to see the greatest possible number of remarkable objects in the shortest possible space of time. In none of these was the Moléson even mentioned.

But on the 29th of July, 1861, while travelling by rail from Berne to Fribourg, I had not reached the first station before I found myself conversing with a Fribourg notary. What better companion can you have than a notary, to give you a complete inventory of all and everything? It is proverbial that, in diligences, people make acquaintance rapidly; in a railway carriage the same thing is effected still more speedily, because you understand that you have not a minute to spare, if you want to pick up a little local information. Our conversation, therefore, for me, was both interesting and interested.

As to Fribourg itself, I knew very well what I wanted to see there; so I inquired for no more than the name of the hotel the most advantageous in all respects. But I insisted about the environs worth visiting.

"As you are going to Vevey," he said, "it is quite out of the question that you should omit mak-

ing the ascent of our beautiful and beloved Fribourgian mountain, the Rigi of occidental Switzerland," — you see he talked like Baedeker's book, — "and at least the rival, as far as the view is concerned, of the other Rigi, which is so much cried up." And then he enumerated, with the complacency of a person thoroughly full of his subject, the long list of his Moléson's merits, until he brought the water into my mouth. But what gave me one of those longings, which lay hold of you and pursue you wherever you go until they are fully satisfied, was his peroration overflowing with Swiss sincerity.

"I must tell you, however, that my mountain is both steep and savage; that the only shelter it affords are dingy chalets; that the entire ascent must be made on foot; that there is no beaten track to the top, which is somewhat difficult to reach, and may even offer a certain amount of danger, unless your head is steady and your step sure. But you will be abundantly recompensed at the summit, especially if the sun allows you to witness his levée; besides which you will gather the rarest flowers, — pleasure denied by the Rigi's sterile ridge, in spite of its inferior elevation."

We arrived early at Fribourg, distant only an hour by rail from Berne. We reached the town by the grand suspension-bridge, from which you step almost immediately into the Zähringen hotel. There I took leave of my amiable fellow-traveller. He told me his name; but the weakness of my memory, not the ingratitude of my heart, has caused me to forget it. Immediately on entering the house I begged the landlord, M. Kussler, to find me up some excursionists bound to the famous Fribourgian hill, whose strongly-marked features I first caught sight of from the Pont de Gotteron, a structure even higher and bolder than the Grand Bridge itself.

On returning to the hotel, mine host presented me to M. Mauron, one of the Cantonal Councillors of State, and to M. Vogt, organist to the cathedral. The former had expressed his intention of scaling the Moléson the following day; the latter was going to perform, that evening, on Aloys Moser's celebrated organ. The artist was worthy of his instrument; he moved his audience even to tears. Nothing but the sacredness of the spot prevented outbursts of applause.

On returning to the inn, the morrow's excursion was our principal topic of conversation; and M. Mauron told me that he would provide not only a guide, but a whole heap of useful articles, — a telescope, a map, — not to mention provisions. The prospect was all the more delightful, that Councillor Mauron was a highly-educated man, with a lively imagination, an original turn of mind, and, in spite of some sixty years, still in possession of excellent legs. I was, therefore, not surprised to learn that he had been tutor to Prince Nicholas Yousoupoff, a Russian grandee, immensely rich.

We separated rather late in the evening, intending to meet next morning, the 30th of July, at half past seven; to breakfast together, and start, at nine, for the little town of Bulle, at the foot of the Moléson. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, I slept but little that night. The ascension which I was about to make had taken a strange hold on my fancy. And I was much surprised at the circumstance, being now no longer a novice to the impressions of mountain scenery.

At five in the morning I was awake and stirring, and in another hour ready to depart. At half past seven, as no M. Mauron appeared, I resolved to go

and meet him, to calm my impatience. As I went on and on, and at last reached his residence without catching sight of him, I began to feel some apprehensions, which very soon were justified. I found him in bed, with his head tied up in a bandage stained with spots of blood. He had met with an unlucky fall overnight. He was in a fever, and his doctor had forbidden him to leave the house.

He expressed his deep and sincere regret; I expressed mine with no less depth and sincerity, and returned to the hotel quite taken aback. At a quarter to nine I had finished my sad and solitary breakfast; mine host had presented his bill "received with thanks" (the accustomed formula of politeness here); and at nine I mounted the conveyance for Bulle, determined to venture up the Molésón alone, if needs must, although a little agitated by the thought, I hardly know why.

The road is interesting all the way to Bulle. From time to time the eye plunges into the valley, through which the Sarine flows tranquilly enough in his broad stony bed. About half-way they point out to you the suspension-bridge of Posieux (one of the countless "Devil's bridges"), thrown with alpine boldness over a black and frightful ravine; but ever before you, awaiting your attack, stands the giant mountain, with his long and narrow ridge showing itself more and more distinctly conspicuous. At noon, under a scorching sun, I was at Bulle, the dépôt of the well-known Gruyère cheeses, which, as is less well known, are almost all made at Gessenay. I went to the inn called the Hôtel de Ville, and, feeling thoroughly exhausted, threw myself on a bed without undressing, begging them to wake me at three o'clock, or earlier, if any pilgrims to the Molésón should come.

At three precisely my slumbers were interrupted by good news in duplicate: three travellers had arrived, intending to start for the Molésón at four, and had ordered a dinner, which dinner was served.

I jumped off the bed and hurried down stairs. In presence of the strangers, already at table, I unhesitatingly solicited the honor and happiness of sharing their repast and their excursion.

My frank request, expressed in few words, was immediately granted with the best grace in the world. They were a Frenchman and two gentlemen of Fribourg, speaking our language (French) perfectly. I did not learn their names and qualities (nor did they mine) till afterwards; but I soon discovered that I was in company with three young and generous spirits.

A bottle of Yvorne, coffee, and kirsch affixed the seal to our engagement. At four we were ready. As we were to return to dine at the hotel next day, we left all of our luggage there which we did not absolutely want, and set off with the brightest of possible skies, restored strength, and in the best of spirits.

By the route we took, we had four and a half hours' up-hill walk before reaching the top. But as the afternoon was already too far advanced to complete the ascent that same day, it was agreed that we should make a halt, at rather more than two thirds of the distance, in a chalet known to the two Fribourgiens, who had been up the mountain before; that we should spend the early portion of the night there, and then proceed to reach the summit a little before sunrise, — a moment which, amongst the hills, often brings disappointment with it, like many other things in this world. Alas that it should be so!

Each of the Swiss excursionists carried a long

and strong alpenstock; my French companion had nothing but a switch; I had only a short and light walking-stick, terminating, however, in an iron point. The long and heavy alpenstocks which I had seen during the course of my journey often appeared a useless piece of affectation, in the hands of either sex, on level ground, and I had taken a dislike to them. I refused to make use of them to the very last, sticking faithfully to my cherry-tree wand, and making it the bearer of the local brands which are a *testimonium presentia* at remarkable spots. I regretted the alpenstock only once; namely, while descending the Molésón: but then, indeed, I *did* regret it.

We arrived at the lower margin of the wooded belt which surrounds the hill. A stream of water, clear and peaceful (the latter a rare quality with streams in Switzerland), was the boundary which separated us from the forest. We easily crossed it by means of stepping-stones which reared their mossy heads above the surface of the brook. Deciduous and resinous trees sheltered us from the heat of the sun, which had caused us no little inconvenience. The ascent was already begun.

After walking for nearly an hour, sometimes in the checkered shade, but more frequently across rich pastures, where the narrow and not always visible path scarcely served to guide us on the way, we reached without difficulty (the slope having hitherto been gentle) a vast extent of buildings, screened by a semi-transparent girdle of trees and hedges. It was La Part-Dieu, a religious house founded in 1307, and suppressed in 1847. To the convent (to which I paid little attention, by reason of its nude and insignificant architecture) is annexed a farm, which scarcely interested me more; because, in this grand solitude, it was inhabited, — nay, all alive with cackling poultry and sturdy children, dirty and wild to your heart's content, and miserably kept.

We did not remain at La Part-Dieu more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and started again, but this time more slowly and with greater fatigue. The ascent became more and more steep, more and more difficult. Sometimes we had to cross soft and spongy bogs, hidden beneath rank herbage, and made just passable by round stumps of firwood placed close to each other, and forming, after all, only a very unstable and wearying causeway.

We were in the region of pines. Not a breath of wind whispered amongst the branches; not a bird twittered or fluttered beneath the foliage; [there are no birds in Switzerland; it is one harmony the less in the grand concert of nature:] only from distance to distance was heard the tinkling of the bell hanging at the neck of a goat or cow, themselves invisible, and the continuous murmur of the waters running along their pebbly channel. It was imposing, but melancholy. We were the only creatures on this desert path, which we followed as it led us ever higher and higher.

At last, after stopping more than once to rest, we reached an extent of table-land whose surface was unlevel and strewn with boulders, and on which we caught sight of a low, long chalet, supremely black, which M. Joanne (who doubtless has never seen it) presumes to call, in his "Guide," a sort of inn. It was our only refuge for the night. We had Hobson's choice; that or the naked wilderness.

It was half past seven. The sun, who still shone in an unclouded sky, was about to disappear beneath the horizon. While my companions proceeded

to the hovel, summoning a remnant of strength, I scaled an eminence to enjoy the spectacle of the fiery orb sinking, in floods of light, behind the long dark-blue wall of the Jura. I then directed my steps to the chalet, having before me the brown and arid peak of the mountain, which overhung our present station at an elevation of five or six hundred yards. This final stage of the ascent would take at least an hour to accomplish, especially as we were to perform it in the darkness of night. The scheme seemed venturesome, if not perilous, and, I confess, made a strong impression on my mind.

At this moment all the cattle were returning home to the chalet. They were a numerous herd of cows, goats, and swine, each with a little bell fastened to its neck. The tinkling of this multitude of bells, soft in sound and diverse in tone, made a singularly harmonious accompaniment to the shadow and silence of the mountain.

I found my companions in a vast and murky shed, settling the conditions of our board and lodging with three or four tall mountaineers, as black as soot, who were keeping up the fire, without any chimney, beneath an enormous caldron, in the midst of pungent smoke, which could only escape by the chinks in the roof. But at the same time I noticed, in this darksome den, rows of large wooden bowls full of milk and cream of immaculate whiteness. The contrast was particularly striking.

One of the black goblins who haunted the place, and who spoke nothing but harsh German gibberish, showed us up a rough, mill-like, ladder staircase, into a chamber whose whole furniture consisted of two narrow rickety beds, two benches and one table, on which he placed a smoky-smelling lamp, a black, compact, and heavy loaf, some little bowls full of milk, and wooden spoons of the most primitive pattern. The milk was sweet and good, excellent, delicious; but the bread—! Such is the cowhouse and piggery combined which has been promoted to the rank of *une espèce d'auberge*, and which is known in the neighborhood as the *Plianney*, or *Plané*. It was lucky for us that we had brought a small reserve of provisions with us.

About half past nine we thought of going to bed; but not being able to make up my mind to share one of the luxurious couches before me, I caused inquiry to be made of our savage hosts whether they could not put me into some out-of-the-way corner, garnished with a bundle of straw and a truss of hay. They conducted me, without any light, into a little attic full of aromatic hay, and with no other opening besides the door and a wicket closed by a solid wooden shutter. My bed was soon made, and I was stretched upon it, undressing no further than my shoes and gaiters. In a few minutes I fell asleep, lulled by the talk of my travelling companions, from whom I was separated only by a thin partition, which allowed the light to glimmer through it from the shrinking of the wood. Weariness had overpowered me.

Unfortunately, I was soon awake again, streaming with perspiration, in a high fever, and with a splitting headache. I was instantly aware that the strong and penetrating odor of the mountain hay had induced the first symptoms of suffocation. Consequently, jumping up, I forced open the wicket to let in fresh air.

Breathing, bareheaded, the cool breeze of night, with half my person thrust outside, I tried to look before and below me. In all directions, impenetrable darkness. But on the horizon, towards the

northeast, broad sheet-lightning, unaccompanied by sound, shed a feeble gleam over huge masses of cloud. Overhead, in the north, shone the Great Bear constellation, brighter than ever in its twinklings, and still surmounted by the long-tailed comet which, already pale and small, was plunging almost perpendicularly into the abysses of the firmament.

This spectacle, beheld from such a spot and under such circumstances, could not fail to produce its soothing effects. Feeling calmed and refreshed, I was preparing to lie down again (but with the window open), when the chalet's wooden clock, with discordant creakings, struck one in the morning. Sundry lowings and bleatings beneath me responded to the sound, and I gave up all notion of going to sleep again, remembering that, at half past two, we were to begin our climb to the mountain-top.

For some time I had been thinking about our imminent and adventurous expedition, when I heard my companions getting out of bed. A few taps on the partition informed them that I should soon be with them. At a quarter to two I was in their chamber. The smoky-smelling lamp had been relighted, and they were making some coffee with the aid of a spirit-lamp. At half past two our coffee was drunk, our hotel bill paid (the charges were by no means so modest as the accommodation), and the door of the chalet closed upon us.

To gain the first slopes of the peak, we had only a few hundred steps to set, — but, gracious heavens, what a path! Fancy a black, boggy soil, so trodden by cattle that it was impossible to avoid putting your feet into holes, which frequently were the cause of stumbling. It is true the night was very dark; but this state of things suited me all the less that one of my feet had received a slight hurt, my shoe having grazed the skin a little above the heel. Notwithstanding which, the critical moment soon arrived when the brunt of the ascent was to be grappled with. Our arrangements were speedily made. The two Fribourgians, armed with their alpenstocks, formed the van and led the way. The two Frenchmen, with their small walking-sticks, were in the rear. We marched in Indian file, slowly and prudently, following exactly each other's footsteps.

Moreover, the slope was abrupt and steep, and the rock — a loose sort of pudding-stone — anything but solid under our feet. At a certain elevation, on suddenly hearing some stones rolling down behind me, I instinctively stretched out my hands, clinging firmly to the rocks, and even to the ground. Then, for the first time, I looked back; and, at the sight of that dark chaos of shadows, — at the sound of the pebbles leaping down hill, I halted involuntarily. A bar of iron compressed my chest, and a cold sweat burst out upon my forehead. This painful emotion soon passed away, and I speedily rejoined my friends, who continued their march before me, silently and slowly. You see that I have no intention to boast, and that I am not afraid of confessing those few moments of weakness, to which the most resolute nature might temporarily yield.

After some three quarters of an hour of up-hill toil, we rested ourselves for a few minutes, and then first perceived, in S. S. E., the thin, sharp edge of the waning moon, scarcely illuming the sky with a pale and doubtful glimmer. At the same time the darkness of the night appeared to diminish just the least in the world.

We did not reach the much-wished-for summit until very nearly four in the morning. The sky was but slightly paling in the east; it would be three

quarters of an hour before the sun could rise; and night still veiled the landscape, although with a more transparent shade. We were all excessively fatigued, and, moreover, very cold. So we drew upon the flask of one of our party for a glass of kirschwasser all round. It was our first libation to the Genuins of the Mountain.

At that moment—a few paces from us, and on the slope opposite to that which we had just climbed with so much labor—there appeared successively, like shadows rising from the earth, nine or ten persons, amongst whom we could distinguish several females, whose presence, nevertheless, had not revealed itself by any sound of voice or step. We soon learned that we had fallen in with a couple of Vaudoise and Valaisan families, who had started at one in the morning from Albeuve. The ascent on that side is shorter than by the path which we had taken, but steeper and rougher from beginning to end, and thereby impracticable for horses and mules; whereas, from Bulle, they can at least get as far as Plané. And yet, here were three ladies, two of them mere girls, amongst the unexpected arrivals! But these women had the constitutions of mountaineers and the legs of chamois (I had nearly written “gazelles” for poetry’s sake).

We were shivering, in spite of our drink of kirsch, and were drumming on the ground with our feet to warm them a little, while waiting for the sun’s more-than-ever-desired appearance, when we heard the short, snapping noise of twigs being broken close to us. Our Vandois and Valaisans, knowing what they were about, and loving their ease, had provided themselves with a stock of wood. Soon there crackled and blazed a cheerful fire, whose warmth we were allowed to share without ceremony. And there passed kindly and interesting words on that bare observatory, six thousand feet high, where the love of the beautiful and the unknown had assembled us, strangers to each other, together.

Meanwhile day was dawning. The distant outline of the horizon showed itself more and more sharply defined; the moon faded like a mere remnant of mist about to melt in the azure firmament; while the deep, deep plain, and valleys and gorges deeper still, gently shook off their shroud of darkness.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from several mouths at once. It was a salutation addressed to the great luminary who, rising in an unclouded sky, was gloriously lighting up the whole expanse of heaven. A dazzling ray was shot from the east; and this first fiery dart hit at one stroke the heads of Monte Rosa, Mount Cervin, and Mont Blanc,—the three great giants of the Valais and Savoy, almost standing in a line, and of almost equal elevation,—whose very waist we should not have reached on the top of our pygmy Molésón. Nevertheless, I began to feel ill at ease, being both perched on too lofty a pinnacle, and having too little standing-room on the narrow ridge, which hoisted you, almost astride, between the two abysses of its opposite slopes, of which we had just scaled one, and were soon to descend the other.

It was a young Valaisanne, with a countenance intelligent rather than pretty, who, with a smile upon her lips, told me the names of the three colossi. And she proceeded to tell me plenty of others, her delight and enjoyment still increasing, in proportion as the sun rose higher and brought out every detail of the immense panorama. She addressed her fresh and merry laugh to all the quarters of the compass;

exactly as the morning lark, excited with air and liberty, scatters his aerial notes to the clouds.

“Look there, Monsieur,” she said, stretching her child-like finger into space. “There, in front of the Diablerets, is the Dent* de Morcles, the Dent de Corgeon, the Dent Blanche, the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Chamman, the Dent d’Oche.”

I expressed my astonishment at her topographical knowledge and at her remembrance of all those names.

“Don’t be surprised at that, Monsieur. I have learnt it all from your Joanne; and, as you say, I have a good memory. But that’s not all. There, again, is the Dent de Lys, the Dent de Vaulien, the Dent de Broc—”

My eye, dazzled, fascinated, followed her finger; and I saw, in my troubled, tired imagination, monstrous tusks, formidable incisors, enormous grinders, pointed fangs, starting in all directions from gigantic jaws of granite. The blood was rushing to my head; I could scarcely keep my equilibrium. I made an effort to resist the weakness; I tried to answer, to continue the conversation, to show how amiable and clever I was,—and not a word would come to my lips (I recall it with shame for French intelligence), but this coarse pleasantry which, nevertheless, was the melancholy truth.

“Much obliged to you for all your Dents, Made-moiselle. My teeth are already set on edge by them,—quite enough for once I can assure you!”

The merry maiden laughed in my face, notwithstanding my evident discomfort. And she utterly upset me, by running with her brother to the very verge of the cliff, where they carelessly gathered dead grass and sticks, to keep the fire from going out.

You know the effect produced on nervous persons by the sight of any one leaning too far out of an upper window, or walking on the edge of a lofty wall. You tremble for their safety: you beg them to have a care; you shrink back yourself, as if it were you that was in danger. The sensation is excessively painful.

I was suffering from this feeling to a terrible degree. I called for help, and pointed with horror to the two young people who were disporting on the brink of the declivity. The father and mother interfered and called their children away from the dangerous sport, perhaps more out of compassion for me than through any apprehension in regard to them.

“Monsieur has reason for his alarm,” said one of their party who was close to me. “At this very place, where we now are standing, a frightful accident occurred only two years ago. A young girl from Bulle was gathering flowers, only a few paces away from her family and friends. They saw her lean forwards, and fall on her hands. They heard her laugh as she tried to creep back again. But she could not get back. She slipped, and slipped, still sliding downwards. Then her onward movement increased in rapidity. She called for help; her shrieks became desperate. She rolled over and over. She bounded like a stone hurled from the summit. They heard nothing more; she was a silent corpse, but still dashed along with accelerated velocity, until stopped at last, a broken and shapeless mass. What a scene! What outbursts of grief! What despair! The flowers she had gathered, still

* Sharp, jagged, time-worn peaks are often styled *dents*, or *teeth*, in Switzerland.

clenched in her hand, were shared amongst her play-fellows as memorials of her fate."

My juvenile companions laughed no longer, but instinctively nestled close to their parents. As for me, I felt worse than ever. There seemed to be a veil between my eyes and every visible object; the air appeared to boil, as in a mirage. The tragical story I had just heard rang in my ears like a funeral bell. I fancied that some one was uttering cries of distress. And then, do all I could, my eyes *would* look down to the base of the mountain, involuntarily drawn by the Château de Gruyère, perched on its hillock six thousand feet beneath us. This deep, immense, fearful void attracted me painfully, invincibly. At that moment I experienced the strongest and strangest sensation which can possibly seize hold of the human organism. I felt what I never knew before, and hope never to know again. My head was turning with the giddy height. It was dizziness, vertigo, unmistakable, complete, the result of fatigue and feverish watchings, acting on a frame rendered more impressionable by the excitement of travel.

To break the spell, I sat down on the ground, as well as to conceal my deplorable condition. I did not want my fellow-travellers to notice my infirmity, and that I was almost fainting. Nay, I took advantage of the opportunity to assume a most ungraceful position, laying myself on the flat of my stomach, which I felt was the speediest way of rallying.

Nevertheless, I condescended to practise a bit of hypocritical coquetry. I made believe to have found some curious object, and to be examining it closely. And as my head grew gradually calmer, I did, in fact find something, without having sought it, without having even suspected its presence. I had before my astonished eyes a thick tuft of the little gentian, bearing flowers of the brightest blue, and, to the right and the left, within my reach, tiny plants of *myosotis* in full bloom. I gathered with delight a few specimens of each, displayed them with ostentatious affectation, and stored them carefully between the pages of my guide-book.

These floral gems naturally recalled the thought of the young Bulloise's dreadful end. But strength of mind had returned with repose of body and calmness of thought. I rose with a renewed stock of resolution and philosophy. I believe my companions became aware of what a pitiable condition I had been in. Indeed, I confessed it frankly and humbly. They addressed me with evident sympathy. One of them, holding a pint of champagne in his hand, cordially invited me to take my share. The bottle was speedily uncapped, and our leather goblets filled and emptied twice to the prosperity of Switzerland and France. Unluckily, one of my comrades took it into his head to set the bottle, bottom upwards, at the edge of the grassy slope, and let it go. At first it glided, then rolled, then bounded, and at last was smashed to atoms against the first rock it met with, which was several hundred feet from its point of departure. As you may imagine, every eye followed it until the final catastrophe, and the fate of the maid of Bulle was again brought to mind. With that, and the vertiginous fascination exercised upon me by the Château de Gruyère, I was once more obliged, resist it how I might, to resume a ridiculous horizontal position.

They tried to divert my attention by pointing out, at a distance, the white, but no longer the virgin, Jungfrau, — the lakes of Morat, Geneva, Bienne, and Neuchâtel. But the sun, rising higher and higher

above the horizon, made mountain, lake, and glacier quiver and tremble in a haze of light. It overcame me with a sickening feeling. They were obliged to let me remain quiet for a while.

But the time for our departure was come. It was then half past five in the morning. The descent would take us three hours to perform; we had to visit the Château de Gruyère, and the loss of the *Tine*; and also to reach Bulle not too late for my friends to return to Fribourg, and myself to sleep at Vevey. Our *Vaudois* and *Valaisans* had already bidden us adieu. They disappeared out of sight down the rugged path which led us hither, while we in turn had to descend the slippery slope which they had mounted.

So I stirred up my courage with heart and soul, and vigorously shook myself, both morally and physically. The *Fribourgiens*, armed with their alpenstocks, boldly descended the grassy declivity, while we *Frenchmen*, with only our walking-sticks, followed the crest of the mountain, hoping to meet with a gentler incline. But to go on in that way long was impossible. We were obliged at last to venture and obey the invitations of our friends below, however slowly and painfully at first. I tried going backwards, throwing my whole weight upon my stick; then I let myself slide a little, holding on fast with both my hands. Practice, they say, makes perfect; if not perfect, I was at least improved. When once the steepest part of the slope was passed, I was no longer the hindmost of the party. About eight we entered a narrow gorge, full of shadow, foliage, and waterfalls. Then, crossing a meadow bounded by a brook, we got safely to Albenne at last.

Although excessively fatigued, I *would* accompany my friends to Gruyère. Melancholy, little, decrepit, deserted town; ancient castle flanked with towers and ramparts. As usual, they preferred showing us abominable remnants of the past, dungeons and instruments of torture, to allowing us to linger amongst its tapestry and furniture, which are at least harmless vestiges of the olden time. The whole is now the property of a Geneva watchmaker. Such are the lessons which history teaches to the great ones of the land.

Not having absolutely the strength to go and see the *Tine* disappear in the earth, I went into the *Hotel de l'Ange*, there to await my friends' return. The first thing I saw in it was a comfortable sofa, and the first thing I did was to lay myself upon that sofa and fall asleep for a couple of hours. And then I made a capital breakfast.

About noon, the visitors of the *Tine's* descent underground returned to fetch me in a carriage. I paid my bill, which contained a curious item, — "For having reposed on the sofa, one franc." I regretted not having slept on a chair, being curious to know how much they would have charged for that less pretentious place of rest.

At three we reached Bulle, twenty-three hours after leaving it. The same idea struck us all simultaneously; namely, that the best of all things would be a bath. In truth, we had fairly earned it.

At four, we took our last repast together; and before rising from table and separating, we exchanged cards. Then only I knew that I had ascended the *Molésan* in company with MM. V. de Mutach (of Holligen), Charles de Chollet (of Fribourg), and B. Dupuy, engineer, of Lyons; while they were informed that they had vouchsafed that honor to an advocate, once mayor of the town of

Calais, for which great kindness I thank them afresh.

Subsequently, passing over the Col de Balme, I visited the valley of Chamounix. Shall I ever write a description of this latter portion of my tour? I think not. The subject has been so often treated, that one is apt to believe it to be exhausted. The Moléson, on the contrary, had the advantage of having been neglected by the pens of travellers. I therefore determined to give the best account I could at least of "the Rigi of Western Switzerland."

FRENCH NOVELS.

NOVELS have apparently become as indispensable stimulants to the mental organization of the modern world as tea or tobacco to the physical; and although, according to present appearances, our supply of home-grown novels shows no symptoms of exhaustion, we sometimes cannot help longing for a little more variety. The national vein is not worked out, but it must be admitted that the products have become rather monotonous. Just at present we get very few nuggets and a good deal of matter that can scarcely be called auriferous. The only tolerably prolific regions beyond our own shores are to be found in France. At least those who have ever deliberately read through a German novel are to be counted by units; and American novels, though some of them are not without merit, have scarcely founded a distinct national school. It is, therefore, worth considering what are the comparative merits of the French and English products. When tired of the conventional decencies of the English school, of the incessant variations upon two or three old stories, the plots whose incidents we can divine from the first page, and the characters upon which we can put a well-known label on their first appearance, it is pleasant to make an excursion into a completely new world; for, in fact, French novels differ from ours in so many respects that it is almost difficult to believe that they belong to a contemporary literature, and still more to a literature profoundly affected by, and reacting upon, our own.

The common theory about French novels seems to be summed up in the assertion that they are books which ought not to run loose upon an English drawing-room table; which is undeniably true of a good many, but it is not the most important truth. The fact that French writers are allowed a good many liberties from which their English rivals are debarred alters the external dressings of the story rather than its substance. When their heroes and heroines break through certain commandments which are observed more scrupulously in English novels than in English life, a very superficial alteration is often sufficient to reduce them within our conventional bounds. We can translate the morality as well as the language. The marriage ceremony occurs at a different part of the story, and the scenes may be made rather more dramatic by the consequent existence of an additional set of complications. But, except in those scandalous books which are rather a disgraceful excrescence upon French literature than a substantial part of it, this need not materially alter the nature of the interest.

The characters may act upon much the same motives, though they avow them more frankly in one case than the other, and the reader who expects to find a new excitement may be righteously disappointed by discovering that, in the long run, immoral people can be quite as dull as the virtuous, to say nothing of his occasionally discovering also that

people who are in a legal sense virtuous can make a very fair imitation of their less respectable neighbors. The characters in an English sensation novel who always stop just on the right side of the boundary are substantially the same as their French rivals who always just transgress it. When the eye has become accustomed to a more vivid style of coloring, it sees that the objects represented are much the same in reality, although they have lost the decent shade of obscurity in which our artists envelop them. We do not deny that, after making all allowances, there is still a substantial difference, but it is less than the apparent difference, and by the help of such modern devices as bigamy, our writers are beginning to evade, though not to break, their chains.

But if we cannot place our novels upon a much more elevated level of morality, they make a sufficiently wide contrast to those of our neighbors in other respects. The most obvious attraction of the French novel, when it does not rely upon illegitimate sources of excitement, is of course to be found in the superiority of its plot to our comparatively clumsy stories. It shows the national skill of construction in which our writers are so generally deficient. The way in which the various threads of the story are combined, without any loose ends or awkward knots, is altogether beyond the power of English artists, at least of the masculine gender. The rambling plots, which we charitably set down to the necessity of publishing in numbers, in Mr. Dickens's novels, or the complicated and laborious intricacies of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's, are clumsiness itself by the side of many second-rate French novels. Compared with such plots as those of Charles de Bernard, even our best work is like a school-boy's scrawl beside an artist's drawing. This is, of course, only one manifestation of a contrast which runs through every department of art, from the dramatic poetry of the two nations down to their taste in dress. But, although admitting our neighbors' superiority, it is worth observing how much is sacrificed in this, as in some other instances, to obtain it. That part of the interest of a novel which depends upon the skilful complication and unravelling of a plot is, after all, the least intellectually valuable. Except in the hands of a great artist, it generally gives an impression of ingenious trickery rather than of imaginative power. It destroys the illusion of reality which is the special aim of a novelist to produce.

The condition of really enjoying a novel is, that we should have a kind of provisional belief in its historical truth; the very purpose of all the little details of conversation and manners is to produce such a temporary illusion. Now, to compose a really neat plot, it is usually considered necessary to make free use of those coincidences which more than anything shock our belief. We have no objection to a gentleman quite accidentally walking into the precise room in all Paris at the precise moment when his presence is required to cut an inextricable knot, so long as he does it only once in the story; but when he makes a practice of doing it, and when everybody else indulges in similar practices, we feel that we are being trifled with. We can stand such startling occurrences more easily in the theatre, because dramatic necessities make certain conventional representations of life fair-play. A story has to be compressed in time and space, and must be a little distorted; and we have not time to inquire too nicely into probabilities. But in a novel, where the author is hampered by no such bonds, where he has an unlimited command of any kind of means, we

feel that he has no business to strain our imaginations by such devices. The whole story then becomes rather a pretty puzzle than a serious study of life. It approximates to the Arabian Nights type of narrative, where the wonderful lamp or the flying tent turn up just when they are wanted. It may be very amusing by sheer force of ingenuity, but the amusement is of a comparatively childish kind. The puppets are manœuvred into curious complications, but we feel that they are only puppets after all.

It is true that a higher merit is frequently attained; the simpler stories in particular are far better proportioned, and their unity of effect kept more steadily in view, than is often the case with us. English writers have seldom the courage to be content with such simple materials as, for example, M. Erckmann-Chatrian in his stories of the war. They distract us by introducing some irrelevant scenes, partly in order to obtain a greater contrast, partly out of sheer awkwardness. Thus, for example, Sir Walter Scott has probably injured the best-planned of his stories, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, by the rather overstrained humors of Caleb Balderstone. But, on the other hand, the French writer usually sacrifices character in the interests of his plot; he tones it down in some places so as to lose all brilliancy of effect, and in others distorts it by unnatural lights and shades. No one has written stories which produce a more powerful impression for the moment than Balzac. But in order to heighten our interest, he gives to nearly all his persons exaggerated and generally repulsive characteristics. They are mere embodiments of malice and selfishness. His favorite device is to cause the wicked to triumph, and, by way of making the triumph more startling, to leave him perfectly heartless and remorseless. Indeed, some of his strongest situations are avowedly impossible; such as the case of the *Peau de Chagrin*, where the hero sees a piece of parchment shrink in size for every pleasure that he enjoys, and knows that he is to die when it shrinks to nothing. The whole story is beyond the limits of the natural, and the hero is merely an embodiment of an exaggerated and morbid state of feeling.

So long as we attend to the effects which Balzac intended to produce, we feel them to be brought out with extraordinary force; but when we look into the instruments employed, we seem to have got into a world of incarnate fiends, each of whom is the patron of some particular vice. Their company is exciting, but not exactly what we have been accustomed to; and the art which depends upon such artificial stimulants can scarcely be of the highest order. The same criticism in a less degree might apply even to a man of M. Victor Hugo's genius. In *Les Misérables*, for example, he accumulates surprising qualities upon the virtuous bishop and upon Jean Valjean, until their reality becomes doubtful to us; the scenes in which they are actors are all the more striking, but we partly lose our sympathy with beings so much above our stature. And, what is more plainly a defect, the character of Valjean has to be so altered in deference to the dramatic needs of his successive positions in life, that we scarcely recognize his personal identity. In writers with less prodigality of power, the characters are generally rather too insipid than too strongly marked; the novelist's whole attention being fixed upon the story, he has no vigor to spare upon the delineation of his persons. But in both cases the character is more or less sacrificed to the plot. And it is here that Eng-

lish novelists can best challenge a comparison with their rivals. When the lights are not unduly heightened and the shadows made more than naturally dark in compliance with dramatic exigencies, we can more plainly distinguish the features of the actors; and besides this advantage, the comparatively irrelevant episodes into which an English novelist is permitted to stray give him great advantages for bringing out personal peculiarities.

There are few cleverer writers than M. About; but in M. About's novels, with the exception perhaps of *Tolla*—and even in *Tolla* all the subordinate persons are very slightly sketched—we are generally treated to a bushel of epigrams about society for a grain of observation of character. In this department, indeed, we have a superiority quite as strongly marked as the French have in their plots. The portraits in *Adam Bede* and the *Mill on the Floss* are unrivalled in delicacy, as well as in their occasional humor, by anything on the other side of the Channel. It is curious to compare the conversations in a French novel with those of our own writers. In the former, all the persons talk in those odd monosyllabic sentences in which one frequently has to count backwards to be certain which of the interlocutors is speaking.

There is seldom even an attempt to discriminate in style between the language of the most distinct personages. They all snap out their little epigrams exactly after the same fashion, whilst it is chiefly in the conversations that a good English writer discriminates the finer shades of character. To take a single example from a novel, whose plot, by the way, is worthy of the best French novelists, the admirable public-house gossip about "ghos'es" in *Silas Marner* could hardly be paralleled from any French author. As we are of opinion that the highest triumph of the novelist is in the skilful display of character, we should say that English writers have so far the balance of superiority.

It would be easy to pursue the comparison into many other points. The intensity of French novels is probably more than counterbalanced by the richness and variety of English fiction. But one lesson might be judiciously drawn by our sensation writers. Many of their stories are probably in effect quite as immoral as the common French novel, as the description of persons always saved from temptation by accidents beyond their own power is not much more edifying than that of the persons actually yielding. The moral they teach is, not that we should not commit crimes, but that we should commit them neatly. Moreover, the direct moral which a story illustrates is not the really important part of its teaching, but the general tone which it expresses. As, then, there is very little danger of the purity of some of our ingenious novelists being sullied by the contact, they might very well take a lesson from foreign practitioners of the art. The plan of adapting French plots has been extensively carried out in another department of literature, and is generally reviled as plagiarism. But the practice has certainly some merits to recommend it. As we often see recommendations to young clergymen not to be too proud to borrow sermons, we do not see why novelists should refuse to borrow plots. There are many old stories which no ordinary English reader would recognize, and which are miracles of neatness. A very little alteration in the domestic relations of the parties would suit them for home consumption and we should be spared those misproportioned

rambling stories, with overgrown episodes and unnecessary catastrophes, which generally form the groundwork of the modern sensation novel. The cross could hardly fail to benefit the breed, and certainly could not make it less respectable than it is at present.

OLIVER OAKLAND.

I CAN'T name the year just at this moment, but it was early in the twenties, when I matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge. The only man I knew there, except my tutor, was Oliver Oakland, afterwards known to the whole college as Noble Nol. We had come from the same quiet neighborhood of Chelmsford, in Essex, where our families had been old and friendly neighbors from grandfather times. Mine, the Westwoods, were well to do, having a respectable property in house and land, which I, being the only boy out of seven olive plants, expected to inherit some day. His consisted of his mother and himself. Their entire income was the pension allowed to a lieutenant's widow, and their expectations were Oliver's wits. How he got first to school, and then to college, was the wonder of all their friends; but a small legacy left them by a maiden aunt had been eked out by all sorts of endeavors of their own; the mother gave private lessons to young ladies; the son gave private assistance to young gentlemen; and both made hard pulls—very hard they had to be—on the sympathies of their cousin, the rector, who kept no curate, and farmed his glebe to the best advantage. Moreover, the Oaklands had a beacon-light to guide their honest ambition; over the mantel-piece in their little parlor, side by side with the deceased lieutenant, who had fallen in a far East-Indian field, too young for his son to remember him, there hung the portrait of a sour, wind-dried man, in university cap and gown, Zachary Oakland by name, a hard-headed scholar of some note in his generation, which was long past, for he was Oliver's grand-uncle, and had begun life a poor student, but died the Master of St. John's College. That portrait, and the sour, wind-dried man it represented, were the glory and the guiding star of the Oaklands, though it was traditionally said that the learned Zachary had never exchanged word or sign with one of his family from his twenty-first birthday, when his father refused to furnish funds for the only bet he ever made in his life,—I believe it was on a cock-fight,—and all his kindred approved of the denial.

The master of St. John's had been saving as well as learned, and was believed to have died rich, but how or where he had hidden his money, nobody could discover. A strict search had been made at the time of his death, which was rather sudden, though he had passed threescore and ten. The Oaklands and the college both expected to be his heirs, for Zachary had escaped the snares of matrimony; but no check-book, hoard, or will was found; nothing, in short, that could indicate what had become of his very considerable savings. At first, the master's housekeeper was suspected; but time proved the fallacy of that opinion; the poor, honest woman, who had been neither overpaid nor over well kept by her late employer, remained poor and honest to the last; and having no other solution for the problem, people settled on the savings being sunk in some absurd speculation which the old man was too proud to acknowledge, and had therefore destroyed the vouchers. St. John's had got nothing

by him, and neither had the Oaklands; but the notable master was a feather in each of their caps; and now that other masters had come and gone the same way, and his glory had faded from the memory of all but very old fellows, he was a feather in the Oaklands' cap still, and an encouraging example to my friend Oliver.

Well, we began our college course together,—I as a gentleman-commoner, he as a poor sizar. That was the work of fortune; but in all that nature had to do with, Oliver had far the advantage of me. I don't think anybody ever thought me handsome, except the eldest of Sir Jacob Short-common's eleven daughters, called Mrs. Westwood this many a year; and when we quarrel, she says *she* never thought so. The highest compliment to my intellectual abilities that I remember was paid by my grandmother, the excellent old lady being in the habit of assuring myself and friends that I had more common sense than any soul would give me credit for. Young Oakland, on the contrary, was a fine, handsome fellow, standing six feet in his slippers; he would have made a killing guardsman, if anybody had bought him a commission and an outfit, but Oakland had far too much brains for that service. All who knew him said he could do anything if he only put his mind to it; and Oakland's mind was put to a good deal in his college time. There was not an exhibition, not a prize within a sizar's reach that he did not carry off from scores of competitors; and the amount of grinding and coaching he did in a quiet way could never be guessed at. You will understand those familiar terms, I trust. Oakland was still giving private assistance to young gentlemen, especially at the approach of examination-days. I won't say he did n't assist myself. The old acquaintance between our families ripened with us into a regular students' friendship, the truest thing of the kind perhaps. I got many another companion as time went on, some that made me useful, some that led me into scrapes, some that snubbed, and some that flattered me, but I never had a college friend except Oliver Oakland.

We were differently situated, and differently disposed too. I, being pretty well supplied and born heir of the Westwood property, paid as little attention to lectures and exercises as college rules would allow, and learned as little as was needful for a country gentleman; got into all the gayeties of the place, from boating upwards; was out and about at all possible hours; and something of what was then called a dandy. He was a laborious student, hard reading, and poor as Samuel Johnson might have been when he stood so much in need of shoes at the rival university; but, unlike Johnson at any period of his life, Oakland was courteous, considerate, and agreeable. Oliver gave me the little time he could spare, occasionally good advice, always a good example, and all the help to learning that I wanted. I gave him my entire confidence, consisting chiefly of difficulties with tailors, &c., and the relieving officer at home, not to speak of heartquakes regarding town or country belles, with some of whom I was fathoms deep in love every season, and also took credit to myself for obliging him with a loan when his pocket was particularly light—I mean empty—and for dragging him out from his books and close room to the fresh air and open country round Cambridge.

It was on one of these expeditions towards the end of our third year, that I stumbled on a secret with which Oakland had not thought it proper to intrust me. We were coming home one evening from a

long ramble, and passing the Chapone Institution, an old-fashioned boarding-school of great strictness and high gentility, kept by the maiden daughters of a former Bishop of Ely, and named I know not why, unless there was some connection in the case with the lady who wrote such instructive and unentertaining Letters to her Niece, when my eye was caught by a plainly-dressed but uncommonly pretty girl at the gate, who would have spoken to Oliver if I had not been there. It was a true-love business, I knew by my friend's eyes, which he could not keep from following her as she tripped up the lawn and into the house without once turning her head. They were very discreet about it; but I had told Oakland so many similar secrets of mine, that I thought myself entitled to ferret out the only one he had; and a fair opportunity occurred on the following Saturday, when I had him in my rooms at supper, a hamper of game having come from Westwood Manor. We were alone, and he was in rather low spirits, as I observed was often the case with him of late.

"You are in love, Oakland," said I, determined to dash into my subject.

"How can that be?" he said. "Falling in love is for such lucky fellows as you, who will have property to marry on if they please, not for such poor souls as myself, who must drudge their lives out at mathematics and dead languages to get a seat among those hard dry old bachelors at the Fellows' table."

Oliver spoke with more bitterness than was usual to him; and I, knowing that his college-life was not an easy one, and guessing that he might be hard-up just now, pressed the good wine upon him, by way of consolation. Under its genial influence, my friend warmed, and I got assurance enough to quiz and question him concerning the plainly-dressed pretty girl. After a little beating about the bush, Oliver opened his heart to me: perhaps it was a relief to the solitary and struggling man to tell his tale. The pretty girl was Miss Russell, commonly called Bessy. She was an orphan, without relations or friends, except the maiden ladies of the Institution, of whom her father, a poor curate, had been a scarcely acknowledged connection, and to whom she had been junior assistant since the beginning of her fifteenth year. "She is little over eighteen now," said Oakland; "but a wiser or a better woman does not exist. You're laughing in your sleeve, I dare say, but Bessy could advise the oldest man in the college for his good: women can do the like, if it be in them, without our books and universities. I understand the ladies of the Institution can't find a fault in Bessy; and it must be a small one that escapes them. I never could have got acquainted with her but for a savage dog I had the pleasure and good-luck to save her from one evening in the summer before last. She has a hard life there between the old maids and the young ladies they teach, but Bessy never complains. I know the girl loves me, Westwood, and I can't think of living without her; so, after I take my B. A., I am going to dig into divinity. My cousin the rector will want a curate some day, and I'll settle down to the work, and marry Bessy."

"I never thought you had a turn for the church, Oakland," said I; "but if there was a living in the gift of my family, it should be at your service, though it seems to me a downright burying of your talents, and I wonder what your mother will say."

"I don't know," said Oliver, with almost a groan, "she has set her heart and hopes on seeing me one

of the college dons, and made many a sacrifice for it; but the best girl in Europe would not please her for a daughter-in-law, without some rank or fortune, and Bessy has neither. Westwood, it is hard to think of burying my talents, as you call them, and taking to clerical duties, when, between ourselves, I have no vocation for them; but it is far harder to think of crossing my poor good mother."

I tried to dissuade my friend from his design, but he showed me plainly that there was no other chance of a wedding for him and Bessy, and on that wedding Oliver had fixed his mind with all the resolute constancy that was in it. He had not my advantage of getting easily snared and easily free, and Bessy's face was one that might haunt a man at a solitary fireside. He had jealous fears, too: it would be wearing away the best part of her life to wait for good-fortune that might never come; to his certain knowledge she had offers from a drawing-master and a well-to-do tradesman; but, still, the poor fellow would have made any sacrifice to Phœbus, after the fashion of his friends the ancients, could it have availed him to escape the church and his mother's displeasure.

We parted sad and sober in spite of the good wine. But when I saw Oliver again, it was Monday morning, when he entered my room with a face full of fun and an open letter in his hand. "Here is a pattern epistle in the sentimental line, and I want you, as a gentleman skilled in such matters, to tell me whence it comes: a hoax, of course," he said, handing me the letter, which, to the best of my recollection, ran as follows:—

"Can the sensible, the accomplished, the fascinating Oakland respond to a sincere and heartfelt passion, not transitory and unprofitable like the love of common minds, but steadfast, and sure to guide his steps to riches and prosperity? If he can, let him reply to Cynthia at the post-office; his letter will be waited for with anxious hope, received with delight, and answered with expedition."

My friend and I laughed heartily over the effusion, and agreed that it was a hoax; but who was the perpetrator I could guess as little as Oliver himself. Yet there was something in the writing, though evidently a disguised hand, familiar to my eyes. I thought and pored over it, but could fix on nobody; and the mystery seemed to work upon Oakland, studious and steady as he was, for he resolved to carry on the joke, and thereby find out his fair correspondent, as we both felt sure the hand was that of a woman. Cynthia was answered on the spot, in a strain as grandiloquent as her own. She replied by the very next post, and got another answer. Six or seven letters were thus exchanged, I being the only outsider in the secret; and the only point that either watching or bribery could ascertain for Oliver was, that Cynthia's letters were called for by a variety of ragged boys, who, when they could be got at and questioned, said sometimes an old woman had sent them to the post-office, and sometimes a young lady. The correspondence did not advance rapidly towards a solution. My friend was always declaring himself able and willing to respond to any amount of affection and confidence, while the lady, as I thought to lure him on, took up the strain of men being deceivers ever. But none of her epistles closed without the hint growing plainer at every repetition of the riches and prosperity to which she could guide his steps; and at last—it was like a drowning man clutching at a straw—poor Oliver seemed to half believe that his good fortune was

come through Cynthia, when a curious tale enabled me to unveil the charmer. The end of Trumpington Street, next to St. John's, there was at the time of my story, and for many a year before, a shop of all-ware students' fancy line. Everything that collected in those days, from second-hand new boxing-gloves, might be bought there; for game-cocks, white kids for evening-pipes of every form, smoking-caps, with two various to mention, made it the haunt of students. The shop was kept by a couple, a man and a woman whom she pleased to see, but whom popular tradition affirmed to be her mother. Miss Josephs was of an age not to be retained. Her face had a remarkable likeness of a parrot; her figure strikingly resembled an upright deal-board; she had a dark complexion, a considerable squint, and stiff air, said to be daily thinned by plucking out her eyebrows. Yet the prettiest woman in England might have looked more certain of triumph over the hearts of men, or put on more airs and graces for the purpose. It was a study of the ridiculous to see her behind the counter, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and talking like a fainting duchess. The students one and all laughed at her; and about Cambridge (I think it was the boating-club that gave her the title), on account of a peculiarity she had of moving her skinny arms, Miss Josephs was known as the Steerer.

I laughed at, and paid her extravagant comparatively extravagant prices, too, for most of the goods; the shop was convenient, and the credit obtained by the wildest or most mischievous student would go further, great as the encouragement was for practical joking and burlesque romances.

The Steerer's nurse—I never knew an name for her—was lucky in not living two years earlier, for she might have sat to any painter who wanted a perfect witch. It was said there were fierce quarrels between her and the fashionable lady, always about money matters, in which calculations seldom agreed; but they addressed each other in the most affectionate terms in public, and strong testimony to each other's virtues, kept constant, and admitted nobody within their walls except by special invitation, and such events were not far between. The Steerer was chief shopkeeper, and had the control of windows and counter; but the nurse had a back corner, screened by a half partition, out of which she sold at fitting times, and to confidential customers, cigars that had never paid duty, snuff of unrivalled excellence, and a variety of more questionable wares. The pair were not natives, and whence they came, nobody in Cambridge could certify; but there was a floating tradition that they were somehow descended from Portuguese Jews; and their powers of making out bills, and getting them paid, seemed to warrant its truth.

There was another tale concerning them, which probably contributed to make the students keep a safe distance. Some three years before Oliver and myself entered St. John's, there had been among its gownsmen one rather poor, rather clever, and not very wise. He happened to have got three affairs of some moment on his hands at once,—namely, reading for a fellowship, making love to the Steerer, and a promise of marriage to his bed-maker's daughter. With such contradictory irons in the fire, success was scarcely possible, and so it proved with him.

He lost the fellowship; he was called on to fulfil his promise; and he had to go and explain matters to the Steerer. What attraction he had found in that quarter, nobody could make out; but from casual hints, his college friends supposed that he had been led to believe in some great fortune or legacy which she was to inherit. Well, the student went to her house by special arrangement one winter evening, to make his woful confession, and take a fond farewell. The neighbors knew there was a fine supper cooked, and wine brought in; but whether the conversation or the viands proved too much for him, the young man returned early to his rooms, and the same night was seized with an illness which the doctors, after a deal of uncertainty, found out to be brain fever, and of which he died on the ninth day.

I had heard that story many a time, and was thinking of it, it may be in malice, after glancing over a pretty heavy account from the shop in Trumpington Street, when all at once it occurred to me that the hand that set down the various items in good ledger style was, in spite of its disguise, the very same which had written Cynthia's letters. There was a small repository of similar bills in my desk, and a survey of them left no doubt in my mind. I flew to acquaint Oliver with the discovery; and a comparison of documents satisfied us both that Cynthia was none other than the Steerer. I laughed, till Oliver's rooms rang, over the grandiloquent passages in her love-letters. Oakland laughed too, and agreed with me that it was a capital tale; but the more we talked over it, the less he seemed amused, and I could not help seeing that there was some part of the subject of which he did not speak, but was thinking seriously. Once more, the poor student's story occurred to me. Doubtless it was of it Oliver was thinking, and I hinted my recollections, with a hope that he would have nothing more to do with the fair unknown. Oakland made no reply, at least no direct one, but I understood he was of the same mind by his immediately pointing out the necessity of keeping all that concerned Cynthia between ourselves, if we did not mean to furnish the whole university with a jest at our own expense. I saw the wisdom of his counsel; for though not a principal in the affair, I at any rate should have felt bound to spare my friend the laughter and jokes it must occasion. I parted with Oliver on that understanding, and did not see him for some days after, as I got engaged with a boating party. We had gone down the Cam, and came home rather tired. Though it was not very late, most of the shops in Trumpington Street were shut; the Steerer's door was, but her window remained open. Through it I remarked a man, not looking at goods, but at her, while he leaned on the counter in earnest conversation, and a movement of his head showed me that it was my friend, Oliver Oakland.

I went home, not knowing what to think. Had his newly-discovered Cynthia really attracted my friend and made him waver in his allegiance to the pretty Bessy? If so, the promise to guide his steps to riches and prosperity must be the chief charm; yet how could Oliver, shrewd and sensible as he was, believe such a thing possible to a small shopkeeper in Trumpington Street? The Steerer's gatherings could not be a temptation to a man like him, yet I had seen Oliver earnestly engaged with her; it was not the best or cheapest of her goods that brought him there at such an hour, after warning me to keep the subject of her letters out of the students' ears. In my contempt and indignation at his deceit, I

wished my word had not been given on that matter; but given it was, and nothing remained but to give Oliver the cold shoulder. I tried it for some days; almost weeks, indeed; Oliver saw nothing of me, and I saw nothing of Oliver. He did not avoid me, so far as I could see, but he did not seek me out; conscious guilt, thought I; but somehow the man had become too needful to my life and mind to be thus parted with. I went to his rooms at our usual meeting time in the evening, but he was out. I guessed where, watched about Trumpington Street, and saw him come out of the Steerer's private door. Next day, we met by accident, and I took the opportunity to congratulate him on being admitted to Cynthia's bower. Oliver looked as if any other observation would have been more welcome, but he was by no means as much abashed as I expected; on the contrary, he made light of it, like one who was carrying on a jest, talked more gayly and carelessly than ever I had heard him, and in reply to my question, "What will Bessy say?" he merely said, "O, never mind Bessy; she is a prudent girl."

Oliver was engaged with the Steerer; a pretty strict watch proved to me that he visited her every evening after shop-hours, and Oliver was changed in every particular. Of me, his only intimate friend, he had grown positively careless; his less familiar acquaintances remarked that something occupied him more than his usual studies; he was absent at lectures, and took no heed of what was said of him. Still, for our friendship's sake, I would not make the cause of his altered conduct public, knowing that it must make Oliver ridiculous; and I had scarcely taken that resolution, when a new and strange light was thrown on the subject by Mrs. Mops, my bed-maker.

All who chance to be acquainted with college-life will know what an indispensable functionary the bed-maker is to every student; for she who bears that humble title is, in fact, the sole manager of his domestic affairs. Mrs. Mops was a jewel of the kind, honest, careful, and sober, of discreet age, for she had been forty years at the bed-making business, and it was her boast that she never did for nobody but steady gentlemen. Mrs. Mops had a discreet tongue, too,—a gift rather rare among the ladies of her calling,—and as she officiated for Oliver as well as for me, I was somewhat startled by the good woman saying, with a peculiar look, when lighting my fire one evening, "May I ax, sir, if anything strange has happened to Mr. Oakland?"

"Nothing that I know of. What makes you think there has?" said I, determined to hear all she had to say.

"Just because he has taken to such odd ways, not like himself at all; there ain't nothing wrong nor unsteady, you know, but just uncommon strange"; and Mrs. Mops dropped her voice to a whisper. "He's never at his books in the evenings, as he used to be, and I can't find out where he goes. He's always a-thinking and a-talking about something to himself; it ain't learning, sir, for he laughs and whistles over it. But the strangest thing of all is what the gardener's wife tells me, that he's going about the college grounds at all hours of the night, ay, in the loneliest part of them, sir, where the old Dutch summer-house stands among the willows beside the river."

I knew the spot to which Mrs. Mops referred; it is doubtless improved or altered long ago; but at the time it was a neglected outlying wing of the college grounds, deeply shaded by ancient willow-

trees, in the midst of which stood a solitary summer-house made of wood, on the old Dutch pattern, with a pagoda roof and floor of colored tiles. What could Oliver be doing there at all hours of the night? I questioned the good woman closely, got full details, and came to the conclusion that my poor friend's reason was dropping the reins. Over-study and over-anxiety were telling on his strong and active mind; here was the explanation of his visits to the Steerer, his coldness to myself, and all the change that had surprised his fellow-students. I dismissed Mrs. Mops with a request for secrecy; she manifestly thought as I did concerning Oakland: had a great regard for him; and being no gossip, would probably keep her promise in that respect. Then I sat by the fire, pitying his poor mother, his poor Bessy, and wondering what I ought to do as a friend under the circumstances, till my brown-study was broken up by a knock at my door, and in walked Oliver himself.

He shook hands with me as warmly as if our friendship had never cooled, and took his accustomed seat beside me. There was nothing wild or disorderly in his look, but I knew he had something particular to say, and the next minute it came. "Westwood, you are the best, the only friend I ever had; and I want you to help me through a business which few men have to do often. Bessy and I are going to get married quietly and quickly. You may stare, but it is true; I have got the means to keep her handsomely"; and Oliver's eyes seemed to dance with joy. "Don't be alarmed; I am in my right mind, Westwood; I have got my grand-uncle's long-lost money. Listen! The old fellow had hidden it under the floor of the Dutch summer-house, where he used to sit day and night, they say, in his latter years; and left a sort of will written in Greek, the purest Attic, I assure you, bequeathing the whole hoard to his next of kin, with particular directions where to find it. The will—I don't know how—got into the hands of a dealer in waste paper, who sold it in a bale of his goods to our friend Cynthia, many years ago. I am not sure that the old witch behind the partition yonder don't use the like in the choice Havanas she makes up; at any rate the bale was bought, and my grand-uncle's will in it. The Greek characters were beyond the Steerer's scrutiny, but the old master had written his name at full length, in English letters on the back; and either the Fates, or the faculty for scenting out money, peculiar to her Jewish race, made her keep it out of the Havanas, and safe in a private drawer. It appears that unfortunate fellow who got into trouble between her and the bed-maker's daughter, and escaped them both by the brain fever, gave her an inkling of its value;—by the by, he could not have been a good Grecian, or there should have been little for me to find. So the Steerer took to promising riches and prosperity; you remember her letters, of course, Westwood; it must have been my good genius that prompted me to make out what she meant by that."

"And you made it out," said I, getting sure enough of Oliver's sanity; "made love to the charming Cynthia over her shop-counter; got hold of the paper and thereby of the money."

"That was exactly what I did, Westwood," and Oliver winced as he spoke. "It was not strictly honorable I'll allow, but what else was to be done with the woman? However, I have bought Beechly Farm, which will keep Bessy and me comfortably, in my own county. My mother shall live with us;

or, if she can't agree with Bessy, though I think anybody might, she'll have a cottage to herself at the end of the lane. You and I will be neighbors, and I hope friends, for the rest of our lives; but, Westwood, I must get married at once. If the thing were done, matters might be settled with the Steerer; I have kept a decent sum to pay her off. Will you help me to get the license? will you give Bessy away? There will be nobody but yourself at our wedding; my mother must know nothing of the business till it's done. Westwood, can I reckon on you?"

"That you can," said I, seeing that Oliver was in desperate haste, and in considerable fear of his charming Cynthia; and in those green days of mine, the course he proposed to take seemed the readiest, if not the most commendable. We talked over it till far in the night; got the license next day; and on a cold, drizzly morning, the curate of St. Peter's Church made Oliver and Bessy one, in presence of myself and the clerk. I can't say on what excuse the assistant-teacher got out so early; but directly after the ceremony, she went back to the Chapone Institution, till Oliver could get the Steerer paid off, and make the fact of his marriage respectably public.

How he went about the first part of the business I never exactly learned, but it appeared to have been successfully managed; and when he called at my rooms in the evening, Oliver was perfectly enthusiastic in the Steerer's praise. "She stood it like an angel," said he. "I never imagined she could be so sensible and considerate; never scolded, never cried,—though, between ourselves, a fit was the least that I expected,—but seemed to understand at once that the thing was done, and accepted it with uncommonly good grace. By the by, I paid her down two thousand pounds in lieu of myself, you'll say. Well, Westwood, it clears one's conscience; and I must tell you the old woman was as friendly as Cynthia; she knew all about the affair, of course; and between them, they made me promise that Bessy and I should spend Saturday evening with them. A queer visiting-place for a young bride; but they brought it about so that I could not refuse, and Bessy is not like ordinary girls to stand on a trifle. I have taken apartments in town, and written to my mother. I could n't take Bessy home without knowing how she would be received; but I won't have her staying any longer with those old prigs at the Institution."

Oliver and I had a good deal of conversation regarding his prospects, which indeed seemed fair and pleasant. He did not tell me the exact sum he had found hidden under the colored tiles in the summer-house floor, but it must have been a handsome one. He had bought Beechly Farm, a very comfortable property; told me how he would enlarge the house, lay out the grounds, have done with college-life, and spend the rest of his days in the manner of Palemon, now that he had found his Lavinia. With these fair hopes, Oliver went from me that night, after exacting a promise that I would come to see him and Bessy at their new address on the following Sunday, for, till then, he knew I must be busy with certain reading that had to be done, and country cousins that were to be shown over Cambridge.

Well, that Sunday came; the reading and the lionizing had been got through, and I was dressing at an earlier hour than usual, when my room-door suddenly opened, and in rushed Oliver looking like

a ghost. "Westwood!" he cried, "for God's sake, come with me and see Bessy; she awoke this morning out of her mind. I have sent for three doctors, and they can do nothing for her. O my friend, come and tell me what you think." I went with him to a very respectable lodging, and there found poor Bessy stark mad. No other term could give an idea of her condition: she knew nobody, she recollected nothing,—her husband, her marriage, her honeymoon, all were forgotten; and her incoherent ravings always recurred to something about two old women and wine. No cause could be assigned for the sudden visitation. She had been in good health and spirits on the preceding evening, which the new-married pair spent according to promise with Miss Josephs and her nurse; she retired to rest without any noticeable change, and woke at the break of day in frantic madness.

To make a sad tale short: all that medical skill and experience could suggest was tried for poor Bessy, but tried in vain; her insanity was hopeless, and without one lucid interval, nor could all the doctors engaged throw the smallest light on its cause. There was indeed a suspicion hinted at by one of our old professors, and firmly believed by Oliver, that some drug, of extraordinary and peculiar power, had been mixed with something which the unlucky bride had eaten or drunk in the house of her paid-off rival. Whether the suspicion were true or not, the Steerer and her nurse made a mighty show of regret and commiseration; but their shop got deserted, and they left Cambridge very quietly at the next quarter-day. My poor friend spent the rest of his days on the farm he had bought, and his mother lived with him; but his bride spent hers in a lunatic asylum, where she survived him many a year, for he died early, a man broken down and worn out before the time; and so must end my tale of Oliver Oakland.

FOREIGN NOTES.

In a paper lately published in the German *Zeitschrift für Chemie*, Mulder states that, when common salt is heated with coal in a gas retort, it is volatilized to the extent of sixty per cent.

PROFESSOR Steinhäuser, of Baden, has lately been making mineralogical researches in the Tyrol, and has discovered at Laas, near Bozen, a vein of marble said to be equal to Parian.

An English journal, speaking of several choice specimens of American printing, says, "So improved has American typography become of late, through the exertion of the University Press, the Riverside Press, and other houses, that their owners have determined to contest the palm of excellence with us at the French International Exhibition next year."

MR. HENRY G. BOHN, the eminent London publisher, has just issued a catalogue of second-hand books containing Greek and Latin Miscellanies, including Theology, Fathers of the Church, Philology, Modern Latin Poetry, Facetiae, Satires, Manuscripts, and Chinese Drawings. In his preface he speaks of this list as in all probability his last catalogue, purposing "retiring from business, as far as practicable, within the next twelve months." Mr. Bohn says that "after an arduous career of nearly half a century, and now approaching his grand climacteric, he feels it desirable to retire from the

immediate pressure of business details; but, while he enjoys life, he is not likely to dissociate himself entirely from literary pursuits, and will probably continue to develop schemes long registered in his mind."

"HER Majesty," says an English paper, "has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Mr. Washington Moon's poem, 'Elijah the Prophet,' now in the second edition." If her Majesty will be graciously pleased to read that remarkable production, her Majesty will find herself laboring under the effects of one of the most efficacious antidotes of the age.

THE current number of the *Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung* contains an interesting biographical sketch, together with an exceedingly well-executed likeness, of Professor Max Müller. The paper in question enjoys a long-established reputation abroad, and has also a fair circulation in this country. It is not only the most respectable and best-conducted of all German illustrated periodicals, but it occupies, from an artistic point of view, the foremost rank among its competitors in Germany.

A CORRESPONDENT informs the *London Times* that in Switzerland the telegraph is the property of the state, an office is established in almost every village, and the charge is uniform, — one franc for twenty-five words, irrespective of distance. The despatches are printed, and the establishment yields a large revenue to government. The writer advocates a similar system in England, where the need for it is much greater than in Switzerland, and where the profit would be enormous. At present messages are badly sent at dear rates, whole districts are without telegraphs, and the state gains nothing.

FRANCIS MAHONY, known as Father Prout, recently died in a monastery at Paris. The *London Review* says: —

"Although for many years a resident in the French capital, Mr. Mahony was well known to modern readers in this country as one of the wittiest and most brilliant writers, and one of the most genial men of his day. 'Father Prout's' essays in *Fraser*, his contributions to *Bentley's Miscellany*, and the well-known Paris correspondence in the *Globe*, with frequent, and invariably pleasant, mention of him in the books of friendly authors, have kept his name and fame fully alive on this side of the Channel. The subject of our notice was born in Ireland, about 1805, but left that country at an early age for Jesuit colleges in France and the University of Rome. A very short experience of the duties of a modern Catholic clergyman induced him to turn his attention to literature as a profession; and he formed an acquaintance with Dr. Maginn, and was soon enrolled amongst the band of able men who contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*. At that time 'Father Prout' was a frequent visitor to Fraser's back-parlor in Regent Street, and in Maclise's picture of the Fraserians we observe Mahony, along with his friends Coleridge, Thackeray, Lockhart, Count D'Orsay, Carlyle, the Rev. Edward Irving, Harrison Ainsworth, Jerdan, and many other notabilities.

"When it was resolved to print the 'Prout' contributions in a separate form, Maclise did the illustrations for the book, and it is in this volume that the most truthful portrait of Sir Walter Scott is said to be found. Scott is represented kissing the Blarney-stone. Soon after this republication, Mr. Mahony left London, and travelled through Greece, Asia

Minor, Hungary, and some parts of the East. In 1847, Mr. Dickens appointed him correspondent at Rome for the *Daily News*. During the past fifteen or sixteen years, he has been one of the *Globe* staff, representing that paper in Paris. Concerning this engagement, a friendly writer remarks: 'It is well known that to his letters that paper owes much of its attractiveness. No one can fail to recognize his style, — brimful of scholarly allusions culled from all sorts of unheard-of authors, who were familiar enough to him, — witty, caustic, spiced here and there with some sly quotation from Irish ballads, and yet as to facts so cautious, so trustworthy, and so transparently honest.' The scene of Mr. Mahony's death was, we believe, in the Rue des Moulins, where he had resided many years."

We find in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following genial pen-portrait of Father Prout: —

"Many of our readers must have remarked, passing in and out the reading-room of Galignani's Library of late years, a figure singular enough to attract a glance of curiosity even in Paris. The figure we mean was that of a little elderly man with an intellectual head, and whose keen bluish eyes had a queer way of looking up sharply over the rims of his spectacles. His garb was ecclesiastical in its general character, but, above all, was the garb of one very little careful of appearances; for if his shirt happened to be white it seldom boasted buttons, and there were many days when both whiteness and buttons were wanting to it. The manner of this little figure, too, was as quaint and interesting as his appearance. If you knew him, he saluted you with some quaint caustic bit of badinage, all the richer for a touch of brogue which had long ceased to be provincial, and gave only a fine tinge of nationality that suited the speaker's humor. He would make some half-droll inquiry, tell some droll anecdote, not improbably garnished with a bit of classic parsley in the form of a quotation from Horace, and then, as likely as not, would dart off, sticking his hands in his coat pockets, without saluting either yourself or the companion whom you had introduced to him.

"In the afternoon our little man of the good head and the keen eyes was at his desk on a ground-floor in the Rue des Moulins (not far from where the Jacobin Club used to meet) redacting the news and gossip of Paris that day in a letter, easy, pithy, sensible, with a dash of mockery and scholarship about it just enough to make it distinctive and unique. The letter over, he strolled out, holding a favorite white dog in a string, to dine in the Palais Royal and smoke a cigar in a café afterwards, and so wind up the day. There was in all he said and wrote and did meanwhile a certain impress of character, a certain *cachet d'originalité*, which set him apart from the common run even of clever men. And indeed Francis Mahony, commonly called Father Prout, was no common man either in genius or expression. Many elements met in him, as in a *mayonnaise*, to make a piquant mixture. He was a Jesuit and a humorist; a priest and a Bohemian; a scholar and a journalist; a wag and a song-writer; a Cork man familiar to everybody in Rome; a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic well known in the convivial clubs of London. The Sacred College knew all about him, and he bandied innumerable repartees with Douglas Jerrold. Such a man ought not to pass away, even were he not a celebrated man, without some estimate being attempted of what he did in the world."

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading.

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

[Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866.

[No. 26.]

THE TRAGEDY IN THE PALAZZO BARDELLO.

I.

THE sun had been up for the best part of an hour; the golden haze in the east was slowly melting away; the sluggish tide of bullock-trucks had fairly set in along the Via Sacra; and a faint, universal stir of awakening life was to be felt rather than heard in the pleasant morning air, when a certain Englishman, Hugh Girdlestone by name, rose from his lounging attitude against the parapet of the Tower of the Capitol, and prepared to be gone. He had been standing there in the same spot, in the same attitude, since the first gray of the dawn. He had seen the last star fade from the sky. He had seen the shadowy Sabine peaks uplift themselves one by one, and the Campagna emerge, like a troubled sea, from the mystery of the twilight.

Rome, with its multitudinous domes and bell-towers, its history, its poetry, its fable, lay at his feet. Yonder the Coliseum, brown, vast, indistinct against the light, with the blue day piercing its topmost arches; to the left the shapeless ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars; to the right, faintly visible above the mist, the pyramid of Caius Cestius, beside which, amid a wilderness of sweet wild violets, lie the ashes of John Keats; nearer still, the sullen Tiber eddying over the fast-vanishing piers of the Pons Æmilius; nearest of all, the Forum, with its excavations, its columns, its palace-fronts, its triumphal arches, its scanty turf, its stunted acacias, its indescribable air of repose and desolation; and beyond and around all, the brown and broken Campagna, bounded on the one hand by long chains of snow-streaked Apennines, and on the other by a shining zone of sea. A marvellous panorama! Perhaps, taking it for all in all, the most marvellous panorama that Europe has to show. Hugh Girdlestone knew every feature of it by heart. He was familiar with every crumbling tower and modern campanile, with every space of open piazza, with every green enclosure, with the site of every famous ruin, and the outline of every famous hill. It was his favorite haunt, — the one pageant of which his eyes and his imagination were never weary. He had seen the sun rise and set upon that scene many and many a time, both now and in years past. He might, in all probability, stand in the same spot and witness the same gorgeous spectacle to-morrow; and yet he lingered there as fondly as if this visit were his first, and left as reluctantly as if it were destined to be his last.

Slowly and thoughtfully he went his way, out

through the spacious court-yard, past the bronze horse and his imperial rider, down the great steps, and along the Via Ara Cœli. Passing the church of the Jesuits, he paused for a moment to listen to the chanting. As he did so, a Campagna drover in a rough sheepskin jacket stopped his truck to kneel for a moment on the lowest step and then trudged on again; and presently an Albano woman lifted the ponderous leather curtain and came out, bringing with her a momentary rush of rolling harmonies. The Englishman listened and lingered, made as if he would go in, and then, with something of a smile upon his lip, turned hastily away. Going straight on, with his head a little thrown forward and his hat pulled somewhat low upon his brow, he then pushed on at a swift, swinging stride, proceeding direct to the post-office, and passing the Pantheon without so much as a glance.

Manly, well-born, well-educated, gifted with a more than ordinary amount of brains, and, perhaps, with a more than ordinary share of insular stubbornness, Hugh Girdlestone was just one of those men whom it does one good to meet in the streets of a continental city. He was an Englishman through and through; and he was precisely that type of Englishman who commands the respect, though seldom the liking, of foreigners. He expressed and held to his opinions with a decision that they disliked intensely. His voice had a ring of authority that grated upon their ears. His very walk had in it something characteristic and resolute that offended their prejudices. For his appearance, it was as insular as his gait or his accent. He was tall, strongly made, somewhat gaunt and swift-looking about the limbs, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a trick of swinging his gloves in his right hand as he went along.

In complexion and feature he was not unlike the earlier portraits of Charles II. The lines of his face were less harsh, and his skin was less swarthy; but there was the same sarcastic play of lip, and now and then a flash of the same restless fire in the eye. Nor did the resemblance end here. It came out strongest of all in a mere passing shadow of expression, — that expression of saturnine foreboding which Walpole aptly defined as the "fatality of air" common to the line of the Stuarts. The look was one which came to his face but rarely, — so rarely that many of his intimate acquaintances had never seen it there; but it started to the surface sometimes, like a hidden writing, and sometimes settled like a darkness on his brow.

The main facts of his story up to the morning of this day — this 13th of February, 1857 — may be told in a few lines. He was the son of a wealthy

Derbyshire squire, had taken honors at Cambridge, and had been called to the bar some four or five years back. As yet he could scarcely be said to have entered actively upon his professional life. He had written an able treatise on the law of International Copyright, and edited an important digest of Chancery practice. He had also been for years in the habit of contributing to the best periodical literature of the day. Within the last four months, after a prolonged opposition on the part of her nearest relatives, he had happily married a young lady of ancient Roman Catholic family and moderate fortune, to whom he had been attached from boyhood. They were now spending a long honeymoon in Rome, and were as perfectly happy as a pair of lovers in a fairy-tale. When it is added, that she was just twenty-two and he thirty-four years of age, the outline of their little history is made out with sufficient clearness for all the purposes of this narrative.

Pushing on, then, at his eager pace, Hugh Girdlestone came presently to the post-office and inquired for his letters. There was but one, — a square, blue-looking, ill-favored sort of document, sealed with a big office seal and addressed in a trim business hand. He had to show his passport before the clerk would trust it beyond the bars of the little cage in which he sat, and then it was overweight, and he was called upon to pay forty-six bajocchi for extra postage. This done — and it seemed to him that the clerk was wilfully and maliciously slow about it — Hugh Girdlestone crushed the letter into an inner breast pocket, and turned away. At the door he hesitated, looked at his watch, crossed over, withdrew into the shade of a neighboring *porte cochère*, took his letter out again, and tore it open. It contained two enclosures: the one a note from his publishers, the other a letter of credit upon a great Roman banking-house. He drew a deep breath of satisfaction. He had been expecting this remittance for several days past, not altogether with anxiety, for he was in no immediate need of money, but with some degree of impatience; for the fate of more than one project was involved in the sum which this letter of credit might chance to represent. The extension of their tour as far as Naples, the purchase of certain bronzes and cameos, and the date of their return to England, were all dependent upon it. It was no wonder, then, that Hugh Girdlestone's brow cleared at sight of the amount for which he found himself entitled to draw upon the princely establishment in the Piazza Venezia. It exceeded his expectations by nearly one half, and made him a rich man for the next three months.

Having read the letter and folded the enclosure carefully away in his pocket-book, he then struck off in a northeasterly direction towards some of those narrow thoroughfares that lie between the Tiber, the Corso, and the Piazza di Spagna.

The streets were now beginning to be alive with passengers. The shopkeepers were busy arranging their windows; the vetturini were ranging themselves in their accustomed ranks; the beggars were lazily setting about their professional avocations for the day; and the French regiments were turning out, as usual, for morning parade on the Pincio. Here and there a long-haired student might be seen with his color-box under his arm, trudging away to his work of reproduction in some neighboring gallery; or a *guarda nobile*, *cigarette en bouche*, riding leisurely towards the Vatican. Here and there, too, on the steps of the churches and at the corners of

the streets, were gathered little knots of priests and mendicant friars, deep in pious gossip and redolent less of sanctity than garlic.

But to Hugh Girdlestone these sights and sounds were all too familiar to claim even passing attention. He went on his way, preoccupied and unob-servant, with a face of happy thoughtfulness and a head full of joyous hopes and projects. Life had, perhaps, never seemed so bright for him as at that moment. The happy present was his own, and the future with all its possible rewards and blessings lay, as it were, unfolded before him. It was not often that he was visited by a holiday mood such as this; and, English as he was, he could scarcely forbear smiling to himself as he went along. Coming presently, however, into a long, picturesque street lined with shops on both sides from end to end, he slackened his pace, shook off his reverie, and began loitering before the windows with the air of a purchaser.

Pausing now at a cameo-cutter's, now at a mosaicist's, now at a jeweller's, hesitating between the bronze medals in this window and the antique gems in that, he came presently to one of those shops for the sale of devotional articles, one or more of which are to be found in almost every street of Rome. Here were exquisitely carved rosaries in cedar and coral and precious stones, votive offerings in silver and wax, consecrated palm, colored prints of saints and martyrs in emblematic frames, missals, crosses, holy water vessels, and wreaths of *immortelles*. Here also, occupying the centre of the window, and relieved against a stand of crimson cloth, stood an ivory crucifixion designed after the famous Vandyke at Antwerp, and measuring about ten inches in height. It was a little gem in its way, — a tiny masterpiece of rare and delicate workmanship. Hugh Girdlestone had seen and admired it many a time before, but never till now with any thought of purchase. To-day, however, the aspect of affairs was changed. His letter of credit troubled his peace of mind and oppressed him with an uneasy sense of wealth. He longed to buy something for his little bride at home, and he knew that he could find nothing in all Rome which she would prefer to this. She would appreciate it as a piece of art, and prize it as a most precious adjunct to her devotions. She would love it, too, for his dear sake, and her eyes would rest upon it when she prayed for him in her orisons. Dear, pious, tender little heart! it should be hers, cost what it might. He would take it home to her this very morning. What pleasure to see the glad wonder in her eyes! What pleasure to give her back smile for smile and kiss for kiss, when she should fly into his arms to thank him for the gift!

So Hugh Girdlestone went in and bought it, reckless of the breach it made in his purse, and caring for nothing but the delight of gratifying what he so dearly loved.

That he, an ultra liberal thinker in all matters religious and political, should select such a gift for his wife, was just one of those characteristic traits that essentially marked the man. Setting but slight value on all forms of creeds, and ranking that of the Romanist at a lower level than most, he could yet feel a sort of indulgent admiration for the graceful side of Roman Catholic worship. The flowers, the music, the sculpture, the paintings, the perfumes, the gorgeous customs, gratified his sense of beauty; and, regarding these things from a purely æsthetic point of view, he was willing to admit that it was a

pretty, poetical sort of religion enough—for a woman.

Carrying the ivory carving carefully packed in a little oblong box under his arm, Hugh Girdlestone then hastened homewards with his purchase. It was now ten o'clock, and all Rome was as full of stir and life as at midday. His way lay through the Piazza di Spagna, up the great steps, and on through the Via Sistina, to a certain by-street near the Quattro Fontane, where he and his little wife occupied an upper floor in a small palazzo situated upon one of the loftiest and healthiest points of the Quirinal hill. As he neared the spot, a sense of pleasurable excitement came upon him. He smiled, unconsciously to himself, and, scarcely knowing that he did so, quickened his pace at every step. To the accustomed beggar at the corner he flung a double dole in the joyousness of his heart; to a lean dog prowling round the *cortile*, a biscuit that chanced to be in his pocket. Happiness disposes some people to benevolence, and Hugh Girdlestone was one of that number.

Up he went,—up the broad stone staircase which served as a general thoroughfare to the dwellers in the Palazzo Bardello; past the first landing, with its English footman, insolently discontent, lolling against the half-opened door; past the second landing fragrant with flowers, the temporary home of a wealthy American family; past the third, where, in an atmosphere of stormy *soffeggi*, lived an Italian tenor and his wife; and on, two steps at a time, to the fourth, where all that he loved best in life awaited his coming! There he paused. His own visiting card was nailed upon the door, and under his name, in a delicate female hand, was written that of his wife. Happy Hugh Girdlestone! There was not a lighter heart in Rome at that moment when, having delayed an instant to take breath before going in, he pulled out his latch-key, opened the gates of his paradise, and passed into the shady little vestibule beyond.

At the door of the salon he was met by Margherita, their Roman servant,—a glorious creature, who looked as if she might have been the mother of the Gracchi, but who was married, instead, to an honest water-carrier down by the Ripetta, and was thankful to go out to service for some months in every year.

"Hush!" she whispered, with her finger on her lip. "She sleeps still."

The breakfast lay on the table, untouched and ready; the morning sunshine flamed in at the windows; the flowers on the balcony filled the air of the room with a voluptuous perfume. It was a day of days,—a day when to be still in bed seemed almost like a sacrilege,—a day when, above all others, one should be up and doing, and revelling in the spring-time of the glad new year. Hugh Girdlestone could scarcely believe that Margherita was in earnest.

"Sleeps!" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that the Signora has not yet rung her bell."

"But is she still in bed?"

"Still in bed, Signore, and sleeping soundly. I stole in about half an hour ago, and she never heard me. I would not wake her. Sleep is a blessed thing, and the good God sends it."

The Englishman laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"One may have too much even of a blessing, my good Margherita," he said. "I shall wake her, at all events, and she will thank me for doing so. See,

—I have something here worth the opening of one's eyes to look upon!"

Margherita clasped her hands in an ecstasy of devotional admiration.

"*Cielo!*" she exclaimed. "How beautiful!"

He placed the carving on the stand of red cloth, and then, going over to the balcony, gathered a handful of orange-blossoms and crimson azalias.

"We must decorate our altar with flowers, Margherita," he said, smiling. "Fetch me those two white vases from the chimney-piece in the ante-room."

The vases were brought, and he arranged his bouquets as tenderly and gracefully as a woman might have arranged them. This done, he stole to the bedroom door, opened it noiselessly, and peeped in.

All within was wrapped in a delicious, dreamy dusk. The jalousies were closed and the inner blinds drawn down; but one window stood a few inches open, thus admitting a soft breath of morning air, and now and then a faint echo from the world beyond. He advanced very cautiously. He held his breath,—he stole on a step at a time,—he would not have roused her for the world till all was ready. At the dressing-table he paused and looked round. He could just see the dim outline of her form in the bed. He could just see how one little hand rested on the coverlid, and how her hair lay like a lustrous cloud upon the pillow. Very carefully he then removed her dressing-case and desk from a tiny table close by, carried it to the side of the bed, and placed it where her eyes must first greet it on waking. He next crept back to the salon for the ivory carving; then for the flowers; and then arranged them on the table like the decorations of a miniature shrine.

And all this time she neither woke nor stirred.

At last, his pretty preparations being all complete, the young husband, careful even now not to startle her too rudely, gently unclosed the jalousies, drew aside the blinds, and filled the room with sunshine.

"Ethel," he said. "Ethel, do you know how late it is?"

But Ethel still slept on.

He moved a step nearer. Her face was turned to the pillow; but he could see the rounded outline of her cheek, and it struck him that she looked strangely pale. His heart gave a great throb; his breath came short; a nameless terror—a terror of he knew not what—fell suddenly upon him.

"Ethel!" he repeated. "My darling,—my darling!"

He sprang to the bedside,—he hung over her,—he touched her hand, her cheek, her neck,—then uttered one wild, despairing cry, and staggered back against the wall. She was dead.

Not fainting. No; not even in the first horror of that moment did he deceive himself with so vain a hope. She was dead, and he knew that she was dead. He knew it with as full and fixed a sense of conviction as if he had been prepared for it by months of anxiety. He did not ask himself why it was so. He did not ask himself by what swift and cruel disease, by what mysterious accident, this dread thing had come to pass. He only knew that she was dead; and that all the joy, the hope, the glory of life was gone from him forever.

A long time, or what seemed like a long time, went by thus; he leaning up against the wall, voiceless, tearless, paralyzed, unable to think, or move,

or do anything but stare in a blank, lost way at the bed on which lay the wreck of his happiness.

By and by—it might have been half an hour, or an hour, later—he became dimly conscious of a sound of lamentation; of the presence of many persons in the room; of being led away like a child, and placed in a chair beside an open window; and of Margherita kneeling at his feet and covering his hands with tears. Then, as one who has been stunned by some murderous blow, he recovered by degrees from his stupor.

"Salimbeni," he said, hoarsely.

It was the first word he had spoken.

"We have sent for him, Signore," sobbed Margherita. "But—but—"

He lifted his hand, and turned his face aside.

"Hush!" he replied. "I know it."

Signor Salimbeni was a famous Florentine surgeon who lived close by in the Piazza Barberini, and with whom Hugh Girdlestone had been on terms of intimacy for the last four or five months. Almost as his name was being uttered he arrived,—a tall, dark, bright-eyed man of about forty years of age, with something of a military bearing. His first step was to clear the place of intruders,—of the English family from the first floor, of the Americans from the second, of the Italian tenor and his wife, and of the servants who had crowded up *en masse* from every part of the house. He expelled them all, civilly but firmly; locked the door behind the last; and went alone into the chamber of death. Hugh Girdlestone followed him, dull-eyed, tongue-tied, bewildered, like a man half roused from sleep.

The surgeon bent silently over the corpse; turned the poor white face to the light; held a mirror to the lips; touched the passive hand; lifted first one eyelid, then the other; and felt for the last lingering spark of vital heat on the crown of the head. Then he shook his head.

"It is quite hopeless, my friend," he said, gently.

"Life has been extinct for some two hours or more."

"But the cause?"

Signor Salimbeni slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"Impossible to tell," he replied, "without a proper examination."

The widower buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud.

"Whether the seat of this mischief be in the brain," continued Signor Salimbeni, "or whether, as I am more inclined to suspect, it should be sought in the heart—"

He broke off abruptly,—so abruptly, and with such a sudden change of voice, that Hugh Girdlestone was startled from his apathy. He looked up, and saw the surgeon staring down with a face of ashy horror at the corpse upon the bed.

"Dio!" he faltered. "What is this?"

He had laid back the collar of the night-dress, and bared the beautiful white bosom beneath; and there, just above the region of the heart, like a mere speck upon a surface of pure marble, was visible a tiny puncture,—a spot so small, so insignificant, that but for a pale violet discoloration spreading round it like a halo, it would perhaps have escaped observation altogether.

"What is this?" he repeated. "What does it mean?"

Hugh Girdlestone answered never a word, but stood in stony silence with his eyes fixed on the fatal spot. Then he stooped, looked into it more narrowly, shuddered, rose once again to his full height,

and less with his breath than by the motion of his lips, shaped out the one word,—

"Murdered!"

II.

It was the most mysterious crime that had been committed in Rome since the famous murder in the Coliseum about seven years before. The whole city rang with it. Even the wretched little local newspapers, the *Giornale di Roma*, the *Diario Romano*, and the *Vero Amico del Popolo*, made space, amid the more pressing claims of Church festivals, provincial miracles, and the reporting of homilies, to detail some few scanty particulars of the "*tragedia deplorabile*" in the Palazzo Bardello. Each, too, hinted its own solution of the enigma. The *Diario* inclined to the suicidal point of view; the *Giornale*, more politically wise than its contemporaries, pointed a significant finger towards Sardinia; the *Vero Amico*, under cover of a cloud of fine phrases, insinuated a suspicion of Hugh Girdlestone himself. At every table d'hôte and every artist's club, at the public reading-rooms, in the studios, in the cafés, and at every evening party throughout Rome, it was the universal topic.

In the mean while such feeble efforts as it is in the nature of a Pontifical government to make were put forward for the discovery of the murderer. A post-mortem examination was appointed; official consultations were held; official depositions were drawn up; pompous gendarmes clanked perpetually up and down the staircase and court-yard of the Palazzo Bardello; and every one about the place who could possibly be supposed to have anything to say upon the subject was summoned to give evidence. But in vain. Days went by, weeks went by, and the mystery remained impenetrable as ever. Passing shadows of suspicion fell here and there,—on Margherita, on a Corsican courier in the service of the American family, on Hugh Girdlestone himself; but they rested scarcely at all, and vanished away as a breath from a surface of polished steel.

In the mean while Ethel Girdlestone was laid to rest in a quiet little Roman Catholic cemetery beyond the walls,—a lonely, picturesque spot, overlooking the valley of the Tiber and the mountains about Fidenæ. A plain marble cross and a wreath of immortelles marked the place of her grave. For a week or two the freshly-turned mould looked drear and desolate under the spring sunshine; but the grass soon sprang up again, and the wild crocuses struck root and blossomed over it, and by that time Rome had found some fresh subject for gossip, and the fate of Ethel Girdlestone was wellnigh forgotten.

There was one, however, who forgot nothing,—who, the first torpor of despair once past, lived only to remember and to avenge. He offered an enormous reward for the apprehension of the unknown murderer. He papered Rome with placards. He gave himself up, body and brain, to the task of discovery, and felt that for this, and this only, he could continue to bear the burden of life. As the chances of success seemed to grow daily more and more uncertain, his purpose but became the more assured. He would have justice; meaning by justice, blood for blood, a life for a life. And this at all costs, at all risks, at all sacrifices. He took a solemn oath to devote, if need be, all the best years of his life, all the vigor of his mind, and all the strength of his manhood, to this one desperate end. For it he was ready to endure any privation, or to incur any personal danger. For it, could his purpose have been thereby

assured, he would have gladly died at any hour of the day or night. As it was, he trained himself to the work with a patience that was never wearied.

He studied to acquire the dialects, and to familiarize himself with the habits, of the lowest quarters of Rome. He frequented the small wine-shops of the Trastevere and the Rioni St. Angelo. He mastered the intricacies of the Ghetto. He haunted the street fountains, the puppet-shows, and the quays of Ripa Grande. Wherever, in short, the Roman people were to be found *in fra di loro*, whether gossiping, gaming, quarrelling, or holiday-making, there Hugh Girdlestone made his way, mingled with them, listened, observed, and waited like a trapper for his prey. It was a task of untold peril and difficulty, made all the more perilous and difficult by the fact of his being a foreigner. Fluent Italian as he was, it was still not possible that he should perfectly master all the slang of the Rioni, play at *morra* and *zocchinetta* as one to the manner born, or be at all times equal to the part which he had undertaken. He was liable at any moment to betray himself, and to be poignarded for a spy. He knew each time that he ventured into certain quarters of the city that his body might be floating down towards Ostia before daybreak, or that he might quite probably disappear from that moment and never be seen or heard of more. Yet, strong in his purpose and reckless of his life, he went, and came, and went again, penetrating into haunts where the police dared not set foot, and assuming in these excursions the dress and dialect of a Roman "rough" of the lowest order.

Thus disguised, and armed with a deadly patience that knew neither weariness nor discouragement, Hugh Girdlestone pursued his quest. How, despite every precaution, he contrived to escape detection was matter for daily wonder, even to himself. He owed his safety, however, in great measure to a sullen manner and a silent tongue,—perhaps in some degree to his southern complexion; to his black beard and swarthy skin, and the lowering fire in his eyes.

Thus the spring passed away, the summer heats came on, and the wealthier quarters of Rome were, as usual, emptied of their inhabitants. The foreign visitors went first; then the Italian nobility; and then all those among the professional and commercial classes who could afford the healthful luxury of *villeggiatura*. Meanwhile, Hugh Girdlestone was the only remaining lodger in the Palazzo Bardello. Day by day he lingered on in the deserted city, wandering through the burning streets and piazzas, and down by the river-side, where the very air was heavy with malaria. Night after night he perilled life and limb in the wine-shops of the Trastevere; and still in vain. Still the murderer remained undiscovered and the murdered unavenged; still no clew, nor vestige of a clew, turned up. The police, having grown more and more languid in the work of investigation, ceased at last from further efforts. The placards became defaced, or pasted over by fresh ones. By and by the whole story faded from people's memories; and, save by one who, sleeping or waking, knew no other thought, the famous "*tragedia deplorabile*" was quite forgotten.

Thus the glowing summer and sultry autumn dragged slowly by. The popular festivals on Monte Testaccio were celebrated and over; the harvest was gathered in; the virulence of the malaria abated; the artists flocked back to their studios, the middle-class Romans to their homes, and the nobles to their palaces. Then the Pope returned from

Castel Gondolfo, and the annual tide of English and American visitors set in. By the first Sunday in Advent, Rome was already tolerably well filled; and on the evening of that same Sunday an event took place which threw the whole city into confusion, and caused a clamor of dismay even louder than that which followed the murder of Ethel Girdlestone ten months before.

III.

A KNOT of loungers stood, talking eagerly, round the stove in Fiale's reading-room. It was on the Monday morning following the first Sunday in Advent, and still quite early. None were reading, or attempting to read. The newspapers lay unopened on the tables. Even the last *Times* contained nothing so exciting as the topic then under discussion.

"It is to be hoped and expected that the government will bestir itself in earnest this time," said a bald-headed Englishman, standing with his back to the stove.

"Hope is one thing, my dear sir, and expectation is another," replied his nearest neighbor. "When you have lived in Rome as long as myself, you will cease to expect anything but indifference from the bureaucracy of the Papal States."

"But a crime of this enormity—"

"Is more easily hushed up than investigated, especially when the sufferers are in a humble station of life, and cannot offer a large reward to the police."

"Mr. Somerville puts the question quite fairly," observed another gentleman. "There is nothing like public spirit to be found throughout the length and breadth of his Holiness's dominions."

"Nor justice either, it would seem, unless one can pay for it handsomely," added another.

"Nay, your long purse is not always your short cut to justice, even in Rome," said Mr. Somerville. "There was that case of the young bride who was murdered last winter in the Palazzo Bardello. Her husband offered an immense reward—a thousand guineas English, I believe—and yet the mystery was never cleared up."

"Ay, that Palazzo Bardello murder was a tragic affair," said the bald-headed Englishman; "more tragic, on the whole, than—"

A sudden change of expression swept over his face, and he broke off in the midst of his sentence.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I feel as if I were on the brink of a discovery."

"Plunge away, then, my dear fellow," laughed Somerville. "What is it?"

"Well, then,—what if both these murders had been committed by the same hand?"

"Most unlikely, I should think," said one.

"Altogether improbable," added another.

"Do you opine that Othello smothered the princes in the Tower?" asked a third.

"Listen to my premises before you laugh at my conclusions," said he of the bald-head, obviously nettled by the general incredulity. "Look at the details: they are almost identical. In each case the victim is stabbed to the heart; in each case the wound is almost imperceptibly small. There is no effusion of blood; no robbery is committed; and no trace of the assassin remains. I'd stake my head upon it that these are not purely accidental coincidences!"

"I beg your pardon," said a gentleman, who till now had been standing by a window at the further end of the room with his back to the speakers;

"but will you have the goodness to inform me in what part of Rome this—this murder has been committed?"

"Down, I believe, in one of the narrow lanes near the theatre of Marcellus."

"And the victim is a Roman subject?"

"The child of Roman parents."

"A child!"

"A child, sir; a little fellow of only eleven years of age, and the son of a baker named Tommaseo."

The stranger took out his note-book.

"Near the theatre of Marcellus," he said, scribbling a rapid entry.

"Just so,—a most shocking and mysterious affair!"

"And the name, Tommaseo. Many thanks. Good morning."

With this he lifted his hat, strode from the room, and vanished without another word.

"Humph! an abrupt sort of fellow," said the first speaker. "I wonder who he is."

"He looks horribly ill," said another.

"I've met him before," mused Somerville. "I remember the face quite well, but the name has altogether escaped my memory. Good heavens! it was Mr. Girdlestone,—the husband of that very lady who was murdered in the Palazzo Bardello!"

In the mean while Hugh Girdlestone was swinging along at his tremendous pace towards that quarter where the murder had been perpetrated. He found the house without difficulty, at the end of a narrow Vicolo about half-way between the Portico of Octavia and the Theatre of Marcellus. There was a crowd before the door, and a dismounted dragoon pacing up and down with his sabre under his arm. Over the shop window was suspended a board, on which were inscribed, in faded red letters, the words, "ANTICO FORNO"; and at this window, where still lay unsold some three or four stale rolls of Saturday's baking, an old woman every now and then made her appearance, and addressed wild lamentation to the bystanders.

"Alas! alas!" she cried, tossing her arms aloft like a withered Cassandra. "He was the light of our eyes! He was our darling, our sunshine, our pride! He was as good as an angel. He never told a lie in his life. Everybody loved him! At this hour yesterday his laugh made music in the house, and our hearts leaped for joy to hear it. We shall never hear that voice again,—never, never more, till we hear it in heaven! He is dead. He is dead, and the blessed Virgin has him in her care. But his murderer lives. O Dio, hear it! Hear it, O blessed mother of God! Hear it, thou blessed Saint Stefano! Overtake him with your vengeance! Let his tongue wither, and his eyes melt away in blood! Let his hands and feet rot upon his body! Let his flesh drop piecemeal from his bones! Let him die unconfessed and unabsolved, and give him over to the everlasting fire!"

"No stranger is allowed to pass, Signore," said the dragoon, interposing his person between the Englishman and the door.

But Hugh Girdlestone had only to open his pocket-book, and show a certain slip of paper signed by the chief of police. It was a magical document, and admitted him to all kinds of forbidden places. He went in. In the outer room, or shop, he found some eight or ten persons assembled, apparently relatives and friends of the family; in a darkened room beyond, the body of a young child laid out upon a nar-

row pallet, strewn with immortelles, and set round with lighted candles. The father, a sickly-looking man, with eyes red and swollen from weeping, was sitting on a low stool, in a farther corner of the room, his elbows resting on his knees, and his chin upon his hands, smoking drearily. The mother lay crouched on the floor beside the bed, in a stupor of misery.

Hugh Girdlestone apologized for his intrusion with a word or two of explanation and sympathy. The woman never stirred. The man took his pipe from his mouth, rose respectfully, and replied to such questions as his visitor thought fit to put to him.

The child's name, he said, was Stefano,—Stefanino, they used to call him. He was their only child, and would have been eleven years of age in the course of a few more days. He was a particularly good boy, and as clever as he was good. He was a great favorite with the Padre Lorenzo,—the famous Padre Lorenzo of whom the Signore had doubtless heard. This Padre Lorenzo had taken an especial affection for the little Stefanino, and had himself prepared the boy for his first communion. And he took it only yesterday morning,—took it at the church of Il Gesù, at the hands of Monsignore di Montalto. It was a long ceremony. There were six hundred children present, and their Stefanino was among the last who went up. When it was over they came home and dined, and after dinner they went for a walk on the Monte Pincio. Coming back they hired a vettura, for the child was very tired; and as soon as they reached home his mother gave him a cup of soup and a piece of bread, and put him to bed. This was about half past six o'clock. A little later in the evening,—perhaps about a quarter past seven,—he and his wife and his wife's mother went over to see a neighbor in the Via Fiumara close by. They left the child asleep. They had often left him so before, especially on Sunday evenings, and no harm had come of it. The wife of the shoemaker who occupied the first floor had promised to listen if he should wake or call for anything; and she was a good soul, and had children of her own. *Ebbene*, they stayed out somewhat late,—later than usual, for the neighbor in the Via Fiumara had her married daughter spending the evening with her, and they stayed gossiping till past ten o'clock. Then they came home. The shoemaker and his family were gone to bed; but the house-door was left, as usual, on the latch, and the matches and candle were in their accustomed corner in the passage. So they lit the candle, and fastened the door, and stole in very softly; for little Stefanino was a light sleeper, and apt to lie awake for hours if accidentally roused. However, this time, although the grandmother stumbled over the *scaldino* on first going into the room, he never turned or stirred. He slept in a little crib beside their own bed, and after a few minutes they went to look at him. He was very pale; but then he had gone through a day of great fatigue and excitement, and was unusually tired. They never dreamed, at first sight, that all was not well with him. It was his mother who discovered it. She first saw that no breath parted his dear lips,—she first touched his cheek, and found it cold!

When he reached this point in his narrative, the poor baker fairly broke down, and covered his face with his hands.

"Eccolo, Signore," he sobbed. "He was our only little one!"

"He is with God," said Hugh Girdlestone.

He could think of nothing else to say. He was not a religious man. He was, on the contrary, a worldly, a careless, perhaps even a somewhat hard man; and he had no words of ready comfort and sympathy at command. But he was moved, and his emotion showed itself in his voice.

"Alas! God did not want him so much as we wanted him," was the naive reply.

The mother, who till now had lain huddled on the floor, apparently unconscious of all that was going forward, here suddenly lifted up her head.

"The good God and our blessed Lady had him always," she said, hoarsely. "He was in their hands from the hour when I brought him into the world, and he is not more theirs in heaven than he was theirs on earth. But they did not call him from us. It is not God, but man, who has bereaved us, and left us desolate. Behold!"

And with this she rose to her feet, turned down the sheet, and uncovered the wound,—just such a tiny puncture, with just such a ghastly halo spreading round it, as Hugh Girdlestone had awful cause to remember.

He could not bear to look upon it. He shuddered, and turned his face aside.

"Is there,—is there any one whom you suspect?" he faltered.

"No one."

"Have you an enemy?"

The baker shook his head.

"I think not," he replied. "I am at peace with all my neighbors."

"Was no one seen to enter the house in your absence?"

"No one, Signore."

"Did the shoemaker's wife hear no sound?"

"None whatever."

"And you have been robbed of nothing?"

"Not to the value of a *quattrino*."

The Englishman's heart sank within him. He felt profoundly discouraged. The double mystery seemed doubly impenetrable, and his double task doubly hopeless. He turned again to the little bed, and took one long, last look at the waxen figure with its folded hands and funereal chaplets.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to a white silk scarf fringed with gold which lay folded across the feet of the corpse.

The mother snatched it up, and covered it with passionate kisses.

"It is the scarf he wore yesterday when he went up to take his first communion," she replied. "The Padre Lorenzo gave it to him. Alas! alas! how beautiful he looked, dressed in all his best, with new buckles in his shoes and this scarf tied over one shoulder! The little angels painted over the altar did not look more beautiful!"

"The Padre Lorenzo!" repeated Hugh Girdlestone. "He taught the child, you say, and loved him. Does he know this?"

"Yes, he knows it."

It was the man who replied. The woman had sunk down again upon the floor, and hidden her face.

"Has he been to see you since?"

"He sent a priest this morning to pray for the repose of our little one's soul."

"Humph!"

Tommaseo's quick Italian ear detected the shade of disapproval in his visitor's voice.

"The Padre Lorenzo is a saint," he said, eagerly. "All Rome flocks to hear him preach."

"Where is he to be found, *amico*?"

"At the convent of the *Gesuiti* close by."

"So!—a Jesuit?"

"A Jesuit, Signore; so eloquent, so learned, so holy, and yet so young,—so young! A holier man does not live. Though his body still walks upon earth, his soul already lives in heaven."

"I should like to see him," mused the Englishman. "He might suggest something,—these Jesuits are keen and far-sighted; at all events, it is worth the effort. I will go round to the *Gesuiti*, *amico*, to hear if your good padre can help us."

"Our blessed Lady and all the saints reward you, dear Signore!" exclaimed the poor father, humbly attempting to kiss the hand which Hugh Girdlestone extended to him at parting.

But the Englishman snatched it hastily away.

"Nay, nay," he said, roughly. "I have my own motive,—my own wrong. No thanks,—no thanks!"

And with a quick gesture, half deprecation, half farewell, he was gone.

IV.

VAST, sombre, dimly lighted, splendid with precious marbles and rich in famous altar-pieces, the church of *Il Gesù* wore that day an aspect of even gloomier grandeur than usual. Before the chapel of Saint Ignazio, a considerable crowd was assembled. All were listening devoutly. The dropping of a pin might have been heard among them. There had been no service. There was no music. No perfume of incense lingered on the air. It was simply a week-day discourse that was in process of delivery, and the preacher was Padre Lorenzo.

As Hugh Girdlestone went up the steps and lifted the heavy leathern portiere, he suddenly remembered how, on that other fatal morning of the thirteenth of February last, he had paused upon those very steps, listening to the chanting and half disposed to enter. Why had he not followed that impulse? He could not tell. Why need the coincidence startle him now? He could not tell that, either. It was but a coincidence, commonplace and natural enough,—and yet it troubled him.

He went in.

The chapel was small and held but few seats, and the crowd spread far out into the body of the church, so that the new-comer had to take up his position on the outskirts of the congregation. From this place he could hear, but not see the preacher. Finding it impossible, however, to work his way nearer without disturbing others, he contented himself with listening.

The voice of the preacher was low and clear, and sounded like the voice of a young man; but it rose every now and then to a higher key, and that higher key jarred somewhat harshly upon the ear. The subject of his discourse was death. He held it up to his hearers from every point of view,—as a terror, as a reward, as a punishment; as a hope beside which all other hopes were but as the shadows of shadows. He compared the last moments of the just man with those of the sinner. He showed under what circumstances death was robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. To the soldier falling on the field, to the martyr consuming at the stake, death was glory; to the sick and the heart-broken it was peace; to the philosopher, infinite knowledge; to the poor, infinite wealth; to all faithful Christians, joy everlasting. Happy, he said, were they who died young, for they had not lived to accumulate the

full burden of human sin; happier still they who died penitent, since for them was reserved the special mercy of Heaven.

"But what," he said, — and here his voice rose to a strange pitch of tremulous exaltation, — "but what shall we say to this event which is to-day on every man's tongue? What shall we say to the death of this little child, — this little child who but yesterday partook of his first communion in this very church, and whose fate is even now moving all hearts to indignation and pity? Was ever pity so mistaken? Was ever death so happily timed? In the first bloom of his innocence, in the very moment of his solemn reception into the bosom of our holy Church, sinless, consecrated, absolved, he passed, pure as an angel, into the presence of his Maker. Had he lived but one day longer, he had been less pure. Had he lived to his full term of years, who shall say with what crimes his soul might not have been blackened? He might have lived to become a heretic, an atheist, a blasphemer. He might have died with all his sins upon his head, an outcast upon earth, and an outcast from heaven! Who then shall dare to pity him? Which among us shall not envy him? Has he not gone from earth to ~~heaven~~, clothed in a wedding garment, like a guest to the banquet of the saints? Has he not gone with the chaplet on his brow, the ring upon his finger, the perfume of the incense yet clinging to his hair, the wine of Christ yet fresh upon his lips? Silence, then, O ye of little faith! Why grieve that another voice is given to the heavenly choir? Why lament that another martyr is added to the noble army of the Lord? Let us rejoice rather than weep. Let our requiems be changed for songs of praise and thanksgiving. Shall we pity him that he is beyond the reach of sorrow? Shall we shudder at the fate that has given him to Paradise? Shall we even dare to curse the hand that sent him thither? May not that very hand have been consecrated to the task? — have been guided by the finger of God? — have been inspired by a strength . . . a wisdom . . . no murderer; but a priest . . . a priest of the tabernacle . . . it was the voice of God . . . a voice from Heaven . . . saying . . ."

He faltered, — became inarticulate, — stopped.

A sudden confusion fell upon the congregation; a sudden murmur rose and filled the church. In an instant all were moving, speaking, gesticulating; in an instant Hugh Girdlestone was pushing his way towards the chapel.

And the preacher? Tall, slender, wild-eyed, looking utterly helpless and bewildered, he stood before his hearers, unable, as it seemed, to speak or think. He looked quite young, — about twenty-eight, or it might be thirty, years of age, — but worn and haggard, as one that had prayed and fasted overmuch. Seeing Hugh Girdlestone push through the crowd and stand suddenly before him, he shrank back like a hunted creature, and began trembling violently.

"At last! at last!" gasped the Englishman. "Confess it, murderer; confess it, before I strike you dead with my own hands!"

The priest put his hand to his head. His lips moved, but no utterance came.

"Do you know who I am?" continued Hugh, in a deep, hoarse voice that trembled with hatred. "Do you know who I am? I am the husband of Ethel Girdlestone, — that Ethel Girdlestone who used to come to this very church to confess to you, — to you, who slew her in her bed as you yesterday

slew a little child that loved you. Devil! I remember you now. Why did I not suspect you sooner?"

"Hush!" said a grave voice in his ear. "Does the Signore forget in whose house we are?"

It was another priest of the order, who had just come upon the scene.

"I forget nothing," replied the Englishman. "Bear witness, all present, that I charge this man with murder!"

The new-comer turned to the congregation.

"And bear witness, all present," he added solemnly, with uplifted hand, "that the Padre Lorenzo is responsible for neither his words nor his deeds. He is mad."

And so it was. Young, eloquent, learned, an impassioned orator, and one of the most brilliant ornaments of his order, the Padre Lorenzo had for more than two years betrayed occasional symptoms of insanity. He had committed some few extravagances from time to time, and had broken down once or twice in a discourse; but it had never been supposed that his eccentricity had danger in it. Of the murder of Ethel Girdlestone no one had ever for one moment dreamed that he was guilty. With the instinctive cunning of madness he had kept his first secret well. But he could not keep the second. Having ventured on the perilous subject, he betrayed himself. From that hour he became a raving maniac, and disappeared forever from the world. By what motive his distempered brain had been moved to the commission of these crimes, and where he had obtained the long, slender dagger, scarcely thicker than a needle, with which they were perpetrated, were secrets never discovered; but it was thought by some of those who knew him best that he had slain the child to save his soul from possible sin and send him straight to heaven. As for Ethel Girdlestone, it was probable that he had murdered her from some similar motive, — most likely to preserve her against the danger of perversion by a heretic husband.

Hugh Girdlestone lives, famous and prosperous, learned in the law, and not unlikely, it is said, to attain the woolstack by and by. But he lives a solitary life, and the gloom that fell upon his youth overshadows all his prosperity. He will never marry again.

BALZAC IN UNDRESS.

ALREADY in this Magazine have been treated the subjects of the style, spirit, and tendency of Balzac's stories. The present paper has no connection with any of these things. It has to do with Balzac the man of mighty plans, of untiring industry, of insatiable greed of gold, the man of sumptuous living when not laboring like a mole in his darkened chamber, and of buoyant hopefulness in the very wreck of his most darling projects. A man of iron will, and determination to live one day at ease and in the enjoyment of luxury, he long endured poverty and ill success in his literary attempts. Having made himself a name in literature and changed places with the Paris publishers, — they being now obliged to wait on him instead of he on them, — he was still obliged to work like a horse in order to clear off encumbrances, purchase rare objects of vertu, and repair those mistakes in business to which he, as well as every mere man of letters, was and ever will be obnoxious. At last, when by a marriage with Countess Hanska he was rendered independent of mental drudgery, and looked forward to happy years to be

spent in the acquisition of rare objects of art, and of domestic happiness with an amiable and devoted wife, the dread summons came in the very first year of marriage, — and his laborious and stormy career was past. Of this strange existence the present paper pretends merely to present a few episodes, not of much importance, but very characteristic of the character and disposition of the man as distinguished from the writer.

THE JARDIES.

It would be too much to expect that a man rigidly confining himself to literary work for eighteen hours a day for months at a time, and in his enjoyable moments seeing few but mere artists and literary people, should be a good man of business, and possess habits of order and thrift. He supposed that he had discovered the site of the *Jardies*, a notable outlet of Versailles in the days of the "Grand Monarque," though the good folk of Sèvres and Ville d'Avray would never acknowledge that his unprofitable purchase stood on the site of that favorite spot of some of Louis's courtiers.

Balzac had scarcely built the outer walls, and set up the great folding door, when he got engraved in golden characters on a slab of black marble inserted under the bell, "The Jardies."

Our romancist had projected spacious apartments in his limited building, and the abominable staircase would persist in cutting a third off one room, a half off another, and completely spoiling the poetical plan of the unpractised architect. He endeavored to reduce it, to twist it, to confine it to a corner, but it would not adapt itself to any of the master's designs. "The masons in despair flung their mortar to the skies, the architect broke the legs of his compasses, and in a fit of utter prostration Balzac cried out, 'Well, since this rebellious article insists on being master inside, I will turn it out of doors.'"

Thus did he succeed in securing the largest possible dimensions for his apartments, and the troublesome staircase being exposed to the inclemency of the weather was obliged to lean against the exterior wall in an ignoble fashion. This and other apparent conquests over impracticable matters form apt illustrations of the general unfitness of mere literary genius to bring to a successful issue such matters as require habits of order and patience, and mere worldly wisdom.

Balzac's surprising industry and efforts to finish long, laborious tasks, were means (not at all agreeable in themselves) to obtain the ever-cherished desire of his life, — enjoyment of luxury in furniture and objects of art. Such was his all-absorbing wish for wealth, not in the miser's sense, however, that his imagination was possessed at times by the wildest schemes for acquiring treasure by easy and speedy means. A few examples of his hallucinations will be given in the course of the article. Here we take a glance at his order of time for twenty-four hours, the night furnishing the most propitious moments.

Attired in a Dominican's white gown and hood, and sitting in a room remote from disturbance, and lighted up by wax candles (sunlight — when it appeared — being carefully excluded), he began his day at two o'clock, A. M., and wrote on till six. From this hour till nine his time was taken up by a bath, his morning beverage of strong unsugared coffee, a conference with his publisher and correction of proofs.

From nine to noon he wrote on, and then refreshed

himself with a dejeuner of which fresh eggs were the chief article, his drink being unadulterated water. After another cup of coffee he labored diligently till six o'clock, when, if business was not too urgent, he enjoyed a frugal dinner with a chosen friend or two, contenting himself with one glass of good wine. He then gave audience to his publisher and was in bed shortly after eight. Long night-watches, short allowance of sleep, and abuse of strong coffee, gradually told on his robust constitution.

He obtained his cherished wishes in part by the acquisition of some most rare pieces of the regal furniture of the sixteenth century, and of some valuable pictures and statues, but they were trifling compared to the extent of his expectations. Leon Gozlan, his friendly but sometimes indiscreet biographer, furnishes us with the following illustration of his ambition.

"His projects for the Jardies were unbounded. On the bare wall of every room he had written with charcoal, in good running-hand, the upholstery treasures he meant to bestow on them. For many years my eyes rested at intervals on these inscriptions on the passive surface of the stucco: —

"Here, a lining of Parian marble;
Here, the plinth of a pillar in cedar wood;
Here, a ceiling to be painted by Eugene Delacroix;
Here, a large tapestry of Aubusson;
Here, a chimney in Cipolin marble;
Here, doors in the Trianon style;
Here, a mosaic floor formed by all the rare woods of the isles."

"These wonders always remained in the state of charcoal inscriptions. Balzac freely allowed joking on his ideal furnishing. He laughed more than I did myself one day, when I wrote in still larger characters than his own on the wall of his bedchamber, which was just as bare as his other apartments: —

"Here, a picture of Raphael beyond price, and such as has never yet been seen."

BALZAC'S FAMOUS DEBTS.

BALZAC's embarrassments were sufficiently annoying, but of the mighty load of his debts of which his friends as well as he were never tired of talking, his friend and confidant, Gozlan, entertains considerable doubt.

Our hero entertained the simple vanity of impressing on the world's belief the large amount received by him for his works year after year. This without a corresponding mass of debt would merely bestow on him the proportions of an ordinary man in the eyes of the world; but Balzac, carner of a quarter of a million of francs in the year, and the spender of twice the amount, was a personage who would be pointed out by the finger of fame to an admiring public.

His income was in all probability about £600 a year, but his inconvenient and unlucky palace of the Jardies swallowed much money, and he was perpetually dunned for sums trifling in amount. He seems to have been betimes an adherent to Pistol's confession of faith, —

"Base is the slave that pays," —

and to have remained faithful to it during his life. Still he was not a bronze-faced repudiator; he could not look in the countenance of a creditor with an impudent or defiant expression on his features. If he sinned, he paid the penalty. Listen, O ye youthful friends and imitators of Richard Swiveller, Esq., and ponder on the ills that dog the steps of the heedless contractor of debts.

"Balzac, through an innocence of intention, which

establishes all absence of high proficiency in the art of getting into debt, had the imprudence, the perilous candor of borrowing money in his neighborhood. It was, indeed, sowing debts at his feet, which would one day spring up and stifle him. He had thus enclosed himself in a circle out of which he could not escape. His awkward and untoward obligations had so abridged his promenades and paralyzed his movements, that he dared not make an excursion during the day without risk of encountering some rural creditor, — grocer, or milkman, or butcher, or baker, of Ville d'Avray. We insist on considering this procedure a profound mistake in personal economy. To owe to any one is a misfortune no doubt, but to be indebted to your neighbor is an intolerable fault; it is cutting off your path, stopping, shutting out your views, putting givies on your ankles, depriving yourself of air."

BALZAC AND THE GARDE CHAMPÊTRE.

GOZLAN found his friend one morning walking round and round his pavilion. Exhorting him to quit that confined mode of taking exercise, and join him in an excursion through the wood, he could only get out of him the disjointed expressions, — "Too late, the woodranger; too late, the woodranger!" After some trouble he discovered that he owed this guardian of the woods belonging to the commune the trifling sum of thirty francs, and that he had not risen so early on that morning as to be able to enjoy his walk before the usual issuing forth of the dreaded officer. He thus unburdened himself of his heavy grief: —

"Ah, he's a terrible man, — not that he persecutes me, or dogs me like others. Ah, no; but his expressive silence, his piercing regards, his attitudes, his words, sudden and short as the crack of a rifle, trouble me, freeze me, turn me to stone. It is a spectre I meet, not a human being."

Gozlan, however, persuaded him to join him, and they entered the dreaded wood. They were deeply engaged on the subject of the *Revue Parisienne*, then about to start, when Balzac, stopping in the middle of a sentence, stammered out: —

"There he is! 'Who then?' 'He!' 'What he?' 'The woodranger.' And indeed at the corner of the opening which we were traversing appeared the outline of the garde champêtre, with his wild-looking three-cocked hat, his gun resting on his left arm, his loose cartouche belt, his rustic gaiters, his gray hair, and his pipe soldered to the corner of his mouth, the living and most harsh embodiment of the transcendental idea, — garde champêtre.

"Balzac turned pale. 'I told you,' said he, 'we could not fail to meet him.' 'Silence!' said I, 'firmness, and resignation!'

"Still the terrible spectre approached at a slow pace. He never quitted his calm, military, rigid attitude. You would have styled him the gamekeeper of the statue in Don Giovanni. Balzac ceased to speak; he did not even breathe. His eye never diverged from the baldric of the apparition.

"When he was nearly elbow to elbow with Balzac, who still held my arm, he spoke in a tone of concentrated gravity, —

"Monsieur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical," and he stalked on.

"Balzac looked at me, and I looked at Balzac.

"Have you heard him? have you heard him?" said he after the woodranger had vanished in the gray morning vapor which filled the avenues. "Have you heard him?" On my word of honor the phrase is sufficiently sublime to make the head giddy, it should be preserved in spirits. "Monsieur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical." It is a thousand times the value of the thirty francs I owe him. I intended to pay him today, but the expression is too good to be lost. Let us

repeat it to the echoes all day; he shall not get his money till to-morrow. "Monsieur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical."

THE JARDIES IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

SEVERAL of Balzac's obligations were by no means invested with the thoughtful and sentimental character of this one. In fact the Jardies enjoyed a state of perpetual siege by officials with little bills, who came by the Versailles conveyance from Paris. The inhabitants held their ears on the strain for the puffing and thundering of the train, and kept everything as still as night for about six minutes after it had gone by. If no enemy appeared by that time, they took for granted that no dun had arrived, and went on in their usual routine; but in the interval the occupants of flower and kitchen gardens, paddock, and yard were not comfortable. The bell being rung, a peep was taken, and if the appearance of the visitor betokened a suitor, any one indulging in a walk took refuge behind a tree or wall, and remained immovable. The dog about to bark was warned to desist by a pluck at the cord of his collar. He checked the intended demonstration, and lay down on his straw growling, but kept in check by the threatening gestures of the gardener's wife or son. The gardener suspended his labor, and lay down among his vegetables. Behind the green Venetian blinds, Balzac and his guests listened with mingled hope and fear to the blasphemies of the man outside. These invariably terminated with the words, "All in this house are surely dead."

The defeated creditor at last withdrew, and dawdled about in the neighborhood till the next train to Paris went by; the gardener fell to his labor; the promenaders came from behind the trees; the blinds withdrawn let in the genial light of day; the dog expressed his satisfaction to the hens and ducks by joyful barkings, and all was pleasure and freedom till the approach of the next train, when things came to the same disagreeable crisis again.

BALZAC AS FEUILLETONIST.

SOME of Balzac's works appeared as feuilletons in the newspapers. The arrangements were seldom of a satisfactory nature, as we find much ill feeling cherished by him towards the proprietors of newspapers generally.

Emile de Girardin, proprietor of *La Presse*, availed himself of Balzac's talents like others of his fellow-journalists, and his clever wife, *née* Delphine Gay, showed herself well disposed to stand his friend on all suitable occasions. Balzac's novels were ill adapted for a first airing in a daily or weekly journal, the readers of which expect a surprise, a fearful incident, or a thrilling situation in every instalment of the story. He would quietly proceed with his minute analysis of character, his conscientious pictures of isolated old houses in country burghs, and his dissection of feelings and passions, regardless of the impatience of readers of exciting stories; and the owner of the paper would not be long ignorant of this disappointment in the category of demand and supply.

"The country subscribers began to complain, and when such is the case the proprietor must bow down, go on his knees, roll his head in the dust, — in fine, submit. It was a positive fact that the subscriber of *Saint-Jean-de-Coquen-Brie-sub-Bois*, and he of *Saint-Paul-en-Jarret** had protested against Balzac's romance in

* "St. John of the Cock in the Rolling-pin under the Wood," and "St. Paul in the Ham."

course of publication, — 'Les Paysans.' They threatened to discontinue their subscriptions if the proprietor persisted in serving out to them in daily slices that fastidious romance of M. de Balzac, of which they could not understand a word, and which was much less interesting, said they, than the 'Woman with the Green Eyes,' then publishing in the rival journal. 'Give us something like the "Femmes aux Yeux verts,"' cried out the subscriber in 'Saint-Jean-de-Coq-en-Brie-aux-Bois,' and his fellow in 'Saint Paul-en-Jarret,' and we'll dispense with the sequel of your frightful, tiresome, and hateful "Paysans."

"These reiterated protests at last had effect. The administration of *La Presse* was disturbed, every day, either by letter or messenger, Balzac was begged to modify, to cut away, and that in a liberal style, to make incisions wide and deep in the Paysans, that new and colossal study of manners where he so admirably painted these crafty foxes of the fields. And the unfortunate writer cut and hacked, but never enough to satisfy the wishes of the lovers of 'Les Femmes aux Yeux verts.' At last there was some talk of stopping the story if he would not use the scalpel to a much larger extent."

Mme. de Girardin found her mantle scarcely large enough to protect her friend in this juncture. He had spread a table of well-cooked, plain food before guests whose appetites had been vitiated by high-seasoned meats and heavy wines, and they were now ready to sacrifice him with his own kitchen knife.

BALZAC TAKES A COLLABORATEUR.

FROM what has been already said it may be easily deduced that Balzac was no more fitted to produce a dramatic *chef d'œuvre* than to secure the approbation of the admirers of the "Woman with the Green Eyes." He possessed dramatic power but to a limited extent; his darling studies and tastes tended not towards tragedy; he had a great respect, but little love for verse, and was not a successful workman when encumbered with the bonds of rhyme or rhythm. However, on occasions of some great dramatic success achieved by this or that man of letters, he would rouse his energies, suffer the fumes of dramatic glory to get possession of his brain, and set to work at a piece for Harel or Lireux. In these, as in all his other operations, hardly had he grasped the outline of his plan when he began to calculate the monetary results. He would thus hold forth to one of the few that enjoyed his intimacy: —

"O, the idea is grand! It is brilliant and solid at the same time; genuine rose-colored granite! We shall cut from massive Egyptian blocks a piece with tableaux for the Porte-Saint-Martin, with Frederic Lemaître for chief figure. There will be a hundred and fifty representations at five thousand francs, one with another. This makes seven hundred and fifty thousand francs. Now let us calculate. The author's claim of twelve per cent on this sum is more than eighty thousand francs, the tickets five or six thousand francs in fine gold, the printed work, ten thousand copies at three francs each. Why that will be a trinket of thirty thousand francs. Then the —" &c., &c.

Thus he declaimed one day to Henry Monnier, and just as he came to the point where both had got a fabulous sum in perspective, Monnier heartlessly held out his hand, and asked his friend, now a millionaire, to lend him a hundred sous on the strength of the speculation.

In one of these periodical fits he brought a young man to the Jardies to live with him, and be his collaborateur, terms running thus: Young Lassailly was to be at all hours at M. Balzac's disposal, to furnish him ideas if needed, projects, plans, dramatic

combinations, &c. In return he was to be conveniently lodged, washed for, lighted, warmed, and supported at the expense of the master of the Jardies. Balzac fulfilled his engagement to the letter, but Lassailly soon grew so fat and lazy that he was only fit to enjoy the amenities of the Capua into which he had entered, and to keep tormenting dramatic associations miles away from his brains, now dulled by his good condition of body.

All went well for a time, but Balzac, who we know was a great night laborer, would require the presence of his ill-fated collaborateur on cold winter nights, when the thermometer would be preparing to sink below zero.

The poor assistant, tearing his limbs from repose, half-dressed himself in haste, — one foot shod, the other naked, his nightcap poised over one ear, and a taper in his hand. He thus traversed the passages that led to the retired room of his patron, — a different man from the Balzac of the streets and the hero of the cane preserved in the amber of Mme. de Girardin's genius. The Balzac of the study was jaded and pale from want of sleep, and the light of the wax candles flung yellowish splashes on his forehead and cheeks.

The ordinary salute was: "Well, what have you discovered, Lassailly?"

"And Lassailly, taking off his cotton nightcap, and striving to open his eyes, still enveloped in vapory dreams, muttered, 'O yes, we must discover, we must invent something.' 'Well, well, have you invented this something? We must make haste; Porte-Saint-Martin is waiting for us; hasten! Harel wrote to me yesterday evening. Hasten, man! I saw Frederic Lemaître ere yesterday.' 'O, you've seen Lemaître?' 'Yes, yes. He is our own; he is hungry and thirsty for a drama that will bring all Paris together. Where is this drama that's to collect all Paris? Have you it?' 'Not entirely; but —' 'I am listening.' 'I would prefer to hear what you have conceived, and then we could blend our ideas, and I am sure —' 'Lassailly, you are dreaming on your feet; your heavy eyelids are closing.' 'Ah! it's the intense cold, it is —' 'Go to bed, Lassailly. In an hour's time we shall see if the muse has visited you.'

"And resuming his pale bonnie, and dragging along his slippers, Lassailly, resembling a desolate ghost, regained his chamber and the stretcher-bed, on which he was supposed to be discovering the famous drama that would bring all Paris together. Short respite! An hour later new alarms of Balzac's bell tore poor Lassailly's dream from top to bottom, and sent him barefooted, and protected merely by a knitted vest, to the study of his august collaborateur. Then was resumed a repetition of the former scene, Balzac as wakeful as a lion, Lassailly as sleepy as a dormouse; and the result still the same; one demanding his drama at any price, the other not being able to find it even at a higher one. Six times in one night was the excellent but unfruitful collaborateur summoned by his literary chief. The situation was of the most perplexing character, both in its moral and physical aspect.

"Finally, Lassailly, though living better, better warmed, better washed, better lighted, better fed, grew pale and meagre, became seriously ill. His nocturnal summonses, and his inability to perform what was expected from him, began to affect his poor brain. Meeting him one day on the Boulevards, and asking, 'Well, how go things at the Jardies?' 'O, the Jardies! I have abandoned them forever,' said he, and his poor clouded eyes filled with tears. 'But you were very well off there?' 'O, wonderfully well. What a residence, what views, what a life! Roast meat every day, logurnes twice a day, dessert in profusion, and O, such coffee!' 'Then why have you abandoned these delightful Jardies?' 'Why! Ah, who could remain! To rise six

or eight times in the night was not enough, but I must invent the subject of a drama which was to set all Paris a running! That lay beyond my powers. During life I shall never set foot inside the Jardies."

"And he kept his word. Not only did he never revisit the Jardies, but he never pronounced the name of Balzac without exhibiting signs of terror in his features."

"LES RESSOURCES DE QUINOLA."

It would be injudicious to omit the reading of his play, the "Resources of Quinola," to the company of the Odeon a couple of years after the terrible failure of his "Vautrin." He stood at the end of the long baize-covered table, instead of taking his ease in an arm-chair, as was the invariable custom.

"The voice of Balzac, at first heavy, husky, embarrassed, began to clear as he advanced in the reading. It soon acquired a grave, sonorous, and perfect character, and finally when it acquired liberty, and passion began to influence the action, it obeyed the most delicate, most fugitive intentions of the dialogue."

He read with great feeling, he gave way to the sentiment of the moment, he made his audience cry, he made them laugh, crying and laughing himself as if thoroughly unaware of the presence of the company. In the laugh he specially carried away his hearers. He harnessed them as it were to his chariot of gayety, and dragged them along. The actors followed the dialogue and incidents with great interest and hope of success till the end of the fourth act, and then—

"In a moment, joy, pleasure, gayety, ceased, stopped like a coach one of whose wheels has just been fractured. What was the matter? What had happened? This happened that Balzac at the end of the fourth act, after blowing his nose, applying his handkerchief to his forehead and cheeks, and putting his hand under his white waistcoat to adjust his braces, and pull up his trousers which had got down several inches through his late violent exercise,—it happened, we repeat, that Balzac announced to his audience palpitating with anxiety, that the fifth act was not yet written. O, such surprise, such consternation, such long faces! 'I will now,' said the undaunted man, 'give you the outline of it.'

"Mme. Dorval, though sufficiently eccentric herself, was not the less taken aback while Balzac began to prepare for his recital. She leaned towards me, and winking those eyes so beautiful, so blue, and so expressive, and lowering her voice, said, 'Ah, my good friend, who is this strange man?' 'Balzac, the famous Balzac.' 'Parbleu, I know that well enough, but has he come here to make a jest of us?' 'Ah, you must take him as he is.' 'But when he brings a manuscript to his publisher, does he offer him only the half?' 'He gives him much less than the half; he often gives him nothing at all, for frequently the first line of the work is not written when the bargain is made.'"

All this time the great man was rolling up his manuscript, searching for the cord in his pockets, then under the table, and finally finding it in his hat. After searching every corner of his brain for the fifth act, he unfolded its plan, and his audience deserted him one by one with all their hopes and enthusiasm quenched and dead.

Despite this unpleasant episode, the rehearsal went on; but, notwithstanding the need of constant communication between manager and author, Balzac would not give Lireux his town address. After many proposed methods of holding constant intercourse, our hero fixed on the following, which few others would have had the wit to light on.

"Lireux, you have an intelligent stage servant?" "Very intelligent; he was a collector of debts." "Diable! he's perhaps too intelligent." "O, you

may count on him." "Count's the word; I suppose he can count." "Surely." "Then let him bring to the Champs Elysées every morning the order of the day. Being arrived at the fountain, let him walk on to the Arc de l'Etoile, and at the twentieth tree on his left, he will see a man looking up into the branches for a blackbird." "A blackbird!" "Yes, a blackbird or some other fowl of the air. He shall say to this man, 'I have it,' and provided the other answers, 'If you have, why do you delay?' let him hand him the paper."

The author entertained the most sanguine hopes of the entire success of the "Resources of Quinola." He would have no hired applauders, he would dispose of all the tickets, and when any application was made for any of the boxes or stalls the answer was, they were already disposed of to His Royal Highness of This, or the Grand Duke of That. His real supporters were under the impression that no places were to be obtained, so they stayed away, and the curtain rose on a nearly empty house.

The first act, full of color and action, passed off well, but the rest was so chorused by the well-imitated crowing of cocks, barking of dogs, mewling of cats, &c., that the idea of a repetition was given up. The author was found fast asleep in a lonely box when all was over. But we suspect a refined piece of acting in this circumstance.

Thus far we have witnessed only defeats in Balzac's attempts at theatrical renown. But these were more the result of determined enmity on the part of his unfriends, than of want of merit in the pieces themselves. Since his death, which disarmed the hands of his many foes, and silenced their tongues, dramas founded on his novels have been eminently successful; witness "Mercadet," and the play founded on the story of Eugenie Grandet, on which poor Robson's *Daddy Hardacre* is founded.

We have in these unconnected sketches afforded mere glimpses of the ordinary life of our author, some of them illustrating his own acute observation, that "in every man of genius there is a great deal of the child." A work embodying his early struggles to acquire reputation, his later to keep out of the debtors' prison, and surround himself with luxuries, the workings and progress of his genius, the analysis of his own character and disposition, the faults and merits of his best productions, the attainment at last of his long-desired elysium, and his brief enjoyment thereof, is yet to be written. Said Beuve has well and critically handled his literary genius, Leon Gozlan has given us pleasant glimpses of the phases of his domestic life, Eugene Mureaux a good-natured *résumé* of his literary career and his early difficulties, Werdet, one of his *éditeurs*, the style of his dealings with his publishers, and his character, Mme. de Surville, has let in light on amiable traits in his family relations. It would require talent, time, and patience to produce a complete *tableau* of his productions, his character, his genius, and his genuine life.

THE PRINCESS CARABOO.

EARLY in the year 1865 there died at Bristol a female of considerable personal attractions, whose early history was amusing enough, yet took a strong hold upon credulous persons half a century since. She pretended to be a native of Java, in the Indian Ocean, and to have been carried off by pirates by whom she had been sold to the captain of a ship. Her first appearance was in the spring of 1812.

Almondsbury, in Gloucestershire. Having been ill-used when on board the ship, she had jumped overboard, she said, swam on shore and wandered about six weeks before she came to Almondsbury. She appears next to have found her way to Bath, and there to have created a sensation in the literary and fashionable circles of the city and other places, which lasted till it was discovered that the whole affair was a romance, cleverly sustained and acted out by a young and prepossessing girl, who sought to maintain the imposition by the invention of hieroglyphics and characters to represent her native language.

In 1817 there was published at Bristol a narrative of this singular imposition, "practised upon the benevolence of a lady residing in the vicinity of Bristol by a young woman of the name of Mary Willcocks, *alias* Baker, *alias* Bakerstendht, *alias* Caraboo, Princess of Javasu"; for which work Bird, the royal academician, drew two portraits.

It was ascertained that she was a native of Witheridge, in Devonshire, where her father was a cobbler. She appears to have taken flight to America, and in 1824 she returned to England, and hired apartments in New Bond Street, where she exhibited herself to the public at the charge of one shilling; but she did not attract any great attention.

On being deposed from the honors which had been awarded to her, "the Princess" retired into comparatively humble life, and married. There was a kind of grim humor in the occupation which she subsequently followed, — that of an importer of leeches; but she conducted her operations with much judgment and ability, and carried on her trade with credit to herself and satisfaction to her customers. The quondam "Princess" died, leaving a daughter, who, like her mother, is described as very beautiful.

There is also a very strange story of the Princess having got an introduction to Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, of which affair the following account appeared in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, September 13, 1817: —

"A letter from Sir Hudson Lowe, lately received from St. Helena, forms at present the leading topic of conversation in the higher circles. It states that, on the day preceding the date of the last despatches, a large ship was discovered in the offing. The wind was strong from the S.S.E. After several hours' tacking, with apparent intention to reach the island, the vessel was observed to bear away for the N.W., and in the course of an hour the boat was seen entering the harbor. It was rowed by a single person. Sir Hudson went alone to the beach, and to his astonishment saw a female of interesting appearance drop the oars and spring to land. She stated that she had sailed from Bristol, under the care of some missionary ladies, in a vessel called the Robert and Anne, Captain Robinson, destined for Philadelphia; that the vessel being driven out of its course by a tempest, which continued for several successive days, the crew at length perceived land, which the captain recognized to be St. Helena; that she immediately conceived an ardent desire of seeing the man with whose future fortunes she was persuaded her own were mysteriously connected; and her breast swelled with the prospect of contemplating face to face an impostor not equalled on earth since the days of Mohammed; but a change of wind to the S.S.E. nearly upset her hopes. Finding the captain resolved to proceed according to his original destination, she watched her opportunity, and springing with a large clasp-knife into a small boat which was

slung at the stern, she cut the ropes, dropped safely into the ocean, and rowed away. The wind was too strong from the land to allow of the vessel being brought about to thwart her object. Sir Hudson introduced her to Bonaparte under the name of Caraboo! She described herself as Princess of Javasu, and related a tale of extraordinary interest, which seemed in a high degree to delight the captive chief. He embraced her with every demonstration of enthusiastic rapture, and besought Sir Hudson that she might be allowed an apartment in his house, declaring that she alone was an adequate solace in his captivity.

"Sir Hudson subjoins: 'The familiar acquaintance with the Malay tongue possessed by this most extraordinary personage, (and there are many on the island who understand that language,) together with the knowledge she displays of the Indian and Chinese politics, and the eagerness with which she speaks of these subjects, appear to convince every one that she is no impostor. Her manner is noble and fascinating in a wonderful degree.'

"A private letter adds the following testimony to the above statement: 'Since the arrival of this lady, the manners, and I may say the countenance and figure of Bonaparte, appear to be wholly altered. From being reserved and dejected, he has become gay and communicative. No more complaints are heard about inconveniences at Longwood. He has intimated to Sir Hudson his determination to apply to the Pope for a dispensation to dissolve his marriage with Maria Louisa, and to sanction his indissoluble union with the enchanting Caraboo.'"

However, corroboration of this strange story is wanting.

SUPERSTITION.*

HAVING accepted the very great honor of being allowed to deliver here two lectures, I have chosen as my subject Superstition and Science. It is with Superstition that this first lecture will deal.

The subject seems to me especially fit for a clergyman; for he should, more than any other men, be able to avoid teaching on two subjects rightly excluded from this Institution, namely, Theology — that is, the knowledge of God; and Religion — that is, the knowledge of duty. If he knows, as he should, what is Theology, and what is Religion, he should best know what is not Theology, and what is not Religion.

For my own part, I entreat you at the outset to keep in mind that these lectures treat of matters entirely physical, which have in reality, and ought to have on our minds, no more to do with Theology and Religion than the proposition that theft is wrong has to do with that that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

It is necessary to premise this, because many are of opinion that superstition is a corruption of religion; and though they would agree that as such, *corruptio optimi pessima*, and that it is pernicious, yet they would look on religion as the state of spiritual health, and superstition as one of spiritual disease.

Others, again, holding the same notion, but not considering that *corruptio optimi pessima*, have been in all ages somewhat inclined to be merciful to superstition, as a child of reverence; as a mere accidental misdirection of one of the noblest and most wholesome faculties of man.

* A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, April 24, 1866, by the Rev. C. Kingsley.

This is not the place wherein to argue with either of these parties; and I shall simply say that superstition seems to me altogether a physical affection, as thoroughly material and corporeal as those of eating or sleeping, remembering or dreaming.

After this, it will be necessary to define superstition, in order to have some tolerably clear understanding of what we are talking about. I beg leave to define it as, — Fear of the unknown.

Johnson, who was no dialectician, and, moreover, superstitious enough of himself, gives eight different definitions of the word; which is equivalent to confessing his inability to define it at all: —

"1. Unnecessary fear or scruples in religion; observance of unnecessary and uncommanded rites or practices; religion without morality.

"2. False religion; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence; false worship.

"3. Over-nicety; exactness too scrupulous."

Eight meanings, which, on the principle that eight eighths, or indeed 800, do not make one whole, may be considered as no definition. His first thought, as often happens, is the best, — "Unnecessary fear." But after that he wanders. The root-meaning of the word is still to seek. But, indeed, the popular meaning, thanks to popular common sense, will generally be found to contain in itself the root-meaning.

Let us go back to the Latin word *Superstitio*. Cicero says that the superstitious element consists in "a certain empty dread of the gods," — a purely physical affection, if you will remember three things:

1. That dread is in itself a physical affection.

2. That the gods who were dreaded were merely (with the vulgar who alone dreaded them) impersonations of the powers of nature.

3. That it was physical injury which these gods were expected to inflict.

But he himself agrees with this theory of mine; for he says, shortly after, that not only philosophers, but even the ancient Romans, had separated superstition from religion, and that the word was first applied to those who prayed all day *ut liberi sui sibi superstites essent*, — might survive them. On the etymology no one will depend who knows the remarkable absence of an etymological instinct in the ancients, in consequence of their weak grasp of that sound inductive method which has created modern criticism. But if it be correct, it is a natural and pathetic form for superstition to take in the minds of men who saw their children fade and die — probably the greater number of them — beneath diseases which they could neither comprehend nor cure.

The best exemplification of what the ancients meant by superstition is to be found in the lively and dramatic words of Aristotle's great pupil, Theophrastus.

The superstitious man, according to him, after having washed his hands with lustral water, — that is, water in which a torch from the altar had been quenched, goes about with a laurel-leaf in his mouth, to keep off evil influences, as the pigs in Devonshire used, in my youth, to go about with a withe of mountain ash round their necks to keep off the evil eye. If a weasel crosses his path, he stops, and either throws three pebbles into the road, or (with the innate selfishness of fear) lets some one else go before him, and attract to himself the harm which may ensue.

He has a similar dread of a screech-owl; whom he compliments in the name of its mistress, Pallas Athene. If he finds a serpent in his house, he sets up an altar to it. If he pass at a four-cross-way an

anointed stone, he pours oil on it, kneels down, and adores it. If a rat has nibbled one of his sacks, he takes it for a fearful portent, — a superstition which Cicero also mentions. He dare not sit on a tomb, because it would be assisting at his own funeral. He purifies endlessly his house, saying that Hecate (that is, the moon) has exercised some malign influence on it; and many other purifications he observes, of which I shall only say that they are by their nature plainly (like the last) meant as preservatives against unseen malaras or contagions, possible or impossible. He assists every month with his children at the mysteries of the Orphic priests; and finally, whenever he sees an epileptic patient, he spits in his own bosom to avert the evil omen.

I have quoted, I believe, every fact given by Theophrastus; and you will agree, I am sure, that the moving and inspiring element of such a character is mere bodily fear of unknown evil. The only superstition attributed to him which does not at first sight seem to have its root in dread is that of the Orphic mysteries. But of them Müller says that the Dionusos whom they worshipped "was an infernal deity, connected with Hades, and was the personification, not merely of rapturous pleasure, but of a deep sorrow for the miseries of human life." The Orphic societies of Greece seem to have been peculiarly ascetic, taking no animal food save raw flesh from the sacrificed ox of Dionysos. And Plato speaks of a lower grade of Orphic priests, Orpheotelestai, "who used to come before the doors of the rich, and promise, by sacrifices and expiatory songs, to release them from their own sins, and those of their forefathers," — and such would be but too likely to get a hearing from the man who was afraid of a weasel or an owl.

Now this same bodily fear, I verily believe, will be found at the root of all superstition whatsoever.

But be it so. Fear is a natural passion, and a wholesome one. Without the instinct of self-preservation which causes the sea-anemone to contract its tentacles, or the fish to dash into its hover, species would be exterminated wholesale by involuntary suicide.

Yes; fear is wholesome enough, like all other faculties, as long as it is controlled by reason. But what if the fear be not rational, but irrational? What if it be, in plain, homely English, blind fear, — fear of the unknown, simply because it is unknown? Is it not likely then to be afraid of the wrong object, to be hurtful, ruinous to animals as well as to man? Any one will confess that, who has ever seen a horse inflict on himself mortal injuries, in his frantic attempts to escape from a quite imaginary danger. I have good reasons for believing that not only animals, here and there, but whole flocks and swarms of them, are often destroyed, even in the wild state, by mistaken fear; by such panics, for instance, as cause a whole herd of buffaloes to rush over a bluff, and be dashed to pieces. And remark that this capacity for panic, fear, — of superstition, as I should call it, — is greatest in those animals, the dog and the horse, for instance, which have the most rapid and vivid fancy. Does not the unlettered Highlander say all that I want to say, when he attributes to his dog and his horse, on the strength of these very manifestations of fear, the capacity of seeing ghosts and fairies, before he can see them himself?

But blind fear not only causes evil to the coward himself, it makes him a source of evil to others; for it is the cruellest of all human states. It transforms the man into the likeness of the cat, who, when she is caught in a trap, or shut up in a room, has too low

an intellect to understand that you wish to release her; and in the madness of terror, bites and tears at the hand which tries to do her good.

Yes; very cruel is blind fear. When a man dreads he knows not what, he will do he cares not what. When he dreads desperately, he will act desperately. When he dreads beyond all reason, he will behave beyond all reason. He has no law of guidance left, save the lowest selfishness. No law of guidance: and yet his intellect, left unguided, may be rapid and acute enough to lead him into terrible follies. Infinitely more imaginative than the lowest animals, he is for that very reason capable of being infinitely more foolish, more cowardly, more superstitious. He can, what the lower animals (happily for them) cannot, — organize his folly; erect his superstitions into a science; and create a whole mythology out of his blind fear of the unknown. And when he has done that, — Woe to the weak! For when he has reduced his superstition to a science, then he will reduce his cruelty to a science likewise; and write books like the *Malleus Maleficarum*, and the rest of the witch-literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; of which Mr. Lecky has of late told the world so much, and told it most faithfully and most fairly.

But fear of the unknown? Is not that fear of the unseen world? And is not that fear of the spiritual world? Pardon me: a great deal of that fear, all of it indeed which is superstition, is simply not fear of the spiritual, but of the material; and of nothing else.

The spiritual world — I beg you to fix this in your minds — is not merely an invisible world which may become visible; but an invisible world which is by its essence invisible, — a moral world, a world of right and wrong. And spiritual fear — which is one of the noblest of all affections, as bodily fear is one of the basest — is, if properly defined, nothing less or more than the fear of doing wrong; of becoming a worse man.

But what has that to do with mere fear of the unseen? The fancy which conceives the fear is physical, not spiritual. Think for yourselves. What difference is there between a savage's fear of a demon, and a hunter's fear of a fall? The hunter sees a fence. He does not know what is on the other side: but he has seen fences like it with a great ditch the other side, and suspects one here likewise; he has seen horses fall at them; and men hurt thereby. He pictures to himself his horse falling at that fence, himself rolling in the ditch, with possibly a broken limb; and he recoils from the picture he himself has made; and perhaps with very good reason. His picture may have its counterpart in fact, and he may break his leg. But his picture, like the previous pictures from which it was compounded, is simply a physical impression on the brain, just as much as those in dreams.

Now, does the fact of the ditch, the fall, and the broken leg, being unseen and unknown, make them a spiritual ditch, a spiritual fall, a spiritual broken leg? And does the fact of the demon and his doings, being as yet unseen and unknown, make them spiritual; or the harm that he may do a spiritual harm? What does the savage fear? Lest the demon should appear; that is, become obvious to his physical senses, and produce an unpleasant physical effect on them. He fears lest the fiend should entice him into the bog, break the hand-bridge over the brook, turn into a horse and ride away with him, or jump out from behind a tree and wring his neck, —

tolerably hard physical facts, all of them; the children of physical fancy, regarded with physical dread.

Even if the superstition proved true; even if the demon did appear; even if he wrung the traveller's neck in sound earnest, there would be no more spiritual agency or phenomenon in the whole tragedy than there is in the parlor-table, where spiritual somethings made spiritual raps upon spiritual wood, and human beings, who are really spirits, — and would to heaven they would remember that fact, and what it means, — believe that anything has happened beyond a clumsy juggler's trick.

It may seem to some that I have founded my theory on a very narrow basis; that I am building up an inverted pyramid; or that, considering the numberless, complex, fantastic shapes which superstition has assumed, bodily fear is too simple a cause to explain them all.

But if those persons will think a second time, they must agree that my base is as broad as the phenomena which it explains, for every man is capable of fear. And they will see, too, that the cause of superstition must be something like fear, which is common to all men; for all, at least as children, are capable of superstition: and that it must be something which, like fear, is of a most simple, rudimentary, barbaric kind; for the lowest savage, of whatever he is not capable, is still superstitious, often to a very ugly degree. Superstition seems, indeed, to be, next to the making of stone-weapons, the earliest method of asserting his superiority to the brutes which has occurred to that utterly abnormal and fantastic *lusus naturæ* called man.

Now let us put ourselves awhile, as far as we can, in the place of that same savage, and try whether my theory will not justify itself; whether or not superstition, with all its vagaries, may have been, indeed must have been, the result of that ignorance and fear which he carried about with him, every time he prowled for food through the primeval forest.

A savage's first division of nature would be, I should say, into things which he can eat, and things which can eat him; including, of course, his most formidable enemy, and most savory food, — his fellow-man. In finding out what he can eat, we must remember, he will have gone through much experience which will have inspired him with a serious respect for the hidden wrath of nature; like those Himalayan folk, of whom Hooker says, that as they know every poisonous plant, they must have tried them all, — not always with impunity.

So he gets at a third class of objects, — things which he cannot eat, and which will not eat him; but only do him harm, as it seems to him, out of pure malice, like poisonous plants and serpents. There are natural accidents, too, which fall into the same category, stones, floods, fires, avalanches. They hurt him or kill him, surely for ends of their own. If a rock falls from the cliff above him, what more natural than to suppose that there is some giant up there who threw it at him? If he had been up there, and strong enough, and had seen a man walking underneath, he would certainly have thrown the stone at him and killed him. For first, he might have eaten the man after; and even if he were not hungry, the man might have done him a mischief; and it was prudent to prevent that, by doing him a mischief first. Besides, the man might have a wife; and if he killed the man, then the wife would, by a very ancient law common to man and animals, be-

come the prize of the victor. Such is the natural man, the carnal man, the soulish man, the *δωδεκα* *ψυχῶν* of St. Paul, with five tolerably acute senses, which are ruled by five very acute animal passions, — hunger, sex, rage, vanity, fear. It is with the working of the last passion, fear, that this lecture has to do.

So the savage concludes that there must be a giant living in the cliff, who threw stones at him, with evil intent; and he concludes in like wise concerning most other natural phenomena. There is something in them which will hurt him, and therefore likes to hurt him; and if he cannot destroy them, and so deliver himself, his fear of them grows quite boundless. There are hundreds of natural objects on which he learns to look with the same eyes as the little boys of Teneriffe look on the useless and poisonous *Euphorbia canariensis*. It is to them (according to Mr. Piazzi Smyth) a demon who would kill them, if it could only run after them; but as it cannot, they shout Spanish curses at it, and pelt it with volleys of stones, "screeching with elfin joy, and using worse names than ever, when the poisonous milk spurts out from its bruised stalks."

And if such be the attitude of the uneducated man towards the permanent terrors of nature, what will it be towards those which are sudden and seemingly capricious? — towards storms, earthquakes, floods, blights, pestilences? We know too well what it has been, — one of blind, and therefore cruel fear. How could it be otherwise? Was Theophrastus's superstitious man so very foolish for pouring oil on every round stone? I think there was a great deal to be said for him. This worship of Bætyli was rational enough. They were aerolites, fallen from heaven. Was it not as well to be civil to such messengers from above? — to testify by homage to them due awe of the being who had thrown them at men, and who, though he had missed his shot that time, might not miss it the next? I think if we, knowing nothing of either gunpowder, astronomy, or Christianity, saw an Armstrong bolt fall within five miles of London, we should be inclined to be very respectful to it indeed. So the aerolites (or glacial boulders, which looked like aerolites) were the children of Ouranos the heaven, and had souls in them. One of them became, by one of those strange transformations in which the logic of unreason indulges, the image of Diana of the Ephesians, which fell down from Jupiter; another was the Ancile, the holy shield which fell from the same place in the days of Numa Pompilius, and was the guardian genius of Rome; and several more became notable for ages.

Why not? The uneducated man, unacquainted alike with metaphysics and with biology, sees, like a child, a personality in every strange and sharply-defined object. A cloud like an angel may be an angel; a bit of crooked root like a man may be a man turned into wood, — perhaps to be turned back again at its own will. An erratic block has arrived where it is by strange, unknown means. Is not that an evidence of its personality? Either it has flown hither itself, or some one has thrown it. In the former case, it has life, and is proportionally formidable; in the latter, he who had thrown it is formidable.

I know two erratic blocks — I believe there are three — in Cornwall, porphyry, lying one on serpentine, one, I think, on slate, which (so I was always informed as a boy) were the stones which St. Kevern threw after St. Just when the latter stole his host's chalice and paten, and ran away with them

to Land's End. Why not? Before we knew anything about the action of icebergs and glaciers — until the last eighty years — that was as good a story as any other; while how lifelike these boulders are, let a great poet testify; for the fact has not escaped the delicate eye of Wordsworth: —

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself."

To the civilized poet, the fancy becomes a beautiful simile; to a savage poet, it would have become a material and a very formidable fact. He stands in the valley, and looks up at the boulder on the far-of fells. He is puzzled by it; he fears it. At last he makes up his mind. It is alive. As the shadows move over it, he sees it move. May it not sleep there all day, and prow for prey all night? He had been always afraid of going up those fells; now he will never go. There is a monster there.

Childish enough, no doubt. But remember that the savage is always a child. So, indeed, are millions, as well clothed, housed, and policed as ourselves, — children from the cradle to the grave. But of them I do not talk; because, happily for the world, their childishness is so overlaid by the result of other men's manhood, by an atmosphere of civilization and Christianity which they have accepted at second-hand as the conclusions of minds wiser than their own, that they do all manner of reasonable things for bad reasons, or for no reason at all, save the passion of imitation. Not in them, but in the savage, can we see man as he is by nature, the puppet of his senses and his passions, the natural slave of his own fears.

But has the savage no other faculties, save his five senses and five passions? I do not say that. I should be most unphilosophical if I said it; for the history of mankind proves that he has infinitely more in him than that. Yes; but in him that infinite more, which is not only the noblest part of humanity, but, it may be, humanity itself, is not to be counted as one of the roots of superstition.

For in the savage man, in whom superstition certainly originates, that infinite more is still merely in him; inside him; a faculty: but not yet a fact. It has not come out of him into consciousness, purpose, and act, and is to be treated as non-existent: while what has come out, his passions and senses, is enough to explain all the vagaries of superstition; a *vera causa* for all its phenomena. And if we seem to have found a sufficient explanation already, it is unphilosophical to look further, at least till we have tried whether our explanation fits the facts.

Nevertheless, there is another faculty in the savage, to which I have already alluded, common to him and to at least the higher vertebrates, — fancy: the power of reproducing internal images of external objects, whether in its waking form of physical memory (if indeed all memory be not physical) or in its sleeping form of dreaming. Upon this last, which has played so very important a part in superstition in all ages, I beg you to think a moment. Recollect your own dreams during childhood; and recollect again that the savage is always a child. Recollect how difficult it was for you in childhood, how difficult it must be always for the savage, to decide whether dreams are phantasms or realities. To the savage, I doubt not, the food he eats, the foes he grapples with, in dreams, are as real as any

waking impressions. But, moreover, these dreams will be very often, as children's dreams are wont to be, of a painful and terrible kind. Perhaps they will be always painful; perhaps his dull brain will never dream, save under the influence of indigestion, or hunger, or an uncomfortable attitude. And so, in addition to his waking experience of the terrors of nature, he will have a whole dream-experience beside, of a still more terrific kind.

He walks by day past a black cavern mouth, and thinks, with a shudder, — Something ugly may live in that ugly hole: what if it jumped out upon me? He broods over the thought with the stupid intensity of a narrow and unoccupied mind; and a few nights after, he has eaten — but let us draw a veil before the larder of a savage — his chin is pinned down on his chest, a slight congestion of the brain comes on; and behold, he finds himself again at that cavern's mouth, and something ugly does jump out upon him: and the cavern is a haunted spot henceforth, to him and to all his tribe. It is in vain that his family tell him that he has been lying asleep at home all the while. He has the evidence of his senses to prove the contrary. He must have got out of himself, and gone into the woods. When we remember that certain wise Greek philosophers could find no better explanation of dreaming than that the soul left the body, and wandered free, we cannot condemn the savage for his theory.

Now, I submit that in these simple facts we have a group of "true causes" which are the roots of all the superstitions of the world.

And if any one shall complain that I am talking materialism: I shall answer, that I am doing exactly the opposite. I am trying to eliminate and get rid of that which is material, animal, and base; in order that that which is truly spiritual may stand out, distinct and clear, in its divine and eternal beauty.

To explain, and at the same time, as I think, to verify my hypothesis, let me give you an example, — fictitious, it is true, but probable fact nevertheless; because it is patched up of many fragments of actual fact: and let us see how, in following it out, we shall pass through almost every possible form of superstition.

Suppose a great hollow tree, in which the formidable wasps of the tropics have built for ages. The average savage hurries past the spot in mere bodily fear; for if they come out against him, they will sting him to death; till at last there comes by a savage wiser than the rest, with more observation, reflection, imagination, independence of will, — the genius of his tribe.

The awful shade of the great tree, added to his terror of the wasps, weighs on him, excites his dull brain. Perhaps, too, he has had a wife or a child stung to death by these same wasps. These wasps, so small, yet so wise, far wiser than he: they fly and they sting. Ah, if he could fly and sting; how he would kill and eat, and live right merrily! They build great towns; they rob far and wide; they never quarrel with each other; they must have some one to teach them, to lead them, — they must have a king. And so he gets the fancy of a Wasp-King, — as the western Irish still believe in the Master Otter; as the Red men believe in the King of the Buffaloes, and find the bones of his ancestors in the mammoth remains of Big-bone Lick; as the Philistines of Ekron — to quote a notorious instance — actually worshipped Baal-zebul, lord of the flies.

If they have a king, he must be inside that tree, of course. If he (the savage) were a king, he would

not work for his bread, but sit at home, and make others feed him; and so, no doubt, does the wasp king.

And when he goes home, he will brood over this wonderful discovery of the wasp-king; till, like a child, he can think of nothing else. He will go to the tree, and watch for him to come out. The wasps will get accustomed to his motionless figure, and leave him unhurt; till the new fancy will rise in his mind, that he is a favorite of this wasp-king; and at last he will find himself grovelling before the tree, saying, "O, great wasp-king, pity me, and tell your children not to sting me, and I will bring you honey, and fruit, and flowers to eat, and I will flatter you, and worship you, and you shall be my king."

And then he would gradually boast of his discovery, — of the new mysterious bond between him and the wasp-king; and his tribe would believe him, and fear him; and fear him still more, when he began to say, as he surely would, not merely, "I can ask the wasp-king, and he will tell his children not to sting you," but, "I can ask the wasp-king, and he will send his children, and sting you all to death." Vanity and ambition will have prompted the threat, but it will not be altogether a lie. The man will more than half believe his own words; he will quite believe them when he has repeated them a dozen times.

And so he will become a great man, and a king, under the protection of the king of the wasps; and he will become, and it may be his children after him, priest of the wasp-king, who will be their fetish, and the fetish of their tribe.

And they will prosper, under the protection of the wasp-king. The wasp will become their moral ideal, whose virtues they must copy. The new chief will preach to them wild, eloquent words. They must sting like wasps, revenge like wasps, hold all together like wasps, build like wasps, work hard like wasps, rob like wasps; then, like the wasps, they will be the terror of all around, and kill and eat all their enemies. Soon they will call themselves The Wasps. They will boast that their king's father or grandfather, and soon that the ancestor of the whole tribe, was an actual wasp; and the wasp will become at once their eponym hero, their deity, their ideal, their civilizer; who has taught them to build a kraal of huts, as he taught his children to build a hive.

Now, if there should come to any thinking man of this tribe, at this epoch, the new thought, Who made the world? he will be sorely puzzled. The conception of a world has never crossed his mind before. He never pictured to himself anything beyond the nearest ridge of mountains; and as for a Maker, that will be a greater puzzle still. What makers or builders more cunning than those wasps of whom his foolish head is full? Of course: he sees it now. A Wasp made the world; which to him entirely new guess might become an integral part of his tribe's creed. That would be their cosmogony. And if, a generation or two after, another savage genius should guess that the world was a globe hanging in the heavens, he would, if he had imagination enough to take the thought in at all, put it to himself in a form suited to his previous knowledge and conceptions. It would seem to him that The Wasp flew about the skies with the world in his mouth, as he carries a bluebottle fly; and that would be the astronomy of his tribe henceforth. Absurd enough: but (as every man who is acquainted with old mythical cosmogonies must know) no more absurd than twenty simi-

lar guesses on record. Try to imagine the gradual genesis of such myths as the Egyptian scarabæus and egg, or the Hindoo theory that the world stood on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, the tortoise on that infinite note of interrogation which, as some one expresses it, underlies all physical speculations; and judge:—must they not have arisen in some such fashion as that which I have pointed out?

This, I say, would be the culminating point of the wasp-worship, which had sprung up out of bodily fear of being stung.

But times might come for it in which it would go through various changes, through which every superstition in the world, I suppose, has passed or is doomed to pass.

The wasp-men might be conquered, and possibly eaten, by a stronger tribe than themselves. What would be the result? They would fight valiantly at first, like wasps. But what if they began to fail? Was not the wasp-king angry with them? Had not he deserted them? He must be appeased; he must have his revenge. They would take a captive, and offer him to the wasps. So did a North American tribe, in their need, some forty years ago; when, because their maize crops failed, they roasted alive a captive girl, cut her to pieces, and sowed her with their corn. I would not tell the story (for the horror of it) did it not bear with such fearful force on my argument. What were those Red Men thinking of? What chain of misreasoning had they in their heads when they hit on that as a device for making the crops grow? Who can tell? Who can make the crooked straight, or number that which is wanting? As said Solomon of old, so must we,—"The foolishness of fools is folly." One thing only we can say of them: that they were horribly afraid of famine, and took that means of ridding themselves of their fear.

But what if the wasp-tribe had no captives? They would offer slaves. What if the agony and death of slaves did not appease the wasps? They would offer their fairest, their dearest, their sons, and their daughters, to the wasps; as the Carthaginians, in like strait, offered in one day 200 noble boys to Moloch, the volcano-god whose worship they had brought out of Syria; whose original meaning they had probably forgotten; of whom they only knew that he was a dark and devouring being, who must be appeased with the burning bodies of their sons and daughters. And so the veil of fancy would be lifted again, and the whole superstition stand forth revealed as the mere offspring of bodily fear.

But more; the survivors of the conquest might, perhaps, escape, and carry their wasp-fetish into a new land. But if they became poor and weakly, their brains and imagination, degenerating with their bodies, would degrade their wasp-worship till they knew not what it meant. Away from the sacred tree, in a country the wasps of which were not so large or formidable, they would require a remembrancer of the wasp-king; and they would make one,—a wasp of wood or what not. After a while, according to that strange law of fancy, the root of all idolatry, which you may see at work in every child who plays with a doll, the symbol would become identified with the thing symbolized; they would invest the wooden wasp with all the terrible attributes which had belonged to the live wasps of the tree; and after a few centuries, when all remembrance of the tree, the wasp-prophet and chieftain, and his descent from the divine wasp—ay, even of their defeat and flight—had vanished from their songs and legends, they would be found bowing down in fear and trembling

to a little ancient wooden wasp, which came from they knew not whence, and meant they knew not what, save that it was a very "old fetish," a "great medicine," or some such other formula for expressing their own ignorance and dread. Just so do the half-savage natives of Thibet, and the Irishwomen of Kerry, by a strange coincidence,—unless the ancient Irish were Buddhists like the Himalayans,—tie just the same scraps of rag on the bushes round just the same holy wells, as do the Negroes of Central Africa upon their "Devil's Trees"; they know not why, save their ancestors did it, and it is a charm against ill-luck and danger.

And the sacred tree? That, too, might undergo a metamorphosis in the minds of men. The conquerors would see their aboriginal slaves of the old race still haunting the tree, making stealthy offerings to it by night; and they would ask the reason. But they would not be told. The secret would be guarded,—such secrets were guarded, in Greece, in Italy, in mediæval France, by the superstitions awe, the cunning, even the hidden self-conceit, of the conquered race. Then the conquerors would wish to imitate their own slaves. They might be in the right. There might be something magical, uncanny, in the hollow tree, which might hurt them; might be jealous of them as intruders. They, too, would invest the place with sacred awe. If they were gloomy, like the Teutonic conquerors of Europe and the Arabian conquerors of the East, they would invest it with unseen terrors. They would say, like them, a devil lives in the tree. If they were of a sunny temper, like the Hellenes, they would invest it with unseen graces. What a noble tree! what a fair fountain hard by its roots! Surely some fair and graceful being must dwell therein, and come out to bathe by night in that clear wave. What meant the fruit, the flowers, the honey, which the slaves left there by night? Pure food for some pure nymph. The wasp-gods would be forgotten,—probably smoked out as sacrilegious intruders. The lucky seer or poet who struck out the fancy would soon find imitators; and it would become, after a while, a common and popular superstition that Hamadryads haunted the hollow forest-trees, Naiads the wells, and Oreads the lawns. Somewhat thus, I presume, did the more cheerful Hellenic myths displace the darker superstitions of the Pelasgi, and those rude Arcadian tribes who offered, even as late as the Roman Empire, human sacrifices to gods whose original names were forgotten.

But even the cultus of nymphs would be defiled after a while by a darker element. However fair, they might be capricious and revengeful, like other women. Why not? And soon, men going out into the forest would be missed for a while; they had eaten narcotic berries, got sunstrokes, wandered till they lost their wits. At all events, their wits were gone. Who had done it? Who but the nymphs? The men had seen something they should not have seen, done something they would not have done; and the nymphs had punished the unconscious rudeness by that frenzy. Fear, everywhere fear, of Nature,—the spotted panther, as some one calls her, as fair as cruel, as playful as treacherous. Always fear of Nature, till a Divine light arise; and show men that they are not the puppets of Nature, but her lords; and that they are to fear God, and fear naught else.

And so ends my true myth of the wasp-tree. No, it need not end there; it may develop into a yet darker and more hideous form of superstition, which

Europe has often seen, which is common now among the Negroes, which, we may hope, will be soon exterminated.

This might happen. For it, or something like it, has happened too many times already.

That to the ancient women who still kept up the irrational remnant of the wasp-worship, beneath the sacred tree, other women might resort; not merely from curiosity, or an excited imagination, but from jealousy and revenge. Oppressed, as woman has always been under the reign of brute force; beaten, outraged, deserted, at best married against her will, she has too often gone for comfort and help—and those of the very darkest kind—to the works of darkness; and there never were wanting—there are not wanting, even now, in remote parts of these isles—wicked old women who would, by help of the old superstitions, do for her what she wished.

Soon would follow mysterious deaths of rivals, of husbands, of babes; then rumors of dark rites connected with the sacred tree, with poison, with the wasp and his sting, with human sacrifices; lies mingled with truth, more and more confused and frantic, the more they were misinvestigated by men mad with fear: till there would arise one of those witch-maniacs which are too common still among the African negroes, which were too common of old among the men of our race.

I say, among the men. To comprehend a witch-mania, you must look at it as (what the witch literature confesses it unblushingly to be) man's dread of Nature excited to its highest form, as dread of woman.

She is to the barbarous man—she should be more and more to the civilized man—not only the most beautiful and precious, but the most wonderful and mysterious of all natural objects, if it be only as the author of his physical being. She is to the savage a miracle to be alternately adored and dreaded. He dreads her more delicate nervous organization, which often takes shapes to him demoniacal and miraculous; her quicker instincts, her readier wit, which seem to him to have in them somewhat prophetic and superhuman; which entangle him as in an invisible net, and rule him against his will. He dreads her very tongue, more crushing than his heaviest club, more keen than his poisoned arrows. He dreads those habits of secrecy and falsehood, the weapons of the weak, to which savage and degraded woman always has recourse. He dreads the very medicinal skill which she has learnt to exercise, as nurse, comforter, and slave. He dreads those secret ceremonies, those mysterious initiations which no man may witness, which he has permitted to her in all ages, in so many—if not all—barbarous and semi-barbarous races, whether Negro, American, Syrian, Greek, or Roman, as a homage to the mysterious importance of her who brings him into the world. If she turn against him—she, with all her unknown powers, she who is the sharer of his deepest secrets, who prepares his very food day by day—what harm can she not, may she not do? And that she has good reason to turn against him, he knows too well. What deliverance is there from this mysterious house-fiend, save brute force? Terror, torture, murder, must be the order of the day. Woman must be crushed, at all price, by the blind fear of the man.

I shall say no more. I shall draw a veil, for very pity and shame, over the most important and most significant facts of this,—the most hideous of all human follies. I have, I think, given you hints

enough to show that it, like all other superstitions, is the child—the last born and the ugliest child—of blind dread of the unknown.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.*

IN 1855 or '56 Dr. P——, my father-in-law, informed me that M. Boudeville, the play-actor, desired to introduce to me a young man of great talent, who had just been painfully maltreated by the pit of the Odeon Theatre, which had hissed his piece unmercifully. I must confess this was the first time I ever heard M. Boudeville's name mentioned. My father-in-law added: "M. Boudeville has so much confidence in this young man that he will willingly play a part by him, when he makes his reappearance on the stage."

The ambition of the young man of talent, whose aim was no higher than to write a part for M. Boudeville, seemed grovelling to me. M. Boudeville was an actor of the Odeon. There was mixed up with the matter one, perhaps two, actresses of the Odeon. The Theatre of the Odeon shines with effulgence in M. Sardou's past life. All the fairies who patronized his cradle belonged to the Odeon. My father-in-law, who was the medical attendant of M. Sardou, and his male and female fairies, does not owe his fortune to them.

I consented, as I always do, to see the young author,—not because the Odeon patronized him, but because I have never been able to refuse some audiences. M. Sardou himself proved unable to cure me of this weakness, although he did inflict on me once in his life a profound and grave sorrow.

So one night M. Boudeville brought him to us. M. Boudeville was majestic and proud of his function; the poor little fellow, on the contrary, was humble and sad.

It gave one a chill to look at the poor little fellow, so lean was he. He spoke little, and that perfectly well. I was touched by the respect he showed M. Boudeville.

As I write these lines I still see before me that arch countenance, in which there was pain, discouragement, and will, those uneasy eyes which are really excellent, and which seemed to me near-sighted, those admirably shaped features, although rather too angular, and so sharp they seemed edged, and which made one glance at his back, which nevertheless was not a hunchback. I still see that well-developed forehead, as intelligent as can be, crowned by the finest head of hair I have ever seen. There was something about him of the child and of the very old woman. It was pretty, and it was in ruins. I frankly describe my first impression. I looked at him with nothing but the novelist's curiosity.

I felt I had before me **SOMEbody**.

I beg M. Boudeville's pardon, but I really do not mention a single thing he said or did. I do, however, remember the pale smile which lighted up the features of the thin little fellow, when he ventured on a sober and dignified allusion to his recent theatrical miscarriage. The smile was beautiful, although it revealed fatal teeth.

All this took place in my father-in-law's drawing-room. I made M. Sardou go down into my study,—a laborious retreat which is often closed to my

* This is an amusing attack upon the dramatic author upon whose shoulders, by common consent, Scribe's mantle has fallen. It is entitled in French *Mon Intime*, which is an allusion to M. Sardou's play *Nos Intimes*, written to show that our intimate friends are our worst enemies.

best friends, but whose door was always open to him. I put him at ease at once, and questioned him as my age and position authorized me to do.

He at once gave me to understand he did not place the happiness of his whole life in writing a part for M. Boudeville. I approved him in principle, although I thought he exhaled this confession rather too quickly. He further told me he had in his writing-desk a play in three acts and in verse, entitled Bernard Palissy, which contained the results of profound studies. This play, and the researches he had made for it, evidently engrossed his mind. He was thoroughly master of the subject in talking of enamels, ceramics, and the arts of the sixteenth century. I thought for a moment I had before me a young scholar who had wandered into the path of dramatic literature. Of a truth there is something of the scholar in M. Sardou,—he is a man of books, who almost always hunts beyond his own imagination.

Nevertheless I could not well see how I could be useful to him. This thought pained me, because the lively friendship I was to feel for him was on the eve of springing up.

I rather abruptly pushed enamels aside, and asked him, "What do you want to write with me?"

He replied, "A drama."

He had one in his pocket.

I then saw for the first time the angular fine writing, which is a most astonishing hieroglyphic of M. Sardou's physical and moral nature. This was the second doubtful symptom, nay, the third, if I reckon the way in which he dropped writing a part for M. Boudeville. I have some faith in teeth, having attended Mme. Wagner's school, who read teeth as Gall read the skull, and as Desbarolles reads the hand. I have some faith—I have a great deal of faith—in the insight handwriting gives of character. As for the third symptom—the way M. Sardou "cut" M. Boudeville—our whole century is so given to "cutting," it has been obliged to forge this disagreeable word to characterize itself. Let us be merciful.

The drama M. Sardou had in his pocket was good for nothing. He reads very badly, and his weak voice soon becomes hoarse. I was annoyed. He saw it. He quickly rolled up his manuscript, and began to tell me what he had been unable to read to me. The matter changed its appearance. I do not mean to say his drama became better; but the details with which he surrounded it kept me thenceforward under a charm.

He is eloquent in the full meaning of the word, and it is an odd circumstance that it is not with his own thoughts he is eloquent. I had read everything he told me in Cooper, in Captain Mayne Reid, and in Gabriel Ferry; nevertheless it seemed original to me, so adroitly does M. Sardou juggle with his souvenirs. He is the man who does nothing but borrow. He borrows as the generous give, without counting. When he tried to vindicate his borrowing, he borrowed even his justification for borrowing.*

I hasten to add, M. Sardou was not entirely wrong in his borrowed justification. We must look at things as they are. The great difficulty of the art of the theatre is, not to invent, but to adapt. It would be wrong in a novelist, who works with freedom, to take another man's idea or invention,—this is customary, if not lawful, on the stage. In-

deed, the stage has never done otherwise. It lives on accepted things. To demonstrate this, M. Sardou need not have gone up as far as Molière, who is not his ancestor. He had but to appeal to the well-known theories of M. Scribe, his charming uncle-in-literature, and of M. Dennery, his very adroit colleague. The moment I discovered to how high a degree M. Sardou's conversation glittered with loans, I exclaimed to myself: "*Tu Marcellus eris!*" Here is a dramatic bud!

And I was seized with a vague respect,—all of us are prone to admire the qualities we lack. I do not remember ever to have borrowed anything from anybody,—except from M. Sardou, who is my benefactor, as I will presently confess.

I admired not only the unprecedented power of his borrowing faculty, and the wealth of his memory. I was still more struck by the pressing, abundant, picturesque skill shown by the dramatic candidate in sustaining a hopeless cause. What a man of business! what a splendid amateur of self! what conviction! what passion! He acted scenes with four characters in them, assuming every attitude required. He crawled in the war-path (his drama was laid in America); scalped some pale-faces; burnt some wigwams; committed suicide, as leading young man: did everything,—drew the scenery, arranged the practicables, placed the furniture, lighted the lamps, gave parts to arm-chairs, table, clock, tongs, shovel, and to his pocket-handkerchief;—he was a perfect devil. The whole of his angular body labored, his voice became hoarse, his hair dangled in his pallid face. At last he conquered me, which is not very difficult. I was completely upset. I was about to tell him he had made me look on his demoniacal mechanism with his paternal eyes, when he suddenly stopped at the most exciting moment, to say coldly to me: "Really, my mind is made up; that is as stupid as can be. We'll write something else."

He took his umbrella,—I have rarely seen more beautiful umbrellas than he has,—thanked me for my kind reception, and quitted me. I looked at him from the window as he crossed the court-yard. He carried his umbrella nobly. It fitted him to a T. The devil was metamorphosed into a quiet little fellow, who looked a little musty and valetudinarian. I positively remained dazzled by all these things. I had the sick-headache which Hoffman's Tales bring on. I slept badly. In my dreams I saw Oken actresses crying their eyes out, and flayed red men brandishing beautiful umbrellas.

The second time I had the honor to see M. Sardou, he came at my hour for work. I so informed him. He did not conceal from me that this hour was the time of the day most convenient to him,—so I laid my work aside. He was from this second meeting the master of my house, and he ruled in a most despotic manner. I took it into my head to insinuate that the evening would best suit me as the time of our meetings. He replied, "he had his own habits." I was obliged to yield.

He had for this sort of thing the tyrannical impudence of old people; he was, as far as other things were concerned, a mere child, but without ingenuousness. I well know who was the model from which Fanfan Benoiton was drawn. He was very polite, even quite well-bred, and very well informed. He talked gracefully, was quite affectionate when he pleased, and he spoke in excellent terms of the influential acquaintances he had already made, such as Camille Doucet, Gustave Vaez, and Gevaert. In a pecuniary sense I lost an enormous deal of time in

* When M. Sardou was charged with borrowing, he replied: "I only follow the example Molière set; and he said, 'I take my property wherever I find it.'"

these long conversations, which lasted several years. I should speak falsely, if I pretended to regret them.

M. Sardou taught me a great many things of which he himself was ignorant. He made me older. I had need of this anticipation of the effect of years, despite my age. I believe him to be a perfectly honest man, utterly devoid of chivalrous sentiments. He never deceived me. I deceived myself about him. I was angry with him for it for several weeks, which is the *ne plus ultra* of my resentment. I dare say I was wrong. I retain of my relations with him nothing but a kind feeling, cured of everything like enthusiasm, and a curiosity which is still astounded, — the curiosity of my first meeting with him.

He brought me a second and then a third drama. I do not believe he has written any more dramas. I have recognized in some of his numberless successful pieces several ideas which were familiar to me; I have not exposed those. Despairing of seeing him bring me a drama which could be played, I related to him *The Duke's Motto*, which I then had in my mind. I was delighted with it. We worked on it for years, and we never wrote anything together but *The Duke's Motto*. I cannot say what there was at one time or another in this *Duke's Motto*. It was a world in itself. The manager of the Porte St. Martin Theatre refused it. I do not know whether he was right. M. Sardou, it is true, had not then all the talents he has now, but even then he possessed a great many. However, this poor drama, by dint of being written and rewritten, had fallen into a state of decrepitude. It quaked from top to bottom when I attempted to write it in the shape of a novel for *Le Siècle*. I had the greatest possible difficulty in recovering the freshness of my original idea.

After the novel was published, M. Sardou and I began to turn it into a play at the request of the manager of the Gaieté. In the mean time M. Sardou had fought and won his first battles. When M. Sardou "begged my permission to abandon me," our drama was completed, at least thus far: M. Sardou had sketched the plot of his part; mine was written out. I admit my part was worthless. This drama has never been played. If I remember rightly, it was much bolder and much more curious than the piece written by M. Anicet Bourgeois and myself, and which was played at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. M. Anicet Bourgeois has no need of my praises. He did not see the first plot of the piece. His plot was perhaps better adapted than M. Sardou's and mine to command success on the Boulevard Theatres, — at all events it was very successful.

I said just now, in speaking of M. Sardou, *The Duke's Motto* was the only play we wrote in copartnership; but I said in another paragraph, "I have recognized in some of his numberless successful pieces several ideas which were familiar to me." The reason of this is, that, in writing *The Duke's Motto*, we turned over mountains of ideas. It is impossible to write a piece like *The Duke's Motto*, for four or five years, without going to the right, to the left, forward, back, — everywhere. On our way we talked of writing two or three dozen plays, among which I must mention one built on the astonishing digressions and ramblings of our joint labor. M. Sardou is my benefactor for this idea. I made use of this fancy in writing two chapters of *Les Habits Noirs*, which I composed while laughing heartily.

M. Sardou said to me, in the charming good-na-

tured way he sometimes has, "I take notes of everything. Do not be afraid of forgetting aught; I am the cashier of our firm." I hope M. Sardou will discover no bitterness in this reminiscence. I have never met anything in his works which can be called a larceny to my prejudice. We journeyed together through Edgar Poe's Mathematics long before M. Sardou wrote *Les Paltes de Mouche*; we dissected American eccentricities some time anterior to his play, *Les Femmes Fortes*; but none of these things were my own property. He was a faithful cashier; besides, perhaps our strong-box did not contain a great deal of good money.

M. Sardou will pardon me for having thrown on paper the impressions he made on me in our meeting, without attempting to write an elaborate study. I might have made these impressions piquant, by touching private matters. To tell the truth, it does happen these private matters reveal a singular character, and chisel deeply the profile of a very marked physiognomy. But I search in vain. I can no longer find in my breast the passion which may excuse the vigor of some marks.

For some time I thought I observed with a hostile eye the brilliant path M. Sardou struck out for himself in life. I soon discovered I was mistaken. I observed his progress, — that was all, — and the attention I gave him was not exempt from tenderness. One always loves the talents one saw bud and bloom. In my opinion, M. Sardou is a man of great talents, but he has no dash, no enthusiasm, no cordiality, no youth. He is wonderfully adroit in his selections, bold with calculation, skilful in feigning vehemence, and he attains warmth by prodigies of cerebral gymnastics. The hares of his stews are not always killed by him, that is certain, but he does cook them deliciously, and if among the hares he slips in — the arch knave! — a slice or two of Tom-Cat, — the eaters clamor for more of the same sort, for 'tis served up with most exquisite spicing. As he takes his *muscade* * wherever he finds it, he spares no expense. He has whole soup-pots full of scraps, to which he gives a definitive form by dint of mind, algebra, and sick-headaches. If he wrings his withers, it is never in vain. His animated brilliancy is rarely natural, but he has animated brilliancy, or something as much like it as two drops of water are like each other. And, after all, what do I care about the way in which the whites of eggs are whipped, provided the foam be made.

It is true enough he has neither the dramatic breadth of Emile Augier, nor the terrible science of Alex. Dumas, Jr., nor the admirable naturalness of Theodore Barrière; but his successes make as much noise as theirs, and his failures are rarer than theirs. To tell the truth, he has never made a failure since his first attempt, whose wounds I was so fortunate as to soothe. I do not repeat this as a reproach to M. Sardou, but to give me some merit in posterity's eyes.

I believe him henceforward safe from all shipwreck. Let the dramatic ocean be ever so tempestuous and deep, he can never again founder, because he sails surrounded with corks, india-rubber, and bladders. If the bladder breaks, the corks float, and the machine continues above water. I have seen

* *Muscade* has two meanings here, which must be our excuse for translating it by circumlocution: it means both nutmeg and the object juggled by sleight of hand from one place to another. It will be observed M. Ferval uses Molière's phrase, with a change which denies the possession of property to M. Sardou, who has only a mountebank's *muscade*.

this happen many a time, for I scarcely ever fail to go and applaud my ex-friend whenever he brings out a new piece. I have seen something else, too, something which is really curious: whenever he does well, as he does very often, the public are not always satisfied; but, good gracious! when he does badly, there is the deuse to pay! Each of the little springes he sets catches the audience by the neck. There is no mortal man who has so heroically divined his "everybody."

NO. 9999.

"You are going to Toulon!" exclaimed my neighbor, the avocat, with some surprise.

"I am going there, because I cannot help passing it, unless I take steamer from Genoa to Marseilles; which would not be the way to see much of the country."

"You will perhaps, then, pay a visit to the Bagne, the only one now existing in France?"

"I shall try; although it must be a painful sight. But I find no phase of humanity uninteresting."

"I will give you a letter to a forçat (convict) there."

"A letter to a galley-slave?"

"Yes. He is a person in whom I take great interest. It may be as well not to give you any written communication to the man himself, as it would put you to the trouble of getting it read and passed by the prison authorities, and others perhaps, previous to presentation; but I will put you in the way of getting at him, and speaking to him. You shall be introduced to one of his patrons, an adjoint of the mayor."

"But I am already promised an introduction to the Préfet Maritime."

"Capital! With that backing the one I shall give you, you will be able to perform an act of charity. It will be a good deed on your part. Only put yourself in his place—"

"Much obliged."

"And think how gratified you would feel at receiving a friendly visit from without."

"Is he one of your clients, this worthy forçat? One of the innocents whom your potent eloquence has failed to whitewash?"

"No. I did not defend him, although the prisoner was well defended."

"And the resulting verdict?"

"Guilty, with extenuating circumstances. The sentence, Hard labor for life."

"And the crime?"

"In the first place, it is doubtful to me whether a crime was committed; secondly, if a crime there was, I believe the prisoner innocent of it. There *might* have been a crime; but *he* was not the guilty party. The imputed offence was fratricide."

"He has, therefore, at least escaped the guillotine."

"Yes; and, through the mitigation of our law's severity, he was also spared the branding on the shoulder with the letters T. F. P., 'Travaux Forcés à Perpetuité.' But in this very place where we are now walking up and down, and which you have called our town's unroofed saloon, he was subjected to an infliction, now also abolished, namely, an hour's public exposure on a scaffold, as infamous, fratricide, and civilly dead."

"And probably hooted and insulted accordingly?"

"Exactly the contrary. The propriety of his

attitude and behavior, coinciding with the general belief of his innocence and pity for his consequently cruel position, gained him universal sympathy. Instead of harsh words, or worse, a collection of money was made on the spot, to procure him comforts during his journey to the place of punishment."

"But what was the cause of this discrepancy between the popular feeling and the jury's verdict?"

"Well; the case is difficult as well as curious, and still remains in some measure mysterious. You are aware of the innumerable and bitter disputes occasioned in France by the minute division of property. For a square foot of ground, for half a tree, for a crumbling mud wall, for a creaking bit of furniture, sometimes even for a few pots and pans, or half-worn clothes, families will fall into variance. This was another instance of quarrel caused by a trumpery inheritance unfairly appropriated. Alexandre Fourrier and his elder brother, Pierre François, each believed that the other had got more than his share, and consequently indulged in very unbrotherly expressions of feeling. François was even heard to use words threatening his brother's life. 'Mind what you are about,' he said. 'Je te tue; I'll kill you.'"

"That was very bad."

"Yes, and no. Hard words break no bones. Hot-tempered people, under provocation, often say more than they have the slightest intention of meaning. Listen to the compliments often interchanged between husband and wife amongst our lower classes, and then see how they make it up afterwards. Parents, even with you, sometimes tell their children they will break their necks; and yet they do not break them the more for that. I hold that François's 'je te tue' was not a bit more serious in its real purport."

"It would, nevertheless, have an ugly look when proved in evidence."

"True; and could François have foreseen the consequences, he would have curbed his temper and held his tongue. Had he really intended to commit the murder, he would have refrained from announcing that intention."

"At least, it was a great imprudence."

"Doubtless, as was proved by the event. The other fearing, or pretending to fear, that his life was in danger, procured a pistol, which he constantly carried, loaded, in his pocket. One evening he was found lying in a field, close to a half-open gate, bleeding to death from a wound in the hip. The pistol in his pocket was discharged. Carried into the house, the only articulate and intelligible words which he uttered before expiring were 'Cochon de frère!' — 'Pig of a brother!' Those words were the cause of François's condemnation."

"And well they might be."

"They might merely be the delirious expression of his habitual train of thought. There were marks of footprints brought as evidence against François. His counsel insisted that the shoes in question should be tried on the father, who refused. They were tried on by force, and found to fit him perfectly. After François's condemnation there came out very grave charges against the father, a man of fierce passions and moody temper. The whole family were thrown into prison, — father, mother, sisters, and all. I hold that, for his mother's sake, François had said nothing against his father. I believe him to have been a martyr, sacrificing himself and letting matters take their course on her account. The father hung himself in prison."

"Very strange that, if he had done no wrong."

"The family were immediately set at liberty. The father's suicide was construed into a confession of guilt. From that moment everybody believed in the innocence of the convicted prisoner. It is certain that, if the suicide had preceded instead of following the condemnation, it would have been productive of the same benefit to the convict as it was to the rest of the family. But it happened too late. Judgment had been pronounced, and could not be reversed. He was first sent to Brest, where he figured under the singular No. of 333,550. He is now, as I have told you, at Toulon. By great exertions his sentence has been remitted from hard labor for life to a limited period, — an immense alleviation. But he has still four years to remain in confinement. We are trying further to diminish that. As to the labor, he has been relieved of it by being classed with the 'incurables.' See him at Toulon. Your visit may possibly do good."

Before starting, Fourrier's mother and sister, apprised of my intention, came to meet me at the avocat's house. The first, a hale, apple-cheeked old woman, could hardly speak for emotion; but, without asking leave, kissed me affectionately, as if I were her child himself. The sister, a tidy, middle-aged, hard-working woman, burst into tears as soon as she entered the room, seized my hand, and stammered out as well as she could, "You will try and see my brother, then?"

"Yes; I will endeavor to speak to him."

"O, then, give him this from me," again squeezing my hand. "Tell him to try and live for four years longer. Tell him that we only live in the hope of seeing him back again."

A flight by rail to the foot of Mont Cenis; a tramp on foot over Mont Cenis; another railway flight from Susa to Turin and Genoa; a scramble along the Corniche from Genoa to Nice, sometimes on foot, sometimes on wheels, with the blue Mediterranean on the left, and olive-clad mountains to the right, all the way along; and again by rail from Nice to Toulon, — the whole of this distance had to be traversed and, to confess the truth, enjoyed; but they are foreign to my present narrative, except as taking me to Toulon.

Often, however, my enjoyment was dashed with the recollection of the task that lay before me. Often, without even shutting my eyes, I could see the mother's attitude of helpless grief, and the careworn face of the more impulsive sister. Often I wished I had had nothing to do with the business. What a fool I, a foreigner, had been to undertake to confront official formalities and impediments, sure to be tiresome, perhaps unpleasant.

At the fourth station from Toulon, reckoning eastward, a village, Solliès-Pont, is pointed out, severely ravaged by cholera, brought, my informant assures me, by that river, — that quick-running stream of water there.

"Surely not," I observed in surprise. "The stream would rather tend to keep disease away. The stream, no doubt, was running and the cholera raging at the same place and the same time; but one was hardly the cause of the other."

"O yes it was; else it would n't have been so bad. The living were insufficient to bury the dead. They were obliged to get volunteer forçats from the Bagne to come and dig the graves and put the corpses in. They behaved very well indeed, those forçats did. Not a bit afraid. And they touched nothing, — did not take the value of a pin,

— would not even go through a vineyard without somebody to bear witness that they refrained from gathering the grapes. The préfet complimented them in a handsome speech, praising them highly, and holding out hopes of mitigation of their sentences."

"Good! I am glad of that," I said. And then the thought occurred that poor Fourrier could be none the better for the circumstance. The favor intended by making him "incurable" would, at the same time, cut him off from all opportunity of proving his desire to be useful to society. It would be a too glaring inconsistency to allow a prisoner, privileged with indulgences on the ground of bodily infirmity, to go and merit further advantages by performing the terrible duty of interring corpses infected with cholera.

That walking over Mont Cenis and along the Italian coast has somewhat shabbified my travelling attire. I had not bargained — no tourist does — for dust, drenching rain, and scorching sunshine. I had had, however, a taste of each. At Toulon, with the letters I have to deliver and receive, there is no choice but to go to the best, that is, the most expensive, hotel. And, while performing the part of rolling-stone, I have gathered no moss by the way as yet. My cash-bag is growing beautifully less. I know no banker in Toulon, and no banker knows me; and I have to get back again as well as I had to get here. A new suit of clothes, therefore, is out of the question. I shall do very well as I am. My hat, too, is quite passable, only the edge of the top of the chimney-pot shows a slight wound on its epidermis. Nobody in the streets will see it; if they do, no matter. While making a call, I can hold it in such a way as to hide the blemish. Fresh gloves and my Sunday shoes will make a perfectly presentable morning costume. Bien ganté et bien chaussé, on va partout. Any evening invitation must perforce be declined.

Toulon is generally a busy place, full of all sorts of strangers, illustrious and otherwise. I am put into a first-floor front of the hotel, a chamber for generals and plenipotentiaries. The master, just returned from the country (the son came in next day, and the wife, I think the day after), hands me a letter with a very official-looking outside aspect. It raises me in his opinion. I open it. It encloses another addressed to the Contre-Amiral, then acting Préfet Maritime. I am in for it now. With this, and the one I have in my pocket, there is no decent loophole for retreat.

"At what o'clock is the table d'hôte dinner?"

"At six, monsieur."

At six I enter the dining-room. Nobody. Enter a waiter. "Where is the table d'hôte?"

"Here, monsieur."

"And the people who dine at it?"

"You, monsieur."

"Give me some dinner, then. Serve, at once, what you have readiest at hand."

As soon as he is gone a passing traveller inquires in an undertone for news of "the malady." Nobody mentions cholera to ears polite. I could give no news. He tied his comforter round his neck, buttoned his paletot, and went to take the next train.

Next morning to business in right good earnest, but with a lingering wish to avoid the great people, if possible. Doing antechamber, running the gantlet, and forcing one's way through porters, sentinels, gendarmes, door-openers, clerks, and the various safeguards with which authority is obliged to fence

itself in, is distasteful to many besides myself. The feeling will be understood, and needs no explanation. I will first deliver my letter addressed to M. Margollé, an adjoint to the mayor, to be opened, in his absence, by his brother-in-law, M. Zurcher, both men of letters, who write excellent books in collaboration.

I find the house with difficulty. My driver does not seem to know the town, and this is outside it. Is he one of the strangers arrived to replace the run-away population? M. Margollé is absent, M. Zurcher not. A tall, handsome man, but evidently suffering from illness, receives me with kind and charming courtesy. He knows Fourrier and his story well, and has been instrumental in procuring the partial remission of his sentence. He himself has been tormented lately with neuralgic pains, but is better to-day. He will take me to the admiral and accompany me to the Bagne, calling for me at the hotel at two in the afternoon.

Charming! Capital! It rolls on castors. The thing is done. The influential and well-known Frenchman taking the Englishman under his wing, the latter will have only to walk over the course and fulfil his promise as easily as if it were a call on an ordinary acquaintance. Meanwhile, shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? I do take it.

Nevertheless, as two o'clock draws near, I begin to grow a little fidgetty, and occupy a seat outside the hotel, awaiting my benevolent visitor. Soon after two, instead of M. Zurcher, an employé from the Mairie, in natty uniform, draws near; and, ascertaining who I am, delivers a letter. It was not exactly *that* which I wanted, although it is infinitely better than nothing. M. Zurcher writes that his pains have returned, and compel him to keep house; he encloses a letter to the commissaire of the Bagne. With that, and what I have besides, I shall make my way easily, he says.

Shall I? There is no help for it, if I shall not. To the admiral at once. I shall find him, they tell me, at the Majorité, or Etat-Major de la Marine. I do not find him. He is not there, but at the Préfecture. There, I am introduced into an antechamber occupied by an aide-de-camp and some naval officers pacing to and fro, as if they were on a quarter-deck. Great politeness. My letter is sent in, and before many minutes I am admitted to the presence.

"You are recommended by one of my oldest comrades," said the admiral, with unaffected good nature; "what can I do for you?"

I explain that I wish to see the interior of the Bagne, and especially to speak to the forçat Fourrier.

"Certainly." Addressing the aide-de-camp, "Write a request to the commissaire that Monsieur may see the Bagne and Fourrier. Only, you know, if he is under lock and key, he will not be visible to anybody."

The dungeons at the Bagne for refractory subjects (indociles) are said to be something terrible. It is stated, that, if they were shown, their continuance would not be tolerated by public opinion. And yet there must be *some* means of preventing criminals from having their own way in further criminality. In any case, neither those cells nor their occupants are open to public inspection.

"I do not think that probable," I interposed. "He has never incurred a single day's punishment."

"So much the better; you will be able to see him, then. I remember hearing him mentioned before. He seems to have friends who take interest in him."

At that moment, I noticed the direction of the admiral's eye. It glanced at the wound on my hat, which I had clean forgotten. Not being a diplomatist, I fear my face betrayed some slight symptom of mortification.

Smiling, he added that I was to take to the Etat-Major an order to visit the arsenal, which contains the Bagne within its walls. There, they would give me a "planton," or sailor attendant, to conduct me to the commissaire of the Bagne.

The audience is at an end. Thanks to the admiral's frank and simple manners, it has passed off much more agreeably than I anticipated. I retire with the aide-de-camp, who writes the necessary orders, and dismisses me with perfect courtesy. I go to the Majorité. They give me my planton, and we enter the gates of the arsenal together.

Within the arsenal is a busy scene, resembling other dockyards and arsenals, except for the presence of the forçats performing various slavish work. It is, after all, a cheerful spot to labor in. There are trees and water, air and sunshine, glimpses of the town through the arsenal gates, with the mountains beyond all towering in the distance. It is a labyrinth of long ranges of buildings and naval stores, through which a stranger trying to thread his way would find himself incessantly cut off by water. For necessary daily communication, there are slight wooden bridges and ferry-boats worked by forçats. But for the shame and the public exposure, I should say that a convict would greatly prefer this place to penitentiaries, or any other form of isolated confinement.

Nor do the forçats all look wretched. They crowd their carts over bridges with a run and a laugh. They wear their irons "with a difference." The ordinary set of culprits are riveted two and two, never separating, day nor night. "Eprouvés," tried, well-conducted prisoners, carry their irons singly, with no human clog attached to them. The costume is hideous: red cap, red vest, and trousers of a frightfully ugly yellow. Of the three primitive colors, yellow is the least pleasing to many eyes. Yellow flowers (except in species, as the rose, where that hue is a rarity) are less sought for, I think, than blue and red. But then also there are good yellows and bad yellows. The forçat's yellow has a bright, staring, glaring, vulgar tinge, which catches the eye like a sign-post or a personal deformity, and is suggestive of pestilence, poisonous plants, moral jaundice, and everything else that is corrupt and offensive. A prisoner, who, like a bad shilling, comes back to the Bagne after being discharged, is distinguished by *one* yellow sleeve dishonorably contrasting with his red vest; after a second relapse, by *two*. It is rarely that a third arm is required to display a triple badge of disgrace. A green cap marks prisoners sentenced for life.

My planton is an active, obliging little fellow, sharp as a needle, and probably not deaf to the remarks of visitors. Anxious to do the honors of the place, he would show me the Taureau, submarine steam-ram, which is to rip open ships' bellies under water, as the rhinoceros disembowels his antagonists when he catches them on his nasal horn. A gang of forçats passes us, showing their naked heads in profile. What a lot to frighten a phrenologist! I had already noticed some not at all bad faces, but these heads present everything that is exaggerated and unbalanced in cranial form.

"Have you many educated persons here?" I ask.

"Plenty; bankers, advocates, huissiers, notaries, priests. At the bazaar, where things made by the

forçats are sold for their benefit, you will find exceedingly well-mannered individuals."

"We must reserve that and other things for tomorrow."

I am naturally anxious to get at Fourrier, and give my companion a sketch of his story. He listens attentively. No harm will be done if he reports it.

There is no appearance of being so near a prison. Nothing announces the home of criminals, most of whom have lost all hope on earth. A high-arched wooden bridge is the isthmus which conducts from the arsenal to the peninsula and the floating islands of punishment. The site of the locality, amidst blue waters and clear skies, would of itself give you any other idea than that of breathing an atmosphere of wickedness. So little has the Bagne the aspect of a prison, that you are inside it before you are aware. You simply behold buildings covering a large space of ground, widespread and rambling rather than lofty, with little to indicate their purpose.

The first step to be taken now, is to present myself to the commissaire and obtain his countenance. I am ushered to an upper room, where I find a gentleman in quiet but handsome uniform, behind a most business-looking library table. He receives me politely, but in the way in which you receive people when you have not the slightest idea what they are come about. He takes my letters, retires to the recess of a window to read them, and returns with an altered countenance and manner.

"You are quite *en règle*, monsieur," he cordially observes.

I bow, as in duty bound.

"Perfectly *en règle*. We will do what we can to comply with your wishes. Monsieur Asterisk, if you please!"

Monsieur Asterisk answers his superior's summons. He is a tall, stout man, with a broad, pale, colorless face, and a subdued expression of great intelligence.

"Monsieur is an Englishman," continues the commissaire, "well recommended, who desires to see the interior of the Bagne, and also to speak with No. — let me see," referring to the letter, "with No. 9999. You will please give him a competent guide."

"Ah, No. 9999!" said M. Asterisk, raising his eyes to the ceiling to consult his memory. "No. 9999 is Fournier."

"Extraordinary!" observed the chief. "I have only to name a number, and you at once name the party belonging to it."

"After so many years of service, I have naturally acquired the faculty," M. Asterisk modestly replies. "The gentleman can easily see the Bagne and also speak with Fournier."

"His name is Fourrier," I interposed, "Pierre François; in the Salle des Incurables."

"The same. But, I beg pardon, he is Fournier; has always been Fournier at the Bagne."

With so important and well-remembered an official it was not worth disputing about a letter; so I acquiesced in his orthography, and prepared to take my leave.

"Tell Fournier to be in readiness. You can now visit all you require," said the commissaire, with a courteous smile. "Pray give my compliments to M. Zurcher. I shall be glad to hear of his better health."

Here let me, once for all, testify to the polite and obliging treatment which I met with from every one with whom I had to do at Toulon.

With an adjutant, therefore, added to my plan-

ton — quite a suite — I commence my round of inspection, which must be briefly described. A long room, lodging some two hundred convicts, but for its extreme cleanliness and one or two minor accessories, might be taken for a wild beasts' den. It is all bars, and bolts, and boards. Amongst those accessories are, at the further end, a crucifix, to remind the guilty in this world of the Saviour who died to redeem them in the next, and a letter-box; for the prisoners have free permission to write to their friends, subject, of course, to perusal before posting. Nor is reading forbidden, in some wards at least; Victor Hugo's "Misérables" having been listened to with great interest. The entrance door of this room is formed of iron bars, resembling an extra-strong park gate; so that even when shut everything that passes inside is visible to the guards without. The bed is a long wooden bench slightly raised at the head, whose surface is softened by a slight mattress for the *éprouvés* only. One blanket is the covering; but Toulon, be it remembered, is in the south. At the bed's head are placed the rations of black-brown bread allowed to each individual. All along the foot runs an iron bar, to which the chains are fastened when their wearers retire to rest.

There is a Salle des Blessés, a ward for the wounded, — and *how* they get wounded is often known only to the forçats themselves. There is a bath-room, a kitchen, and besides that a much larger and better kitchen for the hospital, where the cooking is superintended by worthy self-denying Sisters of Charity.

That door opposite leads out of the Salle des Incurables. Fourrier is coming out to meet us. Would I like to see the hospital first? It is only up this flight of steps. Certainly. Very well; he can wait a few minutes at the bottom. The pans I notice on the steps contain disinfectant substances; for "the malady" has not spared the Bagne. The hospital, roomy, airy, light, is the acme of neatness and cleanliness. Not a trace of offensive smell perceptible. True, the patients are not numerous. One, an Arab, sitting up in bed to eat some soup, has the eyes of a wild-cat caught in a trap staring out of his fleshless face. The sheets are as white as you would wish for yourself; but there is still the chain fastening the sick man to his bed. It quits him only when he ceases to breathe.

Down stairs again to find my man. That must be he, pale, thin, standing with his back to the wall, surrounded by a throng. There is quite a concourse of people of all sorts; other forçats, douaniers, employés, and I know not what, besides ourselves. Confidential talk is impossible, and I must shape the interview accordingly.

Some people have real faces, others have only facial masks; but it is not hard to distinguish which is a face and which is only a mask put on. The individual before me has a face; and on it is written unmistakably, "Misfortune, when it cannot be got over, must be borne. I will go through with this, bearing it patiently, though sorrowfully." He trembles with emotion.

(Another pair of eyes and ears afterwards informed me that, while I was in the hospital, the other forçats were at him with "Come, Fourrier, pack up your things! You are going away at last. Here is a great man come to let you out. Make up your bundle as fast as you can!" and such like teasing speeches.)

"You are Fourrier?" I said.

"Yes, monsieur, I am."

"I should have known you from your likeness to your sister. When I left, she and your mother were well. They beg you to be patient for their sakes."

The poor man bowed his head.

"The mayor of your village instructs me to say that when you return you will be well received and find plenty of employment."

He looked up, touched by the assurance, but also, I fear, a little disappointed, having, probably, hoped for still better news. The curious group showed no signs of retiring, so I determined to make what use I could of their presence.

"And Maître Le Beau," I continued, raising my voice and looking round, "a distinguished advocate, who has carefully followed your case from the outset, is convinced of your innocence,—that you did not commit the crime for which you are detained here."

Sensation amongst the bystanders.

"I never did any harm to any one," was all he answered, in a low, clear voice.

"Have you anything to say to me before I leave?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"I shall see your mother and your sister on my return. Have you anything you wish me to say to them?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"Good by, then, till we meet again."

I subsequently learned, through a letter to my friend, that he had a deal to say, but refrained from saying it for fear of the surveillance of spies and informers. Possibly, at the Bagne, the slightest whisper is re-echoed to a distance with the loudness of a speaking-trumpet.

When about to retire, I remember the sister's request to pass on to the brother her shake of the hand. Impossible. I could not, for the life of me, do it. His innocence had not yet been officially acknowledged. And, if I had, it might have done more harm than good. Suspicion there is easily excited. I had permission to speak to, but not to convey anything to him. There had been an attempt to escape that very morning. Had I not seen a guardian examine the straw at the bottom of a forger's wooden shoe, as he returned from work? So I cast a last look at the pale-faced man, and leave the lookers-on to make their comments and guesses.

"Is there anything more you wish to see?" the adjutant obligingly inquires.

"I thank you, no; no more to-day." So I slowly make my way out of the Bagne, and relieve my chest with a long, long breath.

P. S. A petition has since been sent to the minister that Fourier should be medically examined and his condition reported on. He has been examined, and, according to the report, he is a walking complication of disease, a phenomenon of morbid affections. One would say the only wonder is how a creature so afflicted can continue to live. His vital spark must be unusually hard to extinguish. He would be worth engagement by a medical lecturer as an encyclopædic illustration of human complaints!

But is such an invalid worth keeping in prison? No. All he is good for is to consume wholesome food, puzzle the doctors, and give worthy jailers the trouble of locking him up. He is just as well outside as indoors. You may as well let him go for a poor broken-down, good-for-nothing encumbrance. Such is the train of reasoning which would seem to

be implied by the petition and the consequent report.

Second P. S. Returned some weeks from my travels, I hear a rattling knock at my door; not at all like a French knock (though it is one), but a triumphant imitation of an English rat-tat-too. I peep out of window, like Shakespeare's apothecary, to put the question, "Who knocks so loud?" Behold! It is No. 9999, loose, free, at large, come to return my visit, and conducted hither by my friend the avocat. We last met on the shore of the Mediterranean, and here he is within sight of the English Channel. He has been "gracié," pardoned by the Emperor. But, that the sacredness of a sentence once pronounced may suffer no diminution of prestige, he is at liberty under the surveillance of the police. A residence is assigned to him,—the very place where he wishes to dwell. I wonder how he contrives to walk without irons after having worn them for two-and-twenty years; and I must ask him how he liked his first night in a bed between a pair of sheets.

Third P. S. This is a true story, and not a subtle fiction of the brain. Strange as it may seem, 9999 is the actual number the convict bore, and not another form of * * * * He is living happily, in the solid flesh, and not in your imagination merely, with a real mother and a real sister, whose real children, whom he had never seen, are now the objects of his affection.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A MOT, attributed to a well-known capitalist on the Paris Bourse, in reference to the Emperor's late speech at Auxerre, is now circulating in Paris among the classes opposed to war. It is that the Emperor has carried deceit to such a point of refinement that one cannot even believe the contrary of what he says.

FRASER says of "Ecce Homo": "It does not, in our judgment, show any considerable range or depth of study. The book is a novel—and not a good novel—under a critical disguise. It gives the impression of being written by a sheep in wolf's clothing."

M. NOBEL, so well known for his researches on nitro-glycerine, denies that this agent was the cause of the late terrible explosion at Colon. He states that the blasting oil requires a temperature of 300° before exploding, and that had it been on board the vessel which was recently destroyed, it would have blown the bottom out, a result which did not occur.

THE *Spectator* says there is going to be a scarcity of ivory. The demand for Sheffield alone, it is said, now kills 20,000 elephants a year, the supply is limited, and the animal does not multiply very fast. An American firm has offered a reward of £1,000 for an effective substitute, especially for balliard balls, and it is possible that one may be found, though the toughness and durability of ivory are qualities it is difficult to communicate. Civilization would not lose much if the supply ceased, but art would.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Natal Witness* draws attention to the fact that, in a new hymn-book which Dr. Colenso has published, with the view of shutting out the use of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," he has carefully mutilated the hymns whenever in the

originals he found the words "Jesus" and "Christ." "God" is substituted for the latter, and wherever either cannot be replaced by a colorless name of the Deity, the verse is omitted altogether. The correspondent believes that the alterations are significant of Dr. Colenso's change into pure Deism.

AN Anglo-Saxon cemetery, of the pagan period, and of considerable extent, near Market Harborough, in Leicestershire, England, has been lately the scene of extensive excavations, which have produced a considerable number of the usual objects, such as spear-heads, knives, umbos of shields, beads, etc., found in Anglo-Saxon graves. Among them was found a fine example of the double-edged Teutonic sword, thirty-four inches and a half in length, and rather more than two inches broad. The graves were laid in rows, disposed east and west, with the feet towards the east.

THE French papers speak of a new system of embalming, the invention of M. Audigier. It differs from the systems hitherto in use in the manner of introducing the preservative liquid. Heretofore it has been necessary to make incisions in the body for this purpose, but M. Audigier introduces it by the mouth, and also rubs the skin with a vegetable powder impregnated with the same liquid. The latter part of the process is not absolutely necessary, and the embalming may be performed after the body has been placed in the coffin. The official report states that after the lapse of twelve months bodies which had been submitted to the process were in a perfect state of preservation, the flesh having become as hard as wood.

ANOTHER book for "advanced thinkers," as they are styled,—those who read such works as Professor Renan's "Les Apôtres," and the recently-published, mysterious "Ecce Homo,"—is announced for immediate publication. The title is "Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan—or False—Christ of the Third Century," an essay, by Albert Réville, D.D., friend and literary associate of Professor Renan, and pastor of the Walloon Church, in Rotterdam. The book relates the attempt made to revive Paganism in the third century by means of a false Christ. "The principal events in the life of Apollonius," it is stated, "are almost identical with the Gospel narrative. Apollonius was born in a mysterious way, about the same as Christ. Like Him, he went through a period of preparation; afterwards came a passion, then a resurrection, and an ascension. The messengers of Apollo sang at his birth, as the angels did at that of Jesus. He was exposed to the attacks of enemies, though always engaged in doing good. He went from place to place, accompanied by his favorite disciples; passed on to Rome, where Domitian was seeking to kill him, just as Jesus went up to Jerusalem and to certain death. In many other respects, the parallel is equally extraordinary."

THE *Saturday Review* is very severe upon Mr. Ruskin's new volume, "The Crown of Wild Olive." It closes a long criticism on the book with this paragraph: "The delicate Socratic irony of which Mr. Arnold is so excellent a master may do something to open our eyes to our national weaknesses. But the arrogant injustice of Mr. Ruskin excites a natural reaction, and the people who might have been wholesomely affected by a substantially just remonstrance against the too sordid leanings of the modern spirit, however sternly and scornfully it might have

been worded, are simply disgusted by a long string of egregious exaggerations put into fine sentences. Nothing can be further from our desire than to pipe an accompaniment to the song of self-gratulation which members of Parliament and newspaper writers are forever singing in the public ear, or else we might dwell on a contrast between England in 1866 and England in 1766, or England in 1666. But the stock of happiness is still low enough, and too low. The prevalent ideas are susceptible of almost immeasurable elevation, the prevalent practices of an almost indescribably closer approximation to even a commonplace ideal. The only comfort is, that so many men are found in all orders of activity—in theology, in legislation, in pure thought, in the fine arts—zealously doing something to exalt the character of knowledge, and to promote its wider diffusion. A member of Parliament who gets a Bill passed for the regulation of Irish dogs, or a vestryman who agitates for the compulsory cleansing of cesspools in Little Pedlington, is doing better work in his day and generation than the author of all Mr. Ruskin's wordy and unjust declamations and random onslaughts directed indiscriminately against the worst and the best features in modern English life."

UNDER the heading of "A Sharp Trick," the London correspondent of the *Manchester City News* tells the following story. Certain it is that none of the other London morning papers noticed the suicide of Colonel Hobbs until four-and-twenty hours after its details had appeared in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

"The unhappy suicide of Colonel Hobbs gave rise to an incident which I will mention, although in doing so I may be open to the charge of 'telling tales out of school.' The vessel that brought home Mrs. Hobbs and her children brought also some legal gentlemen who had been concerned with the commission, and the newspaper correspondent who, in the columns of a London daily, exalted the planters, tried to excuse the murders committed by English soldiers and sailors, vilified the blacks simply because they were black, and apologized for—nay, advocated—the flogging of women. When the vessel arrived at Southampton this gentleman proposed to suppress the news of Colonel Hobbs's suicide until the following day. He touchingly represented that it would be very painful to Mrs. Hobbs to see the railway stations placarded with staring headlines of her husband's death, and equally painful for the children, who as yet knew only that their father was dead, to learn so roughly how that death had occurred. The telegraphic agent and all concerned willingly complied with this humane suggestion, and the item that would have been so interesting to every metropolitan and provincial paper was omitted in the telegraphic summary. The humane gentleman meanwhile sent a private message to his own paper, which next morning made the most of its exclusive intelligence."

AMONG the professional London thieves there is said to be a remarkable class having the singular name of *licensed thieves*. These licensed rogues are said to be in the employment of the police, the detectives especially. Strange tales are told about them. It is said that a detective, anxious for fame, and nothing scrupulous as to the means of its accomplishment, will perhaps see a *wire* busily employed at his nefarious trade of picking pockets in the streets. By chance the wretch does his work cleverly, and so the policeman embraces the opportunity